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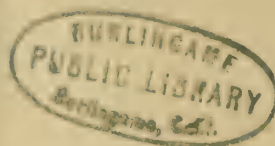
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LETTERS

the hippies

Hackensack, N. J.

DEAR SIR: The Hans Toch analysis of hippies ["Anatomy of a Hangup: Last Word on the Hippies," *The Nation*, Dec. 4] is excellent, as perceptive a word on the subject as has yet appeared. In some measure, you might say that the hippies are a creation of the news media. The best thing for them might be to be ignored.

One minor point: Will Herberg is not orthodox—either Christian or Jewish. He is an existential Conservative Jew who teaches in the graduate theological faculty of Methodist Drew University, which is nearly as ecumenical as you can get.

Belden Menkus

Lincoln University, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Hans Toch's querulous article on the hippies is the "last word" on nothing but his own hangups, a pattern familiar to readers of recent efforts by hippie-baiters Al Capp and Steve Canyon. Relying exclusively on such sources as the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Atlantic Monthly*—he has apparently never met a hippie—Mr. Toch offers only an embarrassing caricature of misguided adolescents unable to deal with the puberty crisis. . . . Mr. Toch finally gives the game away in his indictment of the hippies as socially irresponsible, by which he means simply that they are not fighters against injustice. . . . That some Americans are seeking their souls—and being (if imperfectly) gentle, nonviolent and loving about it—calls for something more than supercilious prose.

David S. French

Tucson, Ariz.

DEAR SIR: Professor Toch asks: What have the hippies contributed to society? The answer is that they have at least contributed a little color, a little gaiety and humor, a little greater sense of freedom, to our dreary, ugly and murderous industrial culture. . . . Have professors of psychology, with their salaries of \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year, contributed as much? Half as much? Anything at all?

Edward Abbey

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIR: I found Hans Toch's article very enlightening and convincing and I am therefore somewhat pained that he uses me as a whipping boy for a point of view which I do not espouse. My comparison of the hippies to saints and mystics, which he cites, was intended precisely to suggest that, like religious movements, hippiedom lives on an idealistic rhetoric which often does not bear close scrutiny. It was also meant to suggest that there are reactionary strains in the hippie ethos. Both of these are points which Professor Toch himself makes.

James Hitchcock

hear this

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIR: A medical authority attending a recent noise-abatement conference warned the youth of today that they face a total loss of hearing by the age of 40 if they persist in listening to highly amplified rock-and-roll music.

It is predicted that the youth will turn a deaf ear to the advice of their medical elders.

Harry Cimring

insult or violence?

New York City

DEAR SIR: I wish to register a demurrer over one point in Laurence Grauman's otherwise rational article on the irra-

(Continued on page 19)

EDITORIALS

The Jungle Revisited

It was a charming gesture for President Johnson to invite Upton Sinclair to come to Washington to witness the signing of the Wholesome Meat Act. Now 89 years old, Mr. Sinclair lent his presence in a wheel chair, attended by a nurse, and by his daughter and son-in-law. It was also generous of Mr. Johnson to give credit to the journalists who exposed the filthy conditions in meat plants that the new law is designed to correct. To be sure, a critical observer might have taken some of the jubilation out of the occasion by noting that Mr. Sinclair had exposed conditions in the Chicago stockyards in 1906—when President Theodore Roosevelt likewise congratulated him on his achievement—yet for sixty years thereafter a large section of the American public had eaten tainted meat, just as if *The Jungle* had never been written.

We are glad to note (although it did not get mentioned in the stories) that among the reporters invited to the ceremony was Nick Kotz of the Cowles publications, who more than any other single journalist is responsible for the fact that we are finally protected by a first-rate federal meat inspection law. Mr. Kotz wrote in all some fifty pieces for his paper—the *Des Moines Register* and the *Minneapolis Tribune*—on the meat-inspection situation. The first appeared on July 16, when Kotz focused attention on some still secret reports of the Department of Agriculture. From there on the going was tough. The Administration was in favor of a non-bill—a weak measure that would serve to allay public uneasiness by providing some aid to those states that wanted to improve inspection, but without making it mandatory that they do so or imposing any other requirement upon them.

The break came on November 12, when Public Broadcasting Laboratory devoted the first of three programs to the need for nation-wide meat inspection. It was a graphic series which showed what broadcasting can accomplish when it fastens on a flagrant public abuse. In the week following, the three networks jumped into the act and from there on the prospect for an effective bill steadily improved.

In contrast, with the exception of the Cowles publications and a few others, the printed media were silent. The big circulation magazines—*Life*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, with space to fill every week or every other week—did not seem to realize that a vital issue was at stake. The indifference of the women's magazines was particularly deplorable. Most of these are monthlies, but they could have bestirred themselves to insert something on a subject so vital to housewives. Among the news weeklies, *Time's* first item on the subject was in its November 23 issue; at about the same time *Newsweek* ran a brief take-out. But the fact is that with the exception of an article by Ralph Nader in *The New Republic* and Nick Kotz's piece in *The Nation* ("Meat Inspection: The New Jungle," September 18) the magazines gave a minimum of help.

It is an instructive record if for no other reason than that it shows what a powerful instrumentality Public

Broadcasting Laboratory can be if it elects in the future, as it did in this instance, to plunge into a crucial subject with such thoroughness and vigor that the rest of the industry is impelled to follow its lead. It is also instructive because it shows that even without active Administration backing, a major piece of consumer legislation can be pushed to enactment in a six-month period—something of a record—once attention is focused on the issue.

As for Mr. Kotz, he is a prime candidate for a Pulitzer Prize. The great muckraking journalists of another era, their work long since done but never finished, would find in him a worthy successor.

Stirrings in the Elephant Grass

While the year-end holidays are bringing very little interruption of the bombing and fighting in North and South Vietnam, certain undercurrents are making their way in the morass of diplomatic approaches seeking an end to the war. These soundings have been especially noticeable at the United Nations, although the "great Vietnam debate" in the Security Council, which had been requested in the Mansfield resolution, has failed to materialize.

The United States delegation was faced with the need to "add something new" to its unsuccessful attempt of January, 1966, to bring the question of Vietnam to the Council. An announcement of cessation of the bombings, recommended by an increasing number of UN member states in speeches before the General Assembly, would of course have provided a dramatic opening. Without it, members of the Security Council—at least the necessary number of them for a positive vote—are simply not willing to heed the U.S. Senate's call for a meeting of the Geneva Conference on Indo-China on American terms.

Ambassador Goldberg and President Johnson have resisted up to now the temptation to make political capital out of calling a meeting of the UN Security Council on Vietnam and being rebuffed. Instead, they have introduced a new element by letting it be known that they would not oppose—and might even welcome—an invitation from the Security Council to the National Liberation Front to attend the Council sessions, together with representatives of Saigon and Hanoi.

Washington has nothing to lose from such a formula. It is practically certain that Hanoi would refuse to come and that the NLF would follow suit. The responsibility for the failure of an attempt at discussion would, once more, be placed at their door. At the same time, there are signs that Washington, in contradiction to its own proclaimed doctrine, is experimenting with the idea that the Vietcong may not, after all, be entirely the creature of Hanoi, and that the war is more likely to end with a regrouping of political forces in the South than a surrender of the North under the bombings. President Johnson's suggestion of talks between Saigon and the Front, which seems to have come as a shock to General Thieu, seems a clear indication of this attempted shift.

A confirmation of these soundings is to be found not only in the reported arrest by Saigon authorities of NLF representatives on their way to meet American

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officials but even more in the strident denunciations by the South Vietnamese observer at the UN of any invitation to, or contact with, the Front.

As to the Front itself, its actions are no less ambiguous, not to say ambivalent. First there was the inquiry to U Thant about the possibility for an NLF delegation to come to New York "to be around the United Nations." This was later denied by the NLF, but U Thant had predicted its denial, and his honesty is beyond question. (Besides, he would have no interest whatsoever in making up such a tale.) The story of the Vietcong's approach was also discounted by Communist and other countries friendly to the NLF, who claimed they had not been informed. The State Department, which had leaked the story, raised the technicality that this inquiry did not represent a request for a visa and countered with the possibility of a Security Council invitation. The whole incident was temporarily closed by an announcement from Saigon that it would not attend any meeting at which the Vietcong was represented as such.

Some weeks later, the Rumanian delegation (Foreign Minister Cornelius Manescu is President of the current session of the General Assembly) pulled the neat coup of having the NLF political program brought to the attention of the 123 UN members through a United Nations document, transmitted by the Secretary General at the Rumanians' request. The South Vietnamese observer screamed in outrage, while the U.S. delegation remained outwardly unconcerned. The USSR thought it strange and rather alarming that Rumania, which has left the Soviet orbit as far as international relations are concerned, had been chosen as an intermediary by the Vietcong. It was noted coincidentally that Averill Harriman had recently been in Bucharest.

Up to now, these signs do not appear to add up to anything, and leave observers puzzled. They may blow away with the next seasonal wind, the next escalation by the military, a rebuke from Hanoi. It is more likely, though, that feelers will increase with the coming of 1968, a year of soul searching and vote getting in the United States.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Hearts and Minds in Vietnam

In the long annals of hypocrisy nothing can exceed, nothing can remotely equal, the pretense that we seek the allegiance of the ordinary people of Vietnam. No doubt we should be glad to have it, but as for doing anything to deserve it—either we don't care enough or we believe that if we win militarily the peasants will forget what we did to them in the course of winning. Among the few members of Congress who have shown some humanity in this matter are Rep. William F. Ryan, Sen. Thruston Morton and—especially—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy. The full story of the ordeal of civilians in North and South Vietnam has not been told, and probably never will be known in all its horror. That even part of the story has been revealed to the public is due largely to Senator Kennedy's efforts.

The civilian toll in North Vietnam is treated as a not entirely unwelcome accompaniment of the bombing. It

may put additional pressure on Hanoi to come to the conference table for "productive" negotiations; in any case, can we help it if people live in the vicinity of the targets we find it expedient to bomb? In South Vietnam we face a more awkward problem. There we are the rulers, either directly or through the governments we have successively installed. There we have reporters, whose stories appear in leading newspapers and are inserted in the *Congressional Record*.

South Vietnamese civilians number some 14.5 million. Last May, Sen. Edward Kennedy, after visiting South Vietnam with staff members of the Senate subcommittee on Refugees and Escapees, concluded that civilian war casualties were running at the rate of about 100,000 a year. This was double the Administration estimate, which continued to circulate until last September, when a report from a group of doctors who toured South Vietnam with U.S. Government approval somewhat raised the 50,000 figure, but estimated that casualties would not run as high as 75,000 in 1967. The team recommended that American medical aid be increased from the current \$58 million a year, which is slightly below the military cost to the U.S. per day. Now, in the *Congressional Record* (Senate, December 12, page 18454), Senator Kennedy says that "a more precise estimate" would be 150,000 civilian casualties a year. The figure of 24,000 civilian deaths a year, given out from Saigon appears to him too low.

"Because of the difficulty in getting the wounded to hospitals," Kennedy writes, "many civilian casualties die before treatment can be given. For example, there are virtually no burn cases reaching hospitals exceeding 20-percent bodily injuries, which indicates that the more severely burned die before treatment." Whether injuries are inflicted by the Vietcong, the South Vietnamese government army, or the Americans, it takes an injured civilian twenty-four to thirty-six hours to get to a hospital—if he gets there at all. "Is it any wonder," Kennedy asks, "that there are few serious burn cases reaching hospitals, or that serious head, chest, or artery injuries among civilians often result in death because of failure to obtain the emergency treatment required to save lives? Is it any wonder that the rate of amputations among South Vietnamese civilians . . . is high, far higher than the rate of United States and South Vietnamese military casualties?"

The contrast in this respect is instructive. If one accepts the figure of 24,000 civilian deaths in 1967, it will exceed by some 5,000 the total of American and South Vietnamese deaths in combat. For the military wounded there is at least the mitigating factor, such as it is, of prompt, expert medical attention. But the civilians die in sheds, in hospital corridors, or in the open countryside and, says Kennedy, not one of the provincial or major hospitals servicing civilians "meets even the barest minimum of sanitation or other support conditions necessary to carry out simple medical practices."

One version of the scriptural injunction appropriate to the season reads "Peace on earth to men of good will"—for they are the only ones who deserve it. By this criterion, what is our status in Vietnam, and how do we dare to celebrate Christmas?

A Prevalence of Scapegoats

Of recent months there has been a new flurry of discussion about Negro anti-Semitism. The charge is stale, but each time it is raised it should be re-examined. On this occasion the discussion seems to have been precipitated by the statements of a few Negro militants who have expressed sympathy for the Arabs. Speaking recently in Los Angeles Jacques Torczyner, president of the Zionist Organization of America, charged that "anti-Semitism among Negroes is widespread, and it is up to the Negro leaders to stop it," and then went on to say that sympathy for the civil rights movement is "waning" among "rights-conscious Jews," many of whom are now "disillusioned." Of course there is anti-Semitism among Negroes; there always has been. But the question is, are Negroes any *more* anti-Semitic than whites? If they are not, then little point is served by focusing attention on *Negro* anti-Semitism (see article by Gary Marx, p. 11).

Writing in the *Los Angeles Times* from Jackson, Miss., Jack Nelson reports on the kind of anti-Semitism that should concern the entire nation, and it is *not* Negro anti-Semitism. The small Jewish community in Jackson, which dates from the pre-Civil War period, now "lives in terror, its rabbi under constant police protection." There have been at least three recent bombings, one of which shattered the residence of Rabbi Perry Nussbaum (there have been similar bombings lately in Florida).

Instead of Negro homes being bombed, the KKK element has now focused its attention on Jewish homes and the homes of non-Jewish whites. Judge Harold Cox included, who are held responsible for the convictions in the conspiracy case that arose out of the Neshoba County murder of three civil rights workers in 1964, two of whom were Jews, one a Negro. Jews, of course, are thought of as being partisans of civil rights and so they are, for the most part. But Rabbi Nussbaum says that not more than five of the 150 Jewish families in Jackson have promoted civil rights and that these have been just "moderately active." Mr. Nelson's conclusion—and it seems a sound one—is that "the Jewish community is finally feeling direct effects of what has long been a strong undercurrent of anti-Semitism in the rivers of racism that run through the state." It is this racism that should concern Jews and non-Jews; Negroes are so directly, and continuously, its victims that they do not need to be warned against it. Indeed it is worth noting, as Dr. Marx points out, that the more Negroes are actively involved in the civil rights movement, the more vigorous is their opposition to all forms of racism. There was never greater need than now for all partisans of civil rights—Negroes, non-Jews and Jews—to make common cause against those "rivers of racism."

Problem of Sanitation

Has America become dehumanized or has television, overwhelmingly preoccupied with entertainment fantasy and marketing propaganda, lost its power to communicate reality? The questions arise from the almost imperceptible audience reaction to a recent telecast of American

soldiers piling human corpses like cordwood; dumping, hurling and airlifting, by helicopter and cargo net, the Vietnamese dead. The scene, on Walter Cronkite's C.B.S. evening news, was described by correspondent Robert Schakne as a problem of sanitation for U.S. troops. C.B.S. reported only a slight rise in the phone calls that evening; in an audience of millions, perhaps 100 protested the shocking scene. There was similar feebleness of response several months ago to a report from Don Webster, also on C.B.S., that American soldiers were cutting off the ears of the enemy dead for souvenirs.

The excellent reporting of such ghastly scenes is not telecast without great agonizing by responsible newsmen at the networks. Do such scenes accurately reflect American participation in the war? Do they aid the enemy? Are they anti-war propaganda? Does not any accurate reporting of war constitute anti-war propaganda? These are some of the questions TV newsmen ask themselves daily.

But when the scenes are shown, silence ensues. And this raises the more basic issues of whether the audience is morally numb or the medium is invalid (morally irrelevant by association). If these questions had commercial value, the networks and their patrons, the advertisers, would have had them researched to the point of uncovering the opinions of upper middle-class citizens of Hungarian extraction in New Brunswick, N.J. But the issue is purely one of social ethics, and that sells no soap.

James T. Aubrey, former president of the C.B.S. television network, once remarked to Fred W. Friendly, former news president of C.B.S.: "All I'm trying to do is save the company money." To which Mr. Friendly replied: "All I'm trying to do is save the company." If television would address itself to some of the problems raised by the news coverage of this war, it could perform a service more valuable than saving companies. It might help to save the nation.

McCarthy: Critic or Challenger?

The talk about Eugene McCarthy being in somewhat the same position as Henry Wallace in 1948 is journalism at its worst. The two situations could hardly be more different. McCarthy has carefully steered clear of the third-party trap. Wallace was doing pretty well as long as he confined his protests within the Democratic Party.

The cold war was just getting under way in 1948 and the people had no idea what they were letting themselves in for. The Vietnamese War, one of the offshoots of the cold war, is a bloody, execrable conflict supported by few and detested by many. It has split the Democratic Party far more seriously than it was split in 1948.

As soon as Wallace announced his third-party candidacy, the dead cats began to fly. McCarthy is immune to dead cats. His candidacy has been greeted respectfully, and it is hard to see how he can be manhandled. There may be an attempt to identify him with the lunatic fringe of the peace movement, but that is implausible on his record, and even on his physiognomy. The press and the politicians are leery about attacking the peace movement *per se*—it contains too many VIPs and is attracting more,

and it already enjoys widespread ■ heterogeneous popular support.

But if McCarthy is spared the pitfalls that toppled Wallace, that is not to say that no other hazards loom in his path. In point of fact, he has not got off to a good start, in the sense that his candidacy has failed to take advantage of the opportunities the political situation offers. McCarthy's decision to enter the lists was in itself ■ good augury and just what was needed. It broke the ice. A challenge was finally offered and others may take it up. By all indications there will be favorite-son candidacies—Hartke in Indiana, Young in Ohio, perhaps Gov. Philip Hoff in Vermont, among other possibilities. But McCarthy's personal performance has been tepid.

His style may be good enough, although an occasional jab is always welcomed by the voters, but the content so far has been too diffuse and too mild. The people on whom he must count for the core of his support want the war stopped. McCarthy must come up with a realistic and credible program for stopping it. He may call for a cessation of bombing in the North, but that in itself is not enough: it might even result in a further escalation of the war, if "meaningful" negotiations did not result. Coupled with de-escalation in the South, it would be more promising, but a fairly comprehensive program must be offered—something perhaps on the order of the one proposed by Paul Martin, Canada's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Then there is the priorities issue—McCarthy can, if he will, do murderous execution on the guns-and-butter-fallacy, quoting Dr. Arthur Burns, for instance: "The resources that we devote to national defense are not available for making consumer goods or for adding to the stock of industrial equipment or for public uses in the sphere of education, health, or urban development." McCarthy can point out that Vietnam is not national defense at all, but a senseless aggression on the part of the U.S., based on the John Foster Dulles fantasy of extirpating

communism the world over. McCarthy can slug away at the travesty of a government that we support in South Vietnam. The other day, General Shoup called the Vietnamese generals "that bunch of crooks"; it is an accurate characterization of them as a group, and the sort of language the voters understand.

In brief, McCarthy should broaden and intensify his attack on the war, and do it now.

The Capital Times

To William J. Evjue, editor-publisher, Miles McMillin, executive publisher, George Stephenson, executive editor, Harry D. Sage, associate editor, Cedric Parker, managing editor, Elliott Maraniss, city editor and the staff of *The Capital Times* of Madison, Wis., go *The Nation's* congratulations on the paper's Golden Anniversary Edition and the occasion it celebrates. Mr. Evjue, who at 85 still presides over the paper he founded in 1917, would agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., that "to live is to function. That is all there is in living."

With characteristic directness, he says that he founded the paper on a policy of public interest as against private interests. It was a good policy in 1917, it is a good policy in 1967. Few newspapers have more consistently, courageously and intelligently sought to protect the public interest. True to its progressive tradition, *The Capital Times* has just launched, in cooperation with the American Newspaper Guild, Local 64, a thirty-month apprenticeship training program for young reporters—as far as we know the only program of its kind to be sponsored by an American newspaper.

The residents of Madison are fortunate to be served by such an excellent paper. But they too are to be congratulated. For if it is true that newspapers get the support they deserve, it is also true that communities deserve the newspapers they support.

LABOR AT BAL HARBOUR

MEANY'S WOODEN SOLDIERS

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor To-day: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States (Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.

Bal Harbour, Fla.

The most significant decision of the 1,200 delegates to the seventh convention of the AFL-CIO was to stand pat behind the dominant personality and policies of their president, George Meany—not giving an inch in concession to the program of Walter P. Reuther and the United Auto Workers for revitalizing the American trade union movement in many directions.

Little, if any, concern was shown for the probability

that the UAW will go its own way, and the AFL-CIO thus lose its largest single union, 1.3 million members. War prosperity has raised many union enrollments; the Teachers Union and other white-collar unions are growing; total revenue of the trade unions in dues and assessments is more than three-quarters of a billion dollars annually. In this narrow context Meany could tell the delegates gathered in the plush Americana Hotel that "The trade union movement is a more vital, more vigorous and more effective force for progress today than ever before in its history." At a time of momentous social unrest in the nation the unions are increasingly isolated from most sections of society, and it is easy to understand why Reuther has declared that the federation has



become the "comfortable, complacent, custodian of the *status quo*." There were only a dozen or so Negroes among the delegates; the leadership is mostly late middle age, and the top leadership at around the 70-year age level. To suggest that this institution is more dynamic than the industrial union movement of the 1930s is truly to live in one's own closed society.

The realities of American life did break through on occasion at Bal Harbour, to suggest the stormy days ahead. For 150 days, 60,000 copper miners have been on strike, and even with twenty-one unions directly involved, the AFL-CIO has been unable to put pressure on the Johnson Administration or on the industry to end this walkout with a victory. Coalition bargaining under the direction of the Steelworkers has left the industry unmoved. It has been allowed to raise copper prices, according to Joseph P. Molony, Steelworkers union official, by more than \$400 a ton without a word of condemnation from the Administration. The unions accepted the idea of a fact-finding board; it was turned down by the industry.

The dilemma of the unions—and the strain in the alliance between George Meany and President Johnson—was revealed in the closing remarks of Molony: "Now some years ago, you will remember in a situation not unlike the one we find ourselves, President Truman, God bless him, did not flinch from seizing the steel industry, and running up the American flag over their plants and mines, although later on the Supreme Court overruled him. President Kennedy knew what to do when the steel industry attempted to gouge the nation by raising the price of steel by \$5 a ton. And I remind you, not \$400 a ton, and he brought the steel industry to its senses in a hurry." What did the unions get from President Johnson? A plea for wage restraint. The AFL-CIO unions here raised some \$500,000 in contributions for the copper strikers, and the unions are paying out hundreds of thou-

sands of dollars in strike benefits—the weakness is in failure of the White House to act, and nobody had the courage or the will to say so at this convention.

As a prelude to the 1968 steel industry negotiations involving more than 800,000 unionists, the copper strike situation is scarcely a happy omen. I. W. Abel, president of the Steelworkers, added to the tensions in his union when he proposed binding arbitration of unresolved issues in the forthcoming negotiations, and the union's executive board rejected it. In another year of inflation, skilled trades shortages and war tensions, unionism as usual on the collective bargaining front is headed for real trouble.

In contrast to a speech by A. Philip Randolph, praising the labor movement and denouncing Black Power as a modern form of demagogic "Garveyism," the delegates heard Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, give a detailed account of the failure of specific trade unions to open jobs for Negroes, and tell why the NAACP was suing both unions and management to break down the color bars. It was the kind of speech that AFL-CIO apologists used to denounce when made by Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the NAACP, but the evidence that labor is dragging its feet is now so overwhelming that Wilkins received no rebuttal. He said, "Indeed the 1960 census showed only 2,191 Negro apprentices in all the trades throughout the country. That figure was one more than had been recorded in the 1950 census ten years before." With some 250,000 apprentices in the nation, the efforts of the Workers Defense League in New York City have achieved very little.

President Meany told Wilkins he did not resent the report, and said that labor must meet the challenge; then he repeated the standard argument of the building trades: "However, you will not change conditions over-

night. We keep trying. And in ■ good many organizations we have a problem of securing Negro boys as apprentices to take the test that these organizations prescribe and that they have prescribed for many years."

Since Dean Rusk received an ovation before and after his speech in defense of the war in Vietnam, it seemed unlikely that any kind of issue would be made at this convention about the war. But the unqualified endorsement of President Johnson's policies did bring an amendment from Charles Cogen, president of the Teachers Union, that the AFL-CIO take no position on the Vietnamese situation. Leon Davis of the Hospital workers union spoke briefly in behalf of that view, and a former Marine from World War II was allowed to read into the record the position adopted recently at the National Labor Leadership Assembly [see "Labor Meets for Peace" by B.J. Widick; *The Nation*, November 27]. Meany then said that the labor peace assembly was planned in Hanoi, and that the resolution it adopted had appeared in the *Daily Worker* two weeks earlier. From Detroit, Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the UAW, denounced Meany's statement as "libelous and slanderous; the kind you'd expect from a senile old man," but no one placed Mazey's words in the record.

Unquestionably, the overwhelming majority of delegates agree with Meany, and the vote for his views was so enthusiastic that everyone knew President Johnson would make an appearance before this truly friendly crowd, to begin his campaign for re-election and to seek support of the war. The President's appearance did excite the delegates, and there is no question but that the labor leaders and the President are in harmony on the war and the election. Only when Mr. Johnson talked about wage restraint was there lack of applause. Otherwise, this convention gave President Johnson a warmer reception than he is likely to get anywhere else in the nation.

The unanswered question, however, is how much influence will the trade union leadership have in 1968? By

its own admission, labor is in trouble politically. The official report of the AFL-CIO council pointed out that "Labor can never account for more than a minority of votes. In a close situation it can provide the margin of victory. In a situation such as in 1966, we can take satisfaction in having prevented a worse disaster."

Here are some of the problems.

"Our 1966 post-election poll of union members revealed that even then, 25 per cent of all union members were less than 30 years old, and nearly 50 per cent were less than 40 years old. Twenty-five per cent had belonged to a union for five years or less, and 46 per cent had been union members for ten years or less.

"As new voters and new union members, these young people have no memory of Roosevelt, the depression or World War II. They have no memory of hard times or of union battles fought and won from which they are reaping the benefits."

The political report outlines three factors which will make 1968 more difficult for labor than 1966.

"(1) Unless there is a dramatic change in the situation in Vietnam, our military involvement will continue as a disturbing and divisive issue.

"(2) Public hostility toward legitimate civil rights progress will almost certainly stiffen as a result of urban violence. Slowing or discontinuing such progress can only increase the desperation and alienation of impoverished minorities.

"(3) In the big-population states, where there are decisive blocs of electoral votes, important state-wide elections and a considerable number of close House races, there is a good deal of lethargy and factionalism."

According to a study made by some labor observers, the political action policy of the trade unions contains another painful dilemma. Most "hawks" in Congress have an anti-union voting record, and most "doves" have a strong pro-union record. Which comes first in deciding labor support—the war or social progress?

CONSTANTINE AND THE COLONELS

ON THE EVE OF CIVIL WAR

ROY C. MACRIDIS

Mr. Macridis is Walter Jaffee Professor of Politics at Brandeis University and co-author of Modern Political Systems (Prentice-Hall) and The De Gaulle Republic: Quest for Unity (Dorsey).

The French call it a *coup de théâtre* and if the situation in Greece today were not so desperate and tragic, the news of the "captive" King liberating himself from the tight grasp of the military junta and arriving in Rome with his immediate family, including the all-powerful Queen Mother Frederika, would bring smiles of recognition to a people used to Aristophanes. The ensuing difficulties of

our State Department with regard to recognition of the junta minus the King can only compound this amusement. Our representatives and policy makers are "observing closely" the situation, but remain particularly anxious to maintain the integrity of our NATO flank against the unseen and imaginary enemy. The fact that the junta acceded to Cyrus Vance's efforts and agreed to withdraw Greek troops to mollify the Turks—this great diplomatic triumph of President Johnson that only maintains a precarious *status quo*—has not been sufficiently connected with the United States attitude toward the junta. At what price did the junta make the concession? What has the United States promised?

The King's departure is only the prologue to the long drama that lies ahead. It is the result of nothing but a struggle for power between throne and military. There was no conflict of ideas about government, the constitution or democracy. The King was not a "captive" nor was he eager for a return to the constitutional monarchy that he himself had repeatedly subverted. He had had a number of opportunities to oppose and disavow the junta, far more opportune than the one he chose. He decided to flee because he was losing in the power struggle to the colonels, who efficiently and quietly purged the state apparatus and the army of "royalists" and "democrats" and established a tight control over the country. By remaining in Athens, the King had nothing to lose but his power. By leaving, he hopes to regain both throne and power. Military dictators have the habit of coming and going in Greece, but the kings have always returned. The myth of the captive King who fought for democracy will help Constantine pave his way back, even make it possible for him and the junta to divide the spoils that the country represents for both of them.

But events may move so fast in the coming months as to make this difficult if not impossible. The thousands of political prisoners, the democratic and left-wing forces, including the Communists, are likely to take a hand in Greece's future. They are already beginning the painful struggle for freedom, and the King's departure is an episode that may help them. With Constantine in Rome, the last shred of legitimacy associated with the present regime has vanished, and its tyranny stands naked. In a clandestine pamphlet that has been sent to me, a resistance group entitled Democratic Defense rallies the citizens: "Greek patriots, champions of democracy, join forces with us in the struggle against the Fascist junta. Save our country from dishonor and help us reconstruct democracy in the country where its torch was lit." The new civil war has already begun.

The junta took over on April 21 to forestall the elections, and set about at once to consolidate itself. It dissolved every organization with the exception of the Greek Orthodox Church. Athletic associations, political groups and parties, philanthropic organizations, all elected local and departmental councils, have been set aside. At the same time it has prohibited the formation of new groups without prior consent of the government, and has made the participation of a government delegate mandatory. There can be no meetings of more than four persons; and two political leaders, one from the Center and one from the Right, have received sentences of three to five years for permitting small gatherings in their homes. Even the traditional christening ceremony will bring heavy penalties unless notice is given in advance and a member of the police or the gendarmerie attends. The new tyrants, without having read Thomas Hobbes, remember that associations and groups are "living worms in the entrails of a man."

Where can an atomized society get information? The press and radio are entirely controlled by the government, and listening to foreign broadcasts is prohibited. Owners of short-wave radios are told to register them with the police, only to have their sets confiscated. Newsreels and

movies cannot be shown without authorization. But information can also be carried by word of mouth. Many Greeks have had their telephones removed. Every householder is required to inform the police of any house guest, and in the small villages—more than 65 per cent of the Greeks live in villages of less than 1,500 inhabitants—news of who talks to whom and for how long reaches the police quickly. Thus every individual begins to fear his friend and neighbor and keeps his mouth shut.

The second instrumentality of tyranny is intimidation. It has taken every conceivable form. Mass arrests in which more than 15,000 persons were taken away from their homes and families, to be sent to five barren islands, was the first major effort to cow the population into submission. The great part of these prisoners have been released, but only after they signed appropriate pledges not to indulge in politics and to make their whereabouts known to the police. A second practice is far more pervasive. At the slightest provocation a person is arrested and kept in jail for two or three days. He is subsequently released, but his associates assume that he has "talked" and they avoid him: while he, fearing that he may again be subjected to arrest, avoids them. Courts-martial are busy meting out sentences that range from two to five years to all who utter words derogatory to the government, the Monarchy (and presumably now the Regent), or the Church. Since April, more than 40,000 Greeks have been jailed or sentenced to imprisonment. For those who have been caught organizing resistance or conspiring to use force, the sentences are much more severe, and in some cases even the formality of the military tribunal is dispensed with. The "guilty" are simply rounded up and are seen no more.

The atomization of the society and its intimidation are not enough. A silent and indifferent citizen is suspect. The regime has organized a vast program of political re-education and reactivation. Church attendance is obligatory; participation in national ceremonies is mandatory. Whenever the prime minister, the members of the military council, and until December 14 the King or any government official appears, everybody is ordered to be present. The army, the police and the gendarmerie provide transportation and require the display of the flag. To abstain or even to show insufficient enthusiasm is to be suspect, and it is a brave man who will let retribution for his own defiance fall upon his family.

The Greek army, under the very eyes of the American Military Mission and the responsible NATO officers, has become an instrument of coercion. As a result, its character is changing. The first criterion for the officer corps is loyalty to the junta. Officers who have expressed democratic sentiments or who were closely attached to the King have been purged. More than 30 per cent of the officer corps has been placed on the retirement list, and the elimination continues.

As in the years of the Nazi occupation, the Greeks are now faced with the inescapable choice of submitting or resisting. But the situation is far worse today. In the years of the Nazi terror, hope of rescue by the great democracy across the Atlantic, by the tenacious and brave British armies, even by the Soviet Union as its army

moved into central Europe, spurred the efforts of resistance. Today the NATO allies and the United States representatives in Athens witness the consolidation of the regime in silence. However "reluctantly," the United States has accepted the present regime. In the eyes of many Greeks, we are accomplices. Military aid has not ceased; the tourists continue to seek the sun; private American firms make lucrative investments and the Department of State and the White House have not issued a single statement explicitly disavowing the junta. Efforts made by Denmark, Sweden and the Swiss Red Cross are only tokens of sympathy and understanding.

"Those who believed that the Greek people would ever show the cowardice to submit to the predicament prepared by a clique of Greek and foreign tyrants will be disappointed." That is the opening statement of the Democratic Defense pamphlet quoted above. Already gunfire is being heard at night in the cities, and many villagers are beginning to take to the hills. Their task seems impossible, but as the tyranny is consolidated, many more will follow. And if the international situation were to deteriorate, if Greece's northern neighbors were to change the strict neutrality they now maintain, if there were a renewed conflict over Cyprus, pitting Turks against Greeks, or if tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union over the Vietnamese question or the Arab-Israeli conflict were to take a turn for the worse, the maquis would grow. Passive disobedience in the cities—

used so successfully against the Germans—is being organized.

For eight months, our State Department, the White House, our ambassador, have shown a wooden indifference to the establishment of military tyranny in a country that is a member of NATO, to which the Truman Doctrine had pledged freedom and democracy, in which our military mission trained and organized the army, and where our Central Intelligence Agency has its headquarters for the whole Middle East. No sophisticated Greek—and politically speaking, this means every Greek—will ever believe that we were powerless to prevent what happened, or that once the military junta took over, the United States could not bring pressure upon them to mitigate quickly the harshness of their rule. And every Greek, rightly or wrongly, will conclude that we have a share in what is happening now. The dream that sustained Greece in the years of the German terror and occupation is now replaced by the incongruous sight of American officers and representatives giving their moral and material support to tyranny at the very time when the stirrings of freedom are spreading throughout Eastern Europe and as far west as Spain.

Yet the future of the country, its hope for economic recovery and reconstruction, its diplomatic relations with the European community and its northern neighbors, its internal stability, based upon a broad democratic centrist formation led by the Papandrous and supported by the



Franklin, Toronto Star

"Relax, Mr. Prime Minister, You're Safe Now"

Left, were bright until the colonels, with the complicity of the King, struck it down. The liberal leaders, including Andreas Papandreu, together with his many American-trained associates, are now in jail or in exile. Greece represents for our present policy makers a parcel of our military real estate and anyone who casts the slightest

doubt upon our claim of control—as the Papandreous did—was not to be tolerated. Yet we should be learning from Vietnam, as the French learned there and in Algeria, how ephemeral is military ownership and how expensive to maintain. Let us hope that the Greek people will not have to teach us that lesson again.

FACTS AND FALLACIES

NEGRO 'ANTI-SEMITISM'

GARY T. MARX

Mr. Marx is an assistant professor in the Department of Social Relations, Harvard, and an associate at the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies. He is the author of Protest and Prejudice (Harper & Row).

He is a benefactor for our people. I have always felt friendly toward a Jew. There is a distinct difference between a Jew and a white man and I hate a white man.

Foundry worker, Pittsburgh

The white landlord who is not Jewish is better. Well, the Jew landlord he'll put you in this apartment and you'd pay an arm or a leg and it isn't worth it. The apartment is raggedy. There are rats in them. They are falling down, shabby. They won't fix anything. They won't repair. All they want is their money. He may have ten or twelve houses and all he's doing is sitting down collecting his money and rubbing his bald head.

Housewife, New York

The Jews understand colored better because they have been through some of the same kind of discrimination. They have more heart. They are more in sympathy with our people's problems.

Laundry worker, Chicago

In an age of social science research, much of which has been concerned with problems arising out of the multi-ethnic nature of American society, it is unfortunate that recent discussions of supposed Negro anti-Semitism have generally taken place without reference to empirical research. However, it is something more than unfortunate when statements such as one by James Baldwin that "... of all white people on the face of the earth it is the Jew whom the Negro hates the most," or by Saul Alinsky that there "is no other group in which there is such rampant anti-Semitic feelings as among Negroes," lead to demands by some Jewish leaders for the withdrawal of Jewish support from the civil rights struggle.

The Survey Research Center of the University of California, under the sponsorship of the Anti-Defamation League, is completing its five-year study of the intergroup attitudes of Americans. One phase of this project concerns Negro attitudes toward Jews and toward whites in general.

Samples taken to be representative of the black population were compiled in New York City, Chicago, Atlanta and Birmingham. A national sample of Negroes living in non-Southern urban areas was also prepared. In all,

more than 1,100 people were questioned by Negro interviewers who spent approximately an hour and a half to determine each person's opinion on a wide range of contemporary issues, including the civil rights struggle and the Jews.

Not surprisingly, the negative items referring to Jews which received the most acceptance dealt with economic behavior. For example, roughly six out of ten people said "true" to the statement: "Jews are more willing than others to use shady practices to get what they want." Somewhat less acceptance was granted to statements about Jewish clannishness; thus, roughly four out of ten of those questioned said "true" to the statement that "Jews stick together too much." Much less acceptance was granted to traditional conspiratorial items. Only about one person in ten felt that Jews had too much power in the United States. The above items along with six others were combined into an index of anti-Semitism. Among those in three groups, the nation-wide metropolitan area sample, New York and Chicago, three in ten respondents were considered to be anti-Semitic (giving anti-Semitic responses to five or more of the nine index items), while a like proportion was considered to be not anti-Semitic (rejecting eight or all nine of the anti-Semitic index items). In the South less than one in five scored as anti-Semitic, while four out of ten gave little or no evidence of anti-Jewish sentiment.

Ever since James Baldwin wrote a few years ago, "but just as society must have a scapegoat, so hatred must have a symbol. Georgia has the Negro and Harlem has the Jews," most discussions of Negro anti-Semitism have made at least some implicit reference to a scapegoat theory. It is suggested that, as a particularly vulnerable and accessible white group, Jews are somehow singled out and become the recipients of disproportionate Negro hostility. Our data offer almost no support for such an interpretation. For most of those interviewed attitudes toward Jews were roughly comparable to attitudes toward whites in general. Only about one person in twenty-five who scored as anti-Semitic expressed little or no hostility toward whites in general. When those questioned were asked to compare Jewish whites with non-Jewish whites as landlords, merchants and employers, the scapegoat pattern also failed to emerge. Just as the majority of whites fail to distinguish between Negro Protestants and Catholics, a majority of those in the present study dismiss

merchants, employers and landlords with the phrase, as one man put it, "white folks is jes white folks."

For example, in response to the question, "Compared to other white store owners do you think Jewish store owners are better, worse or about the same?" roughly seven out of ten said "about the same," and those who saw a difference were somewhat more likely to think Jews were better than other whites. When asked, "Do you think it is better to work for a Jewish person or for a white person who is not Jewish?" about half the sample responded the "same." However, those who expressed a preference were much more likely to think Jews were better to work for. For example, in New York City 39 per cent felt it better to work for a Jew as against 15 per cent who felt it better to work for a white person who is not Jewish. Even a question about landlords elicited a similar pattern.

Furthermore, these data are consistent with six out of seven studies made in the past twenty years. And two recent studies on riot cities find that Jewish merchants did not seem to be singled out for attack. A report on Philadelphia states "not a single eyewitness to the riot recalls the mobs shouting anti-Semitic slogans, although anti-white epithets abounded." And although a large number of Jewish-owned businesses were destroyed in southwest Los Angeles during the summer of 1965, a UCLA study reports that when Watts residents were asked who were the targets of attack, only 5 per cent mentioned Jews.

Negro anti-Semitism also may be put in perspective by comparing it to the anti-Semitism of whites. Given the added element of prejudice against all whites and the involvement of Jews in the economic life of many ghettos, it might be anticipated that anti-Semitism would be somewhat higher among Negroes than among whites. This generally was not the case. Negroes were more likely than whites to accept negative economic stereotypes about Jews, although when level of education was taken into account these differences were reduced. On other negative stereotypes, such as that Jews stick together too much, the percentage giving the anti-Semitic response was about the same, regardless of race. On still others, such as thinking that Jews have too much power, Negroes were less likely to appear anti-Semitic. And on matters not involving stereotypes, Negroes consistently emerged as less anti-Semitic. Compared with whites they more frequently opposed passage of a law to stop further Jewish immigration, more frequently said they would vote against a Congressional candidate who declared himself against the Jews, more frequently said that they would not mind if their party nominated a Jew for President. In addition, Negroes expressed greater opposition to occupational and social club discrimination against Jews than did whites. Apparently their position as a persecuted minority leads black Americans to reject discriminatory behavior against other minorities as well, even if it does not always lead to the rejection of negative stereotypes. This is a significant factor for political expressions of anti-Semitism.

While attitudes toward Jews were roughly comparable to attitudes toward whites in general, there was still enough variance in this relationship to require consideration of certain special features which tend to make the

Negro-Jewish relationship unique. Our study was concerned with two such factors, the first dealing with economic factors and the second with the fact that Jews are themselves a minority group and one relatively more supportive of Negro rights than the society as a whole.

The extent of Jewish involvement in ghetto economic life has no doubt been exaggerated, particularly if New York City be excluded, but the fact remains that for certain historical reasons Jews are conspicuous in the economic processes of many urban ghettos. Almost seven out of ten respondents report that some of the stores they now shop at are owned by Jews. About three out of four respondents outside the South, and two out of four Southerners report that they have worked for a Jew in the past or are working for one now. While such data cannot be relied upon to measure exactly the extent of Negro-Jewish contact, because of the problems of subjective perception, they are still highly suggestive.

Our study observed three economic measures: extent of impersonal economic contact with Jews; perceived mistreatment at the hands of a Jewish merchant and several beliefs about the credit practices of Jews relative to those of other whites. When these factors were combined into an index of "predisposition to economically based anti-Semitism," the powerful role of economic factors in generating hostility toward Jews could be noted. The percentage scoring as anti-Semitic increased from a low of only 10 per cent among those lowest in this predisposition to a high of 70 per cent among those highest on this measure. Negro anti-Semitism, unlike that of whites, has some very concrete economic sources.

An important set of factors helping to explain why anti-Semitism is not more evident among Negroes related to Jewish minority group experience. A shared minority consciousness seemed to exist for many of those questioned. More than five out of ten felt that Jews were currently discriminated against in the United States and many were aware that Jews had suffered in the past. Many of those interviewed also recognized Jewish efforts on behalf of civil rights. For example, in response to the question, "On the whole, do you think Jews are more in favor of civil rights for Negroes than other white people, less in favor, or is there no difference?" more than four out of ten felt Jews to be more in favor of Negroes' rights, and only about three in 100 felt Jews to be less in favor. Similarly about seven out of ten of those interviewed felt that the record of Jews was better than that of other whites when it comes to hiring Negroes. When these factors are combined into an index, and observed in relation to the index of anti-Semitism, they have a powerful effect on the curtailment of anti-Jewish sentiment.

It has been suggested by some that the Muslims, with their plea for economic self-sufficiency, criticisms of Jewish involvement in the civil rights struggle, and occasional involvement with the Arab world are an important source of anti-Semitism. The 4 per cent of the sample in sympathy with the Muslims were much more apt to be both anti-Semitic and anti-white than the other Negroes studied. However, with respect to the remaining 96 per cent of the sample, the surprising finding emerged

that as civil rights militancy increased, tolerance also increased. In addition, those in civil rights organizations were less anti-Semitic and anti-white than those not in such organizations. This does not deny that on occasion particular civil rights groups have taken anti-Semitic positions, as events in the latter part of 1967 made painfully clear, nor that at community levels there may not be factors conducive to conflict between Negroes and Jews. However, in considering the orientation of individuals,

not only were the social and psychological factors which made for militance in most cases the same as those which made for tolerance but there is an ideological link between the two. Many of those interviewed seemed to realize the inconsistency in attacking white racism from the perspective of the black racist. This finding suggests the possibility that in order to increase attitudes of tolerance among Negroes one might work to increase activity in the area of civil rights.

LIKE A SMALL DEAD MAN

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronx People (Harcourt, Brace) and Castle Keep (Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.

The very young soldier got off the plane at Saigon and walked straight for the propeller of another plane. Before he hit the prop a sergeant in a green beret grabbed him and turned him around.

A correspondent who was on the plane with the soldier saw this and he saw the soldier again on the other side of the baggage room. The soldier was lying dead in the dirt; that is, his body was in the awkward throw-down angles of the dead, but when the correspondent sat down on an oil drum alongside him the soldier smiled up gently. The soldier was quite alive.

"They are all dead," the soldier said. "Everyone I knew is dead. My whole platoon."

The correspondent did not say anything. He just sat there above the soldier, guarding him in the dust.

"Ambushed," the soldier said. "The bushes were jumping." The soldier spoke out of a child face that was splattered with blood. "Water."

The correspondent passed down his canteen and the young soldier drank, holding it with both hands. When the soldier surrendered the canteen he said, "I'm not going back up."

The correspondent dribbled some water from the green camouflaged canteen on the soldier's face, then wiped off the blood.

"I wouldn't know anyone," the soldier explained carefully. "I don't know anyone in the world."

When the correspondent had finished with the face he told the soldier he looked now all clean like a Saigon Warrior or a Remington Raider. The soldier smiled because these were the names for the rear echelon troops, those who played the typing machines.

A military policeman came up now and stood over them, big in the dust.

"You better get rid of him," the military policeman said. "We're supposed to pick them up." Then the military policeman walked over alongside the terminal hut and got a Pepsi.

"Get on the army bus marked Brinks," the correspondent told the stricken soldier still in the dust. "It will let you off near the Continental and the Caravelle Hotels. Do not go to either of these. They are snobbish and expensive and do not permit women in the rooms. Make it down Tu Du Street to the Catinet; it's run by a Chinaman."

The correspondent helped the boy soldier plop upright and got him on the army bus that said Brinks. The boy stood on the step of the bus and said, "I don't know anyone."

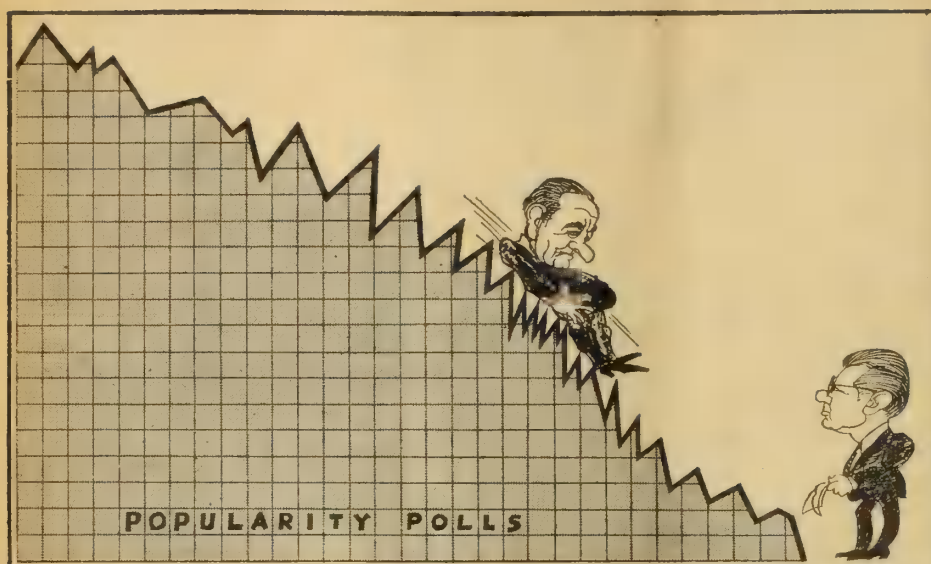
"You know me."

The boy took the correspondent's hand and shook it, then turned into the interior of the bus and said, "I don't know a single person."

The correspondent sat down on the oil drum and watched the bus move off. The bus looked like a very large military hearse except that the windows were barred with a heavy screen so that the enemy could not toss in bombs. The boy sat in the front of the bus stiffly, as though leading the others somewhere, but he looked old now, rigid like a small dead man.

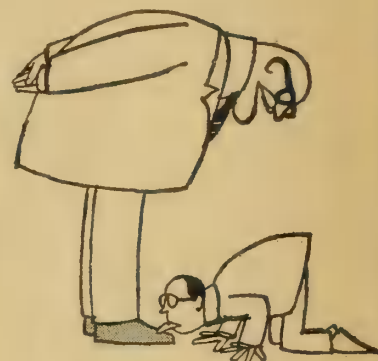


Some Cartoons of 1967



Mahood, The Times (London): Ben Roth

'It Hurts Most When I'm Sliding'



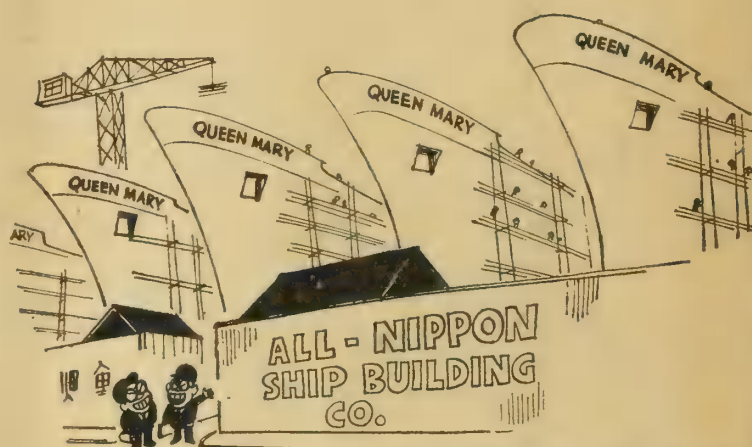
Punch: Ben Roth

*"Careful, Millingworth
—They're Suede"*



Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

*"Waiter! There's a Beastly Mao
Thought in my Fortune Cookie"*



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth

"There Seems To Be Quite a Demand for Them"



Illingworth, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

Librarians Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves



Abu, Tribune (London): Ben Roth



Macpherson, Toronto Star



Renault, Frontier: Ben Roth

"Not You, Harris!"



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

Nothing Else To Eat!

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE

TONI STABILE

Miss Stabile is the author of *Cosmetics: Trick or Treat?* (Hawthorn Books).

Last year, sales of cosmetics, excluding soap, passed the \$3-billion mark. In addition, Americans spent about \$4.5 billion in beauty shops for cosmetic services. Yet, although sales have quadrupled in the past twenty years, cosmetics are likely to be dismissed as frivolous and relatively unimportant by the general public, as they were dismissed by Congress in 1900 when cosmetic controls were proposed as part of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

At the turn of the century, it was popularly thought (often correctly) that cosmetics were a mess of goo usually concocted in bathtubs and sheds by a few ladies for the painted ladies on and off the stage. Even The Toilet Goods Association, the industry's representative and historian, has records of cosmetic sales only back to 1914 when they totaled less than \$40 million a year.

Cosmetics were not acknowledged by Congress until 1938, when, after horrendous blinding, injury, and death from poisonous beauty aids, the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act was passed and found, almost immediately, to be as toothless as a cosmetic police dog. In the Act, Americans were told that "cosmetics" were not only powder and paint but were now officially defined as: "(1) articles intended to be rubbed, poured, sprinkled, or sprayed on, introduced into, or otherwise applied to the human body or any part thereof for cleansing, beautifying, promoting attractiveness, or altering the appearance; and (2) articles intended for use as a component of any such articles; except that such term shall not include soap."

Thus thousands of products for the entire family, from baby oil and talc to toothpaste and shampoo, to deodorants and shave cream, to nail polish and hair spray were classified as cosmetics. And despite the fact that many of these grooming items have become as much a part of the family shopping list as salt and aspirin, as "cosmetics" they escape the more stringent controls provided for foods and drugs. Cosmetics are marketed without required testing of any kind, without revealing or listing ingredients (even when a product contains ingredients known to be injurious), without warning of possible danger from caustic or toxic substances (although 1,700 children were poisoned from swallowing cosmetics in one year), and without disclosing or identifying such potential hazards, even after a product is proved to have caused widespread injury. Only when a cosmetic sold in interstate commerce has been found to be mislabeled or injurious can the Food and Drug Administration seize a shipment of the product and administer an ineffectual after-the-fact slap.

Compounding the anything-goes-until-and-if-caught climate of the cosmetic business is the consumer's touching faith in modern science, which has prompted many in the industry to add "scientific" or "miracle" ingredients to their products. The heralded "special" ingredients possess the authentically miraculous power

of swelling a nickel's worth of cream into a \$20-an-ounce promise, or a penny's worth of water and alcohol into a \$5 bargain in hope. The consumer is shielded from the disillusioning knowledge that many an exotic "miracle" ingredient is some other industry's waste product, and that insufficiently tested it may add more risk than benefit to the cosmetic.

With the rules of the game so heavily favoring the industry, it is little wonder that cosmetic companies are being sniffed out by bigger, unrelated business complexes. Once ignored, cosmetic stocks have now become glamour offerings on Wall Street. Increasingly, news of cosmetic companies has moved from the women's pages to the financial pages.

Cosmetic companies have been absorbed into larger companies so often during the past few years that a relative handful of the popularly known cosmetic-specializing companies still retain their independent status. Many, if not most, are primarily distributors, buying their products from so-called "private-label" manufacturers who produce cosmetics in quantity for any company that wants to sell under its own label. Often one manufacturer supplies lipsticks or eye make-up to hundreds of companies which then distribute them throughout the country, from variety-store counters to exclusive specialty shops, at prices that may range from 29c to \$5. It is not uncommon to find that the lipstick or eye shadow in the tubes selling for 29c, \$1, \$2.50 and \$5 are basically the same products from the same manufacturer.

The disappearance of small companies into large corporations has somewhat disturbed the industry. Stephen L. Mayham, honorary president of The Toilet Goods Association, regrets the replacement of the "great personalities" who were largely responsible for creating the American cosmetic industry by faceless corporate structures. Mr. Mayham, who served as the TGA's executive vice president and whip for almost twenty-five years, told a meeting of Cosmetic Career Women that the personalities "have given way to people who know how to buy and sell securities and who make themselves wealthy without learning anything much about the business in which they are really engaged." He also expressed uneasiness about certain "elements" that appear to have been attracted to the cosmetic industry, elements he described as having "no place in this business and—in some instances—in any business at all."

However, it cannot be said that the cream and lotion trade has waited shyly to be courted. In recent years, the once reticent industry has become noticeably bolder in its wooing of Wall Street. An executive from Revlon, a company not noted for loquacity, was quoted by *Drug Trade News* as telling a recent meeting of the New York Society of Security Analysts that the cosmetic industry is anything but speculative. He urged the financial community "to broaden its interest in the cosmetics field for the mutual benefit of both groups," explaining that "without a full understanding of what cosmetics mean

in a woman's life, no true understanding of the financial ramifications of our industry is really possible.'"

The executive also described the situation as a "three billion dollar misunderstanding" and defined the current status of cosmetics as that of "necessary luxuries."

Note that in addressing a predominately male audience the male cosmetic executive stressed the "meaning" of cosmetics in a *woman's* life without pointing to the parallel "meaning" of cosmetics in a *man's* life. Ask any man what he thinks about cosmetics, and you'll most likely get a shrug. Mention that he uses cosmetics every time he brushes his teeth with toothpaste, uses shampoo to wash his hair, shaves with shaving cream, splashes an after-shave lotion on his face, uses a deodorant or a suntan lotion, or a hair-grooming product, or a foot powder . . . and you will probably get the reply that none of these is a cosmetic and that it is somebody's self-serving plot to call them so.

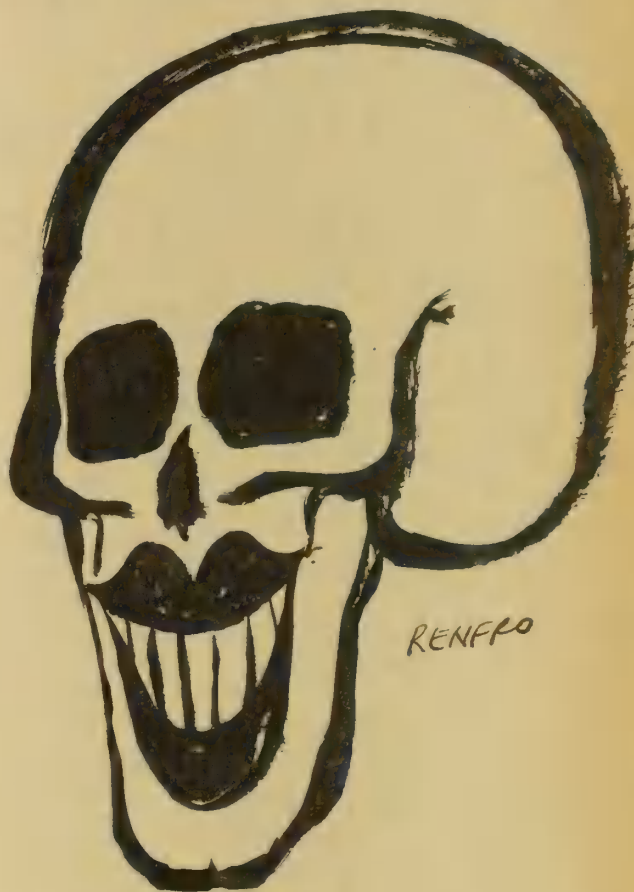
Manufacturers and sellers do indeed side-step the term "cosmetics" even when promoting the new face "bronzers" or colored face make-up for men, but though a copywriter may call the hundreds of grooming products used by men "toiletries," they are nevertheless legally classified as cosmetics and, as such, offer the same gambles inherent in the insufficiently tested, undisclosed-ingredient cosmetics offered to women and children.

Therefore, since men are predominately in charge of legislating and administering in Washington, it is possible that semantics has discouraged the reviews and adjustments that should have kept tabs on any industry trading in products used on and in the human body. If the "three-billion-dollar misunderstanding" lies at least partly in words, Rep. Leonor K. Sullivan (D., Mo.), who has campaigned for new cosmetic legislation since 1953, might have been more effective had she fought for a change in category. While Mrs. Sullivan deserves credit and encouragement for her lonely stand, the cosmetic lobby has effectively blocked any meaningful consumer safeguards.

The Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 is a prime example of how lobbyists can convert what was intended as "consumer legislation" into "industry accommodation." As in the sixties, when the thalidomide tragedies spurred drug investigation and legislation, so in the thirties blinding and death from coal-tar substances used in "permanent" hair dyes nudged cosmetic legislation out of committee. It took Congress five years to pass the Act, during which time the toxic dyes continued to be advertised and sold as "The New and Improved Eye Brow and Eyelash Dye." While Congress haggled over the Act, hair-dye manufacturers insisted that they couldn't produce satisfactory dyes without the admittedly dangerous coal-tar colors. They warned Congress that if hair dyes were not exempted, not only would a thriving business that employed many voters be ruined but the hair-dyeing women of America would storm the Capitol. Congress capitulated and coal-tar hair dyes were exempted from all controls, provided they bore a label warning that the product was not to be used on eyelashes or eyebrows, and that a preliminary test was to be made to determine the user's sensitivity to skin irritation from the ingredients. Apparently ignored was the fact that many of the men

and women who dye their hair have the job done in shops where they never see the label, and that it is almost impossible to find a shop that performs a preliminary test before every application, retouching included, which was the intent of the warning on the label.

FDA Deputy Commissioner John L. Harvey explains: "When this provision was written into the cosmetic chapter of the law in 1938, coal-tar-containing hair dyes were recognized as substances that caused a significant number of individuals to become sensitized upon using



the products. Upon repeated use, the sensitized person develops an allergic reaction which may manifest itself in mild skin irritation in the area of the scalp, or in many cases manifests itself as violent irritation accompanied by rash, fever, pustules in the scalp area which may become infected. The person who suffers a severe reaction is seriously ill and may require hospitalization followed by medical treatment for months."

By industry count, 20 million to 30 million women dye their hair. Prompted by industry promotions, an increasing number of men are joining the women. In 1966, Clairol, alone, was reported to have spent more than \$25 million to advertise its hair-coloring products; \$2,391,000 of this was used to advertise its hair dye for men.

An indication of the rapid rise in the hair-coloring section of the cosmetic industry is the sale of over-the-counter hair-coloring products. In 1966, sales totaled \$192,760,000, as compared to \$72,210,000 in 1960. Accounting for some of this bonanza are formulas for

color shampoos and "four- or five-week rinses," which are more often coal-tar dyes than "rinses." Formulas and ingredients for many of the current hair dyes were unknown in 1938 when the industry won its exemption. Although there is growing evidence that a sensitivity test for skin irritation is not sufficient to warn of possible harm and injury, the FDA is powerless to act against suspected dyes. As Mrs. Sullivan has pointed out, the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act is as out of date as the 25c-an-hour minimum wage which was adopted in the same year.

Another industry coup was the exempting of cosmetics from the 1960 Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act. The 1960 Act superseded the Federal Caustic Poison Act of 1927, which listed caustic poisons requiring warning labels with emergency antidotes. The 1927 Act, which became out of date with the advent of new detergents, cleaning compounds and chemicals unknown at the time of its passage, *did* include cosmetics. The 1960 Act *exempts* cosmetics; no warning label is now required even though a cosmetic product contains a known poison and may cause death if swallowed. Moreover, the poison in a cosmetic need not be identified or emergency directions given. This means that if a child—or a careless adult—swallows a cosmetic poison, he or she may well be dead before a doctor can be reached, the ingredient identified, and life-saving treatment begun. Despite the incalculable help of local poison control centers, the race too often is needlessly lost.

During the Congressional hearings that preceded the passage of the new Act the FDA and representatives of the industry held that cosmetics should be included under a protective labeling amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act—not to the Hazardous Substances Labeling Act—although the legislative results would be the same and the Food and Drug Administration would administer the law either way. It was a technical point, the Congressmen were told; no one wanted cosmetics to be listed in both Acts. According to the industry, it wanted only to avoid a form of double jeopardy. Both the FDA and The Toilet Goods Association agreed that the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act should be amended to require proper labeling of hazardous substances in cosmetics. The provision was duly included in the pending new cosmetic legislation—which was subsequently dropped. The cosmetic industry was home free.

Congress also passed the Color Additives Amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act in 1960, ten years after children had become ill from eating Halloween candy which had been colored with a high concentration of a permitted orange dye. In 1955, children again became ill from eating Halloween popcorn cats colored with the same orange dye; and in December of the same year about 200 people, mostly children, became ill after eating popcorn colored with a permitted red dye which the FDA had tested and certified harmless in 1953.

Following improved modern test procedures, FDA found that seventeen colors formerly thought harmless caused ailments and injuries that included anemia, enlarged spleen, liver damage, stunted growth and cancer, when fed to animals at levels considered appropriate by FDA. Obviously, further legislation was needed.

After five years of legislative jousting through the

hearing rooms and in the courts, the Color Additives Amendment was passed. Since the dyes also were used to color drugs and cosmetics, such as the lipstick which women ate along with their lunches, the amendment included drugs and cosmetics. The loudest yells were heard from the lipstick makers. What was Congress trying to do to the industry? It couldn't carry on without those colors. Women would run screaming to Washington. There'd be a black market in lipsticks and all kinds of undesirables would get into the act.

The FDA insisted that the cosmetic manufacturers now had to test their colors. The food and drug makers, who had already been doing some required testing, had survived and flourished. For the first time, a cosmetic manufacturer would have to prove to the FDA's satisfaction that an ingredient was *safe* instead of waiting until the FDA proved it was *unsafe*. It was also the first time since 1938 that cosmetics had been included in any addition to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. Although the testing and pre-marketing certification by the FDA applied only to *colors* used in cosmetics, it opened the door to the pre-market testing of cosmetic ingredients in general.

On June 13, 1963, the FDA formally announced its interpretive regulations for cosmetics under the new amendment. Two days later, The Toilet Goods Association and thirty-nine cosmetic companies, which later were joined by a fortieth company, filed a complaint suit in the Federal District Court in New York City against the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. The TGA, et al., challenged the FDA's interpretation of "color additive," and has pressed its case up to the Supreme Court which sent it back to the Federal District Court for a decision. Although the decision may be known before this article reaches print, there could still be years more of appeals, conferences, postponements and delay before the 1960 amendment is applied to cosmetics. The FDA could have attempted to enforce the law and then fought the industry, but it did not. Meanwhile, the cosmetic industry has gained a seven-year moratorium during which it has been free to continue business as though no law had been passed.

How extensive are the risks? To paraphrase a hair-dye slogan, no one knows for sure because no one has to tell. The cosmetic industry points to billions of sales with what it describes as minimal instances of harm. Government agencies counter by citing harm that has occurred and *may* occur as long as cosmetics can be marketed without required testing.

Although the cosmetic industry protests that the products of the 1930s which contained caustic chemicals and poisons are gone, the 1938 legislation hasn't prevented such periodic shockers as a hair straightener that used lye, a hair dryer with carbon tetrachloride (a potent liver poison) and a cleansing cream colored with "butter yellow," a known cancer-producing chemical. Neither did it prevent wholesale injuries by a number of shampoos, nail-base polishes, plastic nails and a permanent-wave neutralizer.

Famous names as well as obscure "bathtub operators"

in the cosmetic industry have been involved in marketing potentially injurious products. But unless injury is widespread and reported to the FDA, the general public is unaware of day-to-day reactions suffered by consumers. Often a reaction, injury or disease is not linked to the cosmetic causing it.

"The problem today," according to FDA Assistant Commissioner Winton B. Rankin, "is not so much the products that are known to harm but the cosmetics that

are not known to be safe." How much cooperation can the 200 million American consumers expect from the little industry they made big business within one lifetime? One trade source quotes the new executive vice president of The Toilet Goods Association as proclaiming to a recent meeting of the Cosmetic Industry Buyers and Suppliers Association: "Now we are engaged in a great civil strike to determine whether this industry or any other industry may prosper in these United States."

LETTERS (Continued from page 2)

tional theme of war and peace ["The Goals of Dissent"; *The Nation*, Dec. 11]. . . . Mr. Grauman is worried about the image presented by the "violent provocation," or later the "uncivilized provocations" (which is it; there is a difference you know), of the dissenter. And while he mentions the distortions of the press, I do think he has not gone far enough in this line of reasoning. The Administration knows all about the distortions of the press, knows how to feed into it, knows its value to its own cause. Does Mr. Grauman not think that the Administration is capable of provoking violence, of even having *agents provocateurs* among the dissenters? . . . I think therefore that the problem of violence is one of informing the American people of who is violent, and I mean violent and not insulting. . . .

Philip Siekevitz

killing the dream

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Your editorial ["Grasping at Chaos," Nov. 27] is liberal tunnel vision at its most acute. Who says this nation is committed to integration? The blacks? Have you consulted them? The suburbs, the towns, the overwhelming majority of whites? Where is the evidence of their commitment? It exists only in the dreams of the liberals.

The U.S. Commission on Human Rights concludes: "Underlying these [regressive] private and public actions have been attitudes within the white majority—attitudes based on fear, on racial prejudice, and on a desire for status. While many of these attitudes are not overtly expressed, they are nonetheless real and effective. They have been accompanied by a lack of concern for and a failure to become involved in the problems of the slums."

There's much more of the same, including some useful correctives, from minority spokesmen, for the narrow outlook of liberals complained of in my first sentence.

All that this nation is now committed to, after generations of neglect, is a slightly better deal for blacks, as long as this progress be not too much, too fast, or too costly. Bettering the black condition is a humane impulse and not to be derided. But neither the Commission on Human Rights nor I mistake it for a commitment to integration, and you shouldn't either.

Acknowledging the need for formal separation of the races is to acknowledge national failure. This is especially humiliating to liberals, as your epiphany illustrates. But we ought to learn from our errors, not go on mumbling about them. I do not advocate separatism out of panic but because it seems to me the only method of permitting blacks to become full human beings, not imitation whites, and of averting civil war.

There's the question of time; how long do you counsel the impatient and frustrated black to wait, quiet and tractable, to achieve a state that apparently looks less and less promising to him every moment? And what if the blacks in general are by now convinced that they don't

want integration? Do you think we liberals had better inflict it on them just the same?

You and I are aiming at the same thing: dignity, selfhood, justice and freedom for black citizens. To state a complicated proposition simply, you believe that these conditions can somehow be met by more energy and dedication to the liberal vision of an integrated community. I don't think there's a chance of it in the confines of a paternalistic, black-tolerating white community. Our 400 years of overlordship have produced poisons of mind and attitudes impossible to neutralize. Thus I think we must move to more feasible arrangements. I reluctantly conclude that some form of agreed-upon separatism is best. If liberals dislike this suggestion and have a better one, let them report it to the Commission on Human Rights, which seems pretty despairing.

In the meantime, let liberals stand back: they have already been the authors of overmuch black frustration. It is time they stopped inflicting their dreams on blacks and paid attention instead to their needs for self-identification, land reform, management of their own affairs. Among such needs integration does not really figure. W. H. Ferry

We sympathize with Mr. Ferry's sense of frustration and despair. And we are indeed, as he says, aiming at the same thing: dignity, selfhood, justice and freedom for black citizens. But we do not share his view of the present situation. Where do we find the commitment to which Mr. Ferry refers? Among other sources, in the Fourteenth Amendment, to which we are irrevocably committed, in a long series of Supreme Court decisions interpreting the enormous affirmations of that great statement, and in a wealth of recent legislation designed to implement these affirmations. We are also committed to integration as a matter of social and educational policy for reasons which have been stated many times, most recently in the Coleman Report. Mr. Ferry is right: we do not acknowledge the need for formal separation of the races nor do we intend to lead or join a retreat back to "separate but equal."

We share his sense of urgency but we do not recall having urged "the impatient and frustrated black to wait, quiet and tractable"; on the contrary we will match our frustration and impatience with his. Do blacks "in general" want integration? We are convinced they do. Perhaps the simplest explanation of our difference with Mr. Ferry, an old and valued friend, is that we attach more importance to social ideals than he does. We would agree with Gunnar Myrdal that "Ideals are important social facts when they are firmly anchored in the hearts of people and become fortified in institutions like the Constitution. . . . The so-called hard-boiled scientists are simply wrong when they try to analyze the causation of social changes without recognizing the fact that people have problems with their consciences which will be disquieting when they are not living up to their ideals."

Editors

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Cool, Courageous and an Excellent Shot

CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ: In the Cause of Ireland. By Jacqueline Van Voris. University of Massachusetts Press. 384 pp. \$7.50.

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

By the ownership of the land and the power of magistracy a small feudal caste controlled Ireland for 300 years. The Protestant landlord Ascendancy class considered itself a foreign garrison in a conquered country. To the tenants, the landlords were despoilers and despots who had seized the lands of Ireland, banished its leaders, proscribed its religion and laws, outlawed its culture and language. Irish history in the 18th and 19th centuries is largely a chronicle of the ferocious struggle between the two classes.

British bayonets sustained the landlord in his privileges. Secret agrarian trade unions and the folk memory of an ancient heritage sustained the tenant in his misery. Revolutionary movements flared, failed, flared again. In fighting landlordism the Irish also were fighting foreign rule. Thus nationalism became a force in Ireland, though it failed to dominate the country in the manner of its chief rivals, British imperial power and the Catholic Church. However, it destroyed landlordism.

That much background is necessary to understand the story of Constance Gore-Booth, daughter of a great landlord family in the west of Ireland. The family seat was at Lissadell. Ben Bulbin and Drumcliff churchyard are nearby. William Butler Yeats, grandson of the local rector, and in consequence part of the caste system himself, remembered in a later untroubled year the beauty of Constance and Lissadell.

*When long ago I saw her ride
Under Ben Bulbin to the meet,
The beauty of her country-side
With all youth's lonely wildness stirred,
She seemed to have grown clean and
sweet*

Like any rock-bred, sea-borne bird . . .

On St. Patrick's Day 1887, at the age of 19, she made her formal debut by being presented to Queen Victoria. "Constance then was a wild, beautiful girl," Lady Fingall (another member of the Irish aristocracy) recalled. "And all the young men wanted to dance with

her. She was lovely and gay and she was the life and soul of any party."

How the society butterfly became a revolutionary and the bitter enemy of her class is told with remarkable understanding in matter-of-fact style by Mrs. Van Voris in this latest—and best—biography of the flamboyant heroine of the 1916 Rising. "The Red Countess," as the sensational English press called her, has found a sympathetic recorder of her worthy deeds.

The transition began with the suffragette cause in the late 1890s when she shocked her family by speaking at public meetings. She had a habit of quoting John Stuart Mill to the effect that the only forcible argument against giving women the vote was that "they did not demand it with sufficient force and noise." Constance added characteristically: "Silence is an evil that can easily be remedied, and the sooner we begin to make a row the better." She continued to make a row in the cause of justice for the rest of her life.

But there was an interlude while she studied art in London and Paris. Count Casimir Dunin-Markievicz, son of a Polish landlord in the Ukraine, was a fellow student on the Left Bank. They fell in love, married, settled in Dublin, and threw themselves into the lively intellectual life of what has come to be called the Irish literary renaissance. The Count wrote plays; the Countess acted. They met Arthur Griffith, leader of a small but vocal group called Sinn Féin, which wanted the Irish members to withdraw from the British House of Commons and meet in Dublin as the Irish parliament, thus establishing *de facto* independence; Bulmer Hobson, of the revolutionary Irish Republican Brotherhood, who helped the Countess found the Fianna, a Boy Scout movement dedicated to militant national ideals; James Larkin, radical labor leader whose creed of industrial unionism led to the general strike and lockout of 1913, and James Connolly, the Socialist who left the stamp of his thinking on her ideals.

She came to know the Dublin of the poor. She collected food and funds for the strikers; cooked and served dinners at Liberty Hall, the union headquarters; wrote letters to the press and addressed meetings; joined the Citizen Army when the workers set up their own defense force, and clashed with Sean O'Casey who disliked her aristocratic air.

During the 1916 Easter Rising the Countess was second in command of a Citizen Army unit at St. Stephen's Green, one of Dublin's main squares; friend and foe agree she was cool, courageous and an excellent shot. After the surrender she was sent to Kilmainham Prison, Ireland's Bastille, to await court-martial and execution. The sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life. She was transferred to Aylesbury Prison in England, released in the general amnesty of Christmas, 1917, rearrested five months later in a roundup of rebel leaders, put aboard a gunboat and lodged in London's Holloway Prison. In Prime Minister Lloyd George's "khaki election" of December, 1918, she was the first woman returned to Parliament; but like her fellow Sinn Féin representatives—who swept two-thirds of the Irish seats—she was pledged to an independent Irish parliament in Dublin and would not sit in London. The members not in prison met as Dáil Éireann, the national assembly of Ireland, and elected Eamon De Valera President. A few months later the Countess was released. When De Valera named her minister of labor in his underground executive she became the first woman cabinet member in Western Europe.

Her constituents in the Dublin slums idolized her. "The best and the last of the long fight is before us," she told them during the tumultuous reception following her release from Holloway. "The watchword is organize." Her department operated under the code drawn up as the Democratic Program of the Dáil: "It shall be the first duty of the government of the Republic to make provision for the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the children, to secure that no child shall suffer hunger or cold from lack of food, clothing, or shelter but that all shall be provided with the means and facilities requisite for their proper education and training as citizens of a free and Gaelic Ireland." Her conception of a free Ireland was "a state run by the Irish people for the people. That means a government that looks after the rights of the people before the rights of property. My idea is the Workers' Republic for which Connolly died."

Meanwhile, Ireland was a battlefield. British troops, tanks and a murder gang disguised as a police force—nicknamed the Black and Tans because of their uniforms—failed to enforce Crown rule

against an underground government and army that became adept in the use of guerrilla tactics. ("Many of the techniques of Fascist terrorism were developed by the Black and Tans of Ireland," the author notes.) The Countess was arrested again in the summer of 1919 and jailed in Cork for a seditious speech. "This is the most comfortable jail I have been in yet," she wrote her sister Eva. "There's a nice garden full of pinks and you can hear the birds sing." She read a great deal but was often lonely. Her sentence completed, she returned to the barricades, but was forced to go underground as the terror increased. She was seized in September, 1920, following a meeting of the Dáil, lodged in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, court-martialed and sentenced to two years' hard labor. Kevin Barry, an 18-year-old medical student, and a number of other young men were hanged for treason. Many died on hunger strikes, in street battles and along lonely mountain roads. The jails were full. Then in July, 1921, Lloyd George arranged a truce. The Countess walked out of prison again.

On December 6, 1921, a treaty was signed granting dominion status to the South while retaining the North as part of the United Kingdom: the Irish had won partition not freedom. The Dáil split. The treaty was carried by seven votes. "While Ireland is not free I remain a rebel, unconverted and unconvertible," the Countess told her fellow deputies. She was touring America as the debate on Ireland's status ended in civil war. When she returned in November, 1923, she was arrested, promptly went on a hunger strike, and was released at Christmas.

Now began the painful task of rebuilding the shattered rebel ranks. To those who complained that they were sick of politics the Countess would reply that "politics ought to be nothing more or less than the organization of food, clothes, housing and transit" for the people. And she would quote Eugene Debs: "I would not lead you to freedom, even if I could, for if I could, someone else could as easily lead you back into slavery."

But the fires were going out. Mary Colum, wife of poet Padraic Colum, visited the Countess in 1925: "Her fight, her imprisonments, the prison fare had depleted her and dimmed her personality. . . . She was like an extinct volcano, her former violent self reduced to something burnt out. [She was] haggard and old, dressed in ancient demoded clothes. . . ."

Two years later Constance de Markievicz died at the age of 59 in the public ward of a hospital among the poor. The previous winter had been hard and she had spent it trudging up and

down tenement stairs taking fuel and food supplies to the destitute. The authorities banned a lying-in-state at Dublin's City Hall. The military were out in force to stop any demonstrations at the graveyard. Detectives mingled among the mourners. It was a fitting end for a woman who had said of her own haughty family: "I suppose it's very embarrassing to have a relation that gets into jail and fights in revolutions that you are not in sympathy with." The state she had helped bring into being found her revolutionary dedication embarrassing too.

Mrs. Van Voris, who obviously understands the period, moves skillfully through the political thickets. The research is thorough, the errors very minor. She says Tom Clarke, the I.R.B. leader, "had suffered in prison months of solitary confinement": she might have added

that he spent more than fifteen years in English jails. Some names are misspelled: Mitchell for Mitchel, Lawler for Lalor, Debs for Debs. The family name of the Spanish Dukes of Tetuan is O'Donnell not O'Connell; they are not lineal descendants of Hugh O'Donnell, the Gaelic chief who rebelled against Elizabeth, and died without issue. The O'Rahilly, a 1916 leader, doubtless was wise and urbane but he was not an "aristocrat" in the usual meaning of that term.

There is one poignant picture. Once a friend entered the Countess' room in the autumn of her life "and found her as no one had ever seen her before, sitting quietly looking out at the rainy twilight with tears running down her cheeks." One wonders was she crying for the world she had lost, or for the world she had failed to win?

The Puzzleheaded Critics

THE PUZZLEHEADED GIRL: Four Novellas. By Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 255 pp. \$6.95.

FREDERICK H. GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer.

During the war Christina Stead wrote an autobiographical novel called *For Love Alone*, the story of an Australian girl, Teresa Hawkins, daughter of a preachy, penny-pinching, domineering widower. "I told you I would kill you if you insult me," she reminds him at 19. Instead she flees, following a teacher to England. The teacher turns out to be an egotist. She goes to work for a grain trader named James Quick, a scholarly, gabby Marxist, unloved by his wife, a walker of city streets, a nonstop quoter of poets. He is dazzled by the girl's hallucinosis and falls in love with her; then she with him. There is a weekend with a friend of Quick's who is leaving to fight in Spain. And then comes fulfillment with Quick himself. It is one of the most beautiful love stories in our language—clean, honest, unsentimental, full of ups and downs, joyous in the end.

In the title story of the present collection Miss Stead describes the girl again, but with a twist. Her visions take on more weight than reality now; the relationship with the Marxist businessman is never consummated and he sticks with his loveless wife; the wraith marries the wrong man and leaves him, saying: "Love! I spit, I spit it out. It was all lies. It kills you. It's to get you. There's no love at all." She wanders off and dies. "She's the ragged wayward heart of woman that doesn't want to be caught

and hasn't been caught," someone explains.

"The Puzzleheaded Girl," like *For Love Alone*, has a tone of celebration. Taken together they seem to say that a happy biography is a question of inches. Alone, the new novella tells us that what counts, what is really worth writing about, are the qualities that define us as individuals, win, lose or draw.

The second tale, "The Dianas," also recalls (though less directly) a novel, *Letty Fox, Her Luck*. An American girl named Lydia, bored and aimless in Paris, collects men. "You'll never get married," one gent tells her, "you'll just drift on and on." But the prophecy is untrue, thanks again to external accident: a man comes along who wants her, even though he questions her stability. Until he appears, with one page to go, the description of Lydia's affairs has been slow with detail. Then he proposes—"I've thought about your life and I've made up my mind what I'm going to do"—and Miss Stead squeezes time as though it were a concertina. "Little by little," she ends, "patiently but with determination, he met her old friends, was good to them and discarded them."

Lydia's marriage is the kind of event Randall Jarrell cited when he wrote, in his introduction to *The Man Who Loved Children*: "Christina Stead has an uncanny ability to imagine an event that will be the necessary surprising sum of the events before it . . . a qualitatively different event that at once sums up and contradicts the earlier events and is the beginning of a new series." In this case the marriage is the actual ending. The discarding of the friends could have been

the stuff of a novel, but what matters about Lydia and her husband occurred at the start of the relationship. We have all we need to understand both the surface and the basis of their experience. To generalize, the difference between Christina Stead's novellas and novels is simply: This truth can be roped off in 36 pages; that one will require more than 500.

None of the contradictory events in her stories involves a sharper turn than one Miss Stead took in her own life. Her first book, *The Salzburg Tales*, was a collection of hallucinations, some funny, some grotesque, all believable (I believe she saw these things), all upsetting. Her subsequent involvement in workaday European finance and politics, her long trip to America with her husband, a brilliant expositor of Marx, must have forced the fantast to recede, and

THE STEWARD

*The sixtieth gull.
It begins to rain,
He turns too, in his
White coat, throws
His cigarette into
The sea.
It is time to return
To those who do not
Love him, to babble
Their children
To sleep, to be
Part of the hum
Of the ship's engines.
The nights sail
Away, on the oil
Of manners and charm
But once
They stuffed with wicks
Those white gulls
Of the English Channel
And burned them for
Lamps, when Stuka
Provided the birds
And shore-watchers went
Dizzy. It takes
(This sea where we
Rock) the fieriest
Gulls, and it makes
The Stukas and
Messerschmitts fall
In a mist so thick
Few remember, and it
Gives for a bonus
The calm of white-
Jacketed years.*

DAVID RAY

the later works contain very few ghost stories. But a tension remains—the outlandish dreamer vs. the social historian giving us the essence of this man, that couple, that movement, that nation, that epoch—and her best prose takes its energy from the conflict. In the volume at hand is a story called "The Right-angled Creek," a recounting of the unhappy tenure of three families—and most vividly the anguish of Laban Davies, a left winger, writer, alcoholic—in a house near New Hope, Pa. The prose in this story is at once rich and precise, particularly the nature writing, luxuriant as that lovely country and ominous as the crack-ups to come:

This tiny creek first appears as a meander in a wet place, and then as a wallow, where a broad soft meadow declines into swamp, where Sobieski's black and white cattle lounge all day in a hemicycle of trees, till they are called in the evening, Cow, cow, cow, by Sobieski's little boys. Above, it becomes a creek, falling from a series of rocky saucers from which the transparent water drips between banks of poison ivy, elder and tiger lilies. In the saucers are elvers and other small fish; and where the track and the creek together make a rightangled turn and go east, a trickle from the Strassers' rocky infertile ridge has made a deep cut, passing under a strong wooden bridge in which there is a loose plank. This plank is kept loose at one end to tell who is passing: a footstep, *lunk!* a car

lunk-lunk! It is heard in the daytime in the fields; at night, much louder, it wakes from sleep. . . .

Like Jarrell, who entitled his essay "An Unread Book," every admirer of Christina Stead finds himself pondering her long obscurity. (For someone who is just starting to write it is a devastating fact; it makes you think it's all a lottery.) Jose Yglesias, in these pages, speculated that "because Miss Stead seems so old-fashioned, she doesn't interest the *avant-garde*; because her vision is so radical, she disquiets the mass of readers who are middle class; because she is original and tough-minded, left wingers feel no comfort of recognition."

In the end, of course, it is radicals who should appreciate her, as Engels appreciated Balzac, for sheer accuracy. Why then have they not claimed and celebrated this woman—they claim and celebrate nonentities every week—who is certainly one of the foremost writers of our time and tongue? My guess is that the recognition to which she leads left wingers, far from comforting, is appalling. With few exceptions, the American radicals she presents are hypocritical and incestuous, honey talkers, good livers, enlightened parents of darkly disturbed children. The fourth and last novella in this collection is about a middle-aged man whose hunger is for young girls. It would be a sentimental untruth to say that he is no better, no worse, than most people. Most people don't exonerate themselves quite so glibly.

No Right To Be Wrong

THE CONCEPT OF IDEOLOGY: And Other Essays. By George Lichtheim. Random House. 327 pp. \$5.95. Paper \$1.95.

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of *De Tocqueville* (Hillary House).

In an errata slip provided to reviewers of George Lichtheim's book, Random House states: "Through a publisher's error, the copy on the front of jacket reads 'a distinguished philosopher and social critic.'" This is in error and on all future printings, line will be corrected to read 'a distinguished historian and social critic.'" The writer of the jacket can be forgiven for his error, for Lichtheim does talk and write like a very good philosopher.

The temptation to regard Lichtheim as a philosopher is further encouraged by his suggestion that if sociology and history are to be integrated for the greater understanding of our condition, then

this will come about through the use of the common intellectual tools of philosophy. His philosophical approach as critic and reviewer is additionally indicated by the quotation from Hegel he uses to open this collection of essays and reviews. "What is rational is real and what is real is rational," Hegel wrote in the preface to his *Philosophy of Right*. George Lichtheim operates on the conviction that what is real can be known and that its reality is to be understood in terms of the inner logic that governs its existence. Errors in understanding are never for him merely differences in interpretation, but flaws in the reasoning process annihilating the object of understanding and understanding itself.

This standard imposes upon Lichtheim the most severe demands for himself and those who are subject to his critical scrutiny. He is forced by his own rules to come close to the position that error has no rights. This test supports conclusions of Lichtheim that are magisterial in their wisdom and scope; but

at the same time it encourages his cruel and trivial attacks on those he finds wanting, leaving those who have encountered him bloody and often near death. Such an engagement is compulsively attractive to his readers, but when the blood has dried what was once thought to be tragedy is seen as melodrama, and the cold corpses lying about his collected reviews arouse less interest in the victims than in the kind of man who keeps such a private morgue.

Lichtheim acts on the high premise that the world turns on our correct understanding of the historical process, that our historical consciousness determines our destiny, that "Reason" as an absolute permits us to know and sustain "the enduring realities of human existence." The limits of any argument, any book, are not for him merely the shortcomings of our common condition but disasters to be treated with scorn if they are the results of stupidity, or deserving logical destruction if they are the consequences of perverse ideology. He is, as he has been in his previous studies of Marxism, without mercy for the great disciple-distorters of Marx, of whom he would include as the most grievous sinner, Friedrich Engels. He is a militant opponent of all subjectivism and irrationality, and in keeping with this obligation regards Nietzsche as in no sense a responsible thinker. Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, he insists, have nothing to contribute to our understanding of how history functions. His rejection of Nietzsche is significant because to appreciate this philosopher one must be sympathetic to the doubts about man that tortured this great German. For Lichtheim, a serious thinker may confront difficulties submissive to reason, but a writer ceases to be responsible if anxiety, dread and doubt capture his intelligence.

Lichtheim's confidence in reason makes him a great successor to the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment, but it does not fully explain the anger and violence of his own performance as critic. When he is in agreement with the logic of a thesis he is the best commentator any writer can hope to have. When he declares that C. B. Macpherson's *The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism* has altered for all time our understanding of this subject, he is convincing and makes his own very necessary contribution to political thought and history. When, however, he disagrees with the findings of those he criticizes he becomes untrustworthy.

In discussing John Plamenatz's *Man and Society*, a work involving Hobbes, Locke, the Enlightenment and 19th-century thought, the period of Lichtheim's superb competence, he not only finds the methodology false but he ridicules and demeans the author for his sins

against his canons of historical method. He writes that in Plamenatz's book "the French Encyclopedists are not considered at all. Perhaps news of them has not reached Oxford?" In fact the Encyclopedists are briefly noted five times in the course of Plamenatz's work and are cavalierly treated as lacking originality. This is indeed a serious shortcoming; it is due, however, not to the news of their presence not reaching Oxford but rather to a belief that their message, though engagingly announced, was not very new. This is the moment of falsehood or truth that requires examination.

Perhaps George Lichtheim's response to Professor Plamenatz's work is the

result of his aversion to those who hold tenured posts in the academic establishment. His criticism changes in tone when he examines the work of men who have moved beyond academia to create statements that are part of the intellectual possession of this generation. When he reviews Karl Löwith's epoch-making *From Hegel to Nietzsche*, Lichtheim generously praises Löwith's work as a major effort within a specific tradition among "educated Germans." Embarrassed, however, by the book's theological center, he judges it faulty in not treating the irrationalism of German political conservatism. This is a true judgment on German political conscious-

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ness, but Löwith addresses himself to the German fixation on problems of the spirit, of transcendence, which equally require illumination and which he successfully exposes with intense lucidity. The quality of that light is not present in Lichtheim's discussion.

Lichtheim's ambivalence toward those who have great stature in the contemporary world becomes clearer when he writes about Jean-Paul Sartre. Throughout his book Lichtheim refers again and again to existentialism as a philosophical "fashion." He begins his consideration of Sartre by characterizing his thought as the most interesting failure in modern French literature, and concludes his essay, centered on Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique*, by stating that Sartre's attempt to understand the meaning of history is "breath-taking." Lichtheim does not accept Sartre's view that history and consciousness depend upon man's "choice of being" through man's praxis in history, but he brilliantly highlights the significance of that position and is a great critic when he enables his readers to see why Sartre's "tour de force" has

created a new situation for the philosophy of history: things are never going to be quite the same again." At this point existentialism is no longer a fashion but is in the position to form existence.

When George Lichtheim is writing as historian rather than critic his performance is matchless. This is demonstrated by the long essay that gives this volume its title, *The Concept of Ideology*. Here he examines the development of this concept from its tentative beginnings as a term introduced by Antoine Destutt de Tracy at the end of the 18th century through its transformation by Hegel and Marx, Comte and Durkheim; the efforts of academicians such as Weber and Mannheim to confine ideology within the problems of sociology; the present urgent need to see the history of ideology as focusing all our attention on the problem of history as a "concrete universal" upon whose understanding our destiny hinges. No one has ever in any compass examined this subject with comparable rigor and depth. In this achievement Lichtheim is more than a "distinguished historian"—he is a great one.

Neo-Confucianism in the 12th century A.D. The Chinese philosophers here represented are in the Great Tradition, and uphold, in modern terms, the value and validity of the essence of Confucian philosophy as presented by Chu Hsi in the late Sung period.

The late E.R. Hughes, an English scholar, is almost alone in standing up for the Buddhist-influenced thinking of the Chinese Middle Ages, from the end of Han to late T'ang (3rd to 9th centuries A.D.). Some of these questions may seem rather more in the field of the professional philosopher than in that of the ordinary reader, but the experts have made consistent efforts to present difficult problems in language as close to that of the layman as the subject permits. On one main conclusion all are agreed: that the underlying principle of all Chinese thinking is Humanistic and not Deistic. From Confucius onward the story is the same: even the Buddhists and Taoists, in many ways teaching doctrines antithetical to the Confucians, are nonetheless deeply influenced by the Chinese humanism. This fact accounts for the decay in China of the metaphysical Buddhist schools of Indian origin and the rise and long continued success of Chinese schools, or Buddhism whose doctrines were more acceptable to the Chinese outlook. Among these was Ch'an or Zen as it is more often called after its Japanese name.

From a historian's point of view it sometimes seems a little surprising to discover that many of the philosophers are still prepared to accept as of very early date some texts which modern scholarship would now assign to later periods. Lao Tzu, the traditional founder of Taoism and alleged author of the *Tao Te Ching*, is not now considered to be a historical personage, nor is the *Tao Te Ching* believed to be a book contemporary with Confucius. Stylistic evidences are strongly against such a conclusion. Perhaps the exact dates, three or four centuries this way or that, of the ancient texts is of less significance from the point of view of their philosophic value than it may be for the historian, but in a history of philosophy, showing the development of ideas as opposed to their intrinsic value or truth, the dates have more importance.

Dr. Moore, in a lucid introduction, defines these problems of Chinese thought and philosophy, giving a very clear and useful list of the main points in which Chinese thinking has diverged from the Western pattern; the dominance of philosophy and ethics over theology and dogma; the unity of philosophy and political thought; the essential belief that the Nature of Man is Good, which lies at the heart of Confucian doctrine—even though one early

Through China's Looking Glass

THE CHINESE MIND. Edited by Charles A. Moore. East-West Center Press. 402 pp. \$9.50.

CHINESE LOOKING GLASS. By Dennis Bloodworth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 432 pp. \$6.95.

CHINA LOOKS AT THE WORLD. By François Geoffroy-Dechaune. Translated from the French by Jean Stewart. Pantheon Books. 237 pp. \$4.95.

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author most recently of *Concise History of East Asia* (Praeger).

These three books, written or edited by an American scholar, an English correspondent, and a French artist respectively, give an interesting cross section of the views on China held in different parts of the Western world. *The Chinese Mind*, edited by the late Charles A. Moore is, it is true, an anthology of contributions by many different scholars, several of whom are themselves Chinese, and were originally given as papers at the four East-West Philosophers Conferences held at the University of Hawaii in 1939, 1949, 1959 and 1964.

Perhaps for this reason there is an inevitable overlap of some of the contributions, especially as they are se-

lected from a period of more than twenty-five years. This is not, therefore, a topical book designed to reveal the mind of contemporary China in any aspect of its bewildering complexity and contradiction: it is devoted to the older philosophy of China, from the earliest times; and many of the contributions give very valuable insights into the development of the Chinese philosophic tradition over the past 2,500 years. A very notable contribution is that of Dr. Hu Shih, "The Scientific Spirit and Method in Chinese Philosophy," which sums up his famous views on this subject, first put forward many years ago in his "Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China." The contribution in the present work is perhaps the last work that Dr. Hu wrote.

For an understanding of the cultural background from which modern Communist China has emerged no book could be better. The main threads of Chinese thought are clearly distinguished and analyzed from the point of view of Western philosophy, and the effects of Buddhism on Chinese thought are closely argued by several of the contributors. It is very clear that the majority of the Chinese philosophers who consider this question hold the opinion that the Buddhist contribution was slight, had less lasting effect than might be supposed, and was largely rejected (in intellectual circles) after the rise of

Confucian held the opposite opinion. Original Goodness, rather than Original Sin, is a fundamental difference of approach which shapes all thinking and much ethical and social teaching. It is, for example, evident as a continuing force in the thinking and political experiments of Mao Tse-tung. Only a conviction that man was good by nature could support a program like the Cultural Revolution.

Mr. Bloodworth's book will be a valuable source book for future writers on China and the overseas Chinese. It covers a very wide range, but always with well selected and pertinent citations and examples. Chinese history is touched upon to bring out an abiding trait in the national character, or reaction to circumstances. It is not given in narrative form but used to illuminate the formation of cultural ideals and social practices. There is also a very well-balanced and objective discussion of the social system of old China, and what remains of it (a very great deal) among the overseas Chinese. The lot of women, and how some strong characters escaped it, is matched by a perceptive description of the Chinese woman's great counteroffensive in a male-dominated society; her capture of the home.

The second part of the book increasingly turns to the deep and underlying causes of revolution, and its latest manifestations. China had established a political system and a social structure that had stood many a shock for 2,000 years, but always came back to an even keel. Why it should have suddenly succumbed to the relatively weak pressures and limited assaults of the Western world in the late 19th and early 20th centuries has always demanded full explanation.

Bloodworth sees it, as modern scholars tend to do, as more concerned with processes within China than pressures from without. Until recently we did not understand what was going on in China in the late 18th and 19th century. We saw the situation from our side of the looking glass. Bloodworth makes us see it from the other side, from China looking out.

From this point of view the internal ideological struggle which preceded political revolution was really interested in adaptation, not transformation. It was accepted, unconsciously one might say, that China was, of course, superior. It always had been; any other view was merely capricious and silly. The question was how far new circumstances made the adoption of some foreign techniques, and the adaptation of some Chinese ideas necessary to the accepted, universal purpose—to maintain and restore China's "natural" supremacy. Every Chinese acceptance of some new

Western practice or skill, new art or fashion, has always this character, sometimes inconspicuous, often obvious. Western medicine, engineering, science, political ideas, yes; Western art, literature, religion, no. The generalization is sweeping, but the qualifications needed to make it fit the facts are much less so.

It need be no surprise, therefore, that the Communist Revolution, whether political seventeen years ago, or cultural today, has also these characteristics. It is the old debate in a new form. How far is the imported Western idea valuable; how well does it serve China (not the Working Classes of the World); how can it be fitted into basic Chinese values, or modify these values. Those who would have "used Chinese Learning as the base and Western Learning for use" in the 19th century, the revolutionaries of 1911 (who never considered the social system, only the political regime), and the Nationalist-Communist duel all had the same subject for debate, each in their generation; all made the same unquestioned assumption. Western learning, a republic, nationalism or communism were there to solve China's national problem, make it strong once more, and so able to reject or accept what was unnecessary or desirable from the alien world beyond. Liu Shao-ch'i and Mao Tse-tung are still engaged in this essential and unchanging argument, and using the language, updated, which their

controversial predecessors employed. "Traitor to China (Han Chien)," cried the old conservatives: "bigoted old scholar," they were answered. "Revisionist" charges Mao Tse-tung—and just what Liu would answer to that is still denied to us since he cannot at the moment make it public.

"Mao Tzu" is Bloodworth's title for his last chapter; giving the present leader the title of Philosopher or Sage, which his early forerunners, Confucius and Mencius, bore. He asks will, 2,000 years hence, the leader of the Cultural Revolution be read as "Mao Tzu" by millions, or will his age be briefly noted as a "period of confusion" between enduring regimes. It seems to many observers that it will in any case be a Chinese solution, and the probable nature of such an outcome can be better assessed by those who have the opportunity to read this understanding book. One small point! Yüan Shih-k'ai was not assassinated; he died "of eating bitterness," as the Chinese put it, in his bed.

Speaking of the warlord period, from 1920 to the outbreak of the Japanese war, M. Geoffroy-Dechaume says: "China was on the eve of one of those great waves of collective emotion which mark her history, and which dialectical materialism has not yet been able to explain." In one sense his book is an attempt to explain this phenomenon,

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which today is once more so obvious—and so contrary to Marxist dogma.

The author sees the essential problem as tension between Chinese inheritance and modern or Western intrusive ideas and techniques. He is an artist, and the book is an artist's interpretation of the clash between China and the West, seen in terms of cultural rather than political conflict. He points out that as a corollary to the well-known fact that China is more a civilization than a nation—or rather that this was the traditional situation—the Chinese also tend to see the outside world in the same terms: "The Foreign Lands" (*wai kuo*) or more recently "the Imperialist exploiting reactionary regimes." Not as nations with an individuality, even if only a small national territory, but cultural aggregates—new versions of the all-inclusive "barbarians" of the past.

It is a sympathetic book, not unduly distressed by what the author clearly feels are passing manifestations of a cultural contact that must be resolved by the better understanding of China by Westerners, and when this is once more possible, by a greater depth of exploration of Western culture by educated Chinese. When Chinese cease to look upon the West as either an enemy to be rejected or a source of useful techniques to be adopted, real understanding will be easier to achieve. Europeans must, for their part, learn to forget the willow-pattern plate China and recognize one quarter of the human race as fellow men, not as statistics.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has all been Americana for me since the 5th of December, Americana of all shades, stripes and shapes.

To begin with, there was Joseph Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven*, done as part of the Yale School of Drama Repertory season. This is young generation Americana, flippantly derisive and at times quite funny. The fun is not as sustained as in the author's novel, *Catch 22*, and is largely visual in the lively production under Larry Arrick's direction. A good team of actors is most helpful, notably Ron Leibman as a humorously atrabilious sergeant and Anthony Holland as one lunatically eager to replace him. The play's general idea is the obscene pointlessness of military routine and action.

The second act gradually turns to pathos. Here the Captain, well played by Stacy Keach, is obliged to send his own son off to be killed in air combat.

THE NATION/January 1, 1968

In this play, the men thus condemned to death are chosen and known in advance. None of the play is projected as "realism" but as the presentation by actors presenting themselves as both characters and actors—a device which for the most part succeeds—and is called Pirandellesque by folk who think by tags even when, as in this case, the tag is wholly inappropriate.

Most of the audience felt that the second act was a "let down." I found, on the contrary, that its final scenes gave the play a unity it needed to be something more than a series of gags. The situation of a father being forced to sacrifice his son (a role well played by a student actor, Stephen Mills) is a stereotype, but here it is ingeniously handled. And there is an ironic touch at the last curtain in which Stacy Keach asks the audience to contribute to the Will Rogers Fund for tubercular patients.

Two aspects of the play and production interested me particularly. A theatre audience, I have found, is quite willing and able to leap from high jinks to pathos, with no naturalistic bridge between. It is resilient and will play any game theatre artists have in mind, provided each segment of the piece is well contrived. The fact that many members of the New Haven audience failed to respond to the play's last moments indicates that some impediment prevented them from lending themselves to the play's avowed sentiment.

This leads to the second aspect of the play's "problem." The son asks his father why he hadn't done anything to prevent the war, not just before its outbreak but from the boy's birth. The question, a pointed one, is unanswerable because it is "revolutionary." So revolutionary indeed that it demands an altogether different kind of play. Heller's charade and others of similar caliber, despite their "subversive" intention, don't breach our inertia or awake anything in us beyond a mild assent which is little more than complacency at our own inept liberalism. The day of satire which *hurts* has not yet arrived.

George Kelly's *The Show-Off* (an APA-Phoenix production at the Lyceum) was written in 1924 and represents the Americana of an earlier generation. When I saw it then I was impressed by it seemed to be—and probably was—the lampoon of "America."

in America till there were very few chickens or cars but mostly empty pots and garages.

As a period piece *The Show-Off* is still entertaining in bits and patches, but there are dull stretches between. One factor that makes the play now less than a total success (I do not refer to the box office) is that it is so well carpentered. Every point is so carefully planted, every move so prosaically explained, every consequence so neatly laid out, that we grow tired by the time required for all this lumber to be set in place.

The fact is that realism of this sort is superannuated; it bores. Realism is good theatre today only when it is genuinely perceptive and probing, as it is with the masters. The more commonplace realism can be redeemed only by brilliant acting. The APA production suffers chiefly from a lack of a good Aubrey Piper: an actor who is not a counter for the character but a first-rate comedian who can make you enjoy Piper rather than being embarrassed by him.

Helen Hayes as Piper's mother-in-law is very effective: she knows every trick. She stands out from the context by giving a highly skilled performance of a performance. Between the actor playing the show-off, who should be central rather than an excuse for the show, and Miss Hayes's knockout demonstration, we are no longer in realism at all but in gimcrack theatre. Other members of the company are good and Pamela Payton-Wright as Piper's wife is very good. If everyone were on that level the play as play would fare better.

I do not know Peter DeVries' fictional work except through its dramatizations. *Spofford* (Anta Theatre) is a comedy by Herman Shumlin based on Mr. DeVries' novel, *Reuben, Reuben*. From the evidence of this play and the earlier *Tunnel of Love* I assume that the author is a descendant of an older countryside who is humorously exercised over its transformation into a well-heeled middle class, jazzed up, quasi-educated and, on the whole, foolishly tony exurbanite bedroom town.

The play is affable and smoothly literate. Its dialogue is compounded of that lustrous glue that creates the effect of quietly self-congratulatory sophistication and wit which is associated with the lighter *New Yorker* stories.

Spofford is a 64-year-old chicken farmer who has educated himself by learning a new word every day, to the point of being able to quote Mary McCarthy, dig a pastiche of Dylan Thomas verse, and make offhand jibes at William Faulkner. Spofford, a widower, is surrounded by his illiterate family of

primitive country stock and the new-fangled fauna from the city. The latter are rich Republicans, and their wives range from the harmlessly bitchy to the decoratively mediocre. The plot deals with Spofford's efforts to get his college girl granddaughter to marry the scion of one of the "better" families, and incidentally to save himself from marrying his ignorant daughter-in-law's equally ignorant mother. He will probably succeed in his first aim and will undoubtedly fail in his second.

There are tedious moments in the early portions of the play; the latter part has several very funny spots. The whole is intelligently inoffensive and amiable at an equable temperature, like the banter of good-natured folk at a cocktail party where everyone wishes to be brightly pleasant without making any real contact or hurting anyone's feelings.

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good actor, brings off the slight action of the play, and his comments on it (addressed solo to the audience) with genial ease. His part is physically strenuous but otherwise a snap for so accomplished a trouper. I didn't believe his rural accent at first (or anybody else's for that matter), but with the progress of the play either he relaxed or I became used to the Connecticut cracker speech.

The opening section of the play showed strain, perhaps because of the rigid meticulousness of Herman Shumlin's direction which wore off toward the middle of the evening. In this respect the acting—especially apt with Teresa Hughes as Spofford's daughter and Pert Kelton as her mother—should improve with further playing and greater freedom.

How Now, Dow Jones with book by Max Shulman, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Elmer Bernstein (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) is musical comedy Americana, concerned as the title indicates, with the stock market and its multitudinous aspirants.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Considering the sensations that accompanied its publication, the surprising thing about the film version of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* is that it is so unsensational. That, I think, is because the style and action of the picture are domesticated by exposure on the detective thrillers of television. This work may be more meticulously detailed than the typical half-hour episode, but the tone is so unmistakable as to evoke that slack-minded sprawl on the living room sofa. The cops are quiet-voiced fatalists, weary, baffled by their own decency, dogged. The Clutter family, seen proportionately much more briefly than in Capote's chronicle, is also less righteously domineering. It is precisely the sweet electronic American family, down to the smallest details of curtains, jolly health and dad shaving in the bathroom. The picture is filmed in Hollywood verismo, with rain and wind to supply mood, and the sounds of transportation—trucks, cars, trains and bus terminals—to drive home the credibility. You can watch it secure in the knowledge that you will be scared a little, but hurt not at all, and that soon it will be time for a beer.

That leaves for consideration the great holes in the center of the picture, as it was the great hole in Capote's narrative, the killers themselves. No one has ever been able to explain why we are spending so much time on these two young men; they are achingly dull and the fact that they can also be deadly makes

There is not a good tune in it, but for the life of me I can't tell the immense difference between musicals which cause most of my critical colleagues (and consequently much of the audience) to love some and hate others. *The New York Times*, for example, loved *Superman* two years ago, was cordial to *Henry, Sweet Henry* this season, and hated *How Now*. It is true that three different critics were involved but, after all, they are all from *The New York Times*.

I found several laugh-provoking lines in the new show; I thought Brenda Vaccaro sweet and juicy, Anthony Roberts thoroughly likeable, Marlyn Mason of good voice, nice disposition and well legged, while Hiram Sherman, an actor who never strikes a false note, was impeccable. There are a few cute scenic and choreographic effects and a theme paramount in our way of life: the run for money. What more do you expect nowadays for \$9.90: something great? Believe me, *How to Succeed in Business*, etc. was much better but not that great!

them no more interesting. A defective steering wheel is as arbitrarily lethal. Bonnie and Clyde were also killers, and I have little doubt that they were as stultifying as Dick Hickock and Perry Smith. But in the film they had a terrible style and they acted out something that one knew was in the American blood. *Bonnie and Clyde*, though, was a story; *In Cold Blood* takes great pride in being fact.

But it is "how" fact, with very little "who" and no "why" at all. The film keeps asking why they did it, and comes up with nothing more revealing than a psychiatrist's suggestion that the two boys together formed a third personality who was the real killer. But that takes no great wisdom, since Hickock arranged it that way when he roped Perry into the job. It is one of the heresies of our fragmented era that you learn something by "telling it like it was"; all you are really doing, though, is running the tape through once again. And there is something dubious about the avidity with which we lap up the replay. It's clear enough how Dick and Perry got their kicks; but how are we getting ours?

And I wonder even about the facts. If I remember Capote's text accurately, Perry has been considerably spruced up for the film. It was probably necessary. Any film that hopes to make good of the national circuit must have at least one character we can root for, and since the Clutters are dead, the police are a *cathedra* and even his mother wo

scarcely root for Hickock, that leaves Perry to play the good guy. I'm not sure that I fancy spending two and a quarter hours in cinema America only to end up feeling empathy for an aspirin-chewing enigma who is nice to kids and fires off shotguns in the faces of his tied-up victims. Scott Wilson as Hickock and Robert Blake as Perry Smith are as graphically brilliant as everything else in the picture. But as characters they are suspiciously pat: the one a naturally mean coward (he lacks the nerve to kill people in cold blood, and you find yourself despising him on that score); the other a sweet, trusting boy tormented by visions of wayward parents. In the end, one is left, not with a work of art, not with a document but with a cliché. It is an inadequate monument, even to a pair of stupid criminals.

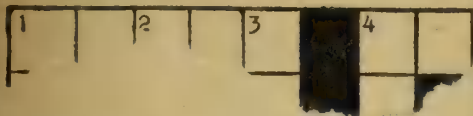
The quartet of young Englishmen chiefly responsible for *Beyond the Fringe* seemed to have every talent required for topical entertainment except that of self-criticism. As a result, their program of barbed and witty skits took an occasional tumble into fatuous dialogue and campy gesture. Now two of them, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, with director Stanley Donen, have collaborated on *Bedazzled*, which for the most part is an extended tumble.

The film is one of those ventures that rely heavily on humorous costumes and the dropping of famous names. It is also trapped in its formula, the Faust legend, so that Mr. Cook as Satan and Mr. Moore as his client must labor through the catalogue of wishes that lead to the forfeit of the latter's soul, with no belief in the original force of the myth and no energy to play effective contemporary changes upon it. The essence of all seven episodes is precisely the same: only the decor changes, and I found myself ticking them off on my fingers with a view to estimating when I might get home to dinner. Some of the remarks addressed to God struck me as chatty to the point of irreverence, but I am not a regular churchgoer, and will leave the issue of religious decorum to the judgment of the clergy. The attempts at bawdiness were enervated, despite the efforts of two sportive ladies.

It would be wrong to say that *Bedazzled* contains no merriment, but at current admission prices laughs come at inflated cost.

Crossword Puzzle

FRANK W. LEWIS



ART

MAX KOZLOFF

There is a simple and terrifying scene in a classic of cinematic horror, the English *Dead of Night*. A man is tying his tie before a gilded Gothic revival mirror in his moderne apartment. At some unspecified instant before he is aware of it, before even we know precisely what has happened, the situation somehow liquifies and the mirror is reflecting a moldering Victorian interior, tulle-swathed four-poster, flickering tapers. It was with somewhat the same sensation, an illusory, yet grippingly real relocation of time and place, the present dissolved in a nightmare environment of other, alien and dead beings, thwarting even my capacity to look behind, that I was transfixed by the tableaux of Ed Kienholz, which are now lying in homely state at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art.

Though initially one might think it had something in common with waxworks, the medium by which Kienholz transmits such sensations is radically different, except in certain parallels of setting or detail, and perhaps the Guignol effect. Between the mode of waxworks and that of Kienholz lies the opposition of a reconstruction as compared with a re-creation. At Madame Tussaud's, one views a scholarly attempt to get the personage, the scene, "as it was," producing the inadvertent result of horror because so many of the trappings of human life clothe only effigies of human creatures—the habiliments, the circumstances, the cosmetics giving rise all the more to the experience of a moment embalmed. One responds as to a conventionally staged theatre vignette, and judges on the basis of plausibility and naturalness.

With Kienholz's "While Visions of Sugar Plums Danced in Their Heads," however, the simulacra of a tatty 1940's bedroom, its fiberglas denizens coupled in carnal rigor, provides an environment through which we wander to the staticky tunes of its radio, and under the feeble, lace-shrouded lights on the vanity. While the efforts of the wax morticians are devoted to highlighting the bogus "life" of their characters, Kienholz congeals into death an outrageously more real humanity since, for an interval, we partake of

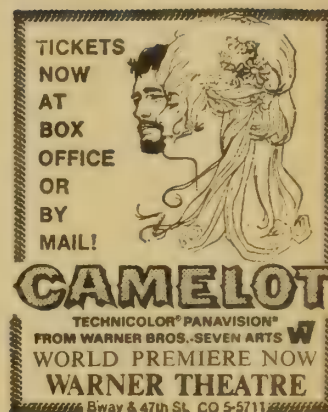
For this to happen, elements of the scene must be changeable, time must be differentiated, so that the tableau organically adheres to our temporal consciousness, rather than being set into it, as with an object requiring more formal viewing. If I muss the rug, recognize a new Pop hit, or notice the mirror reflection of the couple (photo transferred on gelatin), drinking and combing hair, it is only to imprison myself between feelings of something happening now, and of an older occurrence, the shifting materials of memory and sensation so tangibly wearing away my identity in the present that the experience whirls into symbolic decay . . . or rather, emerges as a new kind of dread.

It is this dreadfulness of Kienholz which informs the great tableaux at Washington, etched in even more pungently by their persistent reference to waiting, deterioration and death. Moreover, he has no scruple in equating our intrusion into his realm with voyeurism, so that to witness his work is to be incriminated of prurience. If one looks between the legs of the girl mannikin giving birth ("Birthday"), one is confronted by a mirror: to gain a view of the interior of "State Hospital," one peeks through a small barred window. A price must be paid to examine the alluringly horrid, generally unseen contents of this work. Usually the price is guilt, but the payment may be as little as being physically squeezed through the urine-smelling, coffinlike precinct of "Barney's Beanery" (not in the show).

Dread and guilt may well be complements, but here they serve more as antagonists. Dread has to do with the flesh-crawling intuition of being thrown into a time limbo. The chirping canary in "The Wait" (Whitney Museum) makes an already skeletal old lady, surrounded by the faded bric-a-brac of her cramped life, look like "remains" that indict the mindlessness, but also the tenuousness of the present. (How well Hitchcock explored the pathology of this *momento mori* in *Psycho*.) Guilt, on the other hand, is involved with jimmying open the bad conscience that makes us disdainful of, even as we are drawn to witness, all the prosthetic, illicit underpinnings of a repressive, double-standard society. Kienholz knows that we fear most our loss of integration: he uses dread to attack the self that is conscious, and guilt to menace the self of which it is conscious (to use a formula of Richard Ellman and Charles Feidelson). Dread, therefore, siphons and gets us lost within the work; guilt recoils from the work, as from a predator, forcing, as it does, the realization that we have been hoaxed. This physically inward as opposed to the socially outward drive of a Kienholz tableau is also a correlation of the general condition

under which they operate, as compared with the particularities of their format.

At such a point, one might easily consider the product hopelessly disjunctive as a work of art, were it not for a third, all-pervasive, and all-unifying ingredient, revulsion. To be sure, dread and guilt are already concomitants of a certain revulsion but, if so, they may be only mental or emotional. Kienholz generously sees to it that the mental and emotional tie in with the sensory. With inspired nastiness, he accomplishes this mainly through tactility, manipulated as if by diabolical genius. Not only are his textiles stained, filthy, dried out, pillled or unravelled, but his woods and metals and plastics are heat cracked, rusted and shellacked, as if by some unspeakable sexual mucilage. If, at



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times, his objects are coated by a velvety flock, it only connotes dust, or the insides of caskets. But sweaty, rancid or spilled-on surfaces are also the obverse of the stingy, tasteless, synthetic items that once, and still, Kienholz claims, clutter the piggishly littered American interior. Dread is the dream mold of the Kienholz tableau; guilt constitutes its social impact. But revulsion is the motor of its form, not merely the third but the most tangible of his trinity of values. To uphold it, he must forsake any sympathy a spectator might conceivably extend to his vision; and to mobilize it, he must make the objects themselves the target of his rage.

Still and all, the actual experience of these works provides a spectacle problematic in quite another direction: the theatrical. They have the poetics of true scenarios: each, in fact, may be called a situation tragedy. Even the barest of them, "The State (Mental?) Hospital," narrates the "story" of a naked old man, chained to a cot, dying perhaps, and (as Kienholz himself has remarked), getting socked occasionally by a bar of soap wrapped in a towel

so it won't show bruises. The latter might be called secondary information, not as visible but on a level with the notes, inscriptions and newspaper clippings planted in the tableaux as fragments of a plot. Kienholz is like a stage designer run amok, dispensing everything with actors because *things* tell about the human presence so much more truly and ghoulishly than does action itself. Indeed, in a crucial area, the faces of his people, he articulates by absence: the inmates of "Barney's" have clocks for features (the time, 10:10, provides symbolic eyebrows); the head of the old woman in "The Wait" is a deer skull, and the old man in "The State Hospital" has an aquarium for a head, two black fishes fitfully appearing and disappearing in its murky bowl. It is often said that all these creatures are waiting, "killing" time. Their consciousness of it is either mechanistic or animalistic, but in either case ebbing, or already ebbd.

Like a playwright, and unlike a visual artist, Kienholz applies himself to exploring what is happening in a character's mind. But his means of indicating it are blatantly visual. With naive brilliance, he intrudes one diagrammatic, outsized element, so that it dominates the naturalistic minutiae, and, once seen, makes the composition impossible to imagine—a mere chaos of aggregated miscellany—without it. The old man, for instance, is doubled, he on the upper bunk, haloed by a neon-rimmed cartoon balloon, being only the despairing future of the identical thinker beneath. The lovers in "While Sugar Plums, . . ." etc., have brighter, but more perverse visions of themselves, visible through peepholes located in the gigantic, pink pseudopods terminating their crossed, craning necks. And, with a flourish worthy of Artaud, Kienholz lets explode from a gray-flocked pregnant belly in "Birth-day" a host of giant curving plastic arrows that locates all life in a crazed viscera. These monstrous devices are, of course, the most "expressive" features of the Kienholz ménage, partially because they violate his naturalism, and partially, also, because they enhance it. At the same time that they constitute his most daring liberties—so close in spirit to the obscene metaphors in the last section of Van Italie's *America Hurrah*—they are also the most plausible rendering of the cruelty that is his theme. Nothing could be more dramatic, compositionally, and yet nothing could be more effective in showing the triumph of an inner over a material reality. To the dread, guilt and revulsion that already characterize his tableaux, all of them designed to jolt the spectator "out of himself," Kienholz

scarcely root for Hickock, that leaves Perry to play the good guy. I'm not sure that I fancy spending two and a quarter hours in cinema America only to end up feeling empathy for an aspirin-chewing enigma who is nice to kids and fires off shotguns in the faces of his tied-up victims. Scott Wilson as Hickock and Robert Blake as . . . as

graphically by
spasms, and ripples move out
interrupted by weeds.

*The lake enormous and calm;
a stone falls;
for an hour the surface
moves, holding to itself the frail*

*shudders of its skin. Stones
on the dark bottom
make the lake calm,
the life worth living.*

DONALD HALL

adds elements that anchor him to the individual fate of the created personages.

This last brings up the curious question of the historicity of Kienholz's art, for most of what he shows has occurred in a specific American past: the 1940s—that is, his own West Coast adolescence. It is obvious that he takes a venomous rather than a sentimental view of his nostalgia, that he is almost wreaking vengeance upon the past. But that past—with all its lascivious and hysterical alarms—exists in him still, a cargo which must be disburdened, exorcized. Yet, from an artistic point of view, if it is no accident that his diagrammatic metaphors give to his works their canceled explicitness, his recall lends them their predated durability. It is not style so much at the core of the current thirties revival in painting that intrigues him, but psychosis, stiffened by the violence and war of the forties, that obsesses him. The inverted moralism of his procedure is nothing but the reverse of the promiscuity of the current scene. For that, if for none of his other repellent strategies, New York has not forgiven this Los Angeles artist. (And even the Los Angeles County Museum has not allowed its curator to feature Kienholz at the Venice Biennale, although he was invited to do so.) Horace Walpole once said that the man who feels will tend to view life as a tragedy; the man who thinks will see it as a comedy. Kienholz, in the end, is a thinking man; but, with final contradiction, his perspective on life is endlessly tragic.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1230

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 How some cheat a little with their candy rations? (5)
- 4 An infant with an oil emulsion from the old country? (9)
- 9 See 27 down
- 10 The one 27 and 9 was responsible for was not the Farmer's. (7)
- 11 and 12 It might confirm the expectancy of what we're going to catch. (4,5)
- 13 What is silence in Hamlet's last words could also be in music. (4)
- 16 Nothing paid for, it might be conceded!
- 17 Goes to great lengths. (7)
- 19 Captivate a strong inclination, if quiet at first. (7)
- 22 One of the floating population. (7)
- 24 and 26 Sounding like an extra dividend to the crooner? (8)
- 29 The devil to pay, sooner or later? That's what might be implied by the irreverent.
- 30 A risk to take into consideration, if the vehicles are upset. (7)
- 31 and 25 across A revolutionary leader to figure the islands out? (6,3,5)
- 32 This little one has to undergo metamorphosis. (5)

DOWN:

- 1 Very good for the initial price! (5,4)
- 2 and 24 down What gamblers try to make with two fives, or a six and four? (This five is only half.) (7,5)
- 3 Made into cheese. (4)

- 4 and 28 down Is the lady so bound to be both physical and spiritual? (4,3,4)
- 5 Such letters have tangible points. (7)
- 6 No shape to put up with! (4)
- 7 The right material obviously makes the girl sharp-looking. (7)
- 8 The race results in a tie, it seems. (5)
- 14 Tea, not too strong, with a little twist?
- 15 Comic take-off? (5)
- 18 The sort of gulfweed found with Spanish town. (9)
- 20 Draw into the fold, but not regularly. (7)
- 21 Tied up with what Teddy busted, it might seem. (7)
- 22 Foxglove is taken off some computer's description. (7)
- 23 More like thieves, by comparison? (7)
- 24 See 2 down
- 27 and 9 across As a writer, he didn't live up to his name at first! (4,7)
- 28 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1229

ACROSS: 1 Bowdlerize; 6 Jamb; 10 Canteen; 12 Measures; 13 Alarm; 15 Ensur; 17 Embitters; 19 Turned out; 21 Dirge; 23 Ready; 24 Prestige; 27 Attract; 28 Crueler; 30 Hoopskirts. DOWN: 1 and 11 across Back numbers; 2 and 25 Wonder-struck; 3 Leeds; 4 and 29 Run true to form; 5 Zones; 7 Average; 8 Bushmaster; 9 Imparted; 14 Better half; 16 Everyman; 18 Buttercup; 20 Realtor; 22 Regular; 24 Patio; 26 Arms.

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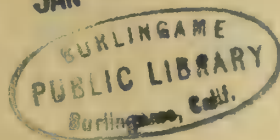
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LETTERS

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DEAR SIR: On December 6, while participating in a Stop the Draft demonstration in New York, we were arrested. The charge was disorderly conduct. We pleaded not guilty. We had been standing on the sidewalk while demonstrators blocked traffic. The police charged in to break the mob and free the congested streets. Police herded small bunches of people in different directions. Contrary orders were shouted from unseen faces. We stood on the street—unable to move onto the sidewalk because of the police line behind us—hands with a monitor who was trying to direct people away from the congested area. Suddenly we heard shouts of "Arrest them! Arrest him!" We were grabbed by plain clothes men, wearing small green buttons. They shoved us against the wall, then pushed us into the paddy wagon. We were not shown any police identification until we reached the Center Street jail.

The apparent growing militancy in the peace movement has begun to divide its different factions. This apparent abandonment of nonviolence does not merely include provocative actions from the demonstrators but to an uncertain degree from police infiltrators. These plain-clothes men hide in the crowds disguised as businessmen, workmen, hippies and black nationalists. This was evident in New York during the recent Stop the Draft Week. As two arrested victims, we want to publicize our observations. The majority of the arrests were made not by uniformed policemen but by these plain-clothes men. . . .

We believe that these agents, in an effort to turn public opinion against the peace movement, are greatly responsible for the more violent nature of recent demonstrations. Their activities may not be restricted to instigating violence. Their infiltration may be rooted a deeply into the membership and even leadership of anti-war groups.

We urge you all to consider our observations before criticizing the new militancy of the peace movement.

Roger Mann
Margot Eastman

ring around a Lyndon

Willoughby Hills, O.

DEAR SIR: President Johnson at his news conference on Nov. 17 said that dissenters should count to ten. Here is one way that it could be done.

One, two three, four . . .

When are you going to stop the war?

Five, six, seven, eight . . .

Now is the time to negotiate!

Nine, ten, nine, ten . . .

Save the lives of American men!

Richard I. Briggs

the Chicago line

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: on Dec. 14, 1966, Jesse Lemisch, assistant professor of History at the University of Chicago and an occasional contributor to *The Nation*, received notice that his contract would not be renewed for a second three-year term. Two days later, Department Chairman William McNeil told Lemisch in explanation, "Your convictions interfered with your scholarship."

Lemisch's convictions were no secret. During a student

(Continued on page 62)

EDITORIALS

Best Congressmen of the Year

We have not made the award before, but *The Nation's* best-Congressmen-of-the-year awards for 1967 go to a Republican freshman, Donald W. Riegle, Jr., age 28, and to a Democratic sophomore, John Culver, age 35.

Instead of hiding his light under a bushel and letting his constituents in Flint, Mich., make allowances for his youth and inexperience, Riegle started right out doing things on his own. Like Secretary of Defense McNamara, he is a product of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Back in November, he wrote McNamara a letter on Vietnam in which he explained, "I have designed an information matrix to collect data that I believe is germane to the problem." As part of this project, he asked for a precise statement of the strategic importance of South Vietnam to the defense of Southeast Asia. After much persistence, he finally got this answer from Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard C. Stedman: "From a strictly military viewpoint, the United States does not require control of the land mass of South Vietnam to meet possible Communist aggression against countries with which we have treaty obligations."

Then he joined with Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) in a resolution calling for formal Congressional debate on Vietnam alternatives. Later, with data obtained from his "information matrix," he subjected Rutherford M. Poats, deputy foreign aid administrator, to a brilliant four-hour cross-examination, which has to be read in its entirety (*Congressional Record*, September 19, 1967) to be fully appreciated. Here is a sample: Riegle: "You are saying in essence . . . if this war were conducted in a way that required greater economic sacrifice by certain elements in Vietnam, the political instability is such that the country might fly apart; is that right? Mr. Poats: Exactly."

More recently Riegle heard of a group of five distinguished scholars who, under the leadership of Dr. Alexander Eckstein, professor of economics and director of the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of Michigan, were attempting to work out a proposed solution to the war. Mr. Riegle promptly got in touch with them, arranged private financing so that the research team could visit Washington, and then organized a four-hour seminar for the benefit of nineteen of his colleagues, Democrats and Republicans. The papers which the five scholars presented, as well as their proposed plan for a solution of the conflict, appear in the *Congressional Record*, December 15, 1967, pp. H-17231-H-17238. For a freshman Representative, this shows commendable initiative and reveals a first-rate mind at work on difficult problems.

Rep. John Culver is a Democrat serving his second term from the 2nd Congressional District of Iowa. He graduated from Harvard *cum laude*, studied at Cambridge, served in the Marine Corps, graduated from Harvard Law School, assisted Sen. Edward Kennedy, and then was elected to the House. Somebody made the mistake of appointing him to the House Committee on Un-

American Activities, where he has been a dissident member. Whenever a bill is reported out by the committee, Mr. Culver can be relied upon to file a sharp minority report.

HUAC's child, the Subversive Activities Control Board, a boondoggle of boondoggles (see "HUAC Under Siege," *The Nation*, September 11, 1967), has had nothing much to do since it was hamstrung by a series of court decisions. But it provided \$25,000-a-year jobs for five "deserving" hacks, and Senator Dirksen managed to keep it alive by means of a tricky amendment. Culver made a fine speech against the measure, as amended, and mustered 104 votes against it on a roll call. In the Senate, after conference, the measure received three votes in favor to two opposed, and passed. Excitement was hardly at fever heat.

Culver's role as a critic of HUAC does not seem to offend the voters in his district, which is known as "anything but secure politically" for a Democrat. In 1964 his opponent used his criticism of HUAC measures against him, but Culver won by 8,400 votes. In 1966 his margin was 11,200.

With a few more young men like Riegle and Culver in Congress, voters might be less despairing of the political process.

Brass Alibi

It is a truism that no modern army is ever defeated in the field. By an accepted military convention, the heroic soldiers and the equally heroic generals, versed in strategic lore (which none but they can understand) are betrayed by faint-hearted civilians in the army's rear. Usually this theory is kept in abeyance until the army has been clobbered, but Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, our Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has come up with an anticipatory version of the old technique. Of course the American forces in Vietnam are in no danger of defeat in the sense that Ludendorff was in World War I, or Hitler in World War II. But Wheeler is under the necessity of explaining why, with unlimited air power and a splendidly equipped army of half a million men, his commanders in Vietnam are unable to crush a rabble of half-starved local guerrillas and a modest force of North Vietnamese regulars fighting at some distance from their base of supplies. So he comes up with this dictum: "The single most important factor in prolonging the war is Hanoi's calculation that there is a reasonable possibility of a change in U.S. policy before the ultimate collapse of the Vietcong manpower base and infrastructure." Because of this putative hope, he adds, "the major campaign of the war is being fought here in the United States. . . . We are winning the war in Vietnam, but Hanoi is still not ready to give up."

The shift of emphasis is interesting. The Vietcong manpower base and infrastructure is pretty nearly on its last legs, but Hanoi refuses to cry uncle. And Hanoi's recalcitrance is supported by anti-war sentiment in this country which, while constitutional and all that, involves a "responsibility to recognize and acknowledge what their [the critics'] dissent means."

There is only one way to interpret General Wheeler's

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THE NATION

Volume 206

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remarks. Delivered on the eve of a Presidential election, his speech had obvious political implications; it was a kind of statement that should never be delivered by a man in uniform, much less by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Wheeler served notice on all prospective Presidential candidates (Democratic and Republican): Support LBJ and our boys in the combat zone or run the risk of being charged by the military with giving aid and comfort to the enemy—not perhaps in the legal sense of treason but bordering on it. He is turning the screws, particularly on those candidates who in good conscience, or in their interpretation of the national interest, might argue in favor of a negotiated peace in which neither side would be able to claim a clear-cut victory. Wheeler is in effect indicting not only Sen. Eugene McCarthy but also military men like Gen. David M. Shoup, who calls the notion that the Vietnamese War involves vital national interests “pure, unadulterated poppycock.” Before Wheeler goes any further in his remonstrance with Americans opposed to what Shoup calls “genocide on that poor little country,” he might try to deprive Shoup of his Medal of Honor. Between now and the first Tuesday in November, 1968, the Joint Chiefs should confine their public remarks to military matters.

Another Can of Worms

If we ever succeed in getting rid of our prize collection of leeches in Southeast Asia, Latin America may provide a worthy successor. All that is keeping it in second place now is an absence of largess on the scale of what we are disbursing to our eager allies in Vietnam.

The American-imposed solution for the civil strife that broke out in the Dominican Republic some three years ago was blazoned as a great triumph for our diplomacy, particularly for Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, now our proconsul in South Vietnam. But the Dominican solution appears to be coming apart. President Joaquin Balaguer has kept the economy functioning after a fashion with the aid of \$300 million in U.S. assistance, but he is threatened with a renewed insurrection from the extreme Right, represented by Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who ousted President Juan Bosch in 1963. Wessin is nominally an alternate delegate to the UN, but he lives in Miami, where he is engaged in forming a new party to regain power for his gang of reactionaries. Simultaneously, the leftist leader, Col. Francisco Caamano Deno, who at least has some attributes of a patriot and went voluntarily into exile as military attaché in London, has suddenly disappeared. Bosch, at present residing in Spain, suggests that Caamano “has gone somewhere to formulate his political ideology,” presumably to counter the rightist ambitions of Wessin.

As these storm clouds gather, the principal American manipulative agency in Latin America, the Organization of American States, is in its usual chaotic state—but this time worse than usual. José A. Mora, the retiring Secretary-General, has removed two OAS officials from their posts because of fiscal irregularities. The Pan American Union director in Buenos Aires was dismissed on a charge of misuse of funds which he received for the account of the Alliance for Progress; the official in San

José, Costa Rica, was transferred to Washington following numerous overdrafts on his accounts. Although the OAS budget year ends on June 30, the annual audit for 1966-67 has not been published; Price, Waterhouse & Co., the accountants for the past eighteen years, have not been able to complete their audit because of “long-standing administrative confusion.” The OAS has also sent a representative to the Dominican Republic to investigate reports of irregularities there. The American taxpayer is ignorant of all such unpleasantness, but since the United States contributes most of the \$25 million which supports the OAS bureaucracy year after year, Rep. Armistead I. Selden, Jr., chairman of the subcommittee on Latin America, is preparing to call witnesses to ascertain, if possible, what is going on.

The OAS is riven politically as well as financially. Secretary-General Mora has fired a high-ranking Dominican official of the OAS secretariat, Luis Raul Betances, who was accused of threatening the Dominican ambassador with dismissal and other reprisals unless the ambassador backed the Panamanian candidate, Eduardo Ritter Aislan, for the post of Secretary-General. The Panamanian has been in the lead, with Argentina, Brazil and the United States backing Galo Plaza Lasso of Ecuador, and Mexico washing its hands of the whole imbroglio by abstaining. To make matters still less seemly, Benjamin Welles reports in *The New York Times* that racist considerations have entered the internal contentions of the OAS, with the integrated Central-American-Caribbean bloc resenting the pure-blooded European stock of the “big boys”—Argentina and Brazil, which have close relations with the United States. Taking it all in all, it would seem that America’s ambition to run the tangled affairs of the world is faring no better in this hemisphere than in the other.

War and Taxes

In the *Illinois Business Review* Robert Eisner, professor of economics at Northwestern University, recalls that during the 1964 campaign (waged on a platform of “no wider war”) President Johnson extracted from Congress the “Gulf of Tonkin” resolution, which after his election he interpreted as authorization to expand the war to its present—and not necessarily final—dimensions. The powers of the Presidency being what they are, Mr. Johnson could have expanded the war in any case, but with the resolution in hand he virtually made Congress a partner in his military enterprise.

Professor Eisner sees a parallel between Mr. Johnson’s 1964 demand for an open-end authorization in Vietnam and his present demand for a tax increase. Those who favor further escalation in Vietnam may logically vote for the tax increase. Those who wish to dissuade the President from any further excesses he may harbor in that direction should oppose a tax increase.

The question is political, rather than economic. A year ago it was more economic than political. At that time Professor Eisner—and *The Nation* likewise—favored the tax increase. The reasoning was that since the war had been expanded, the cost should be borne by those who had acquiesced in the expansion, rather than be passed

on to a later generation. A tax increase at that time would also have been a reminder to the American people that the agreeable formula—guns and butter in profusion—had its limits, and that if they didn't care to be presented with the bill they had better make their opposition to the war known to their Congressmen. To some extent, the people did just that—which is one factor in the refusal of Congress to do the President's bidding in the session just past.

But what about inflation? As a result of the \$30 billion a year being squandered in Vietnam to kill, uproot and coerce its inhabitants, there has been considerable price inflation in the United States (and disastrous inflation in South Vietnam). Prices will continue to rise here in the months ahead, regardless of what is now done in the way of taxation. Curbing inflation now would require a fiscal policy so tight as to bring on a recession. Short of such drastic measures, the wartime expenditures to date must have their effects and we must endure them as best we can.

Another argument for a tax increase is that it would enable the federal government to spend more on domestic needs. With the doings of the past session of Congress on record, that assumption is naive. The political situation, in Eisner's estimation, "is such that it is inconceivable that there will be any major increase in expenditures to meet domestic needs so long as the war continues."

Eisner quotes Kenneth Boulding, president-elect of the American Economic Association: "A tax increase now would be the final abdication of Congress A determined stand against the tax increase is perhaps the last constitutional chance to resist the disastrous Presidential leadership to which we have been subjected." For another year, at least, we must put up with a President who has shown that he is as devious as he is headstrong. To open the purse strings for him still wider would be to compound folly.

As for the drain on the dollar, the answer is the same. If the Vietnamese War continues, the outflow of dollars will continue. If we wish to keep the dollar tied to gold at the present ratio, there is a clear remedy: end the senseless war in Vietnam, however greatly such a step may mortify Lyndon B. Johnson.

The Mercenaries

One of the dirtier features of our dirty war in Southeast Asia is our public relations pretense that we have staunch allies in our effort to force the North Vietnamese, in Secretary Rusk's immortal phrase, to "leave their neighbors alone." With the possible exception of Australia, which has some 6,500 troops in South Vietnam, and New Zealand, with a token force of 400, we have no allies in the proper sense of the word. We do not even have substantial contributors. The allegation that thirty-one nations have responded to our 1964 appeal for aid is just more State Department propaganda. Senator Fulbright has shown that thirteen of these purported sympathizers donated \$26,000 or less from June, 1964, through December, 1966, while others have given nothing for a year or more. Still others are making money

out of our Vietnamese embroilment. It adds up, in the words of a *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* editorial to the fact that "there is not a single country which on its own and out of its own resources, is helping the U.S. because it believes in the American cause. We have collected a miscellaneous assortment of mercenaries by arm-twisting and bribery as well as by outright payments."

Our chief supplier of mercenaries is South Korea, with 48,000 troops. The terms of our deal with the military oligarchy in Seoul are so generous that the Johnson Administration has covered them with a dubiously legal security classification, to forestall both adverse domestic reaction and possible demands from other "allies" for matching concessions. However, Richard Dudman of the *Post-Dispatch* has uncovered some features of the arrangement. Like the Philippines and Thailand, Korea provides the base pay for troops supplied to us; beyond that Uncle Sam picks up the tab, providing overseas pay, liability insurance, logistic support, subsistence and transportation. South Korea also benefits by U.S. purchases of supplies for the troops in that country, under arrangements that in most cases protect the bidders against competition. This is a further contribution to the fictitious South Korean "prosperity" that stems from American economic and military aid, including 50,000 U.S. troops stationed in South Korea fourteen years after the armistice and apparently for the indefinite future. Why this army could not be moved to South Vietnam and the 50,000 South Koreans be left at home to defend their own country, is another of those Pentagon-State Department mysteries, with only the public relations aspect as a possible explanation.

Another of our ardent but canny Asian allies is Thailand, governed like Korea by a military dictatorship. Not satisfied with the 2,200 Thai troops now stationed in South Vietnam (one never hears of them fighting) the Johnson Administration has arranged for a levy of 10,000 more. In return, on top of the existing flow of benefits from the United States, the Thais are to receive \$50 million worth of Hawk surface-to-air missiles. Against what invading aircraft these weapons are to be used is not clear. Presumably the \$1 billion of American installations in Thailand are capable of defending themselves. The approximately 1,700 insurgents in the north-east provinces of Thailand have no aircraft, and little enough of any other armament. Perhaps the trade of Hawks for mercenaries is a future element in the big push against Red China that may eventually grow out of Mr. Rusk's determination to teach the North Vietnamese neighborly manners.

Some aspects of these machinations are surveyed in an article by economist Eliot Janeway in the *Washington Evening Star*. It is an expensive deal, Mr. Janeway comments, despite our need for foreign-flag troops in Vietnam—especially yellow-skinned ones. Mr. Janeway suggests that the Thais may do no better under General Westmoreland than George III's Hessians did under General Cornwallis. The future will tell: all too clear in the present is "the way America's war-time dollar diplomacy is working. It is endowing countries in need for the most rudimentary infrastructure with the most advanced and expensive military superstructure. It is offering the primi-

tive stratified societies of Asia irresistible incentives to forget the use of ploughshares and to make a business of trafficking in the weapons of war." Operations of this type in Southeast Asia, in the special form of trading materiel for men, makes a malignant war a little more malignant.

That LBJ Trip

Whatever else the President may be, he is the incurable, the quintessential Texan. He can do nothing in moderation. If he mourns, he mourns excessively; if he pleads, he descends to bathos; if he boasts, it is at the top of his voice, with arms flaying and fingers pointing. If he attempts understatement, the effect is so ludicrous as to be unbelievable. This is not meant unkindly: he cannot help being what he is. He is a larger-than-life Texan, and Texans, as everyone knows, are Ten Feet Tall and growing.

Consider his latest junket: 27,600 miles in 112 hours, in three aircraft—Air Force I; then a back-up plane, with emergency spares, used also to transport staff, communication experts and Secret Service agents (you can never tell about those Samoans); then a Pan-American press plane. And, for part of the trip, a fourth jet served as a cargo plane, and carried still more agents and the President's bubbletop limousine. By the President's standards, just a minor excursion, with minimum gear. As Air Force I rips through space, the President busily manages the news by making last-minute changes in the tape of his television interview, attends to various chores of state, and works out on the "exercycle" so that he will not

have any idle moments in which he might just sit and think.

As stops are made, he busies himself with a variety of tasks: watches belly dancers, fire dancers and jungle drummers in Samoa; sets up shop in various hotels where he interviews visiting dignitaries "like a shop foreman interviewing job applicants"; mourns for the dead Prime Minister in Australia; twists Thieu's arm (not too painfully) in a man-to-man, Texas-style, confrontation; cheers up the boys in Thailand by making a speech at Korat at 5:30 A. M. in pitch darkness and, a little later, still another speech at Cam Ranh Bay; entertains President Ayub Kanh at Karachi, then off for Rome to talk peace with the Pope as he had talked war with Thieu, then more work-outs on the "exercycle," as showers of dispatches are sent here, there and yonder, and, finally, back at the White House for Christmas, then on to Texas—to which all Texans must return now and then to touch their mother earth and regain their giant strength.

Politicians must be all things to all people, but must they be all things to all people, all the time, all over the world, flying round trip, nonstop? What does the President think he is doing? Is he trying to make us believe, as *The New York Times* suggests, that he is pursuing all possible policies, simultaneously, all the time? And how does he see himself? As the all-time, all-Texas-Texan, just about the most lovable Old Boy that ever waded barefoot and starry-eyed in the Pedennales? Everyone knows, by this time, that Texans see themselves as sitting high in the saddle; the trouble is that others find it difficult to see them that way. So far as the President is concerned, this creates the basic credibility gap.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

HOW TO WRECK A CAMPUS

DAVID SWANSTON

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San Francisco

For five years, San Francisco State College squatted on the cold foggy edge of the city and quietly found answers to the problems of student unrest. The college created an exemplary free speech policy in 1962, appointed students to campus committees, supported a student-run "experimental college" and, when students protested against Dow and military recruiters on campus early last fall, sponsored a five-day series of convocations to discuss the college and the war. (See "The War on Campus," a special issue of *The Nation*, December 18.)

Three weeks ago, San Francisco State ran out of answers. A "mill-in," called to protest, among other things, the suspension of four Negro students, turned into an afternoon of violence and vandalism that closed the college and shook the campus to the core of its hang-loose

ethic. White activists smashed into the college administration building, broke windows and scribbled on the walls. Negroes from off campus started fires in the bookstore and tossed rocks and heavy pots through the windows. Others roughed up white students and looted the college dining hall.

The violence was the most dramatic chapter in a series of events that began just after fall classes opened at the 18,000-student commuter college that is part of California's giant State College System. White radicals—about 100 activists from SDS and the Young Socialist Alliance—became increasingly militant and directed their energies almost entirely toward the campus. But although the activists were demanding and their techniques troublesome, SF State's administrators were able to deal with the white radicals with a large degree of success.

However, another element that had formed on campus presented SF State's administrators with an entirely new set of problems. A militant faction, about 100 of the school's 400 Negroes, banded together for a fiery pro-

gram of "black consciousness" and "third revolution" that included weeding out "racism" within the college. The group, the Black Students Union, preached Black Power, tutored black ghetto children, and openly discussed violence as a revolutionary tactic.

In early November, a dozen Negroes, most of them members of the BSU, walked into the office of the campus newspaper, attacked its student editor, fought with a part-time journalism instructor, scattered equipment around the city room, and left.

The next day warrants were issued for nine students, and in less than a week they surrendered to police and were given interim suspensions by college president, John Summerskill. A quickly created Board of Appeal and Review later recommended that only four be suspended and letters of warning be sent to the other five. Summerskill accepted the board's recommendation.

Several explanations of the attack have been advanced. The four most widely held are these:

Student reporters on the paper believe the attack came because of a column written last spring by the editor, who was then sports editor, calling Muhammad Ali a "clown." The reporters note that the paper, the *Daily Gater*, was running a series very complimentary to the BSU at the time of the attack, and say that nothing the paper published in the fall term would have outraged the black students.

Jimmy Garrett, a BSU leader who in 1965 was instrumental in changing the group's name from the Negro Student Association, told students at the University of California at Berkeley the day after the attack that outbursts of violence by black people were "political acts." Garrett, a 24-year-old former SNCC organizer, was in the curious position of trying to explain the attack as a revolutionary tactic, while denying that the BSU had anything to do with it. In any case, he has declined to discuss his theory at length.

Willie Brown, state Assemblyman from San Francisco and attorney for the students, reportedly told Summerskill that the attack took place after the editor made derisive comments about the Negroes who were in his office.

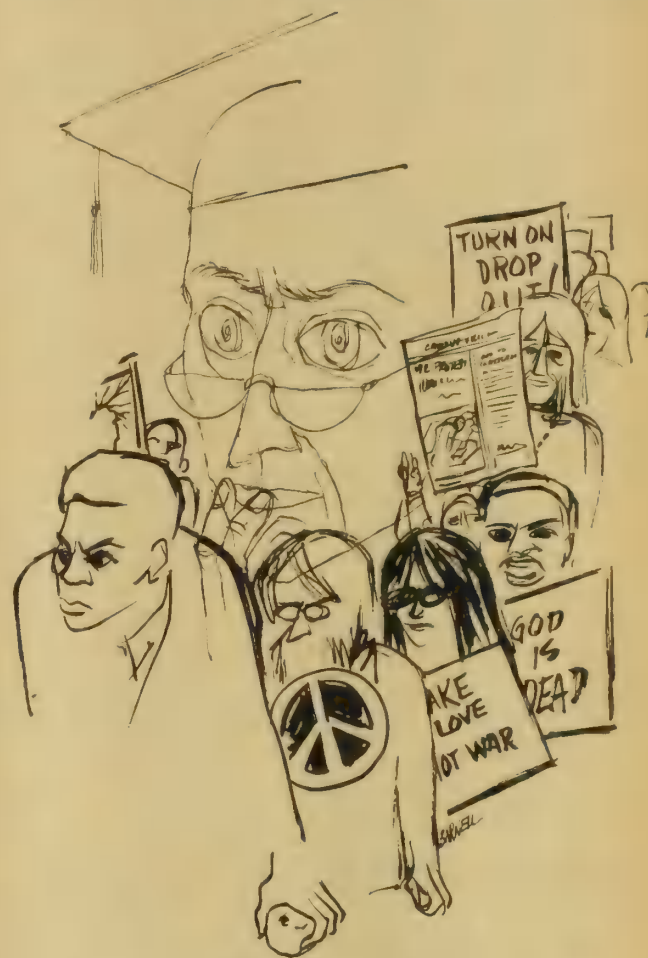
And several professors believe the attack grew from the general feeling of frustration of being a black person in the United States. The Negro students lashed out at the college society, the professors explain, because it is the closest target, though perhaps not the most oppressive.

Whatever the cause of the attack on the *Gater*'s staff and office, the violence began a series of events that ended with a major campus disturbance. The attack was generally agreed to be a tactical, if not a moral, error. Summerskill compounded the error by issuing the interim suspensions without the slightest hint of due process. And the editor, who was hospitalized overnight, added to the fiasco by writing to the Carnegie Foundation, urging it to withhold funds from several BSU programs—including an extensive tutorial project—and vowing to get the group "kicked off campus."

The incident in the *Gater* office and the ensuing suspensions and legal action would probably not in themselves have been enough to foment a major disturbance

on campus. However, as Summerskill hassled with the BSU problem, *Open Process*, the campus underground weekly (financed with funds collected from the entire student body), published a poem on masturbation by Jefferson Poland, founder of the Sexual Freedom League.

The poem enraged Summerskill. Last spring, he had suspended the paper after a series of escapades that included a full-length photo of a completely nude young woman, and several spicy articles by Poland. Summer-



skill agreed to let *Open Process* resume publication only after the editors promised to keep sex out of the arty tabloid. When Poland's poem appeared, Summerskill suspended the paper, its editor and Poland—again without any regard for due process.

But this time the San Francisco American Civil Liberties Union became involved, threatening court action if the suspensions weren't lifted, and the campus white radicals moved to support the two fallen journalists. Several hundred were massed outside Summerskill's office ready to demonstrate, when the young president walked out, took their microphone and announced that he had made a mistake and would reinstate the two students immediately and call for a hearing before the student-faculty Board of Appeals.

But, by readmitting the two journalists, Summerskill enraged the BSU and the campus white radicals. The reason: The two students who were readmitted were

white; the four black students were not readmitted. This meant, as the BSU and the radicals reasoned it, that Summerskill was a racist. The activists did not note that there had been no great protest when the Negroes were suspended nor did they mention that the suspensions of the four had ultimately been recommended by the Board of Appeals. They took no account of the fact that violence had been a component of the first case, but not of the second, that in suspending the four, Summerskill had been meeting a clear and present danger of further physical attack.

Student militants formed a Movement against Political Suspensions—named after a Berkeley group organized to fight the suspension of two activists for Stop the Draft Week activities—and began planning a “mill-in,” again copied from a tactic recently used at Berkeley, when students walked into office buildings, sat on desks, filled offices and closed halls, stopping work in the buildings.

But the SF State students took on only the trappings of the UC demonstrations and made two serious errors that Berkeley activists take great pains to avoid: The SF State demonstration was launched with practically no broad base of support on the campus, and off-campus demonstrators—who could not be controlled by protest leaders—were invited to join.

On the morning of the mill-in, the campus paper predicted possible snipers, and supporters from San Jose State and UC Berkeley, as well as about 100 young Negroes from Oakland and San Francisco, poured onto campus; the college closed and locked the administration building. After a series of speeches, Garrett told the several hundred demonstrators gathered outside the administration building: “We’re going to close this place down now and tomorrow. Do you dig? The school is closed. You’ve got your assignments.”

Indeed they had. Groups of young black activists roamed through campus classroom buildings, interrupting classes and demanding to be allowed to lecture on the “real history of America.” Professors responded by canceling classes.

At about the same time, white radicals smashed the glass doors of the administration building, pushed their way in and roamed the halls, writing slogans on the walls and breaking windows.

After an hour, college officials announced that all classes had been canceled and asked the demonstrators to leave the building. They did. It was argued that there had been no need to enter the building, since the goal of the mill-in—to make the building inoperable—had been accomplished.

As the activists left the administration building, several thousand students poured out of the classrooms—their classes canceled—and the campus filled with curious, confused people. The clatter of shattering glass brought a crowd to the campus bookstore. Some eight Negroes, none of them SF State students, had broken the front windows and set fire to a card rack.

Suddenly, the angry young blacks turned on the crowd of students and news cameramen and drove them across campus, throwing rocks and swinging sticks. A few minutes later they left.

As the campus exploded, Summerskill, a 42-year-old psychologist who had marched in the April 15th demonstration against the war, met with his top aides and with representatives of the San Francisco Police Department. The main question: Should squads of uniformed police be called to put down the violence?

A strong argument was made for letting the demonstration run its course. Bringing police on campus also brings hundreds of students out in protest and the police—not the incident that brought them—become the issue. Several weeks earlier, the president of San Jose State College had called in the police and a noisy, but relatively harmless, demonstration turned into a near riot. The situation was bad, but Summerskill and the police officials agreed that calling in the police would only make it worse.

The violence in the bookstore and the dining hall—where young Negroes helped themselves to food and roughed up some white cafeteria workers—was probably not planned, but developed as the youths discovered that they were safe from police action. A group of hippies used the one-day immunity to sit in a circle on the wet grass, smoke marijuana and sing *All You Need Is Love*.

About four hours after it started, the violence ended. More than a dozen windows were broken and five students were injured—none seriously. Summerskill emerged from his office and announced: “I am grateful that a major human disaster has been averted.”

But not everyone saw it that way. Hardly had the last sliver of glass ceased to tinkle on the SF State sidewalk when California politicians began to howl. Lt. Gov. Robert Finch said “violence cannot be tolerated.” State College Chancellor Glenn Dumke, a former president of SF State, said he was “deeply shocked.” Superintendent of Public Schools, Max Rafferty, said he would “like to go into those buildings and bounce those people out like ping-pong balls. And Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh called for an investigation, adding that he was “inclined to think” Summerskill should be fired.

(Of all the outcries against Summerskill’s methods of handling the situation, Democrat Unruh’s was the most surprising. However, Unruh’s anger takes on a little more logic in this context: He plans to use support for higher education as one of his key weapons against the Reagan administration. But with each demonstration and each campus uprising, Unruh sees public sympathy swinging from his position to Reagan’s.)

The trustees of the eighteen California State Colleges held an emergency meeting in Los Angeles to discuss the SF State violence and to consider sacking Summerskill. Faculty members, San Francisco police and SF State students defended the president and he wasn’t fired. However, the trustees voted to conduct a sixty-day study of his “stewardship of the campus” and passed resolutions that will eventually remove from college presidents the sole authority to call police on campus, and make suspension mandatory for demonstrators who use or threaten to use violence. SF State’s faculty and, to a large extent, its students closed ranks behind Summerskill to defend the college from the trustees and politicians, but the crisis at SF State is far from settled.

The student legislature approved the appointment of Garrett as the student member of the academic senate, but the senate turned down (18 to 14) a resolution recommending that the suspensions of the four Negro students be rescinded. The faculty agreed to strike if necessary to support campus autonomy, but many professors were privately annoyed with Summerskill for spending endless hours in discussion sessions with student activists, while ignoring the faculty almost completely. And, although there were rumors that moderates were taking over within the BSU, the Negro activists called a press conference, labeled the academic senate racist, and announced that their chairman, suspended from school, was still in charge of the organization.

The obvious question: Why is San Francisco State, with its tradition of student freedom, its liberal president who is generally sympathetic to student causes, and its innovative educational atmosphere, destroying itself?

One reason is that SF State has made almost as little progress in finding solutions to the dilemma facing the black man in white America as has the country as a whole. And, since nearly all of the students at SF State live and work off campus and cannot, therefore, tuck themselves away in the never-never land of academia, the crisis of America is a very real crisis on that campus.

Black students are frustrated in their efforts to make real changes; they then become more militant and stimulate a collegiate backlash. (Campus athletes met to form

a "protective association" the day after the violence.) The more whites are moved by fear and anger, the more difficult they make it for the blacks to accomplish anything and the more militant the blacks become. It's a grim circle.

Another reason for the trouble at SF State is that student leadership, which played a large role in making the college what it is, has left campus. Student government leaders who created the nationally known Experimental College and Community Involvement Program have graduated or transferred to other schools. And leaders of the student Left have disappeared into academia, dropped out, or joined national or regional peace, political or civil rights organizations.

What's left is a student government split between the radical Right and radical Left, and a group of inexperienced student activists who envision a revolution composed largely of slogans, titles and broken glass doors.

San Francisco State may well be a preview of what is in store for hundreds of colleges across the country. The city of San Francisco has no monopoly on angry, frustrated Negroes who have a rock, a book of matches and nothing to lose. The Bay Area isn't unique in its militant, discouraged young activists who have seen years of peaceful protest accomplish nothing. And California isn't the only state governed by frightened, confused lawmakers who believe stronger laws, more police and a good dose of The American Way will cure the sickness of today's society.

THE MARCHERS OF TOKYO

ALBERT AXELBANK

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If the 1960s in America may be dubbed a "Decade of Rising Dissent," the same period in Japan will very likely be reckoned a "Decade of Mass Demonstrations." In Japan, the present decade was born amidst rousing, nation-wide demonstrations ("demos" to the Japanese) against the military link with the United States; and it will probably expire with giant street protests against prolongation of the controversial pact beyond 1970. The Japanese are the undisputed world's champion at demonstrating. Since the late 1950s, I've observed perhaps 300 political demos of one sort or another in Japan, plus a few in South Korea and Okinawa. Lately, I've witnessed anti-war protest marches in America and Canada. Those in America seem to have had feeble results, whereas the Japanese demos, generally speaking, have yielded remarkable success. Their weight has been—and still is—keenly felt in politics.

The Japanese demonstrate periodically against America's involvement in Vietnam and also against the presence of U.S. military bases in Japan. (There are about 150

American military installations of all kinds in Japan. A fact little known is that U.S. bases in Japan are, by and large, "forward bases," inasmuch as American military jet planes and warships often proceed nonstop from Japan to the fighting front.) These demos are much more frequent than one would gather from reading the American press, whose bare-bones coverage of Japan is—between major news events—limited to the occasional disaster or curiosity. (A recent story from Japan, prominently displayed in many U.S. papers, concerned the efficacy of massage on sexual behavior. Another, syndicated from coast to coast, describes how Japanese celebrate Christmas.)

What thoughtful Japanese fear is that sooner or later the Washington-Tokyo military alliance will directly ensnare Japan in a war with neighboring China. Increasingly, Congressmen, scholars, diplomats and journalists warn that the United States is itself drifting toward such a disaster. Dean Rusk speaks in sober tones of the "slippery slope to World War Three"; America's former ambassador to Japan, Dr. Edwin Reischauer, who showed that a very able scholar can make a very able diplomat, agrees: "Many Japanese look upon the security treaty with Washington as more a liability than a guarantee against aggression."

Not all Japanese, naturally, react to external and in-

ternal problems in the same way. A minority chooses to withdraw from society, a few even embracing nihilism as an expression of their disgust with politics. But the vast majority—literate, well informed and cogitative by habit—wishes to express its views or to see them actively promoted by a responsible political party.

The massive 1960 demos did not succeed in blocking revision of the security pact with the United States; they did bring down a government. Because the CIA warned that if Dwight Eisenhower came to Japan he would probably be assassinated, the President canceled his scheduled visit. Significantly, the popular resentment against the hawkish Prime Minister, Nobusuke Kishi, whom the Allies branded a "Class A War Criminal" at the Far East War Crimes Tribunal, caused the ruling conservative party to replace him with a moderate. This change led to conciliatory gestures toward Peking, epitomized by an agreement to exchange trade missions and journalists.

Japan has a parliamentary rather than a Presidential fixed-term system. Thus it appears easier to bring down a government in Japan than to dislodge an American President and his Cabinet. But public disaffection with Japanese ruling party politics has also been significantly registered at the polls. It may perhaps be said that the cumulative effect of the protest movement in Japan, combined with active politicking by liberal intellectuals, produced in 1967 the election of the first "progressive" governor of Tokyo, which with nearly 12 million people is the largest megalopolis in the world. The victor, Ryokichi Minobe, an economist and scholar, won with the support of Socialists, Communists, students and intellectuals, housewives and trade union members. Tokyo, incidentally, is the center of the protest movement in Japan.

The Japanese public is assuredly the best-informed public about both sides of the war in Vietnam. More Japanese journalists and cameramen have gone behind Vietcong lines and visited Hanoi than have those of any other nationality. The spectacular action shots of aerial combat in Felix Greene's film *Inside North Vietnam* were taken by Japanese cameramen. Moreover, some Japanese businessmen make frequent trips to Hanoi and record their impressions for magazines and newspapers. Such

eyewitness reports about the Vietcong and North Vietnam engender sympathy for the underdog, and fill the people with loathing for America's role. The anti-war demos in Japan have become more vehement as the United States has escalated its attack.

In response to a rising public protest against the bombing of North Vietnam (*Asahi Shimbun*, a leading daily, said 75 per cent of the people in Japan oppose the bombing), the Japanese Government decided to dispatch, on separate occasions, two "peace emissaries" to South-east Asia and other parts of the world to learn the truth about the Vietnamese War and world public opinion. Unlike Washington's "peace envoys," the two Japanese diplomats were experts on Indo-Chinese politics. They were chosen also for their objectivity. What they announced after their lengthy investigations was that (1) basically, a civil war is raging in South Vietnam; and (2) the Saigon government is a creation of the State Department. The two gentlemen were then given polite reprimands by their government.

By this time, the people of Japan were in a mood for teach-ins about the Vietnamese War, and also for films about the expanding slaughter. Barbarous acts by Saigon government forces were shown on Japanese TV. Some newsmen reported that one U.S. general, arriving in South Vietnam, said in his first speech to his soldiers: "I want you to get out there and kill, kill, kill!"

The Japanese demonstrations accelerated. Subsequently, it became impossible for the U.S. ambassador, or the Vice President, or the Secretary of State or his assistants, or Presidential adviser Walt Rostow—when they visited Japan—to speak at the nation's leading colleges and universities. The students have refused to listen to the rationale or justifications for a policy in Vietnam which they consider indefensible. And, upon arrival in Japan, any one of these Americans can trigger almost instantaneous "Yankee Go Home!" demonstrations. Lending support to the position of the students, and to the whole anti-war movement in Japan, has been the virtual about-face made by Ambassador Reischauer, after he gave up diplomacy for the purer air of Harvard. The once lukewarm defender of Washington's Asian policies has become an outspoken critic.

Demonstrations against U.S. nuclear-powered sub-



marines greeted Prime Minister Eisaku Sato a few days after he took office in November, 1964. Bigger demos erupted a year later when Sato visited Okinawa. These demos, demanding return of Okinawa to Japan, actually forced Sato to spend the night at a U.S. military barracks rather than at his hotel. When the first American atom-powered sub entered the port of Sasebo, southern Japan, students, trade union members, Socialist members of parliament and professional people staged a demo outside the front gates of the U.S. naval base.

These demos (many others took place against other subs) reportedly set back the U.S. military "timetable" for Japan. Washington apparently delayed by perhaps a year the announcement that it would send the nuclear-fueled aircraft carrier, *Enterprise*, to Japan. The "Big E" is likely to visit Japan early in 1968 and will, doubtless, be met by demonstrations.

Two demonstrations in Japan have had singularly effective results. One, which continued for several weeks, compelled the signing of an agreement whereby the government permitted Koreans in Japan to be repatriated to North Korea. The other forced the removal of American U-2 "spy" planes from Japan.

New York's "Stop-the-Draft-Week" demonstrations, early in December, were pronounced a "failure" by various quarters. The week of protest was billed in advance as having great importance, but less than 2,500 students turned out. Few nonstudents joined, few Negroes, no labor leaders, almost no public figures. Dr. Benjamin Spock, who takes his politics as seriously as he does his pediatrics, was a notable exception. He said many of his colleagues heartily agree with his detestation of America's role in Vietnam. Yet he came to Battery Park alone. New York's Robert Kennedy, who volubly dissents from Washington's Vietnamese policy on the Senate floor,

didn't come. The grievances of the anti-war, anti-draft demonstrators are shared by Senators Fulbright, Kennedy, Mansfield, McCarthy, Gruening, et al., but these men have shunned public anti-war demonstrations. To hear these Senators talk today about the Johnsonian foreign policy is to listen to prophets of gloom.

Such lack of support is rare in Japan, where they take demonstrations seriously. Politicians, educators, intellectuals, labor leaders and housewives often link arms and march at the head of demos. Banners and signs are carefully constructed, some as big as 10 feet wide. In New York, many anti-war posters were smaller than a handkerchief.

Demonstrations in New York and elsewhere in the United States suffer from another handicap: the press is more hostile than sympathetic. I saw other problems. For instance, when a protest march in New York was halted temporarily, the leader, described by the press as "a willowy blonde," gave the marchers several alternatives, then asked: "Now what shall we do?" A rift in the ranks occurred and the protest became skeletonized.

In his December 12 address at Miami Beach to the AFL-CIO convention, President Johnson intimated that the United States is waging war to protect democratic freedoms and the right of the people of South Vietnam to determine their own destiny. This, say Dean Rusk and Walt Rostow, is what the war is all about. A few months ago in Tokyo I asked Foreign Minister Tran Van Do of South Vietnam whether Ho Chi Minh is very popular in the South. "Oh yes," he said. "Everybody knows him." And: "He's considered a hero for leading the Vietnamese people to victory against the French." Not surprisingly, sociologist-economist Gunnar Myrdal says that the American public can nowadays be convinced of almost anything by the Administration. America, says, Myrdal, is an "unenlightened nation."

CROP ALLOTMENTS

POWER BEHIND THE COTTON

PETER MARCUSE

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In the Deep South, where cotton is king, those who control cotton allocations are the power behind the throne. Black Power there would mean a Negro county office manager of the United States Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) more than it would mean a Negro sheriff or registrar. The effort of Negroes to obtain a role in the administration of federal agricultural programs proportionate to their numbers is as much a matter of elementary justice, if not of survival, as the effort to gain the ballot. A series of recent attempts, including a major lawsuit, designed to increase Negro participation in agricultural affairs, has involved almost

every Negro and civil rights organization that is active among the tenant farmers and sharecroppers of Alabama and Mississippi.

Not many people besides the professionals know exactly what the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture is, though its jurisdiction covers the livelihood of most farmers in the South. Although Negro farmers in Mississippi and Alabama can hardly be categorized as professional, they are becoming increasingly aware of its importance to them: 92 per cent of Negro farmers in the South are engaged in growing those crops (cotton, tobacco and peanuts) for which permissible acreage allotments are established under ASCS. Cotton, in particular, cannot be grown in the United States for profitable sale on the private market; it has been conceded for decades that cotton farmers must have government price subsidy to survive. Participation in government subsidy programs

is limited to those who agree to restrict the acreage they plant, and the ASCS determines how many acres each farmer will be allowed.

Generally, the ASCS is responsible for the administration of all federal crop allotment and price support programs, and in many Alabama counties the funds disbursed by the various offices of the ASCS are so large as to dwarf county government operations. Although Negroes may in many cases receive a proportionate share of the allocations requested by them as compared with white requests, the actual amounts received have not contributed to an improvement in their economic position. Yet that improvement was one of the purposes of the program, according to a 1965 study by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

The ASCS has a rather simple policy-making structure. Each community (township, village) elects a community committee (generally three regular members and two alternates); all the community committees in a given county meet together once a year to elect a county committee (again generally three regulars and two alternates). Over the county committee is a state committee, of ten or so members, appointed directly by the Secretary of Agriculture.

The county committee is the key administrative organ in the ASCS, the function of the community committees being primarily to elect the county committee. Decisions at the county level affect the size of a farmer's allotment, adjust program benefits between landlords and tenants, and act on the appeals of farmers objecting to cuts in allotments. The county committee also hires the county staff whose salaries, along with the cost of operating the county office, are financed entirely by federal funds. The state ASCS committee, appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, supervises county committees and regulates elections of community and county committees.

In the spring of 1964, there were twelve members on the Mississippi state committee of the ASCS in the state of Mississippi and ten on the Alabama committee. Not a single one of them was Negro. There was an elected ASCS county committee in every one of Mississippi's eighty-two counties and in every one of Alabama's sixty-seven counties, or a total of 745 ASCS county committeemen in these two states; *not a single one was Negro*. Each county committee was in turn elected by a group of community committee delegates—in the two states, a total of more than 3,000 community committeemen. In the spring of 1964 *not one was Negro*. It would be belaboring the obvious to point out that no county office manager, the key local administrative officer of the program, was a Negro in the two states, and that no executive, administrative, clerical, or policy-making person of any nature anywhere in the whole structure of the ASCS in the two states was other than white.

Even worse, in a sense, is the situation on ASCS state committees, which are appointed directly by the Secretary of Agriculture. Until January, 1965, no Negro had been appointed by the Secretary to any state ASCS committee in the South. Since then, one has been appointed in Arkansas, one in Maryland and one in Mississippi. There was, through 1966, no Negro serving on the state committee in Alabama (now there is one), but an *all-Negro*

"advisory committee" to the state ASCS has been appointed in that state! It is no wonder that, in 1965, a high official of the Department of Agriculture admitted that his department "was characterized as the 'Bad Guy' in civil rights in the federal government."

In the summer of 1964, organized efforts were made to get Negroes on the ASCS ballot and elected in a number of communities in Mississippi. Violence, intimidation, arrest and assault of poll watchers, etc., greeted these efforts; yet the attempt went on in Mississippi and, the next year, in Alabama. The odds against the success of any such attempt were tremendous. In the first place, though no formal "registration" was necessary in order to vote, since anyone "having an interest in a farm" within the community was by that fact alone entitled to receive a ballot, if the county office manager did not choose to send out that ballot, a Negro farmer had no way of forcing him to do so. What percentage of eligible Negroes was thus arbitrarily and illegally disenfranchised cannot be ascertained; the figure was high enough to produce total victory for whites in every single election in the two states.

The question of getting on the ballot was still tougher. The existing committees nominated candidates for their successors, and such nominations did not go to those whose outlook differed radically from that of their nominators. Under ASCS rules, nominations could also be made by petition, but the existing committees had the right to determine the eligibility of those nominated, and appeals from such decisions, even if they had any possibility of success, were scheduled to be heard after the election.

Underlying these procedural roadblocks are the facts of life in the Deep South. Prof. Morton Grodzins, a member of the committee asked by the United States Commission on Civil Rights to review the Department of Agriculture programs in 1964, is cited in its report as summarizing his findings as follows:

He stated that elections for such committees pose real difficulties because in a rural community powerful people "have a great opportunity to punish their local opponents with a wide range of economic, social and political weapons." Professor Grodzins also maintained that "intimate acquaintanceship with and participation in the local community may lead not to even-handed justice but to subservience to the powerful and neglect of the weak." When a landlord-tenant relationship is added to the already powerful racial discrimination in Southern counties, the protection of the voting rights of Negro participants becomes of paramount importance if the ASCS committee system is to function properly.

The Department of Agriculture was not oblivious to its responsibilities in this area. It did, before the 1965 elections, amend its regulations to provide that nominations for the following year by incumbent committees should fairly reflect the nature of the farm groups being represented. Perhaps as a result, 12,471 Negroes were so nominated in 1965 in all Southern states, although only eighty-five of them were elected to the community committees. New procedural regulations were adopted to help insure fairness in the casting and counting of ballots, and more formal appeals procedures were set up. Un-

fortunately those designated to administer the procedures and consider the appeals are the same white men who have always controlled the ASCS apparatus in the South.

In the summer of 1966, local Negro groups concerned with the lack of progress in the ASCS affairs, turned to the courts. North Central Alabama was the scene of the suit; a number of individuals in the counties covered (including Lowndes County), the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and SNCC were the plaintiffs. The Selma office of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee of the ACLU provided counsel.

Lowndes and its neighboring counties were a logical scene for such action: the 1965 elections there had been so improperly conducted that the Department of Agriculture itself, in the first such instance ever recorded in ASCS history, set them aside and ordered a rerun because "the spirit of the election procedures was not complied with."

The suit specifically attacked the incomplete and discriminatory nature of the list of eligible voters; the insufficiency of the notices sent out to those on these lists; the denial of the right to examine the lists of those eligible to vote; the bias of those administering the elections, with specific reference to the all-white administrative and executive staff of the ASCS in Alabama and the all-white state committee of the Alabama ASCS; the lack of any measures to provide information about procedures in ASCS elections to the potentially eligible voters; the still inadequate appeals procedures; and finally, the unusually early date set for the election, the middle of August, which it was charged was calculated to prevent the success of local Negro groups and of outside groups concerned to assist them in voting.

The plaintiffs' major emphasis was on the obligation of the federal government to provide meaningful information to the poor farmers of the state, so that their theoretical right to participate would exist in fact. They pointed out that:

The fact that election procedures for these elections, as written up by the ASCS itself in their simplest form for use by those administering the program on the local level, and incorporated in Handbook 7 CA, takes some 43 pages of typescript with 13 pages of amendments and exhibits, illustrates the amount of education needed to convey the pertinent facts to the poorest part of the population of a state which ranks 48th of 50 states in level of formal education.

After a brief hearing in August, the Department of Agriculture reluctantly agreed to extend the period during which ballots could be cast by several weeks; no further nominations were allowed, however, and the results of the extended voting were disappointing; still not a single Negro was elected to take any county office throughout the state of Alabama. In Mississippi, where no suit was brought, two Negro alternates in 1965 had been elected out of the 410 regular and alternate county committeemen; in 1966, every single person elected was white! The tremendous effort in the 1966 elections in Alabama did result in increasing the number of Negro community committeemen from eleven in 1965 to twenty-three in 1966 (out of more than 1,840 total); in Mississippi, life reverted to its accustomed patterns and the number fell



from twenty-four in 1965 to sixteen in 1966 (out of more than 1,641 total).

In May of 1967, the Alabama State Advisory Committee of the United States Commission on Civil Rights held open hearings in Selma in which the ASCS figured prominently. Available for the committee's use was a commission staff study detailing the lack of representation of Negroes in either regular or seasonal jobs with the ASCS, as well as the desultory results of the ASCS election procedures. Included was the fact that in 1966, in counties with Negro population majorities, 68.1 per cent of eligible whites voted, while only 49.7 per cent of eligible Negroes did so.

Other interesting statistics were mentioned without comment: for instance, in the 1964 census, Negroes comprised 65 per cent of farm operators in Lowndes County, original home of the Black Panther Party. In the 1965 elections 58 per cent of the eligible voters were Negro. In the 1966 elections, suddenly, only 39 per cent of the eligible voters turned out to be Negro. No explanation is provided for the drop. There is comment in the staff report of "considerable variation in the size of communities which select committeemen"; while the average is 231 eligible voters per community, the range is from 78 to 1,011 eligible voters. The report points out the obvious: "many of such communities have heavy majorities of one race or another and have not altered their community boundaries in many years. Some boundaries have not been altered since established." The one-man-one-vote rule does not seem to have made any inroads into the ASCS elections procedures.

The 1967 elections in most of the Southern states have just taken place. The preliminary tabulation of the results by race has been completed, and it is clear that there has been no change in the pattern of the last five years, in either results or methods. Actually, the results are clearly worse now than they were in 1966. There are still no Negroes on any county committee in the South; on com-

munity committees, the total number of Negroes elected in the fourteen states fell from 113 to 100, and Negro alternates went from 545 to 451. Alabama went down just a little; in Mississippi 39 per cent fewer Negroes were elected in 1966 than in 1965, and in Texas, the percentage drop was 45 per cent. One appeal has already been filed, alleging that in Macon Co., Ala., employees of the county office deliberately solicited white votes, failed to contact eligible Negro voters, disqualified Negro ballots on technicalities not used with white ballots, etc. The procedures of the ASCS appear to get better on paper each year, but the results never seem to vary.

The legal and political ramifications of this situation are considerable and raise some interesting constitutional questions. The government takes the position that it is now conducting itself in a fair and impartial manner, implying that whatever private economic coercion is used, or whatever handicaps are imposed by lack of knowledge on the part of Negroes, are no concern of the government. But when the government provides that locally elected committees shall be the administrative agents of its programs, rather than itself retaining direct administrative control, it is not illogical to argue that it must then see that elections produce results consistent with the Constitution, as any other administrative procedure would be required to do.

One method of accomplishing this has been proposed by Donald Jelinek, who was chief counsel for the plaintiffs in the 1966 suit which won an extension of that year's election. He is now director of the Southern Rural Research Project which, in more than 2,000 on-the-spot interviews with Negro farmers in the Deep South, found that 80 to 90 per cent of them had no knowledge whatever of ASCS procedures for the selection of community or county committees. Jelinek suggests that separate positions on each community and county committee be allocated by color, the number to be based on the number of eligible voters of each color, and such positions to be filled only by voters of that color. The ASCS has to a certain extent moved in a parallel direction as far as nominations are concerned. In 1966, it required that county committees nominate minority group farmers as candidates for election in "proportion to the number of

farmers of minority groups that are in the county or community." This policy was subsequently changed to provide that in communities where 10 per cent or more of eligible voters are members of a minority group, the county committee must place a minority group member on the ballot, unless one has been nominated by petition. Whether the ASCS will extend this procedure to apply to elections as well as nominations is an open question: Jelinek's idea certainly raises administrative and legal as well as policy questions (it could be interpreted as another kind of segregation), but it shows to what extremes the accumulated frustrations of several years of constant effort in the South have forced those most familiar with the problem.

Are elections the proper instrument in this situation? We are not accustomed to asking this question, but here it is relevant. If the economic strength of whites, the sociological disadvantages of Negroes, and the complexities of the whole process are such as to preclude a racially fair result in elections at this time, perhaps direct administration from Washington is more consistent with democratic principles. The possibility that local democracy in the South will produce results consistent with national policy seems dim at this writing; but perhaps the answer is that local democracy, like Christianity, has never really been tried in Alabama yet. If in Alabama entrenched economic power protects entrenched political power, and political power in turn protects economic power, then perhaps the site of political power should be moved to Washington until the vicious circle is broken.

In 1965 the administration of the Farmers Home Administration, similarly run by the Department of Agriculture in Washington, specifically directed state FHA directors to appoint at least one Negro to FHA county committees in any county where 20 per cent or more of the farmers are Negroes. At least some progress can be guaranteed by this method; perhaps the best solution is one that combines election procedures which promote democratic Negro representation with controls from Washington that make sure that such representation does come about. One thing is clear: white power will control cotton allocations, and with it life-or-death economic power over black farmers, in the Deep South until the Department of Agriculture changes its policies radically.

PEACE POLITICS

CALCULUS FOR '68

ELDON KENWORTHY

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What is hard about Vietnam is that the issue is both moral and political. While compromise is the essence of the latter, especially when you see yourself as a small minority operating in a stable liberal democracy, it seems out of place in the former. The immorality of this war,

when one thinks about it for a while, hardly produces a mood for politicking. Somewhere politics and morals must meet, however, if only because we cannot act in more than one way at one point in time. What follows is an attempt to re-explore that boundary in the light of the options open to us in January, 1968.

Suppose we start with goals. If there is consensus on anything among those on the Left who identify with "the peace movement," it is on the urgency of ending the

war. And ending it in the right way: through decreasing, not increasing destruction. (This qualification is to be understood in all that follows.) A moral course of action, then, would seem to be any action that contributes to ending the war as quickly as possible.

Some actions, however, may be excluded out of hand as being inherently immoral. It is interesting that for all the analogies drawn with Hitler's Germany, and all the talk of revolution, such a class of actions still exists for most of the Left. We have what Dietrich Bonhoeffer called "the scruples of our class." But before bogging down in the ends-means question, we should ask whether any of the acts that pose this problem would, in fact, contribute to stopping the war. Only after the effectiveness of a strategy has been established need we inquire into its (to put it crudely) side effects: what it means for our moral consistency, what repercussions it will have on other goals we may seek.

But how do we judge an act's effectiveness? Obviously no one can know in advance what impact, if any, various actions of ours will have on the multiplicity of forces which govern the United States role in Vietnam. But neither do we act in a vacuum of total ignorance. In assessing strategies, we must estimate as best we can their probable impact on the real situation, including obviously the reactions they will elicit from groups more powerful than we.

Father Conner, on being reclassified I-A delinquent for having returned his draft card, was quoted as saying that at least future generations will know where he stood. That misses the point. It is not where we *stood* that will matter, but what we *did*. What we do will be judged in terms of the options actually open to us, and in terms of how effectively we exploited them in advancing moral goals; not in terms of *our* definition of the situation at the time or of the purity of our values. We know where someone stood who left Germany at the first tinge of fascism. We admire more those who stayed to put up effective opposition as long as possible.

It is necessary to spell this out since many sensitive, "moral" people choose strategies not for their political meaning—a meaning that only the national context can give them—but for their fidelity to private feeling, in this case by how accurately they mirror the anger and disgust felt for the war. This is expressive, not effective, politics. The contribution of expressive politics to ending the war is random: it may help or it may hinder, depending on how it "mixes" with the other political forces on the scene. What is immoral is precisely this failure to inquire into effects ahead of time. We engage in expressive politics when instead of asking ourselves, as the editor of the *Wisconsin Daily Cardinal* put it, "What is the problem? What can be done about it?" we ask ourselves, "What is the most radical thing to do?"

Expressive politics can be justified only when nothing is known about the situation in which we act—who the other actors are and how they will react—or when the cause is lost. If nothing we do matters, then a case can be made for recording for posterity where we stood. I cannot see how ending the war in Vietnam qualifies on either count, though if the only thing one will settle for

is the immediate withdrawal of the whole U.S. "presence" from that country, then the cause probably is lost. But is it moral to demand so much? Simply stopping the bombing and the shooting matters tremendously, when one considers the importance of life.

I am, of course, making another assumption: that remaking American society at home and/or eliminating all vestiges of imperialism from U.S. foreign policy are not the *only* ways to stop the war. To be precise, while they may be sufficient conditions, they are not necessary ones. Albert Hirschman, describing Latin American intellectuals, records their remarkable ability to spin linkages between problems where linkages need not exist. Sometimes this facilitates problem solving, sometimes not. (The linkage drawn between ghetto riots and War on



Punch: Ben Roth

"Had Any Luck?"

Poverty programs have had both effects.) In the case of Vietnam, far-flung linkages have been neither helpful nor accurate.

The ends-means problem also arises in another form when we realize that we are the means for the present policy. We may pay taxes, cooperate with the draft, and in countless other ways "support" the government. I doubt that the Left's tax contribution amounts to much—we probably take out in federal support to education more than we put in—or that its share of the military manpower pool is significant, but again there are things which, as a matter of personal conscience, one simply cannot do. Considerable confusion has arisen on this point because radicals try to capitalize on their *withdrawal* from Johnson's program by advertising it as the most effective strategy for *changing* that program. While on moral grounds one may have to dissociate himself from existing policies, this act may or may not be the most effective means of influencing policy. There is an important difference between an individual refusing the draft

(and his friends supporting him) and "the movement" deciding to make the draft the central issue in its strategy to end the war. The difference is that we engage in public activity, especially concerted activity, in order to affect things on the societal level. We do not need movements to be true to ourselves: for that purpose solitary action is usually better, since it demands fewer compromises.

Where does this leave us in January, 1968? First, the goal: to end the war as quickly as possible. While remaking the society or eliminating imperialism are worthy ends, they are for the time being secondary and must not be pursued to the detriment of the primary goal. Next, the situation in which, willy-nilly, we must operate. While too complex to analyze fully here, it seems to me that the essential aspects of the situation are to be found in answers to two simple questions:

- (1) Can the present Administration stop the war?
- (2) Can any conceivable administration stop the war?

Since we are unwilling to wait forever, the second question in effect becomes: Could an administration elected next November stop the war? Three assessments grow out of these questions: (a) Yes on one, in which case the second question becomes irrelevant; (b) no on one but yes on two, and (c) no on both. The strategy one selects should be linked to one of these assessments.

If one sees the situation as (c), then activity aimed at stopping the Vietnamese War is irrelevant. Presumably the only means by which it could be ended would be by revolution. Given the present affluence of this society and the degree of compliance which the national government elicits from the public, any revolution seems unlikely in the next half dozen years, and one way or another the war will be over by then. Least likely of all is a revolution led by white radicals over an issue of foreign policy.

There are two groups which see (a) as a description of reality sufficiently accurate to act upon: those who adopt the Reston scenario of Johnson, confronted with a Republican peace candidate, outflanking him with a dramatic move toward negotiations which cannot be reversed (although they might drag on as with Korea), and those who are now adopting a strategy of "confrontation" or "resistance." Since the former is closely bound up with possibility (b), I shall discuss it in that context a bit later.

Confrontation is the strategy urged by those who believe it possible to obstruct the war effort through acts of harassment and sabotage. Specifically, it means going beyond those acts which society grudgingly permits its vocal minorities (such as "peaceful demonstrations") to acts that previously have been taboo, even with the Left (such as violations of civil liberties and of property rights, Provo-style offenses to public mores, and the deliberate hounding of public officials). The objective, as outlined by Nathan Bossen, one of the planners of Stop the Draft Week, is to change the government's policy by raising "the cost of the war in terms of political harassment, social disruption and real money costs" (*The New York Times*, November 22). While we are not here concerned with the justification of means in any terms but effectiveness, some of the novelty of this strategy is re-

flected in Carl Davidson's statement that "when an institution is without legitimacy [in the eyes of SDS], it is without rights, it is without the right of free speech" (*Washington Post*, November 13).

This strategy, it seems to me, is premised on an enormous error of scale. One cannot transfer tactics which worked on some campuses and in some communities to the nation at large or even to Washington in particular. "Shutting down" the Pentagon by sitting-in is inconceivable. Whatever else our government may be, it is not a banana republic whose personnel and policies can be changed by deft strokes taken by small minorities on the outside.

Even at the point where the radical Left, by its age concentration, could most affect policy on Vietnam—the draft—it still seems improbable that we could alter Washington's mind against Washington's will. For every two men who are drafted, three at present enlist. The Administration preferred the system of generous student deferments as long as no one raised the issue of equity, which indicates how little the military need campus recruits. The rate of enlistment and re-enlistment among Negroes, the other group to which the radicals might appeal, is sadly high.

Furthermore, advocates of confrontation, like the hawks, fail to see that their opponents will escalate when they do, or if they see this they fail to anticipate how much more difficult it will make obstructive tactics. In his last press conference, Johnson linked this strategy to "storm trooper bullying." He would like nothing better, one supposes, than to link all serious protest to "crime in the streets." When that happens, it will be open season for communities that want to "crack down" on dissent.

We are left with (b), the assertion that while this Administration cannot extricate itself from Vietnam, its successor might; or, in the Reston version, that under pressure from such a likelihood, Johnson might change his policy. There is some evidence for this view in recent opinion polls and in the behavior of politicians. A majority of the public became disaffected with Johnson's handling of the war in early 1966, and this majority has since grown until it now includes three out of every four of those polled (Harris Poll, taken in late October). Glassboro gave the President a brief respite, but presumably only because it raised hopes of a settlement.

Within this substantial disaffected majority, as everyone knows, there are hawks as well as doves. There are probably a large number of others who are best categorized as "tireds" and isolationists. What is significant is that the hawks have held steady over the past half year, at about one-fifth of the public. The doves and the tireds, on the other hand, have risen from 24 per cent (last July) to 44 per cent (late October). Along with the "not sure"—which, significantly, is also increasing—they constitute a majority in the nation. By doves and tireds I mean those who passed up *both* a chance to reaffirm present policy and a chance to call for a total military solution, choosing instead the item that called for "getting out as quickly as possible."

The attitude of politicians is far less easy to discern, but there appear to be some parallel trends: the Gov-

ernors' Conference, which did not endorse Johnson's Vietnamese policy this time around; Democrats who did not seek Administration support in the last by-election; and the movement of leading Republican candidates from hawklike to sphinxlike positions. (This even includes Nixon, though not Reagan.) Sen. Eugene McCarthy probably would not have embarked on a course of challenging the President in the primaries if he felt a dove could only fall on his face.

For (b) to approach being a realistic description of the situation, two questions must be answered: When has an incumbent President who wanted a second term not gotten it? And, after 1964, how likely is it that a candidate pledged to end the war will actually do so? Perhaps 1964 should not be singled out, since both Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt similarly reversed themselves on campaign pledges to minimize U.S. involvement in foreign wars. Recent history suggests that Johnson will have little trouble getting the nomination and that only three events can stop him from being re-elected: his dying, the appearance of a strong third party, and the public's identifying the situation as a crisis and blaming him for it (cf., Hoover in 1932). As for the Reston reversal, it seems wholly unpredictable. It and the question as to how much one can trust campaign promises depend to largely on one's estimate of what the war is all about.

The United States entered this war more for ideological reasons than for any precise notion of geopolitical or economic interest. Unlike some on the Left, I do not find the first reason to have less explanatory power than the next two, nor is it less to be condemned. (If anything, it is more to be condemned, being further removed from accepted notions of national interest.) But when one compares the history of U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe with that toward Latin America, it appears that ideologically motivated policies, while pursued more single-mindedly at the time, may be easier to alter over time than economic or geopolitically rooted policies.

It is conceivable to me, therefore, that an American President could "redefine" the meaning of Vietnam in such a fashion that a peace pledge could be implemented. (Given the commitment of his prestige, however, I doubt that Johnson could do it.) This country is beginning to feel the war. Troop levels now match Korean War figures; the implications of the war for taxes and inflation can no longer be avoided. If Korea is any parallel, once a war is felt in this way, it may be difficult for a President to renege on a promise to extricate the country from a war begun by his predecessor.

Can we increase somewhat the small probability that Johnson will not be re-elected? Though small, I estimate the probability to be considerably greater than that of his changing policy or obstructing its implementation. We cannot control his health, and assassination—to canvass all logical possibilities—would rebound against us. Kennedy's assassination provoked a public demand that his policies be implemented, not changed. As for an effective third party, that too is out of our hands. Only if someone of Robert Kennedy's importance agreed to run would such a party do greater damage to Johnson than Wallace did to Truman. Without a potent candidate, the

"dump-Johnson" movements have nowhere to go. That leaves the third possibility: making the war seem a sufficient crisis in the public mind that the electorate will turn to a Republican replacement who offers some hope of peace. What can we contribute to this possibility?

Here the confrontation strategy has some appeal. It is certainly capable of generating an aura of crisis. If



Manchester Guardian

*"As a Republican I Object To Fighting Johnson's
Bloody Election Campaign in Vietnam"*

New Yorker cartoons are any indication, it pains the middle class to feel that the war has alienated them from their progeny. Massive draft-card burnings could convince the country that this is not war as usual. But we must be mindful of another facet of this strategy: the people must be willing to elect someone who promises something akin to our solution; we must create a sense of crisis but not alienate votes and opinions from the peaceful option. Here one must contend with the country's lack of experience with retreat—compared, say, with the Russians'. Americans continue to feel uneasy about withdrawal, even when their common sense increasingly tells them that Yankees can't hope to remake Asian societies. To put in bluntly, we have to make de-escalation and withdrawal respectable.

This is hard enough to do when "peace" wears bells, smokes pots and shouts such absurdities as "flower power." It will be worse if the President manages to link his critics to "crime in the streets" and fascism. The hippie influence the public has partially dismissed as college high jinks. They are wrong in that, of course, but what matters is how they see it, not how it is. I doubt that Provo-style tactics, if carried very far, will be as readily tolerated. We are a people who take violence seriously, especially when inflicted on innocent bystanders (again those *viewed* as innocent), and the village elders. This strategy, then, calls for a subtle balance: enough anger and sacrifice to arouse the nation's conscience, but great care to insure that the peace alternative is not seen as irresponsible and vindictive.

It is here that Eugene McCarthy comes in. If he and his supporters demonstrate that a dovish candidate can

attract votes, he will have served as a stalking-horse, not for Robert Kennedy but for Nixon and hundreds of Republican pros who are (to put it mildly) ideologically flexible and eager to win. To be successful in this, paradoxically, McCarthy may need to be less liberal than he would like to appear. If Americans have no tradition of retreat, they do have a tradition of isolationism. Johnson played on this in his 1964 speech about Asian boys and American boys, and it must now be used against him. This means talking less about Vietnamese lives and more about American lives, less about

all the beautiful things that could be done with the money wasted on the war, and more about taxes and inflation. We have given the South Vietnamese enough time (and enough equipment) to rally, if their hearts were really in it; having done that, it's time we came home. It would be, of course, exceedingly stupid of the Left to quarrel over the timing and labeling of American withdrawal.

I give such a strategy only a three-in-ten chance of success. Can anyone think of a course of action that has a higher probability?

THE NETTLES OF PRAGUE

JOHN DORNBERG

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Vienna

East Europe's wind of change came late to Czechoslovakia. Long after revolutions in Hungary and Poland had stirred a cultural ferment, Czechoslovakia seemed gray and dormant. However, when at last liberalization began blowing across Bohemia and Slovakia, it produced a cultural blossoming unparalleled in the Communist world.

Czechoslovak films became pace setters at international festivals. The novels of outspoken and talented writers clambered up bestseller ladders at home and abroad. Prague's *avant-garde* painters and sculptors were publicly admired, and the abundance of new plays prompted Kenneth Tynan to call Prague the "theatre capital of Europe."

So free was the spirit that several years ago Communist apparatchiks in neighboring East Germany complained bitterly about the "intellectual poison flowing from Prague." The nettle of world communism's dogmatists, Czech intellectuals were at the same time the envy of their contemporaries in other East European capitals.

Until last spring. Then a series of seemingly innocuous events touched off a conflict, sometimes overt, sometimes covert, between intellectuals and the regime which culminated recently in the censure and expulsion of several leading writers from the Czechoslovak Communist Party and the virtual suppression of *Literarni Noviny*, the popular weekly journal of the Czech Writers' Union. The trouble began in February when the Czechoslovak Ministry of Culture was reorganized into two separate departments. Dr. Jiri Hajek, the man generally credited with creating a more tolerant cultural climate, remained in charge of education, while Karel Hoffmann, a doctrinaire functionary who had headed the party Central Committee's ideological commission, was named Minister of Culture.

For Czechoslovak writers, playwrights, film makers and

theatre directors, the change portended a return to stricter ideological control. The party did little to dispel that notion when it appointed to Hoffmann's former post Frantisek Havlicek, also a narrow-minded dogmatist. During the following month, the Central Committee devoted two meetings in part to mobilization of "purist" ideological forces and to sharp attacks on several writers, film makers and the leading literary journals.

In May, a group of parliamentary deputies denounced two *avant-garde* films—Vera Chytilova's *The Daisies* [see *The Nation*, November 13] and Jan Nemec's *The Feast and the Invited Guests*—both of which had been denied public showings in Czechoslovakia. During the parliamentary debate, the films were lambasted as "junk and a waste of the public's money," while the two directors were accused of "trampling on the achievements of socialism." In June, when the Czechoslovak Writers' Union held its Fourth Congress in Prague, the feud broke into the open.

The three-day session was punctuated by angry exchanges between party functionaries and writers, most of whom are themselves active party members. Criticism of the leadership ranged from attacks upon the regime's pro-Arab stance in the Middle East war to plaintive condemnations of censorship. At one point there was a stand-up row between Jiri Hendrych, President of Czechoslovakia, and party leader Antonin Novotny's nominal heir apparent, and prominent writers who refused to be told by him what constituted "true socialism." The climax came in a speech by Ludvik Vaculik, 41, whose two novels, *A Busy House* and *The Axe*, deal critically with past blunders by the regime and the party. He bitterly denounced what he called variously "the power" or "ruling circles" for perverting the socialism they profess. Challenging opponents' right to call themselves Socialists, Vaculik accused the party and government of seeking only to perpetuate itself in power and denounced the regime for not having solved "a single social question within the past twenty years."

The outcome of the congress was a party-ordered reshuffle of the editorial board of *Literarni Noviny* and the removal of several names—notably Vaculik, novelist Jan Prochazka, and playwrights Pavel Kohout and Vaclav Havel—from the list of candidates for the Writers' Union

Central Committee. As a result, no election of new officers was held and the organization remains, to the present, nominally without leaders.

Several days after the congress, party leader Novotny himself accused the writers of propagating "coexistence with bourgeois ideology" and failing "to recognize the class struggle." That marked the start of a long hot intellectual summer. In July, authorities staged a show trial of a young writer and a sometime film producer, both accused of subversion because of their contacts with Pavel Tigrid, a Czech-American who edits a Paris-based Czechoslovak exile magazine. Several days after the trial, a Swiss journalist, the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung's* Andreas Kohlschuetter, reputed to have good connections with Czech intellectuals, was arrested at the Czech-Polish border, detained for twenty-nine hours and expelled from Czechoslovakia, after being deprived of several documents, among them a copy of Vaculik's speech.

Two weeks after that incident came the spectacular defection of leading Czechoslovak novelist Ladislav Mnacko, who went to Israel ostensibly to protest against his government's policies in the Middle East. Mnacko, whom the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has called "one of the most striking figures of the lost Socialist generation—a Red Hemingway," accused the Prague regime of stifling free discussion of the Middle East war, suggested that Israel's pre-emptive strike was what Czechoslovakia should have done to Germany in 1939, and charged that anti-Semitic currents and elements dating back to the trial and execution of Czech Communist Rudolf Slansky in 1952 were still rampant in Czechoslovakia.

The party responded promptly by stripping Mnacko, whose novels have reached unprecedented popularity in Czechoslovakia, of his party membership and citizenship. In truth, his departure was motivated less by scruples and pangs of conscience than by his anger over the regime's refusal to publish his latest novel, *The Taste of Power*, or by the party's dismay over his decision to sell exclusive rights to the book to the conservative publisher, Fritz Molden. Nevertheless, his flight gave the dispute between regime and intellectuals world-wide notice.

The focus was sharpened several weeks later when the *Sunday Times*, London, published a 1,000-word "manifesto" purportedly signed by 183 Czechoslovak writers, sixty-nine artists, twenty-one film and television people, fifty-six scientists and publicists and other intellectuals and "smuggled out of the country."

The document, copyrighted by FCI—Free Central European Information, a hysterically anti-Communist London-based exile group—accused the Czech regime of "conducting a witch hunt of a pronounced Fascist character" against "the entire Czechoslovak writers' community."

It appealed to the "public and writers of the entire free and democratic world" (notably Arthur Miller, John Steinbeck, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jacques Prévert, Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass, Peter Weiss, Alberto Moravia, Bertrand Russell and John Osborne) "to rescue the spiritual freedom and fundamental rights of every independent artist threatened by the terror of state powers."

The appeal was as rabid as it was contrived, com-

pletely out of character with the views of most Czech writers and with the thrust of intellectual opinion in Prague. The document was declared spurious not only by the Czechoslovak regime but by such diversified experts as the staff of Radio Free Europe, Communist playwright Pavel Kohout, the *Neue Zuercher's* Andreas Kohlschuetter, American diplomats in Prague and John Steinbeck. As one Czech writer remarked to me: "Ours is a small and tightly knit community. It is inconceivable that such a manifesto could have been circulated and signed by so many people without all of us knowing about it. I know of no one who does."

Nevertheless, writers, journalists and intellectuals in the West accepted the "manifesto" and took up the cudgels for Czech artistic freedom—to the dismay and embarrassment of the Novotny regime. Faced with mounting polemics from the writers and the reaction of dogmatists who had long warned that the intellectuals were going too far, the party was forced to take action. It moved at the Central Committee's plenary meeting late in September. Hendrych, who had been severely criticized by party conservatives for being too lenient toward the intellectuals, delivered a policy statement that showed the party's determination to retain ideological control.

"The Writers' Congress," he said, "mirrored many problems of ideology, education, culture and strong pressure from abroad." It signaled the danger inherent in a weakening of the party's leading role. Over the years, different political approaches to questions of art and cultural policy, especially in relation to Communist Party guidance, had begun to crystallize within the ranks of Communist writers. Non-Marxist tendencies had not been openly opposed. Disguised as experiments and aesthetic advances, works of art alien to socialism had begun to dominate.

And that, Hendrych assured the Central Committee, would never do. "An interpretation of political activity and Socialist commitment which aims at the promotion of alien political platforms is unacceptable. Equally unacceptable is the view that Socialist democracy can be replaced by liberalism and anarchy. Its boundaries are not the same as the boundaries of bourgeois democratic freedom. . . . The great and concentrated endeavor of our society is being stabbed in the back by the preaching of freedom, democracy and humanism stripped of their class and Socialist meanings."

For two days party functionaries marched to the platform to endorse that view. Then the Central Committee voted Jan Prochazka from its ranks as a candidate member, and expelled Vaculik, novelist and playwright Ivan Klima, and translator and critic A. J. Liehm from the party for "conduct incompatible with membership." Pavel Kohout and another writer, M. Kundera, were sharply rebuked.

Worst of all, the party deprived the influential Writers' Union of its chief platform, *Literarni Noviny*. This audacious journal, whose circulation of 130,000 had made it the leading cultural-political-economic weekly in Czechoslovakia, was placed under the management of the Ministry of Culture, and Karel Hoffmann immediately prom-

ised that he would find a staff for the paper capable of "applying party-minded, ideological and political criteria in criticism and journalism." All but five of *Literarni Noviny's* nineteen staff and editorial board members were fired, and those five resigned.

One week later, a pale simulation of *Literarni Noviny* appeared on Prague newsstands, and the new editor, Dr. Jan Zelenka, himself a stopgap, contributed an editorial promising ideological conformity. Its former readers were soon calling the paper "tales of Hoffmann."

A new editor in chief was installed also at *Kulturny Tvorba*, the party's own cultural weekly. And there are persistent but as yet unconfirmed rumors that the party will also divest the Writers' Union of its control over the Ceskoslovensky Spisovatel publishing house, which enjoys almost monopolistic rights to publish the works of contemporary Czech authors and, as such, provides the Writers' Union with a solid financial base.

Most writers foresaw the party's response. "I was not the least surprised," said Vaculik. Though many intellectuals tended to see the developments as putting an end to their world ("There is nothing more they can do, they have already done everything," said a dejected former *Literarni Noviny* staffer), others felt that the party had been surprisingly lenient. It was a view shared by objective Western diplomatic sources, one of whom said candidly: "I am flabbergasted by the time lag between the Writers' Congress and the Central Committee's response. Moreover, there was lots of rhetoric at the Central Committee meeting, but surprisingly little activity."

Even the writers most intimately involved admitted that things could have been worse. Said one of the expelled members: "I won't starve. I'll get severance pay for being dismissed from *Literarni Noviny*. I have a fellowship and savings to tide me over for a while and I am sure my next book will be published without any trouble."

This points to a surprising aspect of the dispute between party and intellectuals. Despite a good deal of gratuitous hostile comment, at almost no time during the past months has there been a real conflict over literary or artistic content. Indeed, during the very week of the expulsions and the suppression of *Literarni Noviny*, Prague was the scene of a cacophony of sounds billed officially as the first world festival of contemporary music in a Communist country. And at the Praha Cinema just off Wenceslaus Square, the two movies which had been banned for more than a year were being shown and advertised.

What annoys the party is not what the writers have said in their plays, novels and poems but what they put into their speeches and their political essays for *Literarni Noviny*. The issue is not artistic freedom as such but whether, and to what extent, intellectuals may thrust themselves onto the political stage.

Like Vaculik, many of the Czech intellectuals have begun to take a second look at their society and the communism to which they have pledged allegiance. They still assert adamantly, as did Pavel Kohout recently in an open letter to Günter Grass in West Germany's *Die Zeit*: "I am and remain a Communist." But they are

searching for new interpretations of their credo. Revelations about communism's past have made them doubt communism's present, and they have begun to question the party's tenet that the class struggle can still be made to serve as the ultimate rationale of policy.

Said Kohout: "The revelations of the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Party, and the concurrent recognition that revolutionary might had led to an abuse of power, delivered a psychic blow to Communist artists and intellectuals. . . . But their reaction is not a negation of communism. Our generation, a team generation, was too mature to stand before the shattered fragments of our past beliefs and just break apart. With but a few exceptions, that generation realized it had only one alternative: the continuation of the revolutionary process."

As in other Communist countries, that continuing revolutionary process has found expression in a complex of economic reforms which demand new principles of efficiency, profitability and expert management. In Czechoslovakia, where de-Stalinization came late and was never carried to its logical conclusions, this had created a chasm between the old dogmatists and the reformers, between the loyal party bureaucrats who climbed the ladder of obedience, and the new generation of technocrats who are jostling them out of their jobs. The conflict pervades every sphere of Czech society.

In the case of writers and intellectuals, the party attempted to meet the strain by imposing restrictions. The free-wheeling ways of the Vaculiks, Klimas, Kohouts and Prochazkas had triggered fear in the party's top echelons. "You have no idea," one Czech Communist told me, "how many of the conservatives and dogmatists have been saying to Hendrych and Novotny: 'We told you so.'"

Many apparatchiks, moreover, are saying the same thing about the Czechoslovak economic reforms, which are still not functioning properly. For Czechoslovakia, however, and particularly for its Communist regime, these reforms are indispensable; the freedom of intellectuals and writers takes second place. Under the circumstances, total party harmony—or at least an attempt to achieve it—won over the interests of the intellectuals.

Whether the harmony will be achieved in the foreseeable future is another matter. Since the last Central Committee meeting, Prague has been bustling with rumors of significant changes, reflective of further disharmony, within the party's top echelons.

One prominent Prague journalist, himself a veteran Communist, put it to me thus:

"Probably the writers thought that progress was not fast enough. That is why so many of them went out of their way to provoke the leadership last June. But the fact that they went as far as they did is proof that we have come a long way from the days of Stalinism. We are at a crossroads. This is a very important moment for our country. It is wrong to say, as do many in the West, that Czechoslovakia is the most Stalinist country in the Communist world. Up to now things have been very free. But what of the future? For many in the party, the liberties the writers took was proof that liberalization had gone too far. They are now actively seeking different policies. If they succeed, what then. . . .?"

BOOKS & THE ARTS

When Did the Cold War Begin?

THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY. By Louis J. Halle. Harper & Row. 434 pp. \$6.95.

CONTAINMENT & REVOLUTION. Edited by David Horowitz. Beacon Press. 249 pp. \$5.95.

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming is the author of the two-volume work, *The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960* (Doubleday) and of *The United States and the League of Nations, 1918-1920*, *The United States and the World Court, 1920-1966* (both Russell & Russell) and *The United States and World Organization, 1920-1933* (AMS Press); all to be republished this year.

Containment and Revolution is a collection of seven excellent research essays on the cold war, edited by David Horowitz, a young writer who already has a remarkable publishing record. One essay by William A. Williams on "American Intervention in Russia: 1917-1920," establishes Woodrow Wilson's aversion to revolution and describes the long struggle between his desire to aid the anti-Bolsheviks and his conviction that the Russian peoples had a right to self-determination even by revolution—a basic principle that has never troubled our later leaders in dealing with Vietnam.

Other chapters, including one by Isaac Deutscher, discuss the origins and myths of the cold war, Senator Taft's critique of containment, and the myth and reality of counterinsurgency in Greece in the 1940s and again in Vietnam. This is a valuable and interesting addition to cold-war history.

The title of *The Cold War as History* is intriguing. The book jacket says that it is "neither a polemic nor a journalistic analysis"; it is written "from the standpoint of a vision of history." The author says it "represents the common distinction between current events and history." In the close-up view, accidents seem to predominate, but later "they come to seem inconsequential" and a pattern becomes apparent. The title "represents the aspiration to do for the Cold War what Thucydides did for the Peloponnesian War, which belonged to his own present and in which he took part."

There would seem to be a suggestion here that the fifteen books published since 1960, which have been critical of

our role in the cold war, belong to the current events category. Indeed, only one of these studies is referred to in Halle's book or in its bibliography, apparently on the theory that it is not necessary to take any account of them when one comes to write about the cold war "as history."

A jacket statement by George Kennan supports the view that a true historian of the cold war has arrived: "Louis Halle has done a very rare and difficult thing: which is to look at a recent period of history as though it were a hundred years in the past. He has given us, in this serene, detached and thoughtful treatise, a view of the cold war that will have a lasting effect on the treatment of the cold war in historical literature."

Halle's qualification to be our Thucydides of the cold war (that he took part in it) is important. He was in the State Department from 1941 to 1954, dealing with Inter-American affairs from 1946 to 1951 and a member of the Policy Planning Staff from 1952 to 1954. He was a close friend of Kennan, who was at the center of things. The book, then, views the cold war as it looked from the inside in Washington. Even so, Halle achieves a high degree of objectivity.

He explains, all the way through, that Stalin was a Russian first, and that any ambition in Moscow to spread communism everywhere was, "at best, secondary." For 900 years fear had been the driving force in Russia. Halle stresses the ever-recurring invasions from all sides of the great Russian plain throughout this long period, and Russian expansionism is explained as a reaction—as a "defensive expansion."

It is made clear that Stalin did not want Communist regimes anywhere that he could not control, that he worked against them in China, Yugoslavia, Albania and Greece. He wanted only defensible frontiers and would probably have preferred more Finlands in East Europe, if the dynamics of his occupations had not enforced firm control. "It is not clear that Stalin wanted to extend the area of his dominion as far West as possible."

Yet after the war "various historical circumstances put Russia in the role of the challenger, superficially, at least, in the role of the aggressor." They had "little choice but to move as they did," but then "they compelled the United

States and its allies to move in response"—back into the European vacuum. It was "a situation of irreducible dilemma."

The book is founded, diffidently but firmly, on the balance of power—the inescapable law of life, inside nations and among them—(though it is fifty-four years after Sarajevo, and one more breakdown could mean the end of great nations and small). Roosevelt is censured for never "going beyond" the concept of international organization, when it is apparently meant that he should have gone behind it. It was "not conceivable" that Moscow would have cooperated with us in the organization of a postwar world.

The great effort of Roosevelt and Hull to organize a new league of nations which would keep the peace in cooperation with the Soviet Union having been rejected under Truman, and quickly reversed, Halle naturally attaches great importance to the number of troops under arms after the war. In contrast to "the catastrophic dismantling of our armed forces," he says, Russia "did not demobilize after the War" but kept in the armed forces 5 million to 6 million men, "battle hardened," and never went below that in the postwar period.

But in Horowitz's collection, Deutscher says that before the Truman Doctrine in 1947, "the Russians had demobilized their armies so rapidly that they reduced them from 11,500,000 men at the end of the war to less than 3,000,000. Only after the formation of NATO did they start remobilizing, but they had such difficulties with their manpower that in the course of another three or four years they called to arms not more than another two million men."

Beyond Deutscher's reputation for accuracy, all reason is on his side. As President Kennedy said: "No nation in the history of battle ever suffered more than the Soviet Union in the second world war"—20 million dead, and devastation "equivalent to the destruction of this country East of Chicago." Such a ruined country, with limitless need for its decimated manpower at home, could not have remained armed to the teeth ready to march to the Channel. And Halle himself makes it clear that Moscow didn't tighten its control over East Europe, nullifying the coalition governments, until after the Truman Doctrine.

The volume's 900-year view of Rus-

sia's agonies from invasion is useful as background, but it fails to emphasize several things in recent history that made the Russian occupation of East Europe after the war "inevitable." In the terrible devastation and slaughter which Russia had suffered because of World War I, the Western interventions from 1918 to 1921, and World War II—*three times since 1913*—there was compulsion enough to drive the Soviets to close the invasion gates through East Europe in 1945.

The millennial explanation of Russia's control of East and Central Europe after 1945 also fails to ascribe due weight to these decisive factors:

(1) *That by turning its back on the League of Nations after World War I the United States removed the great makeweight that was necessary to keep the peace.* Left to lead the League, London and Paris, partly from weakness, chose to reject the cooperation of Russia and to appease the Fascist dictatorships. This long and dismal story is not in Halle's book.

(2) *That the British and French Governments did turn Central and East Europe over to Hitler at Munich, opening wide his way into the Soviet Union.* In several places the book shows a clear understanding of the failure of the Munich sellout. It says that Russia's military security was at stake and that the Nazi-Soviet Pact naturally followed. Yet Munich is not recognized as the great decisive turning point whose consequences could never be retrieved or evaded. Beyond the weakness with which Halle sympathizes, the Western elites did intend to let the Fascists and the Communists fight it out—to the destruction of the Reds, which was confidently expected. When Germany attacked Russia in mid-1941, the overwhelming weight of British and American military opinion predicted its destruction in from six weeks to three months.

(3) *That Britain and the United States did fight a peripheral war for two years, leaving the vast weight of the war on Russia.* This policy was forced by Britain. It is fairly characterized by John Baggeley (in *Containment and Revolution*) as a "policy of wait and see, of easy choices and leisurely exploitation." It resulted in the decision to take the long way around through North Africa and Italy, where there were few Germans, leaving the mighty German armies to grind back and forth across the face of the Soviet Union for two full years, until they were defeated.

(4) *That given the circumstances there was no way to conduct the war to checkmate Russia.* From his balance of power turret Halle strongly deplores the unconditional surrender policy announced by the Allies on January 24, 1943. He

wanted the war conducted in such a way that neither Germany nor Japan would be really conquered, thus leaving no vacuums for Russia to fill. But the desperately beset Russians did require absolute assurance that we were with them to the end, especially since we were so long in coming to their aid. They had to know that we would not play on both sides, as Truman wanted to on July 24, 1941, "and in that way let them kill as many as possible."

After the Russians had defeated the Germans, too, Churchill yearned to get up through the nonexistent "soft underbelly" of Europe into East Europe. But there was only one way by which a return sweep of the Russians could be forestalled, by a second-front thrust through Germany no later than early 1943—with enormous casualties accepted. But Churchill had prevented that and never wanted it. Nor did we. Up to the very end the West ardently desired the Russians to keep on hammering the Germans.

This was emphatically true at the Yalta Conference in January, 1945, when the Russians were already back in East Europe. In his references to this conference Halle's lack of acquaintance with the sources is evident. He twice repeats the Yalta myth that a mortally ill Roosevelt did not know what he was doing, stating: "it is plausible that the dying Roosevelt was hardly thinking at all, that he was simply improvising his positions on the issues as they arose."

Although FDR was undoubtedly failing rapidly, the authoritative accounts of Sherwood, Byrnes and Stettinius all clearly testify that FDR held up his end of the conference notably. Even the verbatim records showed it. He may have conceded a point or two at the end because he was tired, as were the others, but he participated "on fully equal terms day after day," and he headed the grand alliance toward victory in both Europe and Asia and a co-operative peace afterward.

(5) *That until July 16, 1945—the date of our first atomic test explosion—Washington urgently wanted Russia to do a major part of the land fighting against Japan.* This was a prime concern at Yalta and it was Truman's main reason for going to the Potsdam Conference. He records in his *Memoirs* that it was the thing "most urgent in my mind," a "matter which our military chiefs were most anxious to clinch."

Halle criticizes Roosevelt for conceding gains to Russia as recompense for this deeply desired major effort in the Far East; and there is no suggestion that our first two A-bombs were dropped on Japanese cities in all haste, August 6 and 9, 1945, to try to forestall Russia's entry into the war on August 8—at the cost of nearly 200,000 Japanese

lives, mostly civilians. He has not read *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, by Gar Alperovitz, or he chooses to ignore it. Instead of regretting the bad faith of our sudden attempt to end the war just as Russia's long and painful deployment to Manchuria had been completed, after years of urging by us, he speaks of the Red Army having "spilled out" beyond the borders of "the existing Russian empire" in the Far East.

(6) *That the Truman Doctrine was the declaration of the cold war which started its dynamos.* Halle's account of the making of the Truman Doctrine is fascinating. Truman was not competent to write a great message, so he had to depend on the bureaucracy, "operating by negotiation and compromise among its members, to provide him with a text." The result was a hodgepodge, "badly composed," lacking coherence, putting "last things first." Worst of all, "public relations specialists," who "could not possibly supply what was needed," were added and one of them threw in the sentence: "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities."

According to Halle, in this entirely accidental way the great Truman Doctrine was born, shaking the world by forbidding all popular revolutions thereafter, a creed to which we still cling today, at spiraling costs to ourselves. The offending sentence was "so negligently placed in the text, and so negligently composed, that it could go quite unnoticed."

Yet Mr. Truman wrote a completely different account in his *Memoirs*, saying that the first version was "not at all to my liking." Filled with background materials and statistics it sounded "like an investment prospectus." So he returned the draft "asking for emphasis on a declaration of general policy." That was done but the new version "seemed to me half-hearted. The key sentence, for instance, read 'I believe it should be the policy of the United States' . . . [so] I scratched out 'should' and wrote in 'must.' In several other places I did the same thing. I wanted no hedging in this speech. This was America's answer to the surge of expansion of Communist tyranny. It had to be clear and free of hesitation or double talk." He was emphatic also about every nation being "faced with a choice between alternative ways of life." He repeated this in his radio address to the nation, along with "the key sentence. . . . The line had to be sharply drawn."

Halle evidently believes that containment did succeed and that like all great world conflicts, beginning with the Napoleonic Wars, the cold war "ends with the

frustration of the challenge, with its containment or defeat in one way or another."

Did it? In *Containment and Revolution* Deutscher's verdict is that "In truth, throughout the Cold War the West has not been able to record any significant or lasting success anywhere." In the same collection, Henry W. Berger adds impressive evidence that there was never any Soviet challenge and that most of our high officials knew it.

As history, *The Cold War as History* has grave deficiencies. It is mystifying that a serious historian of the cold war should begin his work with the statement: "The circumstances out of which the Cold War arose are simple enough in outline . . . the Soviet Union had suddenly, *as if by sleight of hand* (italics added), effected the military conquest of the Eastern half of Europe." And it is perplexing to read near the end of the book that: "The initiative in the Cold War had, from the beginning, been with Moscow. Obsessed throughout its history with the fear of foreign encirclement, it had throughout its history been pushing against the encircling powers."

A nation which had been nearly done to death on its own soil three times since 1913 cannot be said to be "obsessed" by a proclaimed encirclement, backed up by a monopoly of atomic bombs.

Yet this is a valuable addition to the literature of the cold war. It recognizes the Truman Doctrine as an effort "to establish a *Pax Americana* all around the globe," in "an unlimited commitment"; it exposes the myth of the Red monolith and explains the folly of ex-

tending the cold war to Asia to defend "China against Chinese, Vietnam against Vietnamese, Asia against Asians." In Asia the author sees that the United States "encircled" and pressed Russia and China together, and "under its pressure the semblance of solidarity" between them was maintained "for almost a decade"; though he would not agree that our encircling pressures on Russia in Europe were even more self-defeating and wasteful.

No one has explained better the dynamism of action and reaction which propelled the American people to the point that until after 1950 they acted "unwisely, and brought the good name of the United States into a spreading disrepute that could only weaken its influence and its cause." Halle's account of the devastation which McCarthyism wrought in the State Department and the country is particularly valuable.

The narrative ends after the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. There are excellent chapters about the Eisenhower-Dulles years, with new glimpses of the efforts of the latter "to go to the brink" and to prevent the making of peace, in Europe and Asia.

The Cold War as History closes on a very ominous note, in consonance with the author's belief that our destinies must depend on balance of power manipulations: "In the new weapons, then, lay the hope of the world, no less than its peril, as it moved on into an unknown future." We are left sitting on our H-bombs, waiting for the third and final world war, in a time when nuclear weapons are due to be achieved soon by more and more governments.

Unmaking a Village

THE VILLAGE OF BEN SUC. By Jonathan Schell. Alfred A. Knopf. 132 pp. \$3.95.

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky teaches at Dartmouth College and New York University.

"To the villagers of Ben Suc the National Liberation Front was not a band of roving guerrillas but the full government of their village." Exactly—that is why, on the 8th of January, 1967, the village was depopulated and then erased by American forces. Americans finally are learning a lesson in Vietnam: a guerrilla movement ultimately succeeds not by terror or brainwashing but by *out-administering* the government. This means persuading villagers that guerrilla taxes are more just, and guerrilla social services more encom-

passing than those of the government. Once villagers know this and feel guerrilla military protection to be long lasting, the government faces two choices: admit the village is lost ("insecure") or wipe it off the face of the earth.

Jonathan Schell's remarkable and justifiably famous book, first published in *The New Yorker*, bleakly and with little comment details what took place at Ben Suc. It provoked outraged cries of "foul" in Vietnam and from some reviewers in America (notably *Time*); charges of unfairness, warping, and making a mountain out of a molehill filled the air. After all, critics pointed out, two very important NLF cadres were captured (Bernard Fall interviewed them for *The New Republic*); great tunnels and dugouts underlay the whole village; the place was being used to send NLF supplies up and down the

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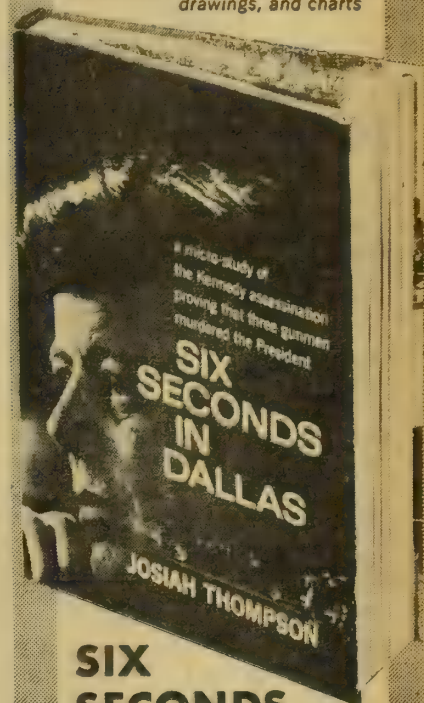
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Saigon River. Plainly what happened on January 8 was not undeserved.

The man who takes most of the credit for the operation assured me, however, that Schell's account is inaccurate. War is horrible, he conceded, and all refugee operations miserable. But this one was "the most humane in the history of the world." He told me, also, that Ben Suc had never been bombed before, was a dreadful village anyway, and had no schools. The villagers, he asserted, were better off in their new refugee camp, although they were still complaining.

How true is this? Schell tells us. The ARVN occupied Ben Suc from 1958 to 1964 (despite the fact that just before the operation the briefing officer announced, with Schell listening: "... it's been solid VC since the French pulled out in '56"). In 1965 the NLF took over and that year Americans bombed the center of the village. Thereafter, "Not only the destruction but the crashing of bombs and shells nearby and in the distance made life continuously nerve-racking, with everyone tensely ready to run to a bomb shelter at a moment's notice." Indeed, leaflets dropped on Ben Suc left no question: "Do you hear the planes? Do you hear the bombs? These are the sounds of DEATH: your DEATH."

Naturally there was a school in Ben Suc. Schell saw it. The villagers told me that because they were afraid of the bombing they kept their children at home.

As for the Ben Suc itself, we know from witnesses. Schell included, what a fine place it must have been, despite assurances that the villagers are much better off as refugees. Not only did a pacification officer describe it in glowing, nearly poetic terms but we have in Schell's book a native witness:

I play the guitar, and I liked to sing at night and drink with friends—to eat fish and drink until the sun came up. I am 31 now, and was married when I was 23. I have three children. I believe in Confucius and pray to Confucius to keep me from misfortune and to send me good luck, and for peace. On most days I would get up at 6 o'clock, eat, have a bath and then go out to the fields. At midday, I would come back, have another bath, and eat, and I would have a bath again when I stopped working at night.

There are significant elements in *The Village of Ben Suc* which students of Vietnam should note. First is the perpetual separation of Vietcong from "the people" (who are, however, termed "hostile civilians"). To admit that they might be one and the same would shatter the colossal lie of aggression which undergirds the American effort. Certain things follow. When a solitary cyclist is mowed

down by a couple of GIs they at once turn him into a "VC." But such men were also husbands and fathers and residents of Ben Suc.

A recent reviewer chided Schell for not sympathizing with the Americans' lack of control over the Vietnamese government which does many wicked things. This is a second vital element, and Schell disposes of it. The Americans went to great lengths to keep the operation a total secret from their "counterparts;" so secret, in fact, that no refugee camp could be set up in advance for fear of spilling the beans. As the briefing officer said: "I think this really ought to be quite fascinating. There's this new element of surprise. . . ."

A third element is that the Vietnamese, especially the enemy, are said to be personally very cruel, while we never employ torture. Schell describes Vietnamese officers torturing NLF suspects while an American watches. All the principals are in a small room, and the only concern shown is that Schell, as a reporter, ruins the atmosphere. An-

other American asks him to leave. "Only the fear of force gets results. It's the Asian mind. . . . Look—they're a thousand years behind us in this place, and we're trying to educate them up to our level."

Well, yes. We certainly are educating them. And how quickly they learn—the prostitutes, pimps, black marketeers, arrangers of elections, deserters and all the rest of our students. An American captain told Schell: "There are three categories. I can't think of the third just now, but I can say that there's no middle road in this war. Either you're with us or against us." How little time, how little time. To learn to choose sides, to kill or simply to save your own life. The Ben Suc villager who used to play the guitar told Schell in the refugee camp: "Here it is safe—there will be no bombs and artillery. The crops in my fields have all been destroyed by chemicals and my elder brother was killed by a bomb. Many people were killed when the center of the village was bombed last year. Here we are protected by the American troops."

Playing for People

THE FEDERAL THEATRE, 1935-1939. By Jane De Hart Mathews. Princeton University Press. 342 pp. \$8.50.

HAROLD CLURMAN

In America every generation seems to invent itself. Tradition is an empty word, history is a dead language, the past if not just quaint is not only obsolete but wicked. This may be farfetched. Still it is true that the greatest number among us are prime forgetters. This is what the sensible Gertrude Stein meant when she said, "Everything destroys itself in the twentieth century and nothing continues." Malraux must have written: "No man can build on the void, and a civilization that breaks with the styles at its disposal soon finds itself empty handed" for people like us.

Who now remembers the Federal Theatre of 1935-39? Jane De Hart Mathews does, and has written an objective but happily not entirely dispassionate book about it. For those too young to have known that remarkable phenomenon of the thirties, and for those so old they wish to forget it or are determined to recall it only in derision, Mrs. Mathews' book offers material for fruitful meditation.

The Federal Theatre was a project of the WPA (Works Progress Administration). The project was based on the proposition that the unemployed de-

served socially useful jobs. The aim of this venture was to preserve the talents of unemployed actors, directors, designers and stagehands, and to bring the results of their talents to an audience of Americans virtually untouched by commercial theatre.

It was, to begin with, a relief project, more concerned with remedying the devastating unemployment problem of the depression years than with art. But the woman appointed as director of the WPA, Hallie Flanagan, realized that the project could serve its social purpose not only by creating jobs for theatre folk but by converting it into a true theatre on a national scale.

"At its height," Mrs. Mathews tells us in her admirably documented book, "the Federal Theatre employed approximately thirteen thousand people in projects scattered over thirty-one states." Hallie Flanagan was no mere functionary: she knew theatre intimately and explored its finest manifestations everywhere. The project became a political football kicked around by various interests whose most destructive arm was represented by Congress. Hallie Flanagan's dream and accomplishment were shattered by reactionary politicians.

Here are a few of the project's accomplishments: By mid-season of 1937, *Fortune* magazine reported, the project had played to approximately 16 million

people and over the same period took in \$80,000 at an average admission price of 30c. The all-Negro *Macbeth* had played for 144 performances, was seen by 130,000 people, grossed \$40,000, and broke a nine-year attendance record. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* ran to crowded houses and was seen by a total of more than 40,000 people. The Children's Theatre piled up an attendance of more than 250,000 in its first eight months; the New York Marioulette Theatre reached 1.5 million in its first two years. John Houseman produced *Doctor Faustus* and Labiche's *Horse Eats Hat*, directed and acted by the then unknown Orson Welles. Virgil Thomson wrote music for the latter play; Abe Feder did the lighting.

The project developed a new theatre form, the *Living Newspaper*, of which the most memorable example was *One Third of A Nation*, designed by Howard Bay. Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, though momentarily suppressed, still reached the stage through the determination of Orson Welles and his associates, abetted by public support. Eight hundred plays (including Shaw and O'Neill cycles) in six different languages were presented in innumerable towns most of us had never heard of, for audiences that had never before seen a curtain go up. It is an exciting record.

Some will say that any government sponsorship of theatre must always end as an impediment to artistic freedom. This may have been true during the New Deal years: "Culture!" one Congressman screamed, "what the hell—let 'em have a pick and shovel," a

sentiment more discreetly echoed at the time by a *New York Times* editorial. Such sentiments may still hold for some citizens (didn't Harry Truman some years later declare most artists "bums"?), but it is hardly true in Sweden, France, Germany, and thus far in Britain. But this is not the issue at the moment; I am not one who seeks to "save the theatre" through propaganda for the establishment of a National Theatre.

What the Federal Theatre story indicates is that despite competition by all the mechanical media there is still a real appetite for "living" theatre in this country, which can be further whetted and developed if certain conditions are set up for the purpose—which Broadway won't and can't do. The first and essential step is to divorce the idea of theatre from the rule of entertainment for profit. Out of necessity our government in 1935 was obliged to undertake the task; the results proved that for all the opposition, hazards, pitfalls—amply illustrated in Mrs. Mathews' book—impressively creative work can be achieved.

The project also demonstrated that under truly committed, imaginative, knowledgeable leadership a rebirth of vital theatre in this country can be effected. The boards of too many of our "permanent" companies are artistic ignoramuses. If the lessons implied in Mrs. Mathews' book were followed we might in time develop a new impetus in our theatre instead of being exhilarated to the point of silly ejaculations every time a "good show" (*The Little Foxes*, for example) is produced.

Nation Book Marks

ALAN CHEUSE

Mr. Cheuse is a fellow in comparative literature at Rutgers University.

GAME IN HEAVEN WITH TUSSY MARX. By Piers Paul Read. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 160 pp. \$4.95.

Read's approach to the novel is as refreshing as his personal mark upon it is repulsive. The "game" here is a dialogue in the anteroom of heaven among Karl Marx's daughter, a duchess and a snotty young Englishman. Below on earth people are massing for revolution. To amuse his companions, the young Englishman improvises upon the events below, invents the history of Watkinson (a party member who sells out to the CIA) and of Hereward, a leader who sells out for love, moves on to debauchery, and returns shriven to head

a puritanical revolt. Tussy Marx worked for socialism but she died for love—poisoning herself when her lover turned from her. Love is the stronger drive, the genuine magnet, the young Englishman informs us by way of his narrative.

A second "game" here is with the form. The time of the discussion is indeterminate—good for Heaven—but the narrative is spaced and titled in such a way—"Five Years Later," "Ten Years Later"—that a sense of chronology is imposed on the revolutionary portions: occasionally a snippet of an unnamed Latin revolution turns up to give the sense that all this is arbitrarily invented, yet concerning more than the specific revolution below. Once there is even a reference by number to an earlier page of the book. Thus an extended jibe at left-wing sentiment becomes a *jeu d'es-*

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THE MODERNITY OF TRADITION Political Development in India By Lloyd I. Rudolph and Susanne Hoebler Rudolph

Few institutions seem to be less amenable to the establishment of the democratic process than India's caste system. Here is an account of how a very gradual transformation of traditional institutions has helped, rather than hindered, the transition of India's peasant society to representative democracy. The authors, who are on the faculty of the University of Chicago, have done much field work in India. \$8.75

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prit whose mechanism is more interesting than its snide contents.

THE VALE OF LAUGHTER. By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown & Co. 352 pp. \$5.95.

"Call me, Ishmael . . . call me anything you want, Ish, baby," is the cultural wisecrack that opens this long narrative of the life and death of an epic practical joker. There are dozens more, such as, "Is my craft ebbing?" The answer is no. De Vries has more skills than most lampoonists of the American

scene, particularly in his description of Joe Sandwich and his wife making love while plugged in to data-recording equipment. But beneath his slick surfaces the water is 2 inches deep.

Joe Sandwich was a stockbroker and liked his job. If he and his wife dressed in funny costumes to have sex it's all in the spirit of that great home remedy, laughter. Wally Hines, who narrates the last third of the book, is a pedantic expert on comedy; only after Joe has died because of his negligence, does he discover that the joker had cuckolded him. Ironical? Well, things work out so that he can use his passions in a practical, homey way. This is an adolescent book, written with the skill of an octogenarian, and it offers no redeeming social value whatsoever.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES. By Shirley Hazzard. Alfred A. Knopf. 179 pp. \$4.95.

Having worked at the United Nations for ten years, Miss Hazzard would appear now to be at the job of wrecking it. Mutual characters link these eight "Portraits from Organization Life," seven of which are set in an unnamed glass structure on the East River, one in the Mediterranean. From secretaries to section heads, those who are supposed to be aiding the people of the world are all in need of assistance to the arid and depressed areas of their own souls and underdeveloped hearts. A florid departure from the prepared text of the director's speech can cause more debate than world problems; a man's "permanent" contract is not renewed; mounds of paper orders yield a mouse of action. Miss Hazzard depicts the ennui of the modern bureaucrat with pity and her mastery over the commonplace of file cabinet and cafeteria does not diminish the effect of her rage at the rise of hollow men. The first chapter begins with a torrent of jargon and the last ends with a carefully composed buck-passing letter that any modern machine might be proud of. As Pandar said to Troilus while the young knight teetered on the brink of the inhumane, "Everybody does it."

CAUGHT IN THAT MUSIC. By Seymour Epstein. The Viking Press. 307 pp. \$5.95.

Against a background of New York in 1939—World's Fair, the breakup of the Federal Theatre Project, the ideological side show of the Communist Party and the drift into war—young Gould pursues a sensuous understanding of himself and his relationship to his family, friends and the world. Epstein plots the tale neatly, but in his effort to encompass the mediocre and the sublime, turns the action

on crucial metaphors. They work when he is dealing with things (a piece of pastry "as big as a fielder's glove"); but not with states of being ("She revealed the raw, ugly sores of her disappointments. . . . She would meet him with her latest rage hot in her eyes, and even though they were to make love, and she would lose herself temporarily in other fires . . . the first blaze was more enduring."). Like Gould playing handball, he shows "a generous gift of muscle" and some neat tricks on his serve; but he confuses athletics with aesthetics.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The great thing about Westerns is that they make life simple, and the audience knows immediately who to root for. Now the whole image has been blown sky high by the revelation that the name (Paladin), slogan ("Have Gun, Will Travel"), symbol (a chess knight) and calling card of one of television's good guys were borrowed without compensation from an automobile mechanic, who was incensed enough to sue for a share in some of the TV loot that the serial has earned.

The mechanic, Victor DeCosta of Johnston, R. I., used to dress in black and wear a fierce mustache, just as Richard Boone later did on TV. At rodeos, parades and other public events he passed out cards bearing his symbol and slogan, once again just about as Boone did later.

DeCosta brought suit, won a \$150,000 verdict from a Providence jury, and then had the decision struck down by the United States Court of Appeals, an action recently upheld when the Supreme

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FROM A NOVEMBER JOURNAL

In my flight jacket,
hole in my sole
and maple brimstone fallen,
I'll strike for Eden.
Hawk cast, black
elderberry, grow
light in light snow;
question mark
squirrel tail,
flow at half-mast
that rhinestone veil.
Predictable hand,
feel day's eye
daisy,
loving you not
though elegant
still
and frozen:
count ten
on your doomsday air
and run for eleven,
knocking acorns
over inclined earth
before trying heaven
—presto, Augustinel
'love with care,
and then what you will,
do.'
Brother, upon Eden
I'll set my shoe—
but first, curious
in frabjous light,
I run my hand
across the furious
land of my face—oh
and hurt my hand:
It is my own kid
face I run over.
November's
rough for flight
in a flight jacket
that partially hid
two lovers.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

Court declined to review the appeals finding.

If DeCosta failed, from lack of copy-right, to get some of the television-series money, he did win vindication. The appeals court rejected the testimony of the show's writers and producers that they had imagined the Paladin character out of thin air; details were too similar to DeCosta's characterization of a decade before the TV series began. The 59-year-old mechanic, the court said, "has had the satisfaction of proving the defendants pirates." The defendants in the suit included C.B.S., which telecast the show from 1957 to 1963, and C.B.S. Films (now C.B.S. Enterprises), which still syndicates the series.

Boone, we're happy to note, had no part in the piracy. He's still a good guy.

IN MEMORIAM

Irving Gitlin died the other week, a victim of leukemia. He was a producer of some fine documentaries for radio and television, but his importance and influence in the field of broadcasting extends far beyond the product of his keen and compassionate mind.

What I find most significant about Gitlin's career—he was only 49—is that, though apparently destined by education, inclination and temperament to a career in education, he turned to broadcasting and found in it work worthy of his talents. He did teach for a while but after four years with the Marines during World War II, joined C.B.S., where he won many honors before going on to N.B.C., then his own production company and more distinguished awards.

Many of his series or programs were mentioned in the obituaries—*Out of Darkness* (on mental illness), the N.B.C. White Papers, *The Nation's Nightmare* (on crime), and others. One of his real achievements was not.

In the 1950s, he took over a series called *The Search*, an investigation of man's quest for knowledge through research projects in the nation's universities, after most of the series' funds had

been exhausted by others in fruitless, fiction-form experimentation. Gitlin not only brought the series back to reality; he stretched the remaining money, wangled more, reoriented the programs and produced a series that both a general audience and the intellectual community found admirable.

He dealt in the actual accomplishments and aspirations of man, and by his sensitive handling and uncompromising standards of excellence he brought much honor to broadcasting as well as to himself. He gave his audiences much more than he ever got and showed the industry where its pride and honor might be found.

ART

MAURICE GROSSER

Mr. Grosser, artist and writer, is the author of The Critic's Eye (Bobbs-Merrill).

Taranto, Italy

Taranto lies on the instep of Italy just where the heel begins, an easygoing town quite out of character with that unbridled dance, the tarantella, which bears its name. The island and two adjacent points of land on which it is built shut off a bay from the Ionian Sea to form a natural harbor. It has no famous monuments and few tourists, good seafood, wine of three colors, white, red (which is really pink) and black, and a lively and well-dressed population whose early evening promenade produces a daily and expected traffic jam. It is one of the oldest towns of Italy, begun in 708 B.C., as a Spartan colony imposed on an earlier Greek or Mycenaean settlement. It was one of the richest of the city states of Magna Graecia, later a prosperous Roman City. Today it is the principal Italian military base.

Its museum was established late, in 1907, and occupies a compact and severe structure in the center of town, a disaffected Spanish convent dedicated to S. Pasque di Baylon. The collection it displays is principally of local origin—ceramics, terra cottas, sculpture and jewelry—coming for the most part from tombs that are brought to light each time a sewer is dug or a new building constructed. In fact, the showcases are named for the streets where the objects were found—Via Messaria, D'Aquina, Via Duca dei Abruzzi (where my car was being serviced). The tombs themselves, difficult to visit because in the cellars of private houses, have, most of them, murals like the Etruscan tombs farther north. The objects they have preserved make up the most complete col-

lection of Greek ceramics to be found outside the Archaeological Museum of Athens or possibly the British Museum, so rich a collection that there is room for only a small portion to be displayed.

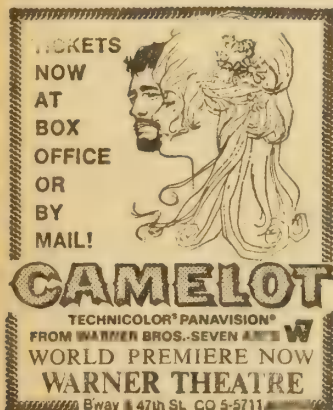
Vases such as these were never intended to serve as ordinary tableware, even in a palace. They were domestic treasures, precious possessions to be proudly displayed in cabinets. Many, in fact, are decorated only on the side which was to be seen. They were art objects, costly enough to serve as prizes in the great athletic contests and honorific enough to accompany the dead on their last journey.

Taranto, provincial and rich, from the beginning imported the best. Almost no vases of local origin are to be found in tombs earlier than the 3rd century B.C. The oldest of the vases, from the end of the 8th century B.C., are decorated with linear patterns in the Geometric style. Some of them might be mistaken for the work of American Indians; a few retain the older characteristic Mycenaean shapes.

Beginning with the 7th century B.C., on to the middle of the 6th, almost all the vases come from Corinth. The geometric motifs disappear, to be replaced by motifs derived from people and animals, and there is greater variety and fantasy in the shapes—small perfume bottles, for example, in the form of rabbits, goats, feet in sandals, bulls' heads with men's faces, etc. Along with this Corinthian ware, there are also imports from the Ionian Islands, from Rhodes and Chios, and a considerable collection of the rarest of all Grecian ware, pottery from Sparta.

Before Lycurgus took over, Sparta was a Greek city state like any other, and like many others made and exported its local art. Very little of the pottery has survived. It has been found only here in Taranto, in Cyrene in North Africa—another Spartan colony—and in Sparta itself. The clay of the vessels is pale gray and very fine, the pottery walls extremely thin. The shapes are sparse and sober. There are bowls decorated with fish and geese, a cup with Zeus and his eagle and, particularly beautiful, a two-handled cup with no decoration at all save a broad band of black and the natural elegance of its proportions.

Somewhere between 575 and 550 B.C. the Attic imports begin to appear and quickly they take over the market. The oldest of these are still, like the Corinthian, in the black figured style—that is the figures are in black silhouettes on the red or tan background of fired clay. But the Attic decorations are more lively with much finer detail—cups with tiny dancing satyrs, or banquets with the diners reclining on high couches, feeding from small tables placed below them, and watching the cavorting en-



AS I COME HOME

The players cry
"Reason" in Hamlet
 And it is a ghost.
 My own face
 Shuffles at the windowpane.
 Whatever I look through
 Is deception—clear as that
 Ghostly player crying
"Reason" when I hear *"Revenge."*
 And murder is loose
 On the broad highway,
 My family digging for
 Shelter as I come home,
 Saying,
 I give you this gift
 Of reason.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

tertainers. Three big jars, all from the same tomb, are marked with the symbol of Athens—Athene leaning on her staff beside a column on which is perched a rooster. These jars, according to the inscriptions on them and the scenes of sport depicted, were prizes awarded for wrestling in the quadrennial Athenian games. Since there are three, it is reasonable to suppose that the defunct to whom the jars belonged held the wrestling championship for twelve years.

The red figured style, where the background is painted black and the figures are left in the natural color of the clay, came in about 530 B.C. and henceforth was adopted as standard technique. Around 450, the white figured style appeared and lasted only till the end of the century. All the white figured vases have the same shape, a sort of cylindrical bottle with a foot called a *lekythos*, and the scenes depicted on them—Oedipus and the Sphinx, a group of mourning women, and so on—seem to indicate that they were made only for funerary purposes. The drawing is in black on a white ground. To judge from the character of the line, it was apparently executed with a Chinese-style conical brush held at right angles to the surface. Here is the high point of Greek vase painting. The drawing has an economy and a precision found only in the finest Chinese scrolls, and furnishes one of the few hints we have as to how classical Greek painting might have looked.

At this point in the collection, from one room to the next, the work on display loses all character and quality. The preceding vases are all imports from Greece itself. The pottery one comes to now is of local origin and quite inferior. Taranto has begun at length to manufacture its own. The end of the 4th century B.C. is the critical date. From

that point on the shapes are less interesting and the drawing hasty and florid. Signed pieces disappear, to be replaced by mass production. The same degeneration occurs in the vases made in Greece itself. Perhaps the Tarantine factories had forced the mainland workshops into mass production too. At any rate, the classical tradition of ceramics is now dead, and its epicene survivors, here and in Greece, are equally inferior.

Then, quite unexpectedly, a new, unclassical style appears, a revival as sudden and as radical as our own modern art, with vigorous new shapes and bright new colors. The first of such pieces shown at Taranto were found near Gnatia—molded black ware with raised patterns picked out with color. And next, even more striking and handsome, a set of 2nd-century polychromes found near Cannossa—tall vases in bright colors, pink, blue-green and white, enhanced by touches of gold, on a pale terra-cotta ground, and decorated with little figures both in the round and raised in bas-relief. The vases are of strange proportions, graced with a sort of folk-art elegance and completely without Attic influence. The style is perhaps of Alexandrian origin; examples have been found in that vicinity. At any rate it is clearly part of that renaissance in art called Hellenistic, which abandoned the classical forms to pursue a humane realism and a delineation of motion, a renaissance which is responsible for such marvelous still existing works as the little jockey in the Athens museum or, in the museum at Rabat, the bronze head of a youth said to represent King Juba II, son-in-law to Anthony and Cleopatra. This renaissance is particularly well represented in the Taranto museum's collection of terra cottas.

It is more than likely that most of the figurines we know as Tanagras are actually from Taranto. Its terra-cotta production was enormous. The museum possesses a complete collection, from the 7th century B.C. down to Imperial Rome—some 40,000 examples, and not only the objects themselves but even the molds from which they were cast. The earlier are all cult objects: ex-votos, figures of the gods, of Demeter, of Kore, of Dionysius and the two Dioscuri, heroes of Spartan origin held in much honor here; images of the dead, and replicas of fruit and vegetables to be used as offerings. The very earliest were individually made, but by the 6th century, mass production had begun. The figures were cast from molds but then, perhaps, retouched, for some are signed. Much of this early work is commonplace. A few pieces, like an archaic fragment of the thighs and torso of a warrior, are extremely beautiful. The really wonderful ones are later—Hellenistic—and made not as cult objects but as *objets d'art*—little figures in the

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Tanagra style, tiny ladies with their beautifully coifed small heads, moving in voluminous gowns which conceal of the body everything except its grace and carriage. Such dressmaking as this, and such depiction of speed and motion, are to be found nowhere else in classical antiquity.

To supplement this show of grace there is the most complete array of Greek and Roman jewelry I have seen—diadems composed of pointed pink sea shells, of oak and laurel leaves imitated in thin gold; one diadem with gold and enamel flowers poised on springs which shivered as the wearer moved; earrings with birds, with geese, with dolphins; silver and bronze mirrors whose backs bear scenes with figures in high relief; pins, brooches, pendants, rings and bracelets, more precious in their design than in their gold and stones. There are also some fine Roman mosaics and some sculpture—an Eros in the Praxiteles style, with cool transparent flesh; a sarcophagus from the

time of Hadrian—imported from an Athenian workshop: it is in Pentelic marble—deep cut with illustrations from the Trojan War. Venice has a similar one from the same workshop. Also a head of the young Augustus with those markedly outstanding ears which seem to have been a characteristic of the Julian clan.

There is also a display of treasures—hoards of coins found buried in the ground or plastered up in a wall, hidden away from relatives and thieves and then forgotten. These are mostly in the coins of Taranto and the nearby cities and are stamped with the Tarantine youth on a dolphin, the wheat head of Mesapontum, the bull of Sybaris, the tripod of Croton. There is a Byzantine treasure, an Arab treasure, and even a 19th-century treasure marked by the heads of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe. The most touching one was found in the tomb of a child—a rusted bronze piggy bank containing a treasure of tiny silver obols, none larger than the cross section of a pea.

LETTERS (Continued from page 34)

sit-in protesting university cooperation with Selective Service, earlier in 1966, he praised the students in the face of nearly unanimous faculty attack. Before and after, he had been active in left-wing campus activities. His scholarship, likewise, has not been characterized by deference. His work on American colonial history has attempted to reconstruct a distinctive "ideology of the inarticulate," in a department dominated by historians (such as colonial historian Daniel Boorstin) oriented to finding in America's past a history of ideological consensus. McNeil, however, has stated that the judgment against Lemisch was a scholarly one and (his remark notwithstanding) that Lemisch's politics were never "mentioned . . . during the deliberations." When questioned further he has stressed the "confidentiality" of these proceedings. Lemisch is at present on a one-year terminal appointment.

Is a political firing alien to the present spirit of the University of Chicago? Three months after the sit-in, Soja Mentschikoff, senior professor of law, stated: "I consider any member of the faculty . . . who urged students to participate in the sit-in in the Administration Building as lacking judgment . . . In connection with any appointment, this evidence of lack of judgment would be a factor that I personally would weigh." . . .

At about the same time, Daniel Boorstin wrote in a nationally syndicated column that "reputable institutions" had been over-tolerant of dissenting professors. Perhaps most revealing of the Chicago faculty's attitude to dissidence, discussions with Staughton Lynd concerning a one-year appointment at Chicago were discontinued in the summer of 1967, after he made a public statement in support of Lemisch—which some of Lynd's prospective employers called evidence of "bad judgment." . . .

The same attitude toward dissidence extends to students, both present and prospective. A second, nonobstructive sit-in in 1967 led to the suspension of fifty-eight students. Earlier, an applicant to the university who mentioned activist inclinations, and said that his father had been fired for political reasons during the McCarthy period, was re-

jected after then Admissions Director Charles O'Connell wrote in his file, "We have enough kids here who cause trouble," and, "You can see what kind of a family he comes from." . . . O'Connell is now Dean of Students.

Accusations of political repression at the University of Chicago tend to be discounted because of Chicago's reputation as a libertarian institution. Yet the list is growing of Chicago dissidents who have been quietly smashed by their colleagues or the administration. To them—if not to the professors who bask in the conflict-free atmosphere maintained by these very acts of repression—it is increasingly apparent that Chicago's libertarian reputation is no longer deserved.

Christopher Z. Hobson

demise of the parties

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: There isn't much that an ordinary citizen can do for his country other than try to be a good citizen, and, on occasion, congratulate those whose power to influence public opinion is great, and who use it to strike at the sappers who undermine our traditional democratic institutions.

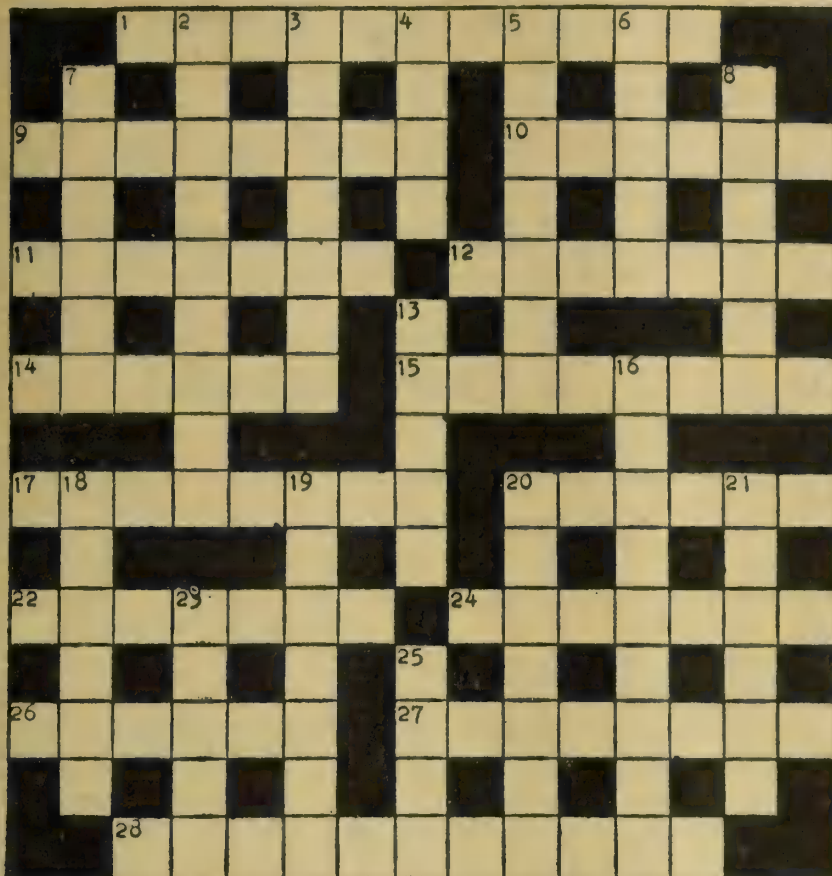
Your publication, Dec. 11, of the article by Democratic Cong. George E. Brown, Jr., of the 29th California district, "I Am Tired of Your Gimmicks," is worthy of such congratulation, as is your editorial, "John Wayne's Green Beret" and its exposure as fake and fraud by *Variety*. . . .

It is encouraging to note that Mr. Brown detects "some faint sign that the American two-party system may . . . present to the electorate a reasoned choice of policies in next year's election." I believe there is a rapidly mounting public conviction that, unless the major parties do re-establish adherence to principles of political morality by which they may be distinguished and disciplined, we shall witness the demise of our long experiment of government by representatives of parties which once were meaningful political commitments, alike to the elected and the electorate. . . .

Charles H. Meacham

Crossword Puzzle No. 1231

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 12 across Ebb and flow, but not like Washington's sometime follower. (11,7)
- 9 Was Falstaff so constrained in his role? (8)
- 10 Concerning the meat display? (6)
- 11 Came across fragments of minerals in the sky. (7)
- 12 See 1 across
- 14 See 23 down
- 15 The first could be the last, but one could help another. (8)
- 17 Drop screen. (8)
- 20 Paper resembling the outside of 10, un-noted. (6)
- 22 Works hard at making music? (7)
- 24 See 3 down
- 26 What happened to things last month? (6)
- 27 See 6 down
- 28 This first with the checker match results, or not allowed to participate! (11)

DOWN:

- 2 One has to keep the speaker in sight, but another type would never pass the speed course. (3, 6)
- 3 and 24 across Made by one who failed to lock the proverbial barn door? (5,2,7)
- 4 Acts agreeable, but isn't very alert. (4)
- 5 Pirate stronghold, more than one being dry. (7)

6 and 27 across How some daily papers come out for the play? (5, 2, 6)

- 7 A New York ball player is in the wrong age bracket, but might still show life. (6)
- 8 Fish to catch, somewhat like rock. (6)
- 16 The character of the mail needs to be sorted. (9)
- 18 The trouble with one who weaves? (6)
- 19 Goes along with the lover and the poet—of imagination all compact, according to Shakespeare. (7)
- 20 This sort of slave is needed to carry your belongings. (7)
- 21 Sounds antithetical to wind? False! (6)
- 23, 14 across and 13 down Not what vaporizers are intended to give, though it might be needed for a start. (1,4,4,2,5)
- 25 Game for plungers? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1230

ACROSS: 1 Fudge; 4 Babylonia; 10 Almanac; 11 and 12 Time table; 13 Rest; 16 Allowed; 17 Extends; 19 Enchant; 22 Drifter; 24 and 26 Plumbing; 29 Impious; 30 Troikas; 31 and 25 Tierra del Fuego; 32 Larva. DOWN: 1 First rate; 2 and 24 down Decimal point; 3 Edam; 4 and 28 Body and soul; 5 Braille; 6 Lump; 7 Nankeen; 8 Ascot; 14 Tweak; 15 Strip; 18 Saragossa; 20 Crumple; 21 Trussed; 22 Digital; 23 Thicker; 27 and 9 Poor Richard.

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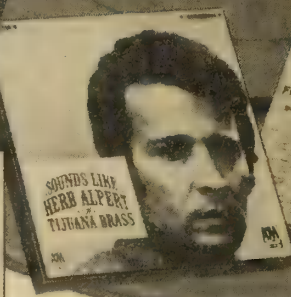


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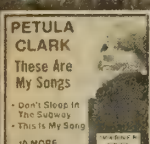
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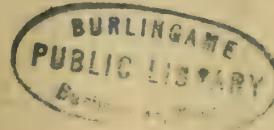
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LETTERS

Draft resisters

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRs: Readers of "After the Mobilization: The Goals of Dissent" by Lawrence Grauman, Jr. (*The Nation*, Dec. 11) may be interested to know that growing numbers within the intellectual and academic communities are publicly declaring their support for draft resisters, as did the 300 persons involved in the Conscientious Resistance action at the Justice Department on Oct. 20.

Over 1,500 persons have joined Robert McAfee Brown, Alexander Calder, William Sloane Coffin, Noam Chomsky, Paul Goodman, Arthur Miller, Ashley Montagu, Philip Roth and many other distinguished figures in signing "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" which urges "open resistance to the war and the draft." RESIST, the group formed around the statement, has undertaken the job of developing a network of local adult groups which will encourage and support draft resistance throughout the nation. We are already in contact with fifty groups.

Our other immediate major objective is launching a resistance defense fund to defend those resisters who are being picked off by government in what Prof. Franz Schurmann of the University of California at Berkeley describes as "a national policy of creeping and selective repression." Besides dozens of draft-age resisters whose induction is being accelerated, several over-30 academics have been reclassified 1-A after having returned their draft cards. An evening with Norman Mailer, Robert Lowell, Noam Chomsky, Tom Hayden and others is scheduled at Town Hall in New York on Jan. 14 to raise money for support of draft resistance.

Anyone wishing information on adult support groups for draft resistance in their area should write to Room 4, 763 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., 02139.

Paul Lauter, National Director, RESIST

grateful Hungarian

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIRs: As one of the former editors of the *Hungarian Literary Review* mentioned by name in Robert Major's letter [*The Nation*, Nov. 27] . . . I feel it is necessary to correct some of the more misleading statements of this letter. Mr. Major "must report" that the editors of the *Literary Review* "have been aware" of the presence of the CIA in that institution "for ten years"; that they were subjected to a complete Congress for Cultural Freedom dictatorship in the person of the then chief executive, Michael Josselson; that they had to "obey" his "commands" and that—*horribile dictu!*—"Mr. Josselson was never content with the intensity of cold-war spirit the *Literary Review* displayed and threatened it with the withdrawal of funds if its anti-Communist propaganda did not become louder." Apart from hearsay, Mr. Major's main evidence is based on one particular issue of a Hungarian monthly, *Látóhatár*, (*Horizon*) published in Munich in 1961. Regretfully however, Mr. Major fails to mention that the editors—and sole contributors, two in number—of the said issue of *Látóhatár* had returned to Hungary soon after the publication of their pamphlet and, having thus "unmasked," in the best possible *Agitprop* tradition, their former friends and foes became—and still are—the loyal propagandists of the official party line.

The truth is that wherever the funds came from or whatever disagreements we had among ourselves or with Mr. Josselson, the editorial policy was neither influenced nor dictated, let alone commanded, by anyone but our conscience. The truth is that we edited and published an

(Continued on page 84)

EDITORIALS

The Second Centennial

That the American Republic is young is one of those half-truths that becomes incontrovertible by repetition. Actually, ours is not only the most powerful of republics but probably the oldest in continuity of tenure. Yet in terms of the European history which is also part of our history, ours is not an old country. In 1976 it will be celebrating only its second centennial. The event is close to our present year of troubles. This is an election year; four years later, another Presidential, and then the second centennial.

One thing is certain: it will be far different from the first. Henry Adams looked at the primitive dynamo-electric machinery of the period (it would be another five years before Thomas A. Edison began generating commercial power in New York City) and speculated on the third law of thermodynamics, which deals with the increasing unavailability of heat energy (but the secrets of the atom were still unknown). The medieval period was held together by faith in the Virgin, Adams thought; he was less sure about what had held the American Republic together for a century and enabled it to survive a devastating war. Yet the spirit of the age was on the whole optimistic. Even the terrible financial panic of 1873 had not inflicted a lasting trauma.

We cannot say as much for ourselves. As one year ends and another begins, a publicly hopeful spirit is an obligation that custom has imposed on commentators, whatever hangups and hangovers they may endure in private. But 1967 was an exception, the only one that most of us can remember. Those who not only harbored, but expressed, grave doubts were not professional pessimists. *The Nation's* "Sense of Crisis" editorial of November 13, 1967, was a reflection of a growing apprehension not about this or that surmountable threat but about our ability as a people to cope with the harsh realities of the age, to admit and correct errors, to escape the *hubris* that had brought ruin on nations less fortunate, or less wise, than ours. *The Wall Street Journal's* November 8 report on "Capital Malaise," about which we commented on December 4 ("Scavengers of the Press"), made painful reading because it expressed truths which were in themselves painful.

And what now? This, with a Washington January 1, 1968, dateline: "We are in deep trouble as a people. And history is not going to deal kindly with a rich nation that will not tax itself to cure its miseries." That was John W. Gardner speaking, a Republican, though Lyndon B. Johnson's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Marjorie Hunter, the *New York Times* reporter who wrote the story, commented on the contrast between the annual flow of glowing reports on the state of the nation as the year wanes, and the frustration of probably most, if not all, of the members of the Cabinet over the budget squeeze at a time of severe domestic ills—the incredibly rapid decay of the cities, urban riots and the threat of more to come, the rising crime rate, surface traffic congestion mounting faster than roads can be built,

dangerous traffic congestion around the major airports, water and air pollution, the shortage of doctors and nurses, spiraling medical costs and the obsolescence of a large part of the nation's hospital facilities, and all the other symptoms of a society that is sick, knows it is sick, and can think of nothing but crowding as much pleasure into individual and family living as can be bought for cash or credit. Whatever may betide, we should honor Gardner for sparing us the platitudes and speaking his mind without looking over his shoulder at the President or anyone else who might find his observations unpleasant.

Even the humorists have stopped laughing—at least those who always had something serious to say while they were being funny—people like Dick Gregory, that is, rather than Bob Hope. E. B. White is one of these borderline commentators whom it is perilous for a nation to take lightly, and in the next to the last 1967 issue of *The New York Times* he let us have it. "What happened?" he asked. "What went sour? What did I do wrong? Who's to blame?" "I am," White concluded. "I am to blame." In a sense that is true; none of us is free from guilt, either as individuals or in our connections with institutions. But an indictment so broad becomes inactionable. Surely the young man who goes to jail in protest against the Vietnamese War is not as blameworthy as the President of the United States who gratuitously pushed us deep into that abominable conflict. Some distinctions are in order.

"I believe," says Mr. White, "our principles are sound and good." Fine: but if we give only lip service to those good principles, how can we expect to be saved? If we are obstinate hypocrites, *should* we be saved? Economic self-interest, with every man for himself, was not such a bad idea in 1776; America was a big open country with a wide-open frontier. But this is our day, not Thomas Jefferson's. If, then, we value the Republic, we must change with the times. We must take a more critical look at the technology that we now revere perhaps more than is good either for it or for us, since the bulk of it is devoted to weaponry and its product advances are in the realm of mass murder. If we can make this effort, our second centennial may still be something to be proud of. If we cannot, there may be no second centennial.

What We Do Not Need

No doubt suffering from year's-end fatigue, the generally perceptive James Reston offers a suggestion which should be promptly and firmly rejected. In essence he proposes, since the parties and candidates have let us down, that a government of national union be formed. This is precisely what the country does *not* need.

Since the end of World War II we have had a form of coalition government — in the sense, that is, of a strongly supported "bipartisan" foreign policy. This bipartisan concept is largely responsible for the fact that we now find it so difficult to reverse or modify a policy which has had strong support from both sides of the Congress for twenty years (see article p. 71). But we have had a form of coalition government in a more specific sense since 1960. President Kennedy named two Republicans to key Cabi-

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THE NATION

Volume 206

No. 3

net posts: Douglas Dillon to the Treasury, Robert S. McNamara to Defense. President Johnson has two Republicans in the Cabinet: McNamara and John W. Gardner. Under Kennedy, and even more under Johnson, Sen. Everett Dirksen, nominally the Republican leader in the Senate, has served as an ardent Administration spokesman on critical foreign policy issues. In general, Johnson has relied heavily on Republican support for his policies in Vietnam; he has enjoyed the endorsements of such GOP leaders as General Eisenhower, Richard M. Nixon, and, until recently at least, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

When President Roosevelt formed what was in effect a coalition government by adding Stimson and Knox to the Cabinet, it was for an excellent reason: to fight and win a world war that was clearly in the offing. The need now is not to fight and win a world war but to avoid one. What is needed now is not consensus but conflict; a clash of opinion, live options. Sen. Eugene McCarthy has said that he hopes to end what he calls the electorate's "joyless spirit—a mood of frustration . . . the sense of political helplessness." Ending that frustration is the commanding national political priority.

Mr. Reston has said as much himself in his column of December 10 entitled "The Fatalism of American Politics," in which he inveighed against a system that may offer the voters a "choice" between President Johnson and Richard M. Nixon. The people have not "abdicated," as Arthur Miller suggested recently; they have simply not had a choice. The major interest groups, like the voters generally, are frustrated because their leadership, as in the case of AFL-CIO, is heavily committed to the President. But we now know, thanks to Dr. George Gallup (January 2) that 43 per cent of labor's membership regards the Vietnamese War as an error. Much the same state of affairs prevails in other mass organizations. "Total consensus," as August Heckscher pointed out in a recent article in *The American Scholar*, "and total war constitute, in the last analysis, an ugly and inseparable pair." The nearer we have come to total consensus among the leadership elements, the nearer we have come to total war. The remedy is to end what Emmet John Hughes has called "the great disfranchisement" (*Newsweek*, January 8). A Presidential encounter among Johnson, Nixon and Wallace, though a national political disaster, would reflect in a way a "national union" or consensus approach on the one key issue, the war. But that trio of candidates would not produce unity; it would sow the seeds of profound disunity and dissension. "The most obvious way to make democracy work," as Mr. Heckscher sensibly concludes, "... would be to get the question of Vietnam openly and fairly into the political campaign, so that the voters might have a choice of policy."

The Year of Japan's Emergence

After twenty years of skillfully avoiding the spotlight in Asian and world affairs, without making a single false move, Japan is now beginning to emerge from the wings. During the period of economic recovery after World War II, Japan adopted a cautious and tactful approach in its foreign policy. But now that the booming Japanese

economy is making headlines all over the world, its diplomacy is gathering momentum. "There can be no doubt today of the potential Japanese presence," writes Jon Halliday in *New Left Review* (July-August, 1967). "From Calcutta to Sakhalin and down to Tasmania, Japan is on the scene—in economic matters already very much an independent agent. The logic of this must produce its political effect." And, indeed, this effect is now being registered.

The rapid economic recovery of Japan is, like that of West Germany, one of those "miracles" that, on close scrutiny, is less miraculous than it has been made out to be. First of all, the Korean War was an economic windfall; Japan is thought to have made more than \$2 billion out of this U.S. "police action." By 1951, Japan's industrial output was already more than equal to what it had been twenty years before; like West Germany, it has benefited from "the generosity of victors."

Then the war in Vietnam came along just in time to add real zip to the Japanese economy which had begun to lag a bit. Directly or indirectly, Japan earned \$1 billion from the war in 1967. Buoyed up by this increased business, Japan's annual growth rate soared to 7.5 per cent in 1966. But the war in Vietnam has also given an enormous impetus to the South Korean economy and in the two years since diplomatic relations were restored between Japan and South Korea, Japan has practically replaced the United States as the No. 1 outside power in the South Korean economy. And all this time Japan has, of course, been keeping defense costs at a minimum while enjoying the protection of the American "nuclear umbrella." For example, whereas defense costs have been about 6.5 per cent of GNP in Great Britain, they have, until recently, been only about 1.27 per cent in Japan. Today Japan is about to become the third industrial power in the world. It is the only capitalist country in which the United States does not dominate either the oil, steel, automobile or electronic industries. It has a thoroughly rationalized economic system in which state initiative has given the bureaucracy a powerful role in the government; state control over both the accumulation and investment of capital has generated a financial tradition and a banking system quite different from anything in the West. The visionary Herman Kahn has suggested that around the turn of the century Japan will pass the United States in GNP per capita.

From the outset Japan has been a key factor in this country's "strategic thinking," although it is seldom mentioned in the public debate. In a recent interview, General Eisenhower referred briefly to the significance of Japan in relation to Vietnam and then added, as an aside, "probably the less said about that right now the better." Were we to be explicit about the extent to which Japan figures in our strategic thinking on Vietnam, it might inflame Japanese opinion and create a general uneasiness throughout Southeast Asia. For Washington has thought of Japan not merely as a "partner" in Asia but as a potential stand-in or military surrogate for us once the war is over. "No concern of the United States in the Pacific," to quote from the recent statement by fourteen scholars on the war (*The New York Times*, December 20), "is more vital than that Japan's emerging initiative in

foreign policy should be exercised in such a way as to utilize her enormous potentials in support of world peace and prosperity." In a sense, we have been fighting in Vietnam until Japan was in a position, and of a mind, to take over some of our "responsibilities" in the Pacific. In the meantime, so the argument has run, South Vietnam must not be permitted to fall into "unfriendly hands," since if this were to happen, Japan might be denied access to the markets and raw materials of Southeast Asia and the sea lanes to Japan might be endangered. In effect, what we have done is to underwrite Japan's position in the "co-prosperity sphere" for which it fought World War II.

But rather acute problems have arisen. For one thing, the Japanese people are clearly anti-war (see article p. 82) and are not eager to see Japan rearmed. For another, the Vietnamese War has subjected the Japanese, as Keyes Beech noted in a dispatch to the *Chicago Daily News* (November 28), to a great emotional strain. They have been making so much money out of the war that they have now begun to fear what might happen if it were to end. A committee of inquiry that was sent recently to South Vietnam reported on the possible "detrimental influences" that might result from peace talks (*Washington Star*, May 10, 1967). As an offset, the Japanese Government has begun to talk about the necessity of rearming. Already it is being suggested that the Japanese must overcome their "nuclear allergy," and the Minister of Education has suggested that pupils at the primary and junior high school levels should be taught "defense consciousness."

More recently, Premier Sato told the Japanese that they must accept the presence of nuclear arms on their soil if they want to regain control of Okinawa. There is agitation to substitute the words "army," "navy" and "air force" for the euphemistic "Self-Defense Forces" and to elevate the Japanese Defense Agency to the status of a full-fledged ministry. Actually many of the weapons used in the SDF arsenals right now are "dual weapons"—that is, they can be fitted with conventional or atomic warheads. More and more, right-wing officers in Japan are saying that Japan's "first line of defense" is the 38th Parallel in Korea and the 17th Parallel in Vietnam. Clearly, Washington is encouraging the Japanese to subvert the Constitution we imposed on them, Article 9 of which forbids the maintenance of land, sea and air forces. Because even today Japan's "self-defense forces," combined, constitute the largest non-Communist military force in Asia.

No doubt we have thought that Japan, as a junior partner, would protect our interests as well as its own. But Japan, which is celebrating the centennial of the Meiji Restoration, is beginning to think about Japanese interests. In the end, will the partner outgrow the partnership? In trying to contain China, have we made it difficult to contain Japan? If Washington has any misgivings on this score, it has not voiced them. But even now the renewal of the Security Agreement, which will be up for discussion in 1970, has begun to cast a slight cloud on U.S. Japanese relations. Before then, no doubt, the Japanese will want to improve their bargaining position.

A Gun (or Two) in Every Home

Everyone has heard about the Minutemen, those quaint characters who confuse 1776 with 1968 and feel sure that if enough firearms are put in the hands of staunch Americans the Republic can be saved. The guns are to be used on the Communists, who have infiltrated almost everything, and who, at some juncture, not too far off, will have to be stopped with cold steel and hot lead. Most rational Americans tend to dismiss the Minutemen and similar vigilante groups as the lunatic fringe of patriotism. This attitude may be too complacent. The conviction that guns will cure the country's ills is gaining currency in what Richard Hofstadter calls the paranoid style in American politics.

A grand jury in Nashville, Tenn., has just come up with the recommendation that a gun is as indispensable in the American home as a refrigerator and self-cleaning oven, and spiritually far more important. The citizens must arm, and both amateur and professional police must be recruited in great numbers. Addressing the Chicago City Council, Boss Daley promised that nothing would be allowed to disturb the deliberations of the Democrats during the coming hot summer. He got loud cheers and a standing ovation, and an assurance that if 5,000 more policemen were needed, the council would see that he got them.

In fact, there is a boom both on policemen and on do-it-yourself shooting in the name of law and order. In New York City the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has been assailing the Mayor because he has not consented to add another 5,000 men to the force. In Miami, Police Chief Walter E. Headley defended his "new" get-tough policy in the Negro district, and area in which fifty-eight crimes of violence were allegedly committed over the Christmas weekend. The Chief's remedy was shotguns, police dogs and a stop-and-frisk ordinance. The five-member police commission includes one Negro; she expressed some concern about the stop-and-frisk law. Another member criticized the Chief's "inflammatory" manner. "We don't mind being accused of police brutality," the Chief commented. "They haven't seen anything yet."

Later, the Miami office of the American Civil Liberties Union said it would seek an injunction in federal court against Headley's plan, but the Chief is very popular in white Miami, where he rides on horseback in the Orange Bowl parades. He argues, also, that in his way he is an integrationist: 10 per cent of the Miami police force is now Negro.

At the year-end meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a speaker at one of the conferences on riots and urban mass violence suggested that what was needed was not more repression but study of such factors as racism, *status-quo* power, methods of achieving a just society, and similar aspects of social conflict. But why bother with such subtleties? A gun in every home, and a tough pair of cops in every squad car, are much simpler, much faster, and much more appealing to the he-man psychology of the TV-conditioned public. Of course it won't work, but it will satisfy a lot of tough-minded citizens while it is failing.

A Little Union-Busting?

It seems hard to believe, but some 60,000 copper workers have been on strike since July, 1967, and the end is not in sight. The union accepted a proposal by the Administration for a joint fact-finding board, but the industry turned it down. Essentially, this is a strike to secure for copper workers standards comparable to those prevailing in rubber, automobiles, aluminum and other industries. The background is that one of the few surviving left-wing unions, the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, waged a well-nigh ruinous fight for years with the United Steelworkers, much to the pleasure of the industry; but when the two unions finally merged the strike began promptly. In all, twenty-six unions are involved in the present strike, although the Steelworkers are predominant. The unions are demanding joint negotiations on a company-by-company basis, and a common termination date.

The strike has cut perhaps 75 per cent of domestic copper production, but enough of the metal flows in from Canada, Chile, Peru, Zambia, the Congo and other places (in addition to domestic sources of copper scrap) so that fabrication can continue without placing insupportable strains on the producers. Phelps-Dodge, Anaconda, Kennecott and American Smelting & Refining do not live from hand to mouth, as a lot of the workers do.

All in all, the outlook is unpleasant. Consumer prices rose almost 3 per cent in 1967 and far more in some fields; medical costs, for instance, were almost 8 per cent higher in November than a year earlier. Then, Social Security takes a sizable bite out of the worker's pay, and while this is for his long-term benefit, it is, as everyone knows, hardly more than a simulacrum of real social security. As in the case of executives, it must be supplemented by pensions. The men are less interested in wage increases, which they know will be swallowed up by rising taxes and the cost of living, than in job security and retirement benefits. They keep on fighting for these vital needs. In the meantime, what the strike does in a copper town like Bisbee, Ariz., (population about 10,000) is no small matter. The economy limps along with the loss of \$1 million a month in payroll income.

If 1968 should produce a Congress less friendly to labor than last year's legislature, some managements might think they saw a golden opportunity to keep wages and fringe benefits down and profits up. If so, more troubles will be added to those that LBJ already has. It is something for him to think about, and the sooner the better.

The Class Struggle On TV

We are all aware that though the United States is a perfect democracy, we do have economic classes. Rightly regarded, this is one of the glories of our free-enterprise system, since it impels the inhabitants of the ghetto to strive to get out of it and live in luxury apartments. In one respect, however, we have until recently been virtually a classless society. Television has been the democratic form of entertainment for all, ranging from the family on welfare to the wealthy household, convinced that its taxes

should not be paying for the welfare television sets. All alike have laughed synchronously at the same jokes from the same comedians, and hated the wicked Reds who were shooting at our boys in Vietnam.

Now an advertising section folded into *The New York Times* reminds us that technology never pauses and is about to provide the denizens of the slums with an additional incentive to become industrialists. "New York needs help," the insertion declares, and most New Yorkers will agree. However, the present jeremiad isn't over crime in the streets or hippies or air pollution: it's poor TV reception—ghosts, double images, "snow," flip-flopping and similar horrors. The solution is to let the masses continue to get their TV through the air, while the classes receive it via coaxial cable, which is not subject to radio frequency interference and video noise.

Ten thousand New Yorkers are already enjoying this boon. Manhattan Island has been divided for cable TV between Manhattan Cable Television, which has the franchise south of East 86th and West 79th, and Teleprompter, which operates north of that boundary. Teleprompter will therefore be serving Negro and Puerto Rican Harlem, but since cable TV costs \$19.95 for installation and \$5 a month thereafter for a single outlet, it is not likely that facilities will be overtaxed in the ghetto. On the other hand, we are assured by Mr. Armand Lindenbaum, president of Pease and Elliman, Inc., that prospective luxury apartment tenants will soon be turning up their noses at buildings that are not equipped with cable TV.

Perfect pictures are not all that the fortunate cable patrons can look forward to. Turn the VHF tuning dial of your receiver. Even in New York City, which is pretty well saturated with TV, you will note that only seven of these twelve precious channels produce a picture. Cable TV has eliminated the intolerable waste. Since there is no question of inter-city interference, cable TV provides "Weatherama" on one of these channels, continuous news on another, stock market reports on a third ("It's like having a stock ticker in your living room") and other necessities of the good life. And that's only a beginning. One of these closed-circuit channels will tell cable TV patrons where to eat and what shows to go to, and guide them to all the glamorous happenings of the metropolis. "Over the horizon," we are assured, "are the possibilities of many additional services to be available via cable—ordering tonight's dinner from the supermarket, retrieving information from a computer center, banking by electronics and many another wonder."

Obviously that \$5 a month is only part of the income that the TV cable capitalists expect to harvest. The pair of wires that now brings telephone service into your home is likened to a one-horse bridge path, while the coaxial cable is a six-lane highway opened up between you and some high-powered sales interests. The latter are not small operators: Manhattan Cable Television, for instance, is partly owned by Time/Life. Already 5 million viewers in 1,800 communities throughout the United States are patrons of cable TV. Soon a pair of extended rabbit ears or, worse, an outside antenna, will be a mark of social disgrace. Only one thing Harlem and Park Avenue will still have in common—the commercials. That is the one form of interference that cable TV cannot eliminate.

PROTEST, POWER AND THE FUTURE OF POLITICS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A preoccupation with power—black power, student power, flower power, poor power, “the power structure”—is the most striking aspect of the American political scene at the moment. Oddly enough, obsession with power goes hand in hand with a fear of power. Some of the New Left groups that talk the toughest about power are extremely reluctant to see power operate in institutional form; within their own organizations, they shun “hierarchies” and formally structured relations of authority. What the preoccupation with power reflects, essentially, is a deep-seated, pervasive feeling of powerlessness. The feeling is not restricted to particular groups; most citizens, a majority perhaps, are bedeviled by it. “A feeling of having no choice,” Mary McCarthy has noticed, “is becoming more and more widespread in American life.”

So intense is the feeling of powerlessness that it has given rise to “anti-movements” and “anti-politics.” Instead of building new, strong, viable organizations through which to exercise political power, the tendency—at least on the Left—has been to move in the reverse direction, that is, to reject the instruments of politics. Discussion has been superseded by “uproar,” debate by demonstrations, dialogue by confrontation, civil disobedience by overt resistance. Often in the past, young voters have bade “farewell to reform” and then turned to radical politics; this time they have swung toward no politics at all. The idea of government by and through elected representatives is seriously questioned by some and indignantly rejected by others. The very process of politics has come under direct attack from young and old alike.

Apart from increasing evidence of this active disaffection, there is among those who have by no means despaired of politics a widespread anxiety about what Walter Lippmann has called “the rot of the American political system.” On November 10, N.B.C. presented an analysis of voter attitudes on the 1968 election, and found that most voters had little faith that any major candidate for the Presidency could master either of the two major problems we face (war and race), and worse, seemed to feel that the electorate was being denied live options on most issues. The survey indicated “a stunning lack of confidence in the President and in his political opponents.” A mountain of supporting evidence might be cited. Yet despite the active disaffection and the mounting general concern, little attention has been focused on what it is that accounts basically for the malfunctioning of the political system. The problem has two aspects. Power has been concentrated in our society in such a way, and to such a degree, that normal political processes are perhaps no longer able to cope with it. But one can't be sure of that because if certain specific weaknesses in the political

system not directly related to the concentration of power, were remedied (at the moment they are not widely recognized, much less discussed) the reform might go far to remove the “rot” from the system.

On the first aspect, that of power, Thomas C. Cochran, the economic historian, has reminded us that “the modern centralized, militarized, and welfare-directed state” did not come into being overnight; it is the result of a complex internal evolution. Not consciously planned, it is a response to fears: first of internal economic collapse; second of external dangers and “enemies.” The New Deal, a war against impending economic collapse, was fought as any war is fought. Emergency agencies, with extraordinary powers, came into being overnight; crash programs were rushed into motion; executive decisions took precedence over cumbersome legislative processes; and more and more power was vested in the Presidency. At the same time, and as part of the same process, economic power was increasingly concentrated. On the eve of World War II, a study made by a group including six members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet (“The Structure of the American Economy,” 1939), expressed, even then, growing alarm at the political consequences of tightly held economic power.

The concentration of power became much tighter after we entered World War II. Under the stress of rapid mobilization, a remarkable fusion of economic and political power took place; more accurately, perhaps, a fusion of economic and administrative or Executive power. This had been true also in World War I, but unlike the procedure after 1918, the war-making machine of World War II was never fully dismantled. The swift onset of the cold war, then the fighting in Korea and Vietnam, set the pattern for a permanent war economy. The rapid pace of military technology, which began to diverge sharply from civilian advances, created a political rationale for continuous research and improvement in weapons systems and the like. Nuclear weapons and virtually instantaneous delivery systems authorized an ever-larger permanent military establishment; in any future war, it was said, there would be “no time to mobilize.” In the past, industries had “converted” to war production and then “reconverted” to peacetime production. After 1945 new defense industries came into being specifically to manufacture military hardware. At the same time the magnitude of the military budget revolutionized government finance. Defense-related expenditures will this year probably exceed \$100 billion. In a recent survey, the AP referred to the Pentagon as wielding “the mightiest concentration of economic power in the world today.”

In his famous farewell address, General Eisenhower expressed misgivings about our ability to control “the military-industrial complex” by normal political processes. More recently, the same concern has been more specifically voiced by others. “The huge size of military budgets,”

said Dr. Arthur F. Burns, "and incomplete disclosure concerning their management, carry with them the dangers of political abuse"—as by building military stockpiles of certain raw materials to maintain price levels during periods of overproduction or of stepping up defense spending as an offset to declining employment. Dr. Charles J. Hitch, an expert on defense planning, now president of the University of California, has made a similar observation: "Certainly the defense budget is a large and powerful tool for the government, and one is tempted to seek its uses to solve an array of problems. . . . Defense spending has become a substantial and more or less normal factor in the economic reckoning of many American businesses."

Senator Fulbright spoke most soberly on this point in the Senate on December 13:

More and more our economy, our government and our universities are adapting themselves to the requirements of continuing war—total war, limited war and cold war. The struggle against militarism into which we were drawn twenty-six years ago has become permanent, and for the sake of conducting it, we are making ourselves into a militarized society. . . . For all the inadvertency of its creation and the innocent intentions of its participants, it [the military-industrial-academic complex] has become a powerful new force for the perpetuation of foreign military commitments, for the introduction and expansion of expensive weapons systems and, as a result, for the militarization of large segments of our national life. Most interest groups are counterbalanced by other interest groups, but the defense complex is so much larger than any other that there is no effective counterweight to it except concern as to its impact on the part of some of our citizens and a few of our leaders, none of whom have material incentive to offer.

For this reason, the defense complex has not been challenged by either party; in fact both have been about equally responsible for it. But it is doubtful that the growth of the complex could have been arrested even if one of the major parties had been willing to incur the risk of such a stand. And it is doubtful today that the Republican Party can bring itself to challenge the disastrous course of present policies, not because it is blind to the dangers or fails to appreciate the political possibilities in capitalizing on the existing discontent, but because power is now so bipartisan in structure that the opposition party cannot, apparently, muster the resources or the will to make the effort. James Reston notes, moreover, that the powerful Eastern Establishment in the GOP is by no means unanimously displeased with Johnson and his policies.

As the militarization of the society has proceeded, the power of the Congress relative to the Presidency has steadily declined. The recent report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on "National Commitments" (November 20) points out that the last twenty years have seen a nearly complete reversal of the positions of the Executive and legislative branches in the area of foreign affairs. Dr. Ruhl Bartlett, of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, told the committee that "the greatest danger to democracy in the United States and to the freedom of its people and to their welfare—as far as

The discussion of the crisis in the American political system, begun last week with Eldon Kenworthy's "Peace Politics: A Calculus for '68," and extended by this comment, will be pursued further next week with an article by Edward Schneier of Princeton University, "Toward a New Politics: A Look Beyond the 1968 Elections."
Editors

foreign affairs are concerned—is the erosion of legislative authority and oversight and the growth of a vast pyramid of centralized power in the Executive branch of the government." Dr. Edgar Eugene Robinson of Stanford suggested in a recent speech that the acquisition by the President of immense power over foreign affairs during the last twenty years means that the Constitution is outdated. "There is no possibility," he says, "of real change in the President's foreign policy except by removal . . . by death, resignation, impeachment or defeat at the polls." What in his view makes this development particularly dangerous is the dexterity with which the President can fuse two constitutional functions: his role as commander in chief and his responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs. Once war has become an instrument of national policy, it is hard to tell which role a President is playing. If his foreign policy is challenged, he can always assert his powers as commander in chief, and these powers are almost unlimited. (See, also, Sen. Frank Church's speech, October 29, on "President and Congress in Foreign Policy: The Threat to Constitutional Government.")

The process by which political and economic power have been concentrated through expansion of the war-making machine has been hastened by a series of post-war "revolutions": the organizational revolution, the scientific and technological revolution, the cybernetic revolution and, most notably, the communications revolution. As Dr. Robinson also pointed out, the communications revolution has made it possible for a new Presidential order, decision or proclamation to be carried instantaneously by radio and television. "Consequently, the effectiveness of that action is amplified millions of times by the miracle of swift communication."

Over the past twenty years the power of appropriation, which is supposed to be the bedrock of Congressional control, has been seriously eroded. A study of how the military budget has been handled in successive Congresses since the end of World War II would demonstrate that it is now firmly controlled by the Executive. And the military budget is today so immense, particularly if expenditures for NASA and the AEC are included, that the power to manipulate it conveys, as a side effect, power to shape the whole national budget.

The fallacy in the guns-and-butter proposition, as Dr. Burns has pointed out, is that "Financial transactions and the price system are merely mechanisms for putting a nation's resources to work and for distributing what is produced among people and their government. The resources that we devote to national defense are not available for making consumer goods or for adding to the stock of industrial equipment or for public uses in the sphere of education, health, or urban development. To the extent that we allocate labor, materials, and capital to national defense, we cannot satisfy our desires for

other things. . . . Bombs or missiles add nothing to a nation's capacity to produce, while new equipment serves to augment production in the future. The real cost of the defense sector consists, therefore, not only of the civilian goods and services that are currently foregone on its account; it includes also an element of growth that could have been achieved through larger investment in human or business capital." In fact a former member of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, Dr. Paul McCracken, has expressed the opinion that the Executive's seizure of decision-making has resulted in a federal budget whose expenditures, in the technical sense, are now out of control.

Any erosion of the power of Congress is an erosion of the power of the people. Given a society in which for a period of twenty years—almost the span of a generation—the real power of decision has been increasingly ceded to the President, it is not hard to account for the prevalent sense of "powerlessness." Just as the ghetto dweller feels that he lives in "occupied territory," so many people come to feel that they have been "displaced" from their role as electors. A force which they cannot control or directly influence has taken charge of their lives and destinies. "There are many signs," writes A. H. Halsey (*New Society*, October 26), "from love-ins in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco to the 'privitization' of affluent workers . . . that a theory of the impotence of politics is being accepted." If the country has in fact been "occupied" by a power not sanctioned by



Herblock, The Washington Post

"I'm Afraid To Look"

THE NATION/January 15, 1968

the Constitution, then it must be "liberated." But given the degree to which power has been concentrated, can the direction of policy be reversed by conventional political means? In such a situation, public protests become increasingly directed against the symbols of power, and that has the effect of diverting energies from the political process and, at the same time, discrediting it.

In the nature of things, it is difficult for "anti-movements" to cooperate with movements—of any kind. The objectives, the sense of tactics, the style of action, are different or divergent. That some of the "anti-movements" share with the infinitely larger movement of "concerned" and "dissatisfied" citizens the short-term objective of stopping the war does not mean that they see the war in the same terms or that they agree on other objectives. The "anti-movement" of Negro nationalists does not even share the short-term objective of stopping the war (at least, it is not for them a priority objective). And, to complicate matters, the larger movement is itself not well organized and lacks sufficient program.

By and large, "anti-movements" are not elated when a dove defeats a hawk; they have lost confidence in the political process as it now exists—not without reason—and they want to discredit it, the better, no doubt, to fill the political vacuum with a new politics. If the "anti-movements" openly espoused revolutionary objectives, then a measure of "parallel" politics might be possible (it may still be, depending on developments). But as of now, the Black Nationalists and the New Activists, as William Appleman Williams has observed, "have no vision of a Socialist commonwealth, let alone even the beginnings of serious proposals to create and govern such a society." They seem less concerned with the concentration of power, and the growing political vacuum which could set the stage for an American fascism, than with the hateful discrepancy between liberal ideals and liberal practice. They give little thought to the possibility that something about the functioning of a capitalist economy may lead to the concentration of power. The heroes of the "anti-movements" are Debray and Che Guevara, not Gramsci who thought that the proper place to find those who aspired to lead revolutionary movements was in the reading rooms of public libraries. Because they are not really concerned with the political consequences of particular protests and demonstrations, they discount polls which show that certain recent demonstrations have stimulated a reaction and strengthened the President's hand. This, of course, is a logical attitude for those who have lost confidence in the political process. But it carries a distressing echo of the "social fascism" line that the Communist Party pursued in the early 1930s.

However, the "anti-movements" have had some highly desirable political consequences. The stress on personal commitment, on values, on life styles, the exposure of liberal pretense, have released new energies, focused attention on particular issues, and pointed up the relation between morality and politics. One of the only means whereby individuals can make what they think and feel relevant in a society in which power is highly concentrated is to stress the morality—or immorality—of public policies. But it is precisely in such a period that as

Iris Murdoch has noted, "political moralizing comes to be thought of as an idle idealism, a sort of utopianizing which is just a relief from looking at unpleasant facts." This was the position into which many cold-war liberals were driven, or into which they retreated, when they decided that there was little point in attempting to bring moral judgments to bear in the field of foreign policy. Today many of these same individuals have recoiled in horror from the consequences of the "crackpot realism" of Dulles and Acheson and Rusk. For this shift in attitude, the "anti-movements" are entitled to some credit. But if we are to answer the cynic in ourselves, moral judgments, as Miss Murdoch stresses, must be *realistic enough* to be political judgments as well. For the ultimate cynicism is to conclude that politics is a futile game. Such a conclusion severs the relation between morality and politics. To stress the immorality of the war in Vietnam, while rejecting the possibility of stopping it by *political means*, is self-defeating. Before anyone declared politics obsolete, he should at least try to identify the rot which has brought such discredit upon the institution.

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Perhaps the most important single cause of the rot has been adherence to a bipartisan foreign policy. Politics does *not* stop at the water's edge. In today's world, one might well say that it begins there. The American party system had its origins in a dispute over foreign policy. The bipartisan concept dates from Roosevelt's determination to secure ratification of the UN charter by obtaining Republican support in advance. But the cold war came along almost before the Charter had been ratified, and what had been projected as a temporary expedient crystallized as a national dogma. The policy that resulted has been one of preserving the *status quo*, of pushing American economic expansion throughout the world under cover of a rigid "anti-Communist" ideology. At the same time the fear of communism—in part real, in part concocted—made it relatively easy to wrest cold-war appropriations from Congress, particularly military appropriations. Since the major interest groups all benefited directly or indirectly—if not evenly—they became adherents to bipartisan cold-war policies and the country, enjoying the prolonged boom, acquiesced.

Given the generally conservative cast of successive postwar Congresses, the emphasis on military spending in support of mostly reactionary cold-war policies won majority bipartisan support. For one thing, it was a way of keeping domestic spending for welfare and other purposes under control. Then, as military spending increased, the influence of the military on foreign policy also increased, as did the power of the President. The public hearings which the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staged in 1966 are generally conceded to represent the first significant attempt by that committee in the post-war period to regain some of the power it once possessed. Not to debate foreign policy assumptions and alternatives was, in today's world, to forgo significant debate on domestic issues as well. It was as though both parties had agreed to a twenty-year moratorium on significant politics. Today the rot that this moratorium produced is all too evident.

But there are signs—and they are multiplying—that the bipartisan consensus is breaking up. Senator Morton's dramatic announcement last summer—"I was wrong. Our country has been painted into a corner out there. There's going to have to be a change"—was an event of major political importance. Since then, as Don Oberdorfer points out in *The New York Times Magazine* (December 17), the "wobble" on Capitol Hill has become increasingly evident. "The summer and fall of 1967 have been a time of switching . . . a scurrying in many directions, in search of a stance that took account of the growing distaste for the war." The splendid spadework on Vietnam undertaken by a 29-year-old freshman Republican, Rep. Donald W. Riegle, Jr., and some of his colleagues is a sign that the twenty-year infatuation with bipartisan cold-war policies is beginning to lose its appeal to Republicans. Never before have so many dissenting voices begun to link foreign affairs with domestic politics (Dr. Martin Luther King is an example), which suggests that in the end the crisis in domestic affairs will force a reconsideration of foreign policy. But even as the ferment spreads, efforts are made to reimpose the "consensus," to choke off partisan debate before it gets started. General Eisenhower has said that any Republican who departs from the official line on Vietnam "will have me to contend with. . . . That's one of the few things that would start me off on a series of stump speeches across the nation"—a statement not calculated to encourage the Republicans to offer an alternative policy and program. However, increasing numbers of Republicans continue to "wobble."

Adherence to a bipartisan foreign policy was made all the easier when the Left collapsed after World War II. By Left, I mean all those elements that might have been disposed to challenge the assumptions on which the cold-war policy rested. Twenty years of systematic redbaiting, conducted not by private but by government agencies, and financed by public funds, gravely distorted the political spectrum; it shifted the center of gravity in both parties well to the right. The Left, in the European sense, was never strong here; during the McCarthy phase it ceased to exist. Nor was this merely a matter of disrupting certain organizations; currents of "undesirable" critical opinion were driven underground, individuals censored their own thoughts, organizations purged their own ranks.

The collapse of the old Left in the postwar period meant that the liberals of the Democratic Party were subject to no pressure or competition except from conservative or right-wing sources (much the same state of affairs prevailed in the trade union movement). The official liberalism of the Democratic Party, which was really "the new conservatism," lived off the store of ideas that had been developed in the 1930s. It responded to new issues and new problems by offering "more of the same," that is, extending the programs of the New Deal.

More important, the collapse of the Left has deprived us all of a comprehensive critique of American society, its values, its direction, its performance. The New Deal was not based on any carefully thought-out assumptions; its programs were mostly improvisations. The continued failure of the liberal Democrats to provide a serious alternative to the "reformism" of the early progressive

movement had the effect of minimizing ideological differences of all kinds, including those between Democrats and Republicans. Both parties professed the same values, the same purposes, essentially the same policies. Both parties have accepted the ideology of "free enterprise," joined in the "American celebration," and endorsed the objectives of an expansionist foreign policy. Both have pushed the new American imperium. No partisan challenge has been offered to the Administration's assertion of a right of unilateral military intervention wherever it feels that vital "interests" have been threatened.

The collapse of the Left is an essential key to explaining the rot because the absence of ideological differences has been the historic weakness of American politics. Not only has the American Left contributed to this weakness; the lack of a consistent ideological drive explains the feebleness of the Left itself. "The American Left," as Michael Davie points out, "has always been more eccentric than effective. In Europe, men have had to battle for the establishment of their basic rights, and have needed a theory of drastic social change to go to war with." But not here. As Tom Hayden, one of the leaders of the New Left observes: "How *do* you act as a revolutionary against a nation-state that celebrates your values while betraying their substance?" Even in the fiercest American struggles, everyone of major political importance has believed in the same basic things. "The mainstream of the American political tradition," to quote Davie again, "thus flows between firm banks (though it is not yet clear whether they can contain the Negro revolution) and features a steady belief in the sanctity of private property, the importance of economic individualism, and the unifying influence of greed. . . . Outside Portugal, Marx has had less influence in the United States than on any country in the Western world. . . . The most wretched victims of the American system [are kept] safely in the mainstream of the American political tradition—convinced that only luck or geography, never the system itself, stand between them and all-American prosperity." Al Capone once said to Claud Cockburn that "This American system of ours . . . gives to each and every one of us a great opportunity if we only seize it with both hands and make the most of it." Capone's view is still shared by most Americans. That it was never really true Indians and Negroes and others can testify, but it seemed to be true until fairly recent times. In the past, a debilitated American Left tried to mount a critique of the prevailing ideology, but the collapse of the Left in the postwar period silenced this type of criticism precisely when it was most needed.

The abdication of the Left in the postwar period, and the failure of the New Left thus far to fill the vacuum, have meant that the idea of a radical politics and the function it can serve in our kind of political system has been forgotten. Radical political pressures played a role in bringing the Republican Party into being. Radical political pressures also helped to shape the New Deal. Radical politics revived the labor movement in the 1930s. Recently J. H. Plumb reviewed a collection of papers by American planners on environmental problems. In not one of these papers, he noted, had thought been given to the kind of politics that would be needed if any

of the plans were to win a fair hearing. What he said has direct relevance to the rot in the political system:

Environment problems get too easily abstracted from social problems, and social problems from their historical roots.

How can planning work in a society which has sharp social divisions due to disparity in wealth as well as differences in color? How can planning work in a society in which profit, personal or corporate, must be a more urgent motive than control or conservation?

So long as society is structured as it is there will be slums. . . . No amount of thinking about environment, no amount of planning the optimum space and minimal communal facilities can be effective without political action, and that means political action of a radical nature.

The history of the last hundred years shouts that fact aloud. Human beings are like carrion crows, not Christians. They will not give up what they have to the poor, they have to be scared before they will disgorge.

A radical politics, whether organized as a party or as a movement, is needed today—as it has always been needed—to goad the two major parties, to offer a general critique of the society, and to give *political* expression to the discontents that can gain a hearing in neither major party. The New Left may meet this need; it has not done so to date.

A secondary but relevant explanation of the rot is that the major parties are hopelessly old-fashioned. On essential matters they have changed little in the last century. At the *national* level they are loosely organized. They spend a pittance on research and planning, and even less on education. They rally briefly during national elections but for the rest of the time are "demobilized" and lethargic. This slackness of organization mirrors the attitude of most voters, who are content to limit their political enterprise to the ritual act of voting every two years—when they bother to vote. The professionals who run the parties do not encourage any greater activity. The parties engage the active support of perhaps not more than 3 to 5 per cent of the membership. There was a time when various organizations and interest groups participated directly in political decision-making, but this pluralistic pattern has almost vanished, and today most of the interest groups are long since "integrated" into the power structure, i.e., they are more dependent on the party in power than it is on them. The New Left groups, therefore, quite properly attempt to build new bases of local power which may eventually acquire enough votes or enough "disruptive" power to engage the major parties and particular state and local administrations in meaningful bargaining. Even if this were to occur, however, national political decisions would still need to be made, national priorities established, and for that purpose well-organized national parties are indispensable.

At the national level, both major parties are still loosely organized coalitions formed for the purpose of conducting campaigns. The Republican coalition, established at the time of the Civil War, was ascendant until the successful New Deal coalition was put together in 1932. Since then, the Republicans have been unable or unwilling to form a new coalition and the New Deal coalition is now disintegrating. At the moment it would be difficult to say

which party is the more sharply divided internally. Neither seems able to confront the new issues (too risky) or appeal to the new constituencies which have emerged since 1932 (to do so, just now, would endanger what is left of the old coalition). Yet recent polls show that a large—perhaps a third or more—and steadily increasing percentage of the electorate is dissatisfied with the candidates and programs and styles of both parties and therefore disinclined to participate actively in politics.

Instead of addressing themselves to the new issues and the new constituencies, both parties evade their responsibilities by resort to excessive “personality politics,” TV-style (with the result that rising campaign costs threaten to make the Senate once more the “millionaire’s club” that it was in the 1890s). The effect of all this is to encourage the feeling of “powerlessness” and enforce the conviction that political action is futile. It needs to be stressed that whereas at one time national coalition parties functioned reasonably well, today’s problems are much more complex, the resistances to be overcome are much greater and the concentration of power is formidable. To make politics alive once more, national parties must be coherently and purposefully organized, and they must command enough energy, not merely to secure adoption of new programs but to make certain that they are properly administered. Neither party today is so qualified.

A related cause of the rot is the failure of the Republican Party to function as an opposition party. Since 1932 it has been obvious that the two-party system was endangered by the failure of the GOP to offer effective opposition by urging alternative programs and policies. It was generally assumed in 1952 that President Eisenhower would reorganize the party which had been, even then, much too long out of power. He had the prestige and the power, but he showed not the slightest interest in the problem, and a great opportunity was lost. The Goldwater explosion of 1964 was the logical consequence of failure to renovate the party and, judging by recent events, the need is still there.

The party system has been further weakened by a new situation. A combination of factors, with heavy emphasis on the mass media, has made a measure of “direct democracy” possible. Representative government is at best slow, cumbersome, exasperating. Nowadays many decisions must be made quickly if they are to be effective. Let’s say that the mayor announces the immediate closing of a city hospital. There isn’t time to distribute leaflets, interview officials, petition the parties, organize a campaign. So those opposing the closure chain themselves to the office furniture, after first giving the TV news rooms notice of time and place. A vast audience is immediately alerted, with little effort, at minimal expense.

In a sense, *the new media become a substitute for the party*. Often official reaction is swift and responsive; whereas when petitioners go through channels, elected officials can stall, appoint commissions, order investigations, etc. A pamphlet by John Morris on “Direct Democracy,” published recently in London, explains the theory. The universal defect of representative democracy, so the argument goes, is the formation of controlling elites. Such government lets the people vote periodically for politicians or for parties, but seldom for policies. This, of

course, merely echoes Michels’ cynical comment: “The one right which the people reserve is the ridiculous privilege of choosing from time to time a new set of masters.” Representative government was once a necessity; people had to send representatives to the capital. But modern communications have made a degree of direct democracy possible and people are beginning to like it. Polls have somewhat replaced primaries as a means of registering voter preference. Experiments are being made to test the possibility of “instant” opinion polls by the use of computer techniques. Up to a point, there is much to be said for direct democracy and we shall see more of it; but it cannot substitute for partisan debate on significant issues, much less for representative government which extends and clarifies the partisan debate and, in the end, should resolve it. Direct democracy can stimulate and supplement representative government; it can never replace it.

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Given the extent of the rot that currently besets the American political system—and given the degree to which power is concentrated—it is not surprising that many people feel powerless, or that they have lost confidence in politics or are voicing doubts about representative government and liberal political institutions. Nor is it surprising that many young people have turned to “anti-movements” of one kind or another and taken to the streets to air their grievances and express their frustrations. What is surprising, given these factors, is the way in which “concerned” and “dissatisfied” citizens have tried to find new but democratic ways of expressing their judgments and preferences, with no aid and little encouragement from either party. It was not until the President began to escalate the war in 1965 that serious misgivings about it arose. Until then it had seemed merely another “police action” in furtherance of cold-war policies which had been pursued by both parties for twenty years without serious question or opposition. But once Mr. Johnson suggested the need for an increase in taxes, once it became clear that the war had been “Americanized,” once the manpower requirements and the casualties began to increase, public dismay mounted rapidly. It took a quantum leap early in the summer. Between July and September, the percentage of the public supporting the war dropped 14 points; between September and October it declined a further 11 per cent.

Now, in part as a reaction to certain recent demonstrations, opinion seems to be shifting back a bit in support of the Administration. But during the last two years, there has been a sharp increase in concern and it has found expression through a variety of ingenious devices and forms in spite of the political rot. Most of these forms had to be improvised. Abhorrence of the war has found expression in advertisements, petitions, pamphlets, art exhibits, poetry readings, sit-ins, teach-ins, pray-ins, and all manner of protests and demonstrations. Criticism has been voiced in newspaper polls, and in informal referenda. Students have been polled; professional organizations have canvassed their members; faculties have done the same. In Cambridge, Mass., and San Francisco, the issue has been forced on the ballot with results that under the cir-

cumstances have been truly impressive. What this rising protest lacked, until recently, was any semblance of national political leadership; and what it still lacks, in general, is a sustained political emphasis. In a way, it represents a kind of "anti-politics" since neither political party has, to date, seen fit to respond to it.

All the same, the prospects for a reversal of policy, for a redirection of American power, are not nearly as bleak as they have been pictured. An enormous volatility, as yet unexpressed, just might ignite in 1968. In any case, it would be a sad mistake to write off the political prospects as unrealistic and improvise a kind of guerrilla "anti-politics" until an attempt was made to overcome the rot in the political system and to infuse it with an energy

equivalent to what now finds expression in demonstrations and protests, many of which lack direct political relevance. It may be impossible, in the end, to cope with the concentration of power that exists today by normal political processes, but we shall never know until we give the system a chance to function. It is not a question of either/or but of both, a great deal more of both. Action protests can be combined with radical politics; action protests can also be combined with conventional politics. But action protests without politics will not stop the war, much less reverse the direction of American policy, much less open the structural changes needed by American society. The task of those who are concerned with these objectives, then, is to concentrate, for a change, on the political problems.

THE ADVANCEMENT SCHOOL

NORTH CAROLINA KILLS ITS DREAM

DAVID COOPER

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A year ago, the North Carolina Advancement School in Winston-Salem bustled with activity as talented young educators worked with eager eighth-grade public school students from all sections of North Carolina in an effort to find new ways of motivating "underachievers." Begun by former Gov. Terry Sanford in 1964, the Advancement School received national praise and was regarded as one of the most exciting educational experiments in America. *The New York Times*, *Time*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and the *Saturday Review* carried glowing stories; C.B.S. and N.B.C. sent camera teams to the school and reported its work over national television.

More important, the innovations used by the school's instructors appeared to work. Youngsters who seemed destined to become dropouts got "turned on" and became excited about their studies. The principals of the schools from which the 2,400 boys were drawn reported that 75 per cent improved their grades when they returned to their home classrooms, and that 90 per cent showed "markedly improved attitudes" about schools and studies.

But despite the country-wide excitement it created, despite its apparent successes, the future of the Advancement School is shaky. It stood vacant last fall, without students, classes or instructors. During last spring and summer, it had been crippled, if not killed, by some state and local politicians. Most observers and all of North Carolina's major daily newspapers blamed a state-level educational bureaucracy that at best showed no interest in the school, and at worst was intent on throttling innovations in education that might point to inadequacies in its own work. The North Carolina state government, under Sanford's successor, Gov. Dan Moore, planned to continue the school. Its new director has just reopened the project with a totally new staff and about 100 students. Few of those familiar with the

school think it can generate again the excitement it once had or be a vigorous prober for new ideas.

The story of the Advancement School's decline is one of political intrigue. It could also be a harbinger of what lies ahead for the other educational innovations that abound in the country. One of the chief functions of the many new approaches is to search for new ways of teaching, new structures in education, new materials and new ideas. The whole thrust of such programs implies a criticism of existing educational institutions. How receptive, then, will the present authorities be toward an agency whose very role may involve criticism of the establishment? North Carolina's experience with the Advancement School may provide some answers.

Sanford ran in 1960 almost solely on a program pledged to improving North Carolina's public education. He conceived the Advancement School in 1963 toward the end of his term as Governor. Sanford, the youngest governor the state had ever had, brought a new excitement and energy to the office that impressed even his political foes. The main thrust of his educational improvement program was achieved in 1961, when he got the state legislature to impose new taxes to finance substantial increases for the school system. Most of the money went for teacher pay raises, but Sanford also launched a number of innovative programs, of which the Advancement School was one. "The mystery of the age is not the moon," Sanford wrote later in his book, *But What About the People?*; it is motivation." Reinforcing the Governor's general concern about "underachievers" was the fact that North Carolina had one of the highest school dropout rates in the nation. Thirty-five per cent of the state's fifth graders could be expected not to complete high school.

Armed with an \$80,000 grant from the U.S. Office of Education, Sanford and his associates in the Governor's office began planning ways to meet the problem. Sanford brought in Harold Howe III, now U.S. Commissioner of

Advancement in Philadelphia

Next week, *The Nation* will carry an article by Farnum Gray describing the experiences of the Advancement School, under its director, Peter Bittenwieser, in the urban ghetto conditions of Philadelphia.

Education, to help with the planning. Officials of the state educational establishment took part in the sessions.

Weeks of discussions and conferences produced the idea of a residence school for selected public school students at which various new ways of motivating pupils could be tried. To head the school, Howe brought Dr. Gordon L. McAndrew from California, where he was in charge of an Oakland city project designed to upgrade educational opportunities for 3,500 slum children.

Sanford created the Learning Institute of North Carolina (LINC) with Howe as its director; it was to be a semi-public agency designed to investigate new ways of helping local school units experiment in education. The Advancement School was to be LINC's major project.

A combination of federal, state and foundation funds was used to finance the school. The Carnegie Foundation put up \$500,000; the state and federal governments each put in about \$1.5 million for the school's first three years of operations. Since the state legislature was not in session, Sanford secured the state funds through budget transfers which later angered some lawmakers.

The state government finances all public schools in North Carolina. Policy for the schools is set by a State Board of Education, appointed by the governor, and an elected Superintendent of Public Instruction exercises much of the authority for overseeing operations.

To help the Advancement School become the innovator and catalyst Sanford envisioned, the school was made independent of the state education bureaucracy. The decision was supported at the time by Dr. Charles F. Carroll, the superintendent, and Dallas Herring, chairman of the board of education. Both were, with Sanford, founders of LINC and members of its board of directors. State funds for the Advancement School were funneled through the budget of the board of education.

In his book, Sanford says that LINC and the Advancement School "were almost killed at birth" by the state auditor, Henry Bridges, also an elected state official. Bridges, Sanford said, felt state funds could not legally be used for the Advancement School, despite an attorney general's ruling that they could. "I wanted to blast away," Sanford said, but instead negotiations with Bridges finally persuaded the auditor to drop his objections. Bridges, a member of the state Democratic Party's "old guard," was to emerge later in a final controversial episode involving McAndrew and the school's funds.

Winston-Salem leased an abandoned hospital to the school for \$1 a year; and it opened its doors in the fall of 1964. McAndrew had recruited a staff of young, imaginative instructors from Northern states. Students were recommended by their home-town principals and the school was totally desegregated.

Instructors were willing to try almost any kind of technique in an effort to motivate the students, who came

for three-month periods. For example, and English teacher roped the legs of two of his students together to show his class the workings of conjunctions. Special visual aid materials were used. Students often went on field trips. For the first several years, many public schoolteachers were brought to the school as part of the experiment.

In January, 1965, Sanford went out of office, but the new Governor, Dan Moore, was generally committed to retaining Sanford's programs. The Advancement School's first troubles began when the 1965 legislature convened a month after Moore took office. Legislators, irked by Sanford's transfer of funds without their authorization, almost killed the school off then and there by failing to supply it with state funds for the 1965-67 budget period. Moore's aides urged legislators not to drop the school, and it finally gained at least temporary safety. Legislators, however, authorized the Governor and a state budget commission to abolish the school after another year's operations if they felt it was not successful.

When the year was up, both the board of education and the Governor urged that the school be continued and funds were allocated to run it until the 1967 legislature convened.

In the period between the 1965 and 1967 legislatures, however, behind-the-scenes maneuvers set the stage for the school's eventual downfall. Board of education chairman Herring, Superintendent Carroll, the Governor and the board of education were all committed to "freedom of choice" in school desegregation. Herring became furious with McAndrew when the Advancement School director, in a speech to local school officials, suggested that "freedom of choice" was often a dodge to perpetuate segregation.

Howe went to Washington as Commissioner of Education, where his school desegregation guidelines soon made his name anathema to most Southern politicians, including Herring and Carroll. McAndrew succeeded him as director of LINC, and the Advancement School directorship went to a youthful New Yorker, Peter Bittenwieser. The fact that Bittenwieser was on the board of directors of the legal defense fund for the NAACP did not endear the school to some political leaders.

When N.B.C. broadcast a story on the Advancement School one Sunday evening, the footage dealt extensively with a skit on a theme similar to *West Side Story*. The show was hardly over when McAndrew got a call from Herring, a casket manufacturer in Rose Hill, population 1,300. "My God, Gordon, what's going on up at that school?" said Herring.

And then there was the seaman. The school's business manager was T. J. Van Metre, a retired Navy admiral. In mid or late 1966, Van Metre ran to Herring with a tale of "rampant homosexuality" and other immoral conduct at the school. Herring reported to Governor Moore, who in turn dispatched William C. Friday, president of the Consolidated University of North Carolina, to investigate. Neither Friday nor a later team of school superintendents could confirm Van Metre's tattle. As an insider, however, he enjoyed wide credence.

Since the Advancement School was not itself a state agency, it had to depend on some agency of state officials

to seek funds for it from the legislature. This had been done by the board of education. However, in September, 1966, the board announced that it had decided not to request funds to continue the school beyond July 1, 1967. Herring and Carroll gave no public reason for the decision. Despite repeated invitations, neither state official had ever visited the school. Carroll said that he did not know enough about the school to state whether it should or should not be continued.

When the legislature convened last February, funds for the school were not included in the budget proposals presented by Governor Moore for the board of education. However, in reply to questions, the Governor said he would favor continuing the school if the state board endorsed the idea. McAndrew and Battenwieser wanted the school continued as an independent agency, if possible, but were willing to have it placed under the board of education if that would assure its survival. They did not want their venture to be under state Superintendent Carroll, whom they regarded as a foe of innovation in education.

Republicans had captured five of Winston-Salem's seven legislative seats in the 1966 elections, and the school's future quickly became a political issue. All the Republicans backed a bill to continue the school as an independent agency; the two Democrats supported a measure to place it under the board of education. Finally, in March, the board of education endorsed a rather nebulous program calling for an expanded attack on underachievement with Carroll in charge. Herring implied that the Advancement School under McAndrew and Battenwieser had not followed the school's original mandate to find the "causes of underachievement." The two youthful educators made it clear they were more interested in doing something about a problem known to exist than in piling up research. Battenwieser criticized the board's position. Herring replied publicly: "Peter Battenwieser has an educational philosophy which most North Carolina educators don't share." He did not elaborate.

In the end, the legislature ignored the board's proposal and placed the school, with no expanded program, under the board of education. It appropriated \$1 million to run the school from July 1, 1967, until July 1, 1969. This final legislative decision did not come until late last June. By that time, Battenwieser and almost all the school staff had become weary of hanging on a limb. Battenwieser and most of his colleagues accepted an offer from Philadelphia to establish a similar school there. Other staff members scattered to other jobs, some to a program for underachievers established by school officials in Charlotte, N.C.

In September, the board of education hired Dr. John N. Bridgman, director of elementary education in Wilmington, N.C., as the school's new director. Bridgman, a native of North Carolina, admitted having trouble hiring a staff and said that the school would run for the present on a limited basis. Its future role is unclear.

McAndrew and Battenwieser were back in controversy in September, when state auditor Bridges released a report on a special audit of the school, which had been requested by the board of education. Bridges said he found that



The Keys of Learning

McAndrew and Battenwieser spent a total of \$4,100 in school petty cash funds through their personal bank accounts. Battenwieser and McAndrew, approached by Bridges while he was making the audit, had offered to document their use of the funds to the auditor's satisfaction, but Bridges released the document without accepting their offer.

The LINC board of directors gave McAndrew a leave of absence and asked him and Battenwieser to itemize their expenditures. Both men provided affidavits and other documentation. Later, the board reinstated McAndrew and cleared both men of any misuse of the funds.

Also last fall, the board of education secured an advisory opinion from the state attorney general's office to prevent LINC from distributing to the state's public schools materials developed at the Advancement School under an \$85,000 grant from the Carnegie Corporation. The advisory opinion went so far as to declare that no person, firm or individual, other than the board of education or the superintendent of public instruction, could approach local schools about curriculum, material or experimentation. LINC finally obtained use of the materials after its board of directors, headed by Governor Moore, asked the board of education to release them. The Carnegie Corporation, disturbed by the affair, released an unusual statement from New York calling the Advancement School and LINC "among the most far-reaching and useful educational programs in America."

But Battenwieser may have raised a bigger question last April in a lengthy address to a Winston-Salem civic club. "At issue," Battenwieser said, "is whether significant innovation—with its implied criticism of current educational practices—can come from within the public school bureaucracy. The state board of education feels it can. We at the Advancement School feel it cannot."

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

In mid-September, 1958, the *Los Angeles Times* sniffed disaster in the air. In a lead editorial, the paper warned: "Threatening liberty in California seems as irrational as denying the existence of the Sierra Madre. This is the appearance. Nevertheless, there is the threat."

Among other frights, the *Times* predicted that "the two-party system would collapse," if the disaster struck. Moreover, the editorial continued, "It is hard to believe that Republicans and Democrats . . . will let their liberty go by default. . . . An impatient observer might say, 'Let them enjoy their lapse. It will teach them to be vigilant next time. . . .' But we have shown there probably wouldn't be a next time for vigilance: that is, a next time soon enough for this generation to recapture its liberty. . . ."

This classic of its genre was whopped up by the *Times* in anticipation of William F. Knowland's defeat for governor of California by Edmund G. Brown. The *Times* in 1958 was that kind of newspaper, hard-boiled, myopically reactionary and self-serving, with opinion slopping over from the editorial page into the news columns. Above all, the *Times* was provincial. The immensely prosperous paper had a three-man Washington bureau and only one foreign correspondent. Since Harrison Gray Otis, the founding dinosaur of the *Times* dynasty, bought the paper in 1881, its achievements had been amply recognized. Despite occasional lapses into grace, it could be counted upon to appear on every list of most deplorable newspapers put together by any gathering of newspaper men indulging in this melancholy diversion. The *Times* employed talented men, but they already lacked the freedom that the paper predicted would disappear in the catastrophic wake of a Democratic administration in Sacramento.

During the next decade, liberty, the Sierra Madre and the paper all survived its apocalyptic vision. In 1960, when Otis Chandler, then 33, succeeded his father, publisher Norman Chandler, (who had succeeded his father, Harry Chandler, who had succeeded his father-in-law, Harrison Gray Otis), this accession to authority was not unexpected. Prophetic fellow workers in 1953 had tabbed him "the man most likely to succeed" when he began a tour of duty in the paper's various departments that is the customary routine for publishers' sons. But this switch of publishers proved to be the first and most significant change in the metamorphosis of the *Times*. Today, it turns up regularly on any list of the nation's ten best newspapers.

Before he became publisher, Otis Chandler gave little indication that he would depart from the sanctified tradition of the family. He started with the advantages of money and position. Stanford, where he was educated, and the Air Force, in which he served, are institutions not designed to subvert these values. In her acerbic, maternal

way, Dorothy Chandler, his mother, once remarked to *Newsweek*: "I was very surprised when Otis came out of the Air Force and went to work." Others of the family were also astonished—and less pleasantly so, as time went on.

One morning in March, 1961, conservative readers were gratified to see in the *Times* the first of a series on the John Birch Society and Robert Welch. Their pleasure turned to surprise and their surprise to anger. The series was factual, informative and critical and after it had run its course, the *Times* excommunicated the society and its chief from proper, conservative ranks. This piece of subversion caused a division within the Chandlers. Mrs. Philip Chandler, a member of the Birch Society, found the editorial among the least agreeable political comments she had read that year. Philip Chandler, Otis' uncle, soon thereafter resigned as vice president of the Times Mirror Company to devote his attention to another family enterprise. He said his move had "no connection at all" with the series, but while he was not in substantial agreement with the society ("or I would be a member, which I am not"), he found that in general its members "are a group of fine people."

Critical mail poured in from Birch members and their adherents, and the *Times*'s steady circulation growth began to slow. The fuss soon abated, however, and the paper continued to amass readers—by a phenomenal 61 per cent during the week in the past seven years and 30 per cent on Sunday. Its daily circulation (856,621) is exceeded only by the tabloid *New York Daily News* (2,074,621), the combined editions of *The Wall Street Journal* (1,115,000) and *The New York Times* (963,130). On Sunday, the *Los Angeles Times*'s circulation (1,145,695) ranks third behind the *News* (3,099,658) and *The New York Times* (1,588,091). The *Los Angeles Times* had moved ahead of *The New York Times*, but the latter regained its position on the death of the *Herald Tribune*. In total advertising lineage (108.9 million lines in 1966), the *Los Angeles Times* leads all other U.S. newspapers by a wide margin and has done so for a decade.

The paper is emerging as the West Coast counterpart of *The New York Times*, and it is not inconceivable that long before Otis Chandler is ready to retire it could become the chief competitor of *The New York Times* as a national newspaper. (It is an ironic possibility that the New York paper's abortive experiment with a West Coast edition was in part responsible for the transfusion of editorial zeal that has reinvigorated the *Los Angeles Times*.) That feat would be accomplished by three elements: money, will and ability. The cash is available (The Times Mirror Company grossed more than \$255 million in 1966 from the paper and other publishing ventures, and its income was up again in 1967), the intent is plain, and the ability is suggested by the record.

No other newspaper in the country has so thoroughly

parted from an undistinguished past. No other newspaper, not even the *Times* of New York, has a richer base from which to operate—the five coastal counties stretching 216 miles from Santa Barbara to San Diego. Half of California's 20 million population is concentrated in this strip, which the *Times* dominates journalistically. Los Angeles is 2,474 airline miles from New York, and the *Times* does not share the disability of dailies on the East Coast, where even Washington's powerful *Post* operates under the shadow of *The New York Times*.

The new publisher's first move was to raise the level of his paper's national and international coverage. The changes were extensive. In place of the three-man bureau, the *Times* now has fourteen Washington correspondents. Chandler supplanted the one lonely foreign correspondent with fourteen, and assigned a man to the United Nations in New York. He set up seven domestic news bureaus, staffed by nine correspondents, to supplement the wire services with specialized reporting. In addition, the *Times*, in conjunction with *The Washington Post*, founded the Times-Post News Service in 1962 as the only national rival in this field to *The New York Times*. The news service editor, stationed in Washington, selects fifty to seventy-five dispatches daily from the domestic and foreign news flow of the two papers, and sends this wide range of fact and analysis to 211 subscribers on every continent, including 135 in the United States and Canada. The Los Angeles Times Syndicate distributes columns and other features to 1,000 newspapers in forty countries.

If the *Times* is to become a national newspaper comparable to *The New York Times*, it must compete in the areas of national and international reporting, and the Los Angeles paper has lavished most of its attention to date in this direction. Both domestic and foreign services will be strengthened steadily; a bureau will be opened in Rome this year. The paper shares a general weakness of the American press in neglecting Canada. One Los Angeles editor offered the cliché: "Nothing ever happens up there."

Money (the *Times*'s editorial budget has more than doubled since 1960 and reached \$9 million last year) can create a large newspaper, but money alone cannot guarantee quality. That requires talent, and the *Times* has lured to its pages some of the best in the newspaper—and magazine—field. Magazines have long used newspapers as a recruiting ground; the *Times* is conscientiously returning the favor, taking top people from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and other publications by matching, and sometimes exceeding, their salary scales. Other attractions are personal recognition through bylines, in contrast to the anonymous group journalism of the news weeklies, and greater freedom. "No member of the staff [now more than 400; *The New York Times* news staff numbers 842] has *carte blanche* at the *Times*," says editor Nick B. Williams, "but on the other hand, editors in this office don't think they automatically know more about the story than the man on the scene." News-magazine correspondents complain habitually of the strange mutations their reports undergo in the home office.

The *Times* has ranged far for talent. James Bellows, last editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was brought

to Los Angeles as associate editor, and perhaps heir apparent to Williams. Robert J. Donovan, chief of the *Tribune*'s Washington bureau, switched to head of the *Times* bureau there. Three other *Tribune* correspondents accompanied him. Osgood Caruthers, formerly of *The New York Times*, is now the *Los Angeles Times* man in Bonn; and Richard Reston, James Reston's son, is the Moscow bureau chief. National news editor Edwin O. Guthman, a Pulitzer Prize winner, came to Los Angeles from Seattle. He had also been Robert F. Kennedy's press aide. Another Pulitzer Prize winner, Jack Nelson, left *The Atlanta Constitution* to join the *Times*. The *Denver Post* contributed a third Pulitzer winner, its cartoonist Paul Conrad. Joe Alex Morris, Jr., is now stationed in Beirut, and Stanley Meisler in Nairobi (both contribute to *The Nation*).

While the *Times* covers major news stories in detail, the paper devotes increasing attention to interpretation, and has no plans to compete with *The New York Times* as a journal of record. The Los Angeles editors feel, for example, that D. J. R. Bruckner's and Jack Nelson's interpretive reports from the Midwest and the South tell more about those regions than blow-by-blow descriptions of isolated events. The *Times*'s foreign correspondents similarly leave to the wire service most of the breaking news and concentrate on its significance. (They often draw a thin line between subjective personal opinion and professional evaluation, but objectivity has always been more myth than fact. Selection of the "facts" is itself a form of interpretation.)

The weakness of the paper, one critic complains, is its failure to come to grips with its own community; or, as another put it, "When is the *Times* going to establish a Los Angeles bureau?" Los Angeles, like all other great urban conglomerations, is afflicted with foul air, race conflicts, slums, traffic snarls and sleazy, unplanned growth. Except when a ghetto erupts, such problems have usually been neglected by most newspapers. It is easier and less hazardous for local editors to denounce Bobby Baker than to expose corruption in their own communities. For whatever reason, this has been partly true of the *Times*, but it is becoming less so. Last spring, the paper exposed connections between two municipal commissions and the real estate developers, and later documented conflicts of interest in another city board [see *The Nation*, June 12 and November 6, 1967]. As a result, the Los Angeles county grand jury on December 28 indicted City Human Relations Commissioner Keith Smith, Harbor Commissioner George D. Watson and former Harbor Commissioners Karl L. Rundberg and Robert N. Starr for bribery. In addition, Smith was charged with perjury and Watson with criminal conflict of interest. Also named in the bribery indictments was the late president of the Harbor Commission, Pietro Di Carlo, who drowned in the Los Angeles harbor November 7. The jury accused him of accepting two bribes from Smith. Police listed Di Carlo's death as an accident. While no newspaper can neglect its own doorstep and achieve overall distinction, the Frederick G. Bonfils rule no longer applies. Bonfils said in the twenties that a dog fight in Denver (he was involved in many) was more important to *Denver Post*

readers than a war in Europe. The atom bomb did a lot to change that.

With the help of Gov. Ronald Reagan and the activist students—who are collaborating in a melodrama to stimulate public interest in the subject—the *Times* gives close attention to education. No other paper in the country reports this subject more consistently, more fully, or more ably. Under the proprietary watchfulness of Dorothy Chandler, the arts get broader and more critical coverage than ever before in the *Times*. The paper's astringent music critic, Martin Bernheimer, brought from the *Saturday Review*, is a new experience for Los Angeles. His predecessor distinguished himself principally as a foe of Stravinsky, who survived the tiny slings and arrows.

The transformation of the *Times* is nowhere more evident than in the editorial section, which used to consist chiefly of ringing harangues for the Republican Party. In contrast, and representative of the new approach, was a recent, brilliantly written essay on race relations. The *Times* asked: "Do we believe that our revolution, as Jefferson perceived and as Lincoln proclaimed, was a movement for the spiritual freedom of man, unbounded by geography, race or culture? Or do we believe that our revolution was for whites only?"

The paper reveals a growing sophistication toward its old bête noire, Reds in Hollywood. *West*, its new Sunday magazine, published a sympathetic where-are-they-now? piece on the "Hollywood Ten." A dead-pan put-on of film society, called "The Hollywood Establishment," recently enlivened *West*'s pages.

The *Times* still for the most part supports Republican candidates, although the days of its Pavlovian response to the 20th century are over. With a bow toward Otis the founder, the paper endorsed Barry Goldwater and later Ronald Reagan, but did so tepidly enough to risk its Republican franchise. Reagan and the *Times* are now living apart, and their incompatibility may reach a divorce court.

The *Times* restricts its own opinion to two columns running down one side of the editorial page, and opens seven columns daily and twenty-two on Sunday to interpretive articles by staff members, outside experts and a mixed bag of columns. These range from Walter Lippmann to William F. Buckley, Jr., with Joseph Kraft, Max Lerner, Joseph Alsop, Raymond Moley and a variety of others somewhere between. Drew Pearson is tossed in frequently to add roughage, except when he is tossed out as being a little too rough.

The paper, perhaps too self-conscious of its past, nibbles at its targets, but rarely bites. Teeth are supplied occasionally in the letters columns, where the best testimonials to the new *Times* come from its devout enemies. One fierce lady, feeling the conservative Pasadena ground reeling under her low-heel walkers, wrote: "The *Times* is now the Fabian mouthpiece of libertines, libidinous louts, and printers of pandering lies, determined to destroy the dignity and sense of decency which Americans, formerly, revered as indices of manhood, separated from bestiality." The *Times* might consider dipping its pen now and again in that lady's ink.

JAPAN IN ASIA'S FUTURE

W. MACMAHON BALL

Mr. Ball is on the political science faculty of the University of Melbourne. In 1946 and 1947, he was Australian Minister to Japan. He is the author of Nationalism and Communism in East Asia.

How is America's present policy in Vietnam likely to affect Japan's future policy toward America? How carefully have the makers of American policy considered this? What role do they hope or expect Japan to play in Asia's future?

It seems certain that Japan must in its own right be a leading power in East Asia. The Japanese are the most highly educated people in Asia, much better educated than many Western peoples. They are skilled in science and technology, organization and management. Unlike many Asian nations they are remarkably homogeneous in race, religion, language and culture. They have a sense of national unity that somehow transcends the endless din of personal, factional and party conflicts.

Japan's economic recovery and growth over the past fifteen years is one of the most impressive achievements in the world's economic history. Japan has now surpassed France, West Germany and Britain in the production of steel and of motor vehicles. In 1967 its shipbuilding led

the world for the twelfth successive year. All this has given the Japanese Government and people a confidence that their country can play a key role in the future of Asia. The big question, of course, is whether the role they want to play is the one the United States wants them to play.

There is lately a marked contrast between Japan's readiness to make bold international economic commitments and its reluctance to make political or military commitments. On the economic front Japan has joined the Organization for European Cooperation and Development (OECD), and agreed, as a member of the Development Assistance Committee, to lift its foreign aid to 1 per cent of its gross national product. The government has convened in Tokyo conferences of those in charge of economic affairs in Southeast Asian countries. It has shown initiative in searching for ways to restore Indonesia's economy. It has matched the American contribution of \$200 million to the Asian Development Bank, has promised \$100 million to its special agricultural fund.

But on the political and military fronts the story is different. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato has expressed his government's sympathy with U.S. objectives in Vietnam. He has said that it would be unreasonable to expect

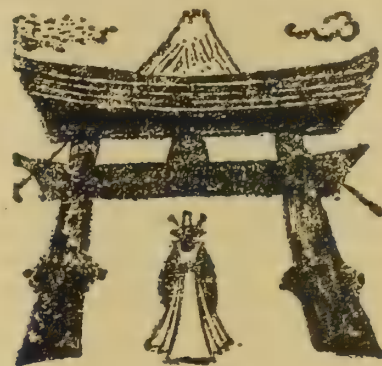
America to suspend the bombing of North Vietnam without some "reciprocal assurance" from Hanoi. Yet it might be misleading to take Mr. Sato's soothing statements as a sure indication of Japan's future foreign policy. They are an understandable response to present American and domestic pressures. There has been a strong and growing domestic demand that America should return to Japan the civilian administration of Okinawa. Perhaps Mr. Sato felt that his chance of getting this major concession from Washington would be enhanced if he expressed his general sympathy with America's cause in Vietnam. He was too hopeful.

It is also understandable that Americans in high places may be impatient with Japan's evident reluctance to give economic aid, and adamant opposition to giving any military aid, to the government of South Vietnam. In American eyes Japan is trying to have its cake and eat it. The Japanese Government is content to shelter under the U.S. nuclear umbrella, but not willing to spend even 1.5 per cent of its gross national product on defense. Meanwhile, the Japanese find that providing many of America's needs in Vietnam is a highly profitable business.

It is not certain that Mr. Sato has full authority to declare Japan's foreign policy. This is said not because his Liberal Democratic Party suffered a marked setback at the general election last January, for the Socialist opposition also lost votes. It is because many factions of his own ruling party, as well as the great majority of the parties in opposition, are so deeply opposed to any active support for the military containment of China. Indeed Mr. Sato has sometimes seemed to be at odds with Mr. Miki, his Foreign Minister, who has publicly described the Vietnamese War as "a civil war," and insisted that its basic cause is the failure of successive governments of South Vietnam to take constructive measures to relieve the poverty of the people. Mr. Rusk hardly shares this view. The Japanese Government's attitude toward the Asian Pacific Conference (ASPAC) illustrates its general approach to what Mr. Miki calls the "Asia-Pacific Sphere." When the original sponsors of ASPAC asked Japan to join, since its presence would clearly give the new organization a prestige it would otherwise lack, Japan made it a condition of joining that ASPAC must be concerned only with cooperative efforts to stimulate economic development in East Asia, and be in no sense an anti-Communist or anti-Peking alliance. Only after these conditions were satisfied did Japan take part in the first conference in June, 1966. It is reliably reported that at the second conference last year the Japanese delegation declined to sign the draft communiqué until direct warnings about communism and indirect warnings about China had been deleted.

It is hard to get a clear picture of the role Japan wants for itself in East Asia from what the party leaders say, for what they say tends to change, at least in emphasis and tone, with every shift in the balance of factional power within these parties. Despite the difficulties, I think it possible to generalize about how most Japanese feel and think on certain basic issues. I believe it impossible for any Japanese Government to carry out a foreign policy that contravenes these feelings and thoughts.

The Japanese feel increasing concern about China's ambitions. For some years the split between Chinese and Russian Communists has created a series of dilemmas for the Japanese Communist Party, which is trying to be neutral but is now much closer to the Russians than to the Chinese. Many Japanese Socialists, notably the more idealistic among them, have been dismayed by the Chinese nuclear explosions, and by the turmoil of the cultural revolution. Yet I believe it would be a profound mistake for the West to jump to the conclusion that the anxieties of the Japanese will bring their view of China into focus with the American official view. The Japanese



evaluation is that, however unlimited China's declared ambitions may be, its real ambitions are limited, and can be accommodated without any real or present danger to Japan's national interests.

The human sympathies of the Japanese are not with the Americans but with those Vietnamese who are targets of American firepower. The British sociologist, R. P. Dore, has summed it up this way: "A good many Japanese . . . have seen the war as a battle between white men armed with big planes throwing big bombs at underdog Asians—and people with Mongolian features at that—who squat down to eat rice out of bowls with chopsticks, and might, but for the grace of God, be themselves." It is inconceivable that America can win the sympathetic support of the Japanese people for its military policy in Vietnam.

Sympathies for fellow Asians reinforce the alarm of the Japanese for their own safety. They fear that even a limited conventional war between America and China or America and the Soviet Union would almost certainly embroil Japan. Above all, they fear a nuclear war that might obliterate their nation.

The Japanese believe they understand the Chinese—and other Asians—better than Westerners can. They fundamentally disagree with the present American strategy toward China. The Japanese Government knows how much it has depended and continues to depend on the friendship of the United States, but it is tending to insist with increasing confidence that its economic, political and military policies must be formulated in Tokyo, not in Washington. It is nearly unthinkable that Japan will join other non-Communist Asian countries in a military alliance against China in particular or communism in general.

It would be foolish to pretend that Japan's attitude

toward its own military security is clear-cut and consistent. Ever since the peace treaty, and the defense treaty with America in 1957, which was amended and extended for ten years in 1960, Japanese leaders have had great difficulty in explaining why they have self-defense forces, and since they do have them, why they spend a decreasing percentage of gross national product in maintaining them. It seems that Japanese Governments have made an important distinction between the safety of Japan and the containment of communism. On balance they are reassured by the kind of treaty that brings Japan within the shelter of the American nuclear deterrent. But it is quite another thing to have the sort of security treaty that may involve Japan, against its own judgment, in an American-led war against communism. Japan would not welcome any extension of communism in Asia, but it believes that Western military intervention to contain China involves unacceptable costs and risks, and is in any case unlikely to succeed. When the renewal of the security treaty with America was being debated with such excitement in 1960, the most important single issue was whether America was to have the right to operate from its bases in Japan without the consent of the Japanese Government. The American Government was ready to agree to use the bases for operations in the Far East only "after consultation with" the Japanese Government,

but would not agree to use them only "with the consent of" the Japanese Government.

Can Japan expect to enjoy the protection of the American nuclear deterrent without the obligation to give moral, material and perhaps military support to America's objectives in East Asia? That is what the Japanese want to be able to do. They argue that Japanese economic and technical aid to the non-Communist countries of Southeast Asia can do more than military intervention to help these countries maintain their independence. This is the sort of argument that cannot be proved right or wrong in advance. The important thing is that it expresses a consensus of Japanese feeling.

In the last few years the Japanese leaders have gained the confidence to make it clear, however politely, that they want to make their own assessments of what is happening in Asia, and to decide for themselves the role they want to play. It is a leading role, but not a military one. That is not because the Japanese leaders are pacifists; it is because they do not see the present dangers in Asia as threats of military aggression, and therefore feel they cannot be effectively met by military measures.

I think that Japan's leaders believe that peace between Asia and the West is Japan's first national interest. I think the West would be wise to respect Japan's judgment about how Japan can best help achieve this objective.

LETTERS (Continued from page 66)

independent, democratic. European fortnightly of high literary and artistic value that raised its voice, among other things, against totalitarianism, against racial discrimination, in Little Rock or in Kiev and for writers and intellectuals thrown into jail in South Africa or in Hungary, in Spain or in the Soviet Union. . . . Perhaps the time has come to set the record straight, at least as far as the relationship between Hungarian émigré intellectuals and the Congress for Cultural Freedom is concerned. . . . it must be said, it seems to me, quite emphatically, that the CCF performed an important and successful human, moral and organizational function in regard to a very large number of Hungarian intellectuals, students, artists, musicians and writers when it was most needed, namely, during the first and frightening yet unforgettable years of their exile.

Tamas Aczél

North Dakota resolves

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: From the endless oyster bed which back issues of the *Congressional Record* seems to be, I found another pearl the other night. I think it well worth consideration by the assorted skinny-dippers who fret about the "rigid extremism" of wording like that of San Francisco's Proposition "P" regarding Vietnam (which managed a sizable roll-up despite almost 100 per cent opposition by the press).

Here is the pearl:

Resolution of the Legislature of North Dakota to the Committee on Foreign Relations—Senate Resolution 1 (1951), Cong. Record, p. 908, 1951.

Be it resolved by the Senate of the State of North Dakota, that the Congress and the President of the

United States are respectfully urged to take immediate action for the following purposes:

1. To withdraw all troops and military personnel from Korea;
2. To recognize the principle that no political or military commitment with respect to foreign policy that may involve the lives of Americans is binding upon the people of the United States unless it is first approved by the Congress; . . .
5. To provide the people of the United States with realistic information so that public opinion may crystallize in the form of a unified and unselfish foreign policy that history will applaud, and
6. To disassociate ourselves from the Korean policy which has brought to our youth the tragedies of war without a candid recognition of the existence of a state of war, a policy which has made us the policemen of the United Nations without the United Nations assuming full responsibility for the eventualities of police action, a policy which risks war without first determining whether the objectives sought are worth the risk, or a willingness to accept the risk when encountered;

That a copy of this resolution be signed by the President and Secretary of the State Senate and sent to the President of the United States, Secretary of State and to each Congressman and Senator from North Dakota.

Ray Schnell, Pres. of Senate
W. J. Trout, Sec'y Senate 1951

I submit that the Senate of North Dakota has not of recent decades been noted for outlandish left-wing behavior—nor even in the forgotten past of 1951 was it a hotbed of radical irresponsibility. . . . Helen Hosmer

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Communist Dreams and Soviet Reality

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: Russia 1917-1967. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 115 pp. \$3.75.

DAVID JORAVSKY

Mr. Joravsky teaches history at Northwestern University. He is the author of *Soviet Marxism and Natural Science* (Columbia University Press).

Despair occasionally threatened Isaac Deutscher's dream of revolutionary salvation. The Russo-Chinese conflict provoked an especially poisonous reflection: "Arrogant bureaucratic oligarchies, incorrigible in their national narrow-mindedness and egoism, cannot be expected to work out any rational solution of this or any other conflict; still less lay stable foundations for a socialist commonwealth of nations." (*The Unfinished Revolution*, p. 108). Yet Deutscher kept his faith in the proletarian internationalism that would save the world from war.

Similarly with the other dreams that inspired the October Revolution. Deutscher virtually ruled out the possibility that any of them will be brought to life by the Communist governments: not direct democracy, and certainly not the withering away of the state; not workers and peasants running their own factories and farms, and certainly not the free distribution of goods according to each man's notion of his own needs; not the true marriage of intellectual and folk culture, and certainly not the fusion of manual, mental and managerial functions in superbly versatile new men. Yet Deutscher continued to cherish these Marxist dreams, insisting that somehow or other a revolutionary transformation will make them real.

Because of this faith he could neither remain a Communist (he quit in 1932), nor join "the enemy camp," nor sink into quiet skepticism. He maintained his faith by working at history, the literary art that may not neglect the known facts. That is not unusual. Many people keep a variety of faiths by working at history, but they usually huddle together in schools, acquiring thus a captive audience, a guaranteed income, and constant reassurance from one another's endless demonstrations that the grand old faith is supported by the known facts, which only seem to be chaotic and subversive. Deutscher was unusual in being a free lance, not only financially but intellectually. Indeed I am forced to call him unique. I cannot think of one other re-

This is the first of two issues on some of the many books published in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Next week's issue will contain reviews by Donald Fanger on Bulgakov, Simon Karlinsky on Pasternak, Mark R. Hillegas on Zamiatin and Katayev, and Helen Yglesias on works by Ehrenburg, Semyonovna Ginzburg and Chukovskaya.

cent student of the Russian Revolution who has worked on the assumption that the original Communist dreams have been in process of realization.

Soviet historians long ago changed the dreams to suit current political needs, and for the most part their art has shocked readers into disbelief by deliberately ignoring known facts. Communists outside the Soviet Union have shrunk from a detailed study of their favorite revolution, or they have written in the Soviet style, redefining the original dreams to the point of disappearance and blandly ignoring inconvenient facts. (See, most notably, the histories of Andrew Rothstein and Louis Aragon.) Most non-Communist writers have nourished their faiths by polemics, endless demonstrations that the Bolsheviks were power-mad demagogues who never believed the dreams they preached, or fanatics who quickly turned into demagogues. None of these schools took kindly to Isaac Deutscher. For the most part they ignored him.

Some non-Communists resemble the 16th-century *politiques*, who helped end the wars of religion by extricating themselves from religious faith. For the *politiques* the truth or falsity of religious beliefs mattered very little; the important thing was to get rival believers to live in peace. Humane skeptics of this type have been Isaac Deutscher's most sympathetic audience. They read him as they read Graham Greene, an author who turns a fearfully odd creed into something understandable, not frightening, even quaintly appealing. In short, Deutscher's books have not provoked thought as much as they have stirred sentiments, hostile among cold warriors, friendly among neutrals, and condescending among sophisticates, who think of Deutscher as the last surviving specimen of an extinct species.

Any condescension that may be appropriate here should not be directed at Deutscher. His books do contain powerful stimulus for thought, but they have been kept from the audience that would respond. In Communist countries his biography of Stalin and his three-volume monument to Trotsky would provoke furious argument about the contrast between Communist dreams and Communist reality. So they are banned. Deutscher consoled himself with the conviction that some day the revolution would be revitalized, and that his books would then find their proper audience. He never seriously considered the possibility that Soviet Communists might share with Spanish Catholics or American nationalists a permanent aversion to critical self-examination. Of course he recognized the abundant evidence of such an aversion up to now; he was an honest scholar. But he systematically ascribed it to the "arrogant bureaucratic oligarchy," a transient product of historical circumstances, not to communism as such.

Deutscher had a very simple method for absorbing subversive facts without overturning his faith. He blamed them on the Russian past or on the world situation or on some other circumstances extraneous to communism. Whatever he admired he credited to the ideals of Marxism, or the heroic qualities of the proletariat or some other essential element of communism. He resembled the better Christian scholars, who do not shrink from telling the most repulsive facts of their church's history because they distinguish between the church militant, which is of this world and shares its imperfections, and the church triumphant, which is perfect, as we shall all see if we live long enough. Malraux made this analogy at the time of the blood purge, and Deutscher quotes him with obvious sympathy: "'Just as the Inquisition did not detract from the fundamental dignity of Christianity, so the Moscow trials do not detract from the fundamental dignity of Communism.'" (*The Prophet Outcast*, p. 370.)

A smile or a groan will not deliver the sophisticate from metaphysical distinctions of this type. He cannot speak of communism—whether ideology, movement, government or all three—without defining it. Even if his definition runs to several volumes of historical discourse he is bound to distinguish between the

persistent or essential characteristics of his subject and its transient or accidental ones. Thus the distinction between the church triumphant and the church militant, between essential communism and its accidental features, appears in the typical non-Communist history as it does in Deutscher's, only reversed.

The typical non-Communist begins by emphasizing the authoritarian aspects of Marxist ideology and the tyrannical fury that Lenin displayed in pre-revolutionary factional quarrels. To this essential heritage he joins the accident of Russian collapse in the First World War, and returns to essentials: the armed seizure of power, the suppression of rival parties and of dissent within the Bolshevik Party, the triumph of Stalinism with its blood purges and concentration camps and, most of all, the frenzied building of an industrial-military complex. These are the essentials of communism to the typical non-Communist. All contrary evidence is brushed aside or explained away as sucker bait, or historical accident or—considering the changes since Stalin died—the incipient dissolution of communism.

It is as if a historian of Protestantism brushed aside the appeal to individual conscience, calling it demagoguery or utopian nonsense, and declared the essential characteristic of Protestantism to be the subjection of individual consciences to absolute state churches or church states. In 1567 this would have been a plausible argument. Or in 1867, when another revolutionary outburst in France had led once again to Napoleonic monarchy, it would have been plausible to point and exclaim: There is the essential result of the democratic revolution, not the Jacobin republic, and certainly not Babeuf's society of equals.

It was Isaac Deutscher's great service to remind anyone who would listen that the military-industrial strength of the Russian or the Chinese state is not the only, or even the most important, indication of the essence of communism. He was sure that the dreams of subject people throwing off their oppressors, of workers running their own factories, while the state withered away and the nations rejoiced in friendly diversity, that these dreams would reassert their power, as the Protestant dream of free conscience continually reasserted itself from the Hussite Wars through the Puritan Revolution. (He makes this explicit comparison in *The Unfinished Revolution*, pp. 109-11, though he obscures it somewhat by Marxist clichés about the Ref-ormation.)

Metaphysical faith is required for such a conviction, as it is for the opposed belief of the typical anti-Communist, who is willing to concede only

this much hope for red regimes, that they may evolve into something like his own. The simple truth is that we don't know for sure who is moving toward what goal (if there is any goal), because we can't be sure (until the story is ended and no one is left to tell it) what has been essence and what accident.

Those who favor scientific history, rather than storytelling by and for the faithful, must recognize that their prospects are not very bright. Hardly any historians make a serious effort to observe the basic rule of scientific inquiry: to imagine what facts would disprove their pet beliefs, and to go look for such facts. At best the average historian worries about the inconvenient facts that infidels may use against him, and he looks for such facts in the writings of infidels. If the community of scholars is sufficiently large and sufficiently divided in its rival faiths, the resulting disputes may drive metaphysical beliefs toward precise definition and empirical test—or the scholars may be driven toward bewildered despair. The world community of scholars studying communism is very large, and it seems to be sufficiently divided in its rival faiths: varieties of communism versus

varieties of anti-communism, with a few *politiques* hunting for neutral ground in between. The trouble is that nearly all of these scholars are agreed in one crucial aspect of their otherwise different faiths. They have an overwhelming tendency to assume that communism is what has prevailed in Communist movements and regimes during the past half century: totalitarian mobilization of backward nations for the murderous game of international politics.

Most scholars brush aside or explain away the fact that the Communist revolution began, as the democratic and the Protestant did, with "the dazzling blaze of a great vision" (*The Prophet Armed*, p. 318), promising perfect freedom and brotherhood. Deutscher spent his life reminding us of that fact, which is crucial to an understanding of 1917 in Russia, when all varieties of realistic politicians lost control of the lower classes. (Was this an accident or an essential foreshadowing of a century of total war?) Deutscher stressed the original dreams because he was sure that they are not utopian, that future Communists will revive them. We should amend his "will revive" to "may revive," and begin our studies with this insight.

Stories of a Soviet Writer

ENVY AND OTHER WORKS. By Yuri Olesha. Translated, with an Introduction by Andrew R. MacAndrew. Doubleday-Ancor. 288 pp. \$1.45 paper.

LOVE AND OTHER STORIES. By Yuri Olesha. Translated, with an Introduction by Robert Payne. Washington Square Press. 230 pp. \$4.95.

EDWARD J. BROWN

Mr. Brown is chairman of the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at Indiana University. His most recent book is *Stankevich and His Moscow Circle: 1830-1840* (Stanford University Press).

These two volumes offer the hope that, after long neglect, a brilliantly original Soviet artist will not be without honor, at least among strangers. Olesha's reputation suffered grim vicissitudes in his own country. For twenty years he was practically forgotten, though he is now established among the intellectual elite as a writer whose works contain intimations of greatness. His career was a casualty of the brutal pressures engendered by dictatorship. He was a "Soviet writer" for thirty years, yet he wrote little; all his important prose can be

encompassed in one single thin volume.

Olesha's novel *Envy* and his short stories present philosophical problems, psychological studies and social commentary, embodied in symbolic situations or childlike images. The story "Liompa" counterposes a tiny boy, whose impressions of the world have not yet been organized as concepts and given "names," and a dying old man, whose sense impressions, as they weaken and recede, seem to leave behind only the abstract husks of their "names." For the child, all sense impressions are vivid and exciting because they are new and uncategorized and each can be dealt with as itself, directly; for the dying man, sensual experience is the very life that is leaving him. A somewhat older boy symbolizes what the tiny one will become: he is building a model airplane and he uses measurements, charts and tables. The story pronounces no judgment, it "prefers" neither the cerebral nor the sensual; it simply develops in the death of old Ponomarev and the eager life of his young visitor ("Grandpa! Your coffin's just come!"), a brief symbolic statement on the growth and decline of the conscious life.

In the story "Love," the hero Shuvalov is puzzled by the problem of knowledge.

"Do your senses convey a correct picture of the world to you?" he asks a color-blind friend, and receives the confident answer: "The whole world except for certain color details." But because Shuvalov is in love he attends precisely to the "color details," ignoring the categories established by form and line. The force of love even suspends the law of gravity, and in a dream Isaac Newton calls him to account for this.

"The Cherry Stone" is about the familiar anguish of unrequited love, and it mingles epistemology with social concern. The young man is an inhabitant of the "country of Attention and Imagination," where the mind creates a new world of experience out of the simplest reality, just by paying attention to it; he knows the lilac color and bony texture of stones, and how soft and elongated shadows are in the last moments of an afternoon.

The novel *Envy* was an immediate success when it appeared in 1927. Even the party critics were delighted at the spectacle of Kavalero, a character who is a derelict poet, a defender of the past and an individualist, consumed with impotent envy of the new Socialist man. But Olesha's symbolism was more richly tiered than they at first realized. Kavalero speaks for all those who find themselves at odds with the brave new world of organizations and organization men, and the novel's social message is deliberately ambivalent. Its form and its devices are boldly original. Sexual symbolism of a clearly "Freudian" provenance is central to its method. The relationship of Kavalero to the commissar who has rescued him from an urban gutter is a confused homosexual attachment, an experience of both hatred and intense love. In order to lend depth to his central characters Olesha employs a variety of narrative devices: dreams, formal reports and interviews, a fairy tale, inner monologues, letters and memoranda, reminiscences. The prose is sensitive and rich with imagery. It offers the translator both opportunity and danger.

Mr. MacAndrew's volume is clearly the better of the two books under review. In addition to *Envy* and the important short stories, it includes Olesha's play *A List of Assets*, and his speech at the First Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934, a document of compelling historical and cultural interest. Lapses from accuracy are few and minor; yet MacAndrew often fails to convey an adequate sense of style. The subtle poetry in Olesha's prose can be lost easily unless special pains are taken to reproduce it in translation. MacAndrew occasionally omits phrases or simplifies passages. Perhaps an editor tampered with his work and, in "normalizing" his English, suppressed Olesha's cadences. But the translator does

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nevertheless provide a generally accurate account of what Olesha said.

No such statement can be made of the second volume. *Love and Other Stories* contains a translation of *Envy* which, as Mr. Payne points out, is not his work. It was published thirty years ago at a time when relative ignorance of Russian was widespread, if not excusable, among translators. Linguistic *gaucherie* is revealed in the first sentence: "In the bathroom in the morning he sings out aloud." When Kavalero describes with acerbic irony the great man's groin and its remarkable pubic adornment, our translator speaks of the "lower part of his stomach," indeed of his "adorable tummy." Something far worse than prudery is in evidence here.

Inaccuracies abound, and they mutilate the novel. When Babichev's rebellious brother, Ivan, is interrogated by the GPU, the following dialogue occurs: "You called yourself a king?" "Yes, a king of vulgarians." Here the translator destroys both sense and character when Ivan, a grotesque original in speech, thought and manner, is made to call himself "the king of platitudes." Olesha delights in visual images that shatter the optical stereotypes: sunlight reflected in a brass bowl, or broken into its full spectrum of color by a mother-of-pearl button. Sight for him is a source of wonder and delight. At sunset a

bearded gypsy in a blue vest carries a bright brass bowl on his shoulder. The day moves away on the gypsy's shoulder. What remains of this optical surprise in a translation which says, flatly: "The day was receding behind the gypsy's shoulder"?

Payne's own versions of Olesha are superior to the translation of *Envy* which he saw fit to include. Yet he too is capable of distorting both meaning and image. When the lovelorn young man in "The Cherry Stone" hides his cherry pit, his "seed," in the ground in memory of his love, Payne has it that he is "hiding a family in the ground." In the same story he mistranslates 3:15 o'clock as 4:20, and thereby spoils the point of a scene and ruins a metaphor. One shudders at the many possibilities offered in these translations to symbol hunters and close readers who will have no way of knowing what Olesha wrote.

Many more examples of this sort could be given. The Russian Library edited by Payne, to which this volume belongs, is making available some excellent works, among them Osip Mandelstam's poetry, Gogol's "Correspondence with Friends," the complete plays of Vladimir Mayakovsky. Such an impressive list ought certainly to add prestige to both editor and publisher. One hopes that the translations will be adequate.

and spiritual future of their country. The most farseeing envisaged this future as Socialist. They recognized that the autocracy had to be destroyed and none wished to imitate in Russia the ruthless and soulless capitalism of the West. They disagreed about means and particular aims. Some placed their faith in the character of the Russian peasant, others in industrialization, some in permanent revolution, a few in unorthodox religion, but all of them were aware of the strange dynamic of the Russian situation: their backwardness had become the very condition of their seizing a future, far in advance of the rest of Europe. They could transcend the European present, the present of the dehumanized bourgeoisie. Instead of present, they had past and future. Instead of compromises, they had extremes. Instead of limited possibilities, they had open prophecies.

Given this formulation, the interests of the visual artists were exactly as one might expect: an enthusiastic rediscovery of pre-European Russian art coupled with a search for the most advanced, the most modern means of expression.

(It might seem that there was a similar pattern of interest in the West: enthusiasm for the "primitive" accompanied by sophisticated innovation. But for the West the "primitive" belonged to foreign, exotic cultures and consequently there was little accompanying sense of continuity and destiny.)

In the Beginning There Was Art

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger writes regularly on art for New Society (London). His most recent published work is *A Fortunate Man* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This article and an earlier one, "Neizvestny & the New Art" (The Nation, November 21, 1966) will form part of a work to be published this year by Pantheon. Art and Revolution: An Essay on Neizvestny and The Role of the Artist in the U.S.S.R.

Why, for a few years before and after 1917, was there a movement in the Russian visual arts which, for its creativity, confidence, engagement in life and synthesizing power has so far remained unique in the history of modern art? Why do certain works and ideas, created in Russia between 1917 and 1923, still seem to refer to the future now?

Up to 1917, Russia was still politically an absolutist state without democratic liberties. It was still awaiting the transformations which in the other industrialized countries had been brought about by bourgeois revolutions. Yet the Russian bourgeoisie as a whole remained timid, unrevolutionary, and only mildly

reformist in respect of the autocracy. (The fact that a few unusually intelligent individuals patronized the arts on such a scale, and in such a remarkably farsighted way, may be connected with the weakness and lack of vision of the bourgeoisie as a whole; had they been members of a class in which they could believe as a force, they might well have directed their vision and energy into political and financial organization.)

At the same time the Russian proletariat, formed in the relatively few (compared to Western Europe) but very large-scale factories and industrial centers, was quickly becoming one of the most militant and revolutionary in Europe. The revolution of 1905 suggested that the revolutionary force of the workers was overtaking and outbidding that of the bourgeoisie before the latter had established the necessary conditions for their own proper economic development. Twelve years later, the two revolutions of 1917 proved that this was indeed the case.

At this period Russian artists, as members of the Russian intelligentsia, were, by definition, concerned with the political

The modern means of expression were supplied by cubism. I cannot here give a full study of the historical meaning of cubism: it must suffice to point out that cubism rejected the way of seeing, the approach to reality which originated in the Renaissance and had continued as the basis of art ever since. Cubism, in other words, marked in its own field the end of precisely that era—the era of capitalism, bourgeois individuality, utilitarianism—which Russia, it seemed, was about to transcend without ever having entered. And it marked it, not nostalgically but triumphantly by revealing new, more open and more complex possibilities.

Apollinaire wrote in 1914:

*Où donc est tombée ma jeunesse
Tu vois que flambe l'avenir
Sache que je parle aujourd'hui
Pour annoncer au monde entier
Qu'enfin est né l'art de prédire.*

In 1921 Malevich wrote: "Cubism and futurism were the revolutionary forms in art, foreshadowing the revolution in political and economic life of 1917."

It was the conjunction of the cubist example and the revolutionary possibilities in Russia which made the Russian art of this period unique.

One might argue that it was remark-

able but not unique. From about 1905 onward, a sense of radical change was beginning to inspire *avant-garde* artists in other countries: the Futurists in Italy; the De Stijl group in Holland; Der Blaue Reiter in Germany; the Vorticists in England. But there was a significant difference of emphasis, largely due to the fact that for the Russian artists their own bourgeoisie was relatively unimportant *as an obstacle*. Hence there was no need either to shock the bourgeois or to accept his categories. The Russians exhibited none of the destructive frenzy of the Italian Futurists. (So-called Russian "Futurism" was informed by a quite different and far more rational and constructive spirit.) They seemed free from the tendency to moral absolutism which characterized the Dutch movement. And they were seldom introspective—in the same dark sense as the Germans: there was no retreat inward from the consequences of politics.

The works of Malevich, Lissitzky, Kandinsky, Tatlin, Pevsner, Rodchenko, differ a great deal from one another in spirit. At one extreme Tatlin denied the difference between art and any other productive activity; at the opposite extreme Kandinsky believed that art was valid only if it followed a mysterious and idealistic "inner necessity." Yet despite their differences, all had one attitude in common—and it is this which, at that period, can be defined as specifically Russian. All believed in the profound influence that art could have on individual and social development: all believed in the social role of art.

Yet their social consciousness was affirmative rather than critical. They saw themselves as already representing the liberated future. This liberation meant the breaking down of all divisions between classes, professions, disciplines and previous bureaucratic categories. Their works were like hinged doors, connecting activity with activity; art with engineering; music with painting; poetry with design; fine art with propaganda; photographs with typography; diagrams with action; the studio with the street.

Kandinsky was ideologically the most aloof of these artists, but this is how he wrote about his feelings when he was working in Germany in 1910:

"The corruptive separation of one art from another, and furthermore of 'art' from folk art and children's art from 'ethnography,' the firmly established walls between what I considered to be related or even identical manifestations, in a word, the synthetic relationships, gave me no peace. Today it may well appear strange that for a long time I could find no helpers, no means, simply not enough interest for this idea."

A great deal of what was produced or planned around the year 1917

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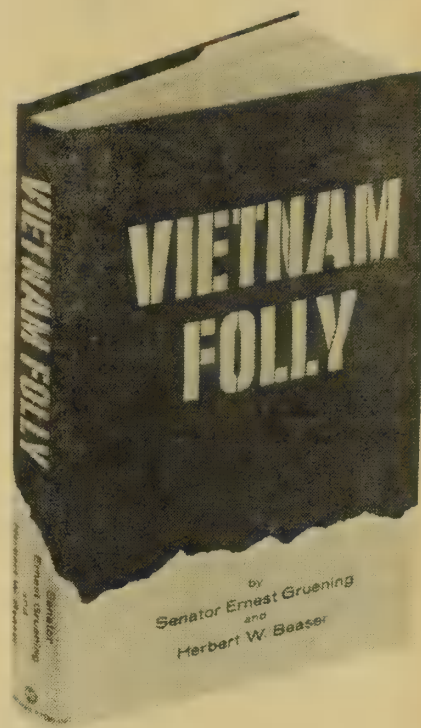
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THE NATION invites you to sign a New Year's letter to Mr. McNamara:

You are not quit of history yet. No man is, who leaves high office in time of trial. What you do and say matters very much to this country. It can matter to the world, and to our future in the world.

For like it or not the United States today is at the center of a world-wide armed camp. You have been the chief engineer of that massive system of armaments. You have spoken often and suggestively of restraint in the use of that immense mobilized power, most directly in your last major speech in Canada.

When your new appointment to the World Bank was announced, we said of you:

"He should have resigned and stated his reasons."

We went on to say:

"That this is almost unthinkable is a commentary on the state of American politics. If McNamara could not override the taboo against resignation on grounds of principle, who can? Such resignations are vital from the standpoint of an informed, functioning democracy."

To this we now add, Mr. McNamara, that you took your oath of office to the American people, not to the present Administration.

We call on you to speak now about the policies that have launched this country into war in Vietnam, and which even now are breeding new agonies in future Vietnams.

The facts point inescapably to one conclusion: the United States has chosen a wrong road in Vietnam. It is a road that has led from what in the beginning was a highly questionable intervention, to what is now unquestionably a war of American aggression.

SUGGESTION TO THOSE WHO READ THIS LETTER: Tear out the top half and send it, preferably with your own comments, to:

Hon. Robert S. McNamara
Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

P.S. Let us know if you want additional copies of this letter. We'd be happy to oblige.

The war is now an American war, which Americans must end.

Eldon Kenworthy speaks to this point in our last week's issue:

"Americans continue to feel uneasy about withdrawal, even when their common sense increasingly tells them that Yankees can't hope to remake Asian societies. To put it bluntly, we have to make de-escalation and withdrawal respectable."

Mr. Kenworthy goes on to observe that even an "intermediate stage of enclaves, as in Galbraith's recent proposal," would help reverse policies which are now widening, not limiting, a tragically mistaken war. **It is the lack of positive action**, a lack decried by the Secretary-General of the U.N., by the Pope, and by the more informed segments of our own population, that has brought the peace movement to acts of rage and frustration. Do you truly not believe that this protest springs from unredressed grievance? We ask you to speak to this point.

Adlai Stevenson's life came to an end before he had a chance to speak out forthrightly on administration policies it had been his job to defend. He left us, as a result, a confused legacy.

Mr. McNamara, we ask you to answer this letter, and we have published it so others may join in the call. You know, as we know, that there are ways to reverse the policies that led to our armed invasion of South Vietnam. We want your views as you leave your post, and we believe no man of your honor would make a covenant to be silent.

Sincerely,

THE NATION and _____

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has been lost. Much of it was ephemeral. Yet the paintings and constructions which did survive, the very notion of the artist-engineer, the polytechnic art training and research programs worked out by Kandinsky (first for Moscow and later for the Bauhaus in Germany), the startlingly new typography and format of books and posters, the combined use of poetry and visual images, the example of ideograms like Lissitzky's poster "Beat The Whites with the Red Wedge" as well as drawings of monuments which were never put up because of lack of resources, stage designs for the Meyerhold Theatre, the accounts of agit-prop trains in which artists toured the country to explain graphically and verbally what was happening and what was necessary, entirely original experiments with exhibition techniques, the planning by artists of public celebrations such as the formalized re-enactment in October, 1918 of the revolution in front of the Winter Palace, the extremism of artists like Tatlin who, faced with the country's basic problems of survival, abandoned art to apply his visual experience and intelligence to the designing of stoves (maximum heat with minimum fuel), the energy that couples and uncouples Mayakovsky's poetry:

*We will smash the old world
wildly
we will thunder
a new myth over the world.
We will trample the fence
of time beneath our feet.
We will make a musical scale
of the rainbow.
Roses and dreams
debased by poets
will unfold
in a new light
for the delight of our eyes
the eyes of big children.
We will invent new roses
roses of capitals with petals of squares*

All this, seen as a threat by some and liberation by others, served notice to the rest of Europe that the role of the artist in the coming world would be very different.

Some of the "leftist" theories can easily be criticized for their oversimplification. The artist-engineer is only one kind of artist: there are also artist-philosophers. The work of art and the machine product are not precisely the same. Yet their overestimation of the machine is understandable enough in the context; the idea of industrialization had acquired a lyrical power, for it seemed to offer a way of avoiding, instead of suffering and enduring, a whole phase of history. The same lyricism is in Lenin's slogan that communism is electrification plus the soviets.

More important than the exaggeration

of the leftists was their prophetic vision. Cubism has destroyed the existing formal means in art: the categories within the canvas or sculpture. They proceeded to destroy the wider categories as between different media and as between the artist and the public for his art. No artists had ever lived and worked as they did. Their example rendered the Professional Painter and Sculptor (professional in the sense of belonging to one of the middle-class liberal professions) as obsolete as the *fin de siècle* bohemian or the *artiste maudit*. Mayakovsky wrote:

*To work in a factory
blacken your face with smoke
then at leisure later
to flap bleary eyelids at
other men's luxuries—
what is the good of that?
Wipe the old out of our hearts!
Enough of penny truths!
The streets our brushes
the squares our palettes.
The thousand-paged book of time
says nothing about the days of revolution.
Futurists, dreamers, poets,
come out into the street.*

Their vision has been criticized as being naively remote from the actual social reality. What can Tatlin's "Monument to the Third International" mean to a peasant with a wooden plough? The majority of the Soviet population were peasants at an extremely low cultural level. Yet what does the existence of the Third International—quite regardless of any monument—mean to such a peasant? There is often a tendency to expect the artist to solve, as if by magic, problems whose solutions depend upon there being more factories, schoolteachers, road makers, radio engineers. If Gabo's radio station had been built, Tatlin's monument would have made sense more quickly.

There is always a danger that the relative freedom of art can render it meaningless. Yet it is this same freedom which allows art, and art alone, to express and preserve the profoundest expectation of a period. It is part of the nature of man to expect more than he can immediately achieve. His expectations are never independent of necessity, but the necessary should never be confused with the immediate. Philip O'Connor writes, in his *Journal*: "Art deals only with what is, and by intensity extracts therefrom for the shaping of what will be, which is the essence of what should be—given perfect extraction."

Academicism has to be founded upon a hierarchy of established categories: it needs them for the application of its general and purely theoretical laws. It also needs them, administratively, for

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the working of its system of rewards and restraints. For a few years after 1917 the condition of Russian art was the very antithesis of that which had preceded it for nearly two centuries. "We have taken by storm the Bastille of the Academy," claimed the students. For a few years artists served the state on their own initiative in a context of maximum freedom. Soon a very similar academicism was to be reimposed.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"All the world's a stage." Perhaps it is because I have always regarded the world as "the wide and universal theatre" that I have so long been able to endure continual playgoing. Perhaps on this account, too, my idea of theatre has become so extended that I find the pleasantest evenings in occasions which are not usually included in that category. Thus the most agreeable moments of my recent visits to the playhouses have been at Roy Dotrice's one-man show of *Brief Lives* and at evenings of the Paul Taylor Dance Company. Unfortunately neither of these pleasures is any longer on Broadway (*Brief Lives* might have fared better in some less ostentatious locale), but I must not fail to speak of them, however briefly.

Roy Dotrice, an actor unfamiliar to me despite my many English journeys, has had extensive experience of both modern and "classic" roles: Edward IV, Caliban, Caesar and Hotspur. He is not a star, but a very fine actor. In *Brief Lives* he presents a "character" of 74; since a man of that age in the 17th century must have seemed preternaturally ancient, Dotrice, who is 42, is quite right in playing John Aubrey as if he were 100.

The action of the "play" takes place in lodgings in Dirty Lane, Bloomsbury, in 1697, the year of the old man's death. Born in 1624, Aubrey was a student at Oxford, and still a young man after the Civil War which restored Charles II to the throne of England. He spent most of his life collecting scholarly information and scandalous gossip, the best of which is contained in his *Lives*. Patrick Garland, credited as the author of the "play"—an arrangement of material from the *Lives*—tells us that Aubrey has only lately begun to be recognized as England's first serious biographer, one who can take his place alongside Pepys.

Brief Lives not only gives a glimpse of the ordinary mode of living during

the Restoration, and of the times which preceded it—way back to Jacobean and Elizabethan days, about which Aubrey retails anecdotes which have come down to him from chronicles and older cronies—but communicates to the audience a sense of being an intimate witness of the related events and a close companion of the folk engaged in them. We see, touch and taste them!

The room, designed by Julia Oman, in which Dotrice-Aubrey shuffles about, cooking and eating his meals, cursing the squalling baby next door, yelling at coachmen on the street below, burrowing in his books, is in itself palpable history. Squalor and wit, rascality and canny observation, obscenity and refinement, innocent brutishness and pithiness of expression, the absence of hygiene and respect for cultural values, above all a texture of pullulating humanity are conveyed in every part of these *Brief Lives*, and not least in Roy Dotrice's consummately delightful performance.

Paul Taylor has learned how to turn the movement of modern dance into ballet—for which some may scorn him, but not I. His choreography, in which he has trained a small and attractive group of young dancers, is clear, clean, modestly incisive and humorous. His scope may be considered small but the precision and health, the lack of strain or false apocalypticism in his art are refreshing and somehow restful without being in the least soft. If at any past time Taylor's work may have been found lacking in form, the complaint can no longer be made.

On the evidence of his *The Journey of the Fifth Horse* (I do not know his earlier play *Harry, Noon and Night*) Ronald Ribman is something more than a "promising" dramatist. His latest piece, *The Ceremony of Innocence*, does not alter my estimation of him but strikes me as a detour on the road to his further development.

Ribman has sought here to write something approaching a traditional tragedy: the tragedy of a saintly ruler who attempts to use and impose humane reason on his state, so that it may not engage in the wasteful, senseless slaughter of war. The ruler is Ethelred, Anglo-Saxon King of England (986-1016). Nearly all the events of *The Ceremony of Innocence*, except that there was a war between the English and the Danes at that time, are fabrications. Why Ribman chose Ethelred as a hero I cannot guess, nor do I care. But in assaying a tragic theme one must write to the measure of great characters in a manner both personal and significant.

Ribman's play is literate enough, and

the spectacle of a man struggling against the tide of history (which is usually a record of folly) is certainly disheartening, but it is an oft-repeated tale to which one must bring either new insight or new language. Otherwise one is sure to be swamped in a wave of banality or to become afflicted by "a plague of words." To think of this play as having any sharp relevance to the present world situation is to be pathetically ingenuous.

The Ceremony of Innocence is a dramatist's exercise (wholly sincere), but its ambition is misplaced. An author can say more by not trying to say so much. The production at American Place Theatre is impressively designed by Kert Lundell and well costumed by Willa Kim. The best feature of the evening is the generally good cast under Arthur Seidelman's direction, notably Donald Madden, an American actor who speaks and "reads" well without any Anglicized affectation and who seems to have grown considerably since his impetuous earlier ventures as Mark Antony and Hamlet.

Another exercise—this one a director's—is Joseph Papp's *Hamlet* at the Public Theater. It is a Hellzapoppin' *Hamlet* which aims to be funny and to elucidate the play in all its ambiguities for a mod audience.

The text is cut to one hour and forty minutes, and is sliced and rearranged for a series of vaudevillesque turns, each of them done as a demonstration of the play's dramatic meaning and for their own jocular sake.

Thus Hamlet wakes up in a coffinlike bed in handcuffs, and Horatio, dressed in concentration camp garb, is in chains throughout. (Isn't Denmark a prison?) Horatio, a constant cameraman, is killed. (The friendly intellectual observer always gets the dirty end of the stick.) Ophelia doesn't drown; instead she is killed by Hamlet—a symbolic truth.

Claudius reads the original Player King's lines (not bad) and he sleeps through the early part of the Play scene (good). Hamlet is at times his father's puppet. (This doesn't work.) Ophelia is something of a sexy dish. (Acceptable, if not wholly original.) She sings the songs of her madness nightclub fashion. (Possible, but though the evening's Ophelia—April Shawhan—has a fetching figure, she does not make the words intelligible.) Almost everything is spoken colloquially at breakneck speed: action takes precedence over poetry.

There is plenty of horseplay and extravagant nonsense—perhaps to prove that Shakespeare was not above such things in his roughhouse theatre. Hamlet as the Gravedigger speaks in a

Puerto Rican accent to replace the country speech of the original. "To be or not to be" gets similar treatment.

There are a number of amusing moments: for example, Hamlet's unmistakable pass at Ophelia, interrupted by Polonius and followed by her lines "O my lord, my lord! I have been so frightened," which play well as embarrassed excuses by a girl almost caught in the hay by her father. The characterization of Claudius as a grinning, gun-toting junta politician (engagingly acted by Ralph Waite) is a happy conceit. Many of the sight gags and japes prove duds; they are titillating at times—for instance when Claudius overhears Polonius' address to Laertes and murmurs "Right!" at the most Philistine bits of advice.

Still these games or Pop art variations on a theme become wearisome after fifty minutes. And if the "experiment" is to be taken at all seriously, it should be pointed out that (a) the play would be entirely unintelligible to a person not previously well acquainted with the material; and (b) to make the points of a play clear is not the same thing as making the play clear.

When Meyerhold in Moscow staged *The Inspector General* and Ostrovsky's *The Forest* in a manner all his own (disapproved by officialdom), his inventions were not only exhilarating but illuminating in each parallel to the original dramatic action, the result being an entirely coherent play. This, for all the occasional fun and scenic ingenuity, is not true of Papp's *Hamlet*, but I would not for a moment dream of becoming indignant over it. In fact, considering the hard work and amiable quality of Martin Sheen as Hamlet, and the spirited attack by the company as a whole, I must confess that I could submit myself to this *Hamlet* much more easily than to many of the star-studded productions I have seen.

Tragic Cakewalk

JULIUS NOVICK

The players, said Hamlet, are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; but this country's resident professional theatres, for all their devotion to Shakespeare, have failed to take the hint. Whatever is going on right now in the Great Society has been reflected only rarely on their chastely subsidized stages, which have been consecrated to *Twelfth Night*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and other plays which may perhaps bore the subscribers, but are unlikely to offend them. And so the audience for the resident professional theatre has been limited to that 1 per cent or so of the

population that is interested in genteel culture seeking.

One of the few resident-theatre magazines who is seriously concerned about this situation is Mrs. Zelda Fichandler, the founder of the Arena Stage in Washington, D. C. She has said:

If we seek the Negro audience, America's new proletariat, we should integrate our acting companies and seek out plays that speak to Negro concerns. If we want high school and college-age audiences, we must compete with films in terms of the vividness and size of our work, its tempo and color, its immediacy of themes. If we wish to attract what Herbert Marcuse, the professor of philosophy at the University of California, calls "the new working class"—engineers, technicians, researchers and teachers—who are not economically depressed but sensorially dead, then we must attract them with the directness of our work, its abrasion, its physical energy, its source within life itself. . . .

Mrs. Fichandler has had the courage to put her theatre where her mouth is. The Arena Stage is currently offering the world premiere of *The Great White Hope*, a play by Howard Sackler based on the life of Jack Johnson, the first Negro heavyweight champion, who was hounded out of the country (or so Mr. Sackler has it) by the white power structure. Whether *The Great White Hope* is actually attracting Negroes, students and "the new working class" I am by no means sure—at the matinee I attended just before Christmas, the audience looked as genteel and stodgy as usual—but the production has all the qualities Mrs. Fichandler calls for in the passage quoted above.

Mr. Sackler has written a great sprawling chronicle in twenty scenes, laid between San Francisco and Budapest, as "Jack Jefferson" wanders the earth looking for a place where he can live in peace with his heavyweight title and his white mistress. Aristotle named "spectacle" as one of the parts of tragedy, and *The Great White Hope* is spectacular: it features a cakewalk, a prayer meeting, a voodoo ceremony, a funeral, and crowd scenes of all sorts.

It demands a large stage and a huge cast; very few theatres in this country could begin to muster the resources for it. The Arena Stage has recruited a company of more than sixty actors, augmenting its regular company with a number of well-known New York actors, and with some thirty local amateurs to fill out the crowds. This huge, heterogeneous mob has been directed by Edwin Sherin, the Arena's "Associate Producing Director," and he has molded it into a genuine ensemble of professional quality. Some of the actors are now and then defeated by the Arena's difficult

acoustics, and some of them occasionally push a little too hard, but not a single performance is less than competent, and the major ones are admirable. James Earl Jones has the heavyweight physique, the heavyweight emotional power, and the mischievous but pointed irony needed to play Mr. Sackler's formidable hero; and Jane Alexander, a member of the Arena's permanent company, plays his mistress with conviction and grace.

The Arena's big rectangular stage, with the audience on all sides, is well suited (insofar as it is well suited to anything) to big, extroverted, fast-moving productions that do not require an elaborately detailed physical environment. Having directed fifteen Arena productions, Mr. Sherin knows how to use this stage. Yet there is no flash and dazzle for its own sake; the staging serves the play. The last scene especially, after Jack has lost his title, when the new champion, the triumphant "white hope," is carried off enthroned as Jack stands humiliated—both men bloody and dazed like sacrificial victims—this scene is corrosively moving, not as spectacle merely but as the resolution of the conflict that the play records, and the image of its hero's destiny.

Sackler's play is by no means one entire and perfect chrysolite. For one thing, it is far, far too long; I do not object to three-and-a-half-hour plays on principle, but this one repeats itself too many times. Furthermore, some of the important characters are unrealized in

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the writing; the champion's mistress, especially, is far too gracious, too faithful, and generally too perfect to be altogether persuasive. Even Jack Jefferson himself, until he is undermined by the persecutions he suffers, is somewhat too good to be true. For a wide array of additional reasons, a number of scenes fail to come off; the script "needs," as they say, "work."

But *The Great White Hope* matters very much all the same, just as it stands, because Sackler has gotten hold of a vitally significant piece of history, has realized just why it is significant, and has put that significance, in vivid human terms, on the stage. Jack Johnson/Jefferson, as Sackler depicts him, is not a well-behaved, serious-minded Negro like Booker T. Washington or Sidney Poitier; he mocks at white society, and he sleeps with a white woman. And this, in the land of the free and the home of the brave, is unendurable; America, Sackler suggests, absolutely cannot stand a "bad nigger."

For while I sat watching the play and fighting its implications. I had it in mind to accuse Sackler of catering to the absurd, ugly and dangerous kind of Negro paranoia that considers family planning a genocidal plot against the colored races. But then I thought of Adam Clayton Powell and, even more, of Cassius Clay, who has recently been sentenced to a \$10,000 fine and five years in prison for refusing induction into the army. The play is by no means a calm and balanced assessment of the situation, but it seems clear to me that what Sackler implies is at least basically true; ours is still a racist society. But whatever conclusion we come to, the play demands of us, in urgently dramatic terms, that we examine the whole question and our stake in it. I wish it could be shown in the schools, in the House of Representatives, and in other places where immature minds seek to cope with the problems of our day.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

The roaring success of Mike Nichols' *The Graduate* is hardly surprising—he has built it on the dependable formula of Restoration comedy. I would not raise hopes too high: this Way of the Affluent World, to a script by Calder Willingham and Buck Henry, is consistently funny and frequently ironic, but it quite lacks the aphoristic wit of Sheridan or Congreve, and as it wears on it forsakes cynicism for chase and begins to resemble more Harold Lloyd than Mayfair dandy. Still, the spice of the piece, the source of its tension and laughter, is the confrontation of jaded maturity with the demanding innocence of youth. "Never trust anyone over 30" is a slogan that could have served the Restoration as well as it does our own time, and Nichols makes the old formula seem as topical as mini-skirts. Youth wins because its nerves are stronger and its needs simpler; it is not really a moral victory, but it serves that purpose.

If Nichols grasps but cannot hold the style of his model, it is because his older actors let him down. Dustin Hoffman has the right manner as the highly moral and readily seducible Graduate; he is at once gauche, disconcertingly direct and well armed by incredulity against the ploys of his elders. And Katherine Ross, as his destined sweetheart, is properly flouncy in a somewhat dim-witted righteousness. But Ann Bancroft, the seductress, invests a little too heavily in her lechery, and in general the attendant parents, spouses and family friends put too much heartfelt venom into what is essentially a masque of animal spirits. As a result, the film keeps threatening to turn the corner from Belgrave Square into Peyton Place.

Of course, I may be saddling Mr. Nichols with my own concept of his purpose; it is quite possible that he gave no thought at all to the 18th century and had in view no more than a cautionary tale for the 1960s. In that case, though, it is odd that his picture is so much more effective when it is outrageous that when it is outraged.

In a sense, the face of war opposite to Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam* is Pierre Schoendorffer's *The Anderson Platoon*. The parallel is not quite exact, since one picture describes how the people of North Vietnam stand up to the U.S. assault from the air, and

the other shows how the American ground forces attack in the South. Still, the contrast in terms of morale and morality is too sharp to be overlooked.

When I reviewed Greene's film, I recalled the Battle of Britain. Anderson and his men evoke no analogy; I have never seen anything like them before, and wonder if there is any precedent. These are without question the most lethal infantry that have ever stalked the earth. They carry weapons so advanced (Vietnam, we have been told often enough, is a proving ground) that sometimes I could only guess their function; and the sound of battle is a plunking and buzzing quite unlike the crack and whistle of earlier combat. These shock troops take scarcely a step without checking for instruction on radio telephone; their needs and perils are constantly monitored by the hovering, ungainly helicopters (I cannot rid myself of the unwarranted notion that they are the scavenger kites of this war).

But at the heart of all this technological viciousness, the men look like bewildered, sick, abandoned children. They have no idea where the enemy lurks and couldn't identify him if he showed himself. They are constantly on the phone, but rarely know what they are to do; they are briefed by a senior officer, but for all useful purposes he is as ignorant as they (the morrow's objective is such and such hill, but why that hill and not some other?). A war that has no justification produces battles that have no purpose. Since we are not intent upon "conquering" South Vietnam, but only upon "liberating" it, the strategy does not move forward toward any goal—there is no Rhine, no Okinawa—but thrashes about, a killing scythe in the jungle. For all the firepower, the tolls are small; but as there is no objective, so it seems there are no limits, this slow grinding of the swamps and valleys can go on indecisively as long as any life at all remains there. All killing is stupid, but such killing is nasty as well. It is grievous that American youth should be forced to die at this ignorant work; we may learn before we are through to grieve even more bitterly for those who return home with their bodies still alive.

Schoendorffer's footage, made originally for French television, is objective, unblinking, but profoundly compassionate; there are no villains, only victims, at the front. The film bespeaks a remarkable rapport between photographers and soldiers, sustained no doubt because they showed a like courage in moments of great danger. Courage is so commonplace as to go almost unremarked in *The Anderson Platoon*; thus are men superior to their masters.

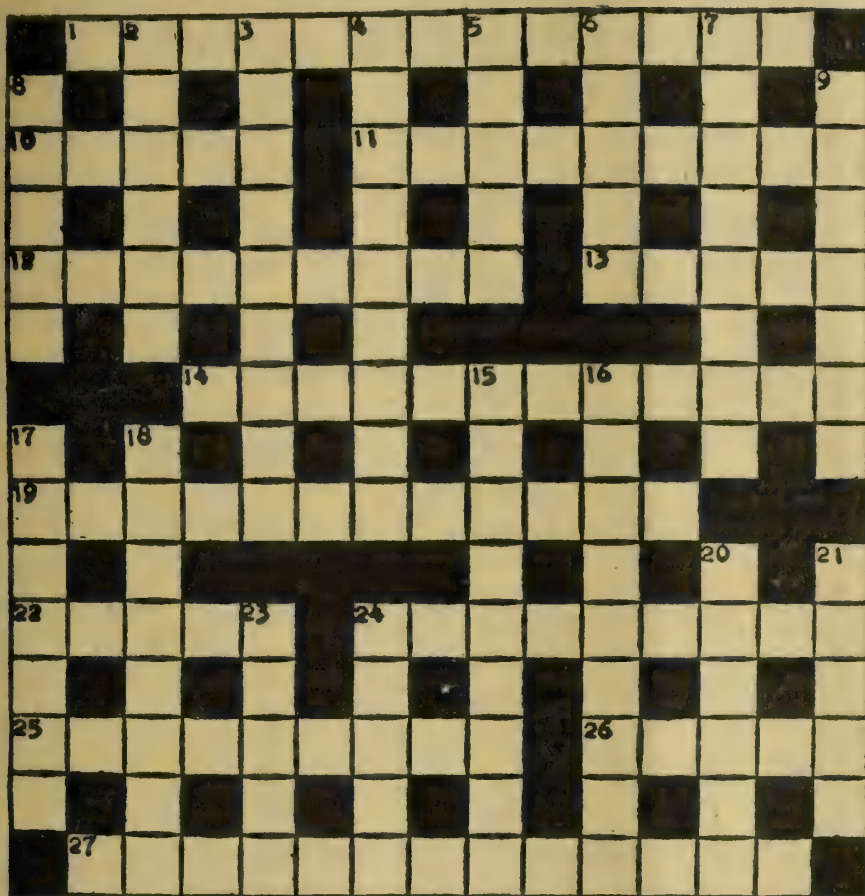
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1232

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 These might be criticized, even if the general effect of oratory was represented in the article. (5,2,6)
- 10 What might go with a drive-in snack on a foreign island. (5)
- 11 One who puts on an act gets through earlier. (9)
- 12 Scene shifting ordered to go around isn't getting any younger. (9)
- 13 Maintains one's position below decks. (5)
- 14 and 22 across Engineering thesis on the supply of kindergartens? (12,5)
- 19 Even everything else might prove everything said over again. (12)
- 22 See 14 across
- 24 Truman set the groundwork for this change in nature. (9)
- 25 After hitching horns? Pans might accompany them. (9)
- 26 One business proposition that's perfect. (5)
- 27 The last part's the word for it—it really is! (13)

DOWN:

- 2 Not doing so well—in fact quietly failing. (6)
- 3 Plane parts torn into little bits? (9)
- 4 His wrong goes with the proud man's contumely. (9)
- 5 Bristling, except for the middle. (5)

- 6 A long time to spend in rising expectation, if around a hundred. (5)
- 7 Gray owl did to the moon. (8)
- 8 This mash is a jumble, particularly for a Mennonite. (5)
- 9 13, perhaps, indicated by simple sentences. (7)
- 15 One would certainly make a good observer. (9)
- 16 Petulant, but far from stupid, contrarily. (9)
- 17 An awkward topic around the early hours? It calls for port! (7)
- 18 Strike with the heat being haphazard? (8)
- 20 Office furniture? (6)
- 21 One might slip on one of them and have to rest up. (5)
- 23 There's a bit of sunshine about in such inclement weather, however. (5)
- 24 Worn by a woman such as one in Scarlett's house. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1231

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Alternating current; 9 Hampered; 10 Reveal; 11 Meteors; 15 Team-mate; 17 Umbrella; 20 Vellum; 22 Strains; 26 Result; 28 Blacklisted. DOWN: 2 Lip reader; 3 and 24 across Error of closure; 4 Nods; 5 Tortuga; 6 and 27 across Never on Sunday; 7 Gamete; 8 Garnet; 16 Melisande; 18 Matter; 19 Lunatic; 20 Valises; 21 Unreal; 23, 14 and 13 A full head of steam; 25 Pool.

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Lunatics, Dreamers and Revolutionaries

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LETTERS

color and authority

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: June Meyer's powerful essay-review ("Spokesmen for the Blacks," *The Nation*, Dec. 4) is brilliant, and well-deserved by the entire literary world of this country. With admiration.

Jonathan Kozol

New York City

DEAR SIR: I commend June Meyer for her beautiful piece. Anybody who has paid any attention to the race problem in this country would realize that it continues to be a problem because of the attitudes of the white community and more important, because the "Negroes have never been listened to." . . .

These attitudes have given rise to the ludicrous situation where Peace Corps volunteers—who have little if any competence in African languages—spend two years in an African environment and come back to write bestsellers, while Africans, spending a comparable time here, are considered not knowledgeable enough to write about this country. . . .

Apart from such people as the late Melville Herskovitz, Prof. Immanuel Wallerstein and a few others (half a dozen or so), it would be interesting to know also how many Americans know anything about Africa—and I will include those in the Administration and Congress who talk so much about helping the savages become civilized.

The Nation, like every journal in this country, prefers a Peace Corps volunteer over an African to review books about Africa. The Negro and the African should know they are in the same boat. It's time they realized this and learned to work together rather than bicker.

P. K. Cobbinah-Essem
International House

Rodin's space

New York City

DEAR SIR: As an artist who has long admired the sculpture and drawings of Rodin, I read with interest and care John Berger's "Notes for an Essay on Rodin" [*The Nation*, Dec. 18, 1967]. Then I reread these Notes with amusement, and finally with a sense of their absurdity. . . .

Mr. Berger assumes that, with the exception of the "Balzac" and possibly the "Walking Man," Rodin's sculpture "exhibits a consistent and fundamental weakness," a failure of his figures to "create any spatial tension with their surroundings," and a sort of inward pressure that he sees acting upon them, forcing them back into the material as if they were on the way to becoming bas-reliefs, indeed to vanishing altogether. In some intriguing, sexually titillating and aberrant way this is tied in to what is assumed to be Rodin's confusion of flesh with clay, and his uncontrollable desire to knead and mold live women with his hands, and we are given testimony in this regard by Isadora Duncan, who later wished she had let him.

May I suggest that the confusion is not Rodin's but Mr. Berger's. . . . For every critic who discovers that Rodin's figures are all collapsing inward I could round up a dozen practicing sculptors who would contend that they relate to the space about them as if they were alive and might destroy it.

Even in those marbles and bronzes like the "Gates of Hell," where the figures do not entirely emerge from the material, one is reminded of the "Prisoners of Michelangelo" in Florence, struggling against the bonds of their creation and their captivity.

Paul Hollister, Jr.

EDITORIALS

Now Is the Time

Both Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Sen. Robert F. Kennedy are admirable public men with a high sense of public responsibility. Both are fully aware that the demonstrations, protests and riots of the last year were a reflection, in no small measure, of the sickness that besets the political system. Both must also realize that such public enactments of intense political frustration will assume even graver dimensions this year if the electorate is asked to choose in November among Johnson, Nixon and Wallace. Already the three of them are engaging in a competition in hawkishness on all fronts. All of them stress "crime in the streets" as though it were the No. 1 Issue. In a recent address to—of all organizations—the Boy Scouts' sponsors, Mr. Nixon said that the issue is not "crime in the streets" but "the war in the cities."

Let's be blunt about it: Johnson, Nixon and Wallace are widely and profoundly distrusted, not by the same people or for the same reasons, but by a majority of the electorate and for perfectly sound reasons. If the electorate must choose one of them in November, the winner will owe his victory to the fact that a majority of the electorate distrusted him less than it distrusted the other two. Such a choice could only have the effect of further undermining public confidence in the political system.

Governor Rockefeller and Senator Kennedy have it in their power to exert the leadership and influence that just might avert such a debacle. They are strong personal leaders, men of immense resources. Both tap powerful political, tribal and corporate sources of support. If the major parties were free to nominate their strongest nominees, the Governor and Senator would be nominated. But if both men persist much longer in the coyness that each has shown to date, the Dreadful Trio will confront us. Faced with this possibility, we appeal to the sense of responsibility which the Governor and the Senator have both demonstrated on other occasions to reassess their roles in relation to this year's election.

It is quite clear, of course, that Rockefeller and Kennedy are, as Ted Lewis pointed out in the *Daily News*, "at the crossroads of decision-making at a time not of their own choosing." Both face difficult problems. But we appeal to them not alone as party leaders but as public men who must see that their responsibility this year transcends partisan and personal considerations.

We appeal to them, we do not advise them. We are not suggesting, for example, that Governor Rockefeller should act this week or next or that he should enter this or that primary. As a man of his word, he has an obligation to Governor Romney. But he has other obligations, and if he waits much longer he may be unable to avert the debacle that so clearly faces his party and the nation. In 1964, the Governor got into the race at too early a date; this year he could wait too long. The Republicans, if there is any saving sense among them, must realize that with Wallace in the race, it makes no sense for them to nominate Nixon and pursue the "Southern" strategy that led to Goldwater's defeat in 1964. But time is running out and the Governor must give some indication soon of his

"availability" or we will witness a repeat of the rout of reason that prevailed at the Cow Palace in 1964.

Senator Kennedy has his problems too. He wants desperately to be President but feels that he must wait until 1972. But he may wait too long. Should the Republicans nominate Rockefeller, the Governor would, in our judgment, defeat President Johnson and might well be re-elected in 1972. But even if Senator Kennedy feels that he should stay out of the race this year, he could give Senator McCarthy more "running room" than he has provided to date. What he has thus far said and done has had the effect of isolating McCarthy; the coolness of the Kennedys is much too cool to pass unnoticed. Senator Kennedy must realize that "the lesser evil" logic cannot apply in a race of Johnson, Nixon and Wallace; his own integrity as a person would dissipate with every speech he made in support of Johnson. Two leaders of the McCarthy movement, Allard K. Lowenstein and Arnold S. Kaufman, state the issue well: "If a President is wrong but popular, political realities may make opposing him difficult, however right; if a President is right but unpopular, supporting him may be a duty, however difficult. But when a President is both wrong and unpopular, to refuse to oppose him is a moral abdication and a political stupidity."

Now is indeed the time for all good men to come not merely to the aid of their party but to help salvage the political system and a measure of national self-respect.

The Spock Indictment

The indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock, Rev. William Sloane Coffin and their associates raises issues larger than the government may wish to confront; conversely, critics of the Vietnamese War will be glad to have these issues brought out into the open. The government would like to see the defendants tried purely on the basis of the Selective Service law and the statutes pertaining to the duty of citizens to support the government in time of war. The defendants will probably stress the moral aspect—the rights of the citizen, who has a conscience, against the rights of the government, which has power. Admittedly, this is not a very promising line of attack since all wars in which the President chooses to involve the country have in effect become legal; besides, the Selective Service law applies, with or without a declaration of war.

On the borderline between moral and legal issues, the defendants can argue that what they did was nothing more, essentially, than a legitimate extension of the right of free speech. They in no way impeded a draftee in his desire to serve in the armed forces. All they did was counsel draftees who came to them with doubts already in their minds. If this is unlawful, only support of the Selective Service statutes would be allowable—or silence.

Then, what a curious "conspiracy" this was! The alleged conspirators, far from acting in secret to perform an illegal act, practically shouted their intentions from the housetops. Not only was there a complete absence of the secrecy surrounding an illegal act but the act itself was no more than symbolic. The Selective Service regulations do require a draftee to carry his registration card

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THE NATION

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(a requirement which savors of European identification cards), but to return such a document to the government is merely an act of protest. The individual who performs this act is still known to his Selective Service board and it can lay hands on him the more readily because he has chosen this way of calling attention to himself. It is obvious that Dr. Spock and the others have not thus far made much of a dent in the Selective Service mechanism. At year's end, only 618 persons in forty-six states had turned in, burned, or otherwise "illegally" disposed of draft cards, according to Gen. Lewis Hershey, and Army spokesmen boast of the small percentage of military dropouts and AWOLs. Indeed one may well suspect that the indictments were returned primarily to appease the formidable General Hershey, who has mesmerized Congress and intimidated Presidents these many years, and who hailed the indictments as a personal triumph.

But whatever the reason, the indictment represents a crack-down, designed to pick off the leadership of the anti-war movement and to intimidate those who may be inclined to listen to their arguments. As such, it is another step in the long series of protestations by the government that it holds the right of free speech sacred, while making the exercise of that right harder and more dangerous.

Surgical Show Biz

From a purely technical standpoint, the human heart transplants are a marvelous accomplishment. Medically, they are in the same class as the rocketry and electronics that send men into orbit and will land them on the moon sooner or later. No other age could have accomplished such bizarre feats. The heart transplants also remind us that all medical progress, and the most impressive learning and skill that can be brought to bear, only shift the cause of death from one specialty to another and prolong the patient's life for a few more days or years. From the individual's standpoint the postponement is no small matter, of course, and the surgeons who essay these *tours de force* do set an example of coolness under pressure that somehow enhances human stature.

In addition, on the plus side, the acceptance of the heart of a colored donor by a white patient, or the heart of a woman by a man, is a lesson in ethics as well as physiology. A heart is a heart, a kidney is a kidney: physiologically a man is only a system of semi-autonomous subsystems that make up the wonderful human body. The dying South African accepted the heart of a colored man as eagerly as he would have the heart of a white man, and not even the most bigoted Afrikaners said a word.

These are the good things about operations of this type, which nevertheless are of far less importance than corrective open-heart surgery which is now performed routinely in every medically advanced country. But there are drawbacks as well. One is that a kind of star system develops among surgeons, in contravention of the established medical tradition that the doctor does his work and does not talk about it, except in technical communications with other physicians who may benefit by his experience.

The news media, especially television, could not be happier about this development: they are furnished with

a combination of the sob story, centering about the bereaved family or families, and the heroic spectacular, represented by the surgical team. And it is all real and serious. With television, money and bargaining enter the surgical amphitheatre, or at least camp just outside. Philip Blaiberg, the South African dentist who received the second heart transplant, or his agent, made a deal with N.B.C. for exclusive interviews and films—including the operation—for \$50,000. A free-lance photographer managed to get into the operating room gallery and shot some film before he was ejected. Apparently the surgeon, Dr. Christian Barnard, was unaware of the N.B.C.-Blaiberg agreement, and has decided to avoid further publicity for himself. The hospital, however, is less reluctant. For its publicity staff the heart transplants are a bonanza. A few weeks ago it was a local hospital like any other. Now all over the world people know about it who never heard of Massachusetts General or Maimonides.

But there is still another objection, perhaps the most cogent. Any medical advance involving life and death arouses expectations which are impossible at the time it first becomes known, and in many cases the innovation soon fizzles. In the case of heart transplants the difficulties of supply and synchronization are enormous. The vast majority of cardiac patients must live as best they can with the hearts their mothers gave them. This limitation should get more publicity; the successful transplants—when there are any—should get less.

Poetic Justice

It is not necessary to pass judgment on the merits of the case against LeRoi Jones, the Negro playwright, and his codefendants, in order to be appalled by the severity of the sentences handed down by Judge Leon Kapp in the Essex (N.J.) County Court. Mr. Jones is an abrasive type of revolutionary who does not deal in sweet sentiments or demean himself decorously in a courtroom, but he was not being tried for his personality. He was convicted of riding about Newark with two Negro companions at the height of last summer's riot, with guns and ammunition in the car. The average sentence to date for this offense is about six months, but Mr. Jones's accomplices got eighteen months each—part of it on probation—and the judge threw the book at Jones with a sentence of not less than two years and six months, a ban on probation during that term, and a fine of \$1,000.

The judge and the defendant were about equally abusive toward each other, but this is a matter in which equality does not conduce to the majesty of the law. The power was all on the side of the judge and he violated the canons of judicial behavior by bawling at the defendants as if they were in a dispute in a barroom. Nor does a good judge tell a defendant that he is "sick"—mentally sick in that connotation—when no suggestion of such illness is involved in the case at bar. The only objective view one can derive from these proceedings is that maybe Jones belongs in jail, but Kapp does not belong on the bench.

There is reason to believe, also, that the severity of the sentence was based partly on a poem which Jones had published in the *Evergreen Review*, which normally

has a circulation of 25,000 but now will probably have to increase its print order. Kapp regarded the poem as diabolical and read it in court before pronouncing sentence, with deletions that he considered appropriate. The judge was thus going outside the record—"dehors" in the legal term—and subjecting himself to a reversal on that ground alone. New Jersey is a big populous state, and its higher courts contain judges who do not like to see the lower magistrates lose control of their tempers or pronounce sentence on the basis of irrelevancies.

A reprimand has already been administered to Judge Kapp by an extra-judicial body. Writing on behalf of the American Center of P.E.N. in the January 10 *New York Times*, Robert Halsband, president of the organization, declared: "P.E.N. vigorously protests the impropriety of any judge imposing a sentence the severity of which is based on his disapproval of a literary work of the accused. This is a serious assault on freedom of expression, a right not only of every writer but of every American citizen, as stated in the First Article of the Constitution." Judge Kapp needs a refresher course at law school.

You Haven't Been There

Two war-hero brothers, back from Vietnam, shed some light on the war for those of us who haven't been there. Jim Libby, of Brunswick, Me., said that he could not see "how people who have never been to Vietnam can criticize what is going on there." His brother Bruce said that he couldn't understand "the concern at home for the burning by a Marine company of a Vietnamese village." The following excerpt from an interview with the brothers, published in the Brunswick-Bath *Times-Record*, may in part explain the criticism and concern:

[Bruce] said that after dark anything that moves is considered the enemy. He mentioned the "turkey shoots" which one brigade stationed north of Saigon participated in. The "turkey shoot" was the indiscriminate destruction of Vietnamese sampans on the river at night. "You don't know whether they are Vietcong or not," said Bruce.

Following an atrocity against a group of wounded Americans, Bruce's outfit went into a nearby village and asked the villagers the whereabouts of the Vietcong. The villagers said they had seen no enemy. The American outfit then proceeded to roll their M-48 tanks over the huts in the village. "If you don't think an M-48 tank romping through somebody's little thatched hut doesn't scare somebody, it does," Bruce said. He explained if the people think you are not going to do something, they will not tell you anything.

"Oh, yes, I'm all for it," Jim said of the war. "The people over there need help and this is the only way they are going to get it."

Scientists as Citizens

Perhaps more significant than any of the scheduled events at the 134th convocation, December 26 to 31, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was the confusion exposed there as to the proper role of science in a war-oriented society. Some years ago, the Society for Social Responsibility in Science applied for

affiliation with the AAAS and was rejected, presumably not because it was less worthy than the Herpetologists' League or the Torrey Botanical Club but because it is thought that, when scientists disagree, means exist (in the long run) for resolving their differences objectively; whereas social responsibility involves political attitudes which, all the more as science is supported by government through the decisions of politicians, can cause scientists a lot of trouble. Thus, although Prof. Hans Bethe, with his usual wisdom, said last month some things that needed to be said in his talk at the symposium, "Is Defense against Ballistic Missiles Possible?," the meeting as a whole was conducted as if the war in Vietnam were not raging and as if AAAS members had nothing to do with it.

The only deviation from this sedulously cultivated equanimity occurred at the New York Hilton, where the University Committee on Public Issues rented a meeting room for one evening and Prof. Philip Morrison and others gave proof (if proof was needed) that first-rate scientists can also be citizens concerned with the fateful events of the day.

The social scientists are doing better. In contrast to the quietism of the AAAS on Vietnam, napalm and the like, Seymour Melman of Columbia University and Walter Adams of Michigan State, at what *The Washington Post* described as "by far the liveliest and most emotional session" of the four-day annual meeting of the American Economic Association, attacked the military-industrial complex (which is in reality a *scientific*-military-industrial complex) for squandering a major portion of the country's resources on parasitic overdevelopment and overkill, and erecting "an edifice of neomercantilism and industrial feudalism" through state-protected cartels (as in oil), defense contracts, tax privileges, research support, patent policy, stockpile management, subsidies and the like. And, one might add, the wholesale subordination of scientists in government-supported "think-tanks" devoted predominantly to weapons development. Between them, Melman and Adams raised a storm and were assailed by a past president of the AEA for "muckraking."

Aside from such tumults, however, the philosophical question which is raised by the interaction of science and politics is of incalculable importance. The arguments against organizational participation by scientists in politics have been extensively disseminated: the contrary views have received less publicity. One is that those who let the genie out of the bottle should feel a bit more responsible for its subsequent antics than the laymen who had no hand in the catastrophe and knew nothing about either its ethics or technique until it was a *fait accompli*.

"It is my opinion," Eugene Wigner tells the American Physical Society, which finds itself in much the same position as AAAS, "that the Physical Society should stick to physics." But can it, any more than Wigner could when, with Leo Szilard, he persuaded Einstein to sign the atomic letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt? And, however the action of scientists was justified under the conditions of the late thirties, is it not arguable that, with the government pouring billions of dollars annually into science and technology, mainly war-oriented, the concern of "private" individuals and small groups is no longer sufficient?

DOLLAR DRAIN OF VIETNAM

PETER PASSELL

Mr. Passell is a graduate student in economics at Yale University.

Recent international financial events make it clear that the Johnson Administration must soon face the realities of an incompatible set of domestic and international commitments. The President's New Year's announcement of proposals to limit tourist travel and direct investments outside the Western Hemisphere indicates how serious the U.S. economy's international payments problem has become in the past few months. At the root of the difficulty is the fact that Americans must accept important, semi-permanent restrictions on their spending and investing behavior in order to enable the United States to continue the war in Vietnam. It is possible that opposition to necessary belt-tightening will succeed (where direct political opposition has failed) in forcing President Johnson to reconsider the wisdom of playing policeman to the world.

The Administration contends that the U.S. economy is able to maintain large armies in Vietnam and Western Europe while fighting the war on poverty at home and abroad. In one sense, that is true. It doesn't seem unreasonable to expect an economy capable of creating \$800 billion worth of goods and services a year to set aside \$30 to \$40 billion for overseas military commitments, \$2 to \$4 billion for foreign economic aid, and \$50 billion for domestic welfare programs. Moreover, the enlightened application of fiscal and monetary policy eases the burden by making it almost certain that production will increase by 3 to 4 per cent annually.

But though such commitments may be possible, the Congress and the Administration have not chosen to act upon them by authorizing a full program of domestic expenditures and appropriately restrictive tax policies. One result of the failure to keep the lid on the economy has been an increasingly serious balance of payments problem. Since the late 1950s, the United States has spent and invested far more abroad than foreigners have spent and invested here. While the exact size of the present U.S. deficit depends upon the payments definition used, net foreign claims on American reserves have grown dangerously large and are increasing rapidly. The capacity of the nation to finance further deficits depends upon the willingness of foreign central banks to continue to accumulate dollar balances.

American private foreign investments and imports, combined with official government purchases of goods and services abroad (partially resulting from the Vietnamese War), have provided individual foreigners with more dollars than they have desired to use for making purchases and investments in the United States. They have sold their excess dollars to their own central banks for domestic currency, leaving a number of Western European central banks bloated with dollars. The U.S.

Treasury is obliged to repurchase these dollars for gold if they are offered for sale. In practice, we have pressured foreign central banks into holding excess dollars in interest-bearing bonds whose redemption value is guaranteed in the nation's currency. These guarantees would shield the bond holders from loss in case the dollar were devalued. As of June 30, 1967, central banks and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) held claims of more than \$17 billion on U.S. gold stocks and foreign exchange, while the Federal Reserve owned only \$14 billion in gold, convertible foreign currencies and gold deposits held by the IMF.

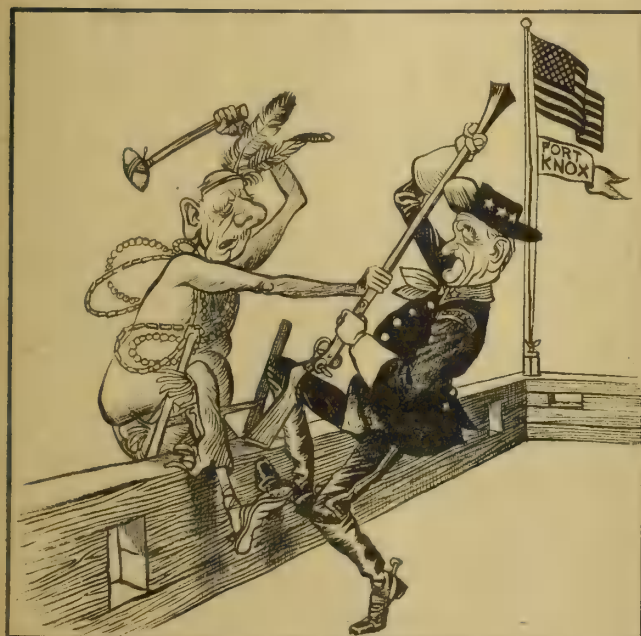
The figures do not indicate imminent disaster. In an emergency the United States would have large, unchallengeable borrowing rights at the IMF and would certainly be able to convince some of its foreign allies to hold dollars. However, the fragility of our international reserve position is far greater than Administration officials care to admit. Our net reserves (gold, foreign currencies and gold deposits with the IMF, less liabilities to foreign central banks and the IMF) stood at \$23 billion in 1950. Today, central banks and the IMF hold claims that are \$3 billion in excess of U.S. reserves. In spite of our efforts to unload dollars on our friends abroad, American gold stocks have decreased by more than \$11 billion to the present level of less than \$12 billion. The United States will almost certainly have to make up a \$4 to \$5 billion deficit on official exchange transactions in 1967 by peddling dollars to foreign central banks and/or by selling gold. President Johnson recently criticized the Congress for indirectly taxing the American people through additional inflation by refusing to pass the 10 per cent tax surcharge. What he did not say was that foreign central banks would also be asked to pay a share by financing additional U.S. deficits. However, unlike the uninformed public facing the impersonal taxation of higher prices, foreign central bankers will know exactly how much the United States is asking them to contribute and will have the opportunity and motivation to refuse.

The past willingness and current reluctance of foreign central banks to accumulate dollars is best explained by the changing power relationship between the United States and Western Europe. Central banks are government agencies whose narrow banking interests are often subordinated to more general foreign policy objectives. United States balance of payments deficits from the mid-1950s to the early 1960s financed massive American military and economic commitments around the world. Until the past few years the presence of American power in Europe was regarded by our allies as a necessary buffer against Soviet power. The psychological end to the cold war has brought about a re-evaluation of the desirability (from the European point of view) of being included in an American sphere of influence. U.S. payments deficits financed by European central banks help

make possible American involvement in Vietnam. They also support the continuing take-over of the most modern sectors of the European economy by American big business. Europe is not eager to allow Dean Rusk to make foreign policy for all the non-Communist industrialized nations, or to subordinate domestic economic policy objectives to the needs of IBM and General Motors. Overt French hostility to the extension of American influence is supported by less flamboyant opposition in other European countries.

An end to the patience of cooperating European central banks is thus close at hand. This has become evident since the recent IMF meetings in Rio de Janeiro and the British devaluation. At Rio, the IMF approved in principle a plan to increase international reserves to meet the needs of growing world trade and capital flows. The United States was informally served notice that other IMF members were not prepared to use newly created paper reserves to finance endless U.S. deficits. The implementation of the painfully negotiated, badly needed reforms agreed upon at Rio may thus hinge upon American willingness to correct its fundamental payments imbalance. Even more important, devaluation of the British pound was followed by several weeks of private (and perhaps official) gold purchases in London totaling approximately \$800 million. These purchases were made as speculation against the gold value of the dollar and are likely to continue sporadically. Such purchases directly affect the American gold reserve since the United States, as a member of the gold pool, is pledged to keep the price of gold in private sales at \$35 per ounce. By agreement, 59 per cent of the gold sold in London is supplied by the U.S. Treasury. Moreover, it is likely that recent foreign central bank contributions to the pool will leave these banks even more reluctant to increase their dollar holdings.

Successful devaluation of the British pound must lead



Macpherson, Toronto Star

to further pressure on the U.S. payments balance, making our job of "selling" the deficit to foreign central bankers that much larger and more difficult. The United States will probably lose gold reserves of several billion dollars in 1968.

The lesson of the preceding paragraphs is that the special nature of an external payments deficit and the re-emergence of independent European foreign policies have brought our ten-year grace period of foreign-financed deficits almost to an end. The impatience of Western European central bankers and the less predictable behavior of private speculators make it imperative that we take strong steps to protect our international reserves. There are plenty of ways to cut or eliminate the deficit, short of reducing U.S. military commitments abroad, but none of them is going to win votes in a national election. Some combination of the following restrictive measures would reduce import demand and help make American exports more competitive in world markets by holding down inflation:

- An increase in interest rates or direct limitations on consumer borrowing for housing and automobile purchases.
- A large reduction in federal budget expenditures for domestic welfare or for additions to the U.S. strategic nuclear deterrent.
- A substantial tax increase, with the heaviest burden falling on corporate investment and large incomes.
- Other direct measures might be taken to limit the outflow of dollars:
 - Restrictions on private American overseas investment by means of an interest equalization tax with teeth or by direct controls.
 - Restrictions on American tourist travel abroad.
 - Reductions in foreign economic aid.
 - Trade restrictions such as import quotas, tariff increases or export subsidies.

A final way out of the crisis would be to devalue the dollar.

None of these alternatives provides an easy way out. Trade restrictions are likely to bring retaliation, and cuts in foreign economic aid would be heavily offset by reductions in U.S. exports. Devaluation is almost out of the question under the present circumstances. It could not take place overnight, since it requires Congressional approval, and an announcement of our intention to devalue would set off an unparalleled wave of speculative activity as individuals attempted to change their dollar holdings into gold, physical assets and Western European currencies. In all likelihood this would result in legal suspension of international capital movements and competitive devaluation around the world. We could expect severe curtailment of world trade for several years and at least a temporary decline in American economic power and prestige abroad. The uncertainties of such a period of economic disorder could lead to international economic anarchy reminiscent of the 1930s.

The President has chosen to request legislation curbing tourist travel and direct investments outside the Western Hemisphere. This legislation (if it is passed) will not be popular, particularly if it is severe enough to reduce the

deficit by a targeted \$3 billion. Mr. Johnson has himself suggested that enactment of the 10 per cent income tax surcharge will be necessary if more direct measures are to be completely successful. American consumers and businessmen will have to learn to live with these restrictions, and possibly more, as long as we are heavily involved in Vietnam or its future equivalents.

It is not easy to calculate precisely the reduction in our deficit which would result from a military pullback. However, very conservative estimates illustrate the magnitude of the potential saving. The war in Vietnam contributes to the U.S. deficit by increasing military expenditures abroad, reducing our capacity to export, and requiring the import of additional raw materials.

In 1966, U.S. military expenditures and military grants abroad totaled \$4.7 billion. Less than \$1.8 billion of this was spent in NATO countries. Direct military grants and expenditures in Southeast Asia were more than \$1.5 billion, while other war-related payments losses may be conservatively estimated at \$1 billion. Of course, some of these dollars stimulate foreign private and government purchases in the United States, so that the net savings resulting from a military pullback would be a good deal less than the total above. Probably just as important is the effect that a \$30 billion cut in the defense budget, even coupled with a compensatory tax cut or increase in government welfare expenditures, would have on the

balance of payments. American defense industries reduce U.S. exports by removing plant capacity from would-be exporters and by bidding away critical personnel such as engineers and skilled metal workers from export industries. Moreover, defense industries use large quantities of imported materials such as copper. The net effect of rechanneling \$30 billion in demand from the military to government welfare or consumer expenditures would reduce our payments deficit by a few billion dollars.

A pullout or a dramatic cutback in the Vietnamese War would probably reduce the U.S. balance of payments deficit by at least \$4 to \$5 billion. The United States must solve its payments problem within two or three years. Unlike the vague constraints placed on the President by domestic inflation, the balance of payment problem, which threatens to bloom into a major crisis at any time, cannot be met with gestures. If there is no reduction in the military effort, Mr. Johnson or whoever succeeds him will face the choice of enforcing severe, unpopular economic restraints or running out of gold. The American economy would not vanish in a puff of smoke if its gold resources were exhausted and the international exchange value of the dollar left to private market forces. This would, however, result in a large temporary reduction in world trade and further deterioration of relations between the United States and its Western European dollar creditors.

The New Tide of National Politics

EDWARD SCHNEIER

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More than 1 million Americans have in one way or another protested actively against the war in Vietnam. Each new round of anti-war activity brings out thousands of new recruits: people who have "never done this kind of thing before" but who feel so deep a revulsion against their government's policies that they are willing to do almost anything to express their concern. The anti-war movement, however, has also had its share of dropouts: people who feel frustrated to the point that they no longer see any promise in the politics of protest. Never before in American political history has so large a movement had so little impact on public policy.

But if the movement's impact on policy has been slight, its impact on its participants has not. In the long run the most significant result of the war in Vietnam may be its effect on American politics. The alienation of these protesters is breaking up the New Deal system that has governed the country for more than thirty years. It is not likely that 1968 will produce a realigning election—the discontented elements lack the cohesion to move effectively from protest to politics—but it seems certain that we approach a break-point in our political history.

The system that is being left behind can be defined

first, in demographic terms, as the coalition that elected Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and which has kept the country solidly Democratic ever since; and second, as a philosophy of politics which Theodore Lowi calls "interest-group liberalism." (See his splendid essay in the March, 1967, issue of the *American Political Science Review*.)

The New Deal coalition was built upon those groups that had been hardest hit by the Great Depression: Southern farmers, urban ethnic minorities, Negroes. Roosevelt brought intellectuals, Jews and organized labor into the fold, solidified the Democratic Party's hold on the rural South and the urban North, and bequeathed to his successors a system that has elected four of the last five Presidents and sixteen of eighteen Congresses. Not once since he first came into power have more Americans identified themselves as Republicans than Democrats. Even in 1956—the year of the Eisenhower landslide—surveys showed that only 40 per cent of the people were willing to call themselves Republicans (51 per cent were Democrats, 9 per cent independents).

The result of Democratic domination has been the atrophy of the parties, and the development of a system in which important decisions are made within the majority party or entirely outside the party system. Interest group accommodation has replaced party conflict as the medium of political decision-making. As Lowi describes the system:

Interest-group liberalism offers a justification for keeping major combatants apart. It provides a theoretical

basis for giving to each according to his claim, the price for which is a reduction of concern for what others are claiming. In other words, it transforms logrolling from necessary evil to greater good.

Every organized interest is allowed, in effect, to write its own ticket. Potentially dissident groups are bought off by giving them access to the levers of governmental power. The price is merely a pledge not to abridge the rights of others to collect their share of the subsidies.

As party competition has waned, interest-group activity has waxed: rather than press their claims in the testy arena of party politics, groups work through a pressure system that guarantees success to the well organized. The Democratic Party has become the major instrument of this distributive network: it has become the dealer to which all players turn for their share of the pot.

By and large, the system has worked. As long as there are sufficient resources to subsidize the major claimants, and as long as there is a basic ideological consensus endorsing the distributive system, interest-group liberalism provides a viable alternative to partisan conflict. If each of the major groups in society is free to write its own ticket, why should any of them be concerned with what the others get? In an affluent society it might indeed be possible to provide satisfactory subsidies to all major claimants—to reach the Great Society piecemeal, group by group, interest by interest in a big, happy consensus.

Under strain from the war in Vietnam, however, this system is unable to accommodate two significant developments: the growing intensity of anti-war sentiment and the politicization of the nonaffluent Negro. These groups make demands which cannot be met by distributive policies. On the one hand, the anti-war movement represents the first significant challenge since World War II to the foreign policy consensus. On the other hand, the war is creating dissatisfaction at home—particularly in the urban ghettos. With a quarter of the federal budget assigned to Vietnam, resources are scarce and the subsidy well is going dry. This means that the problems of the ghetto can be solved only by taking from other groups (through taxes or reduced subsidies) to give to the urban poor. To satisfy either the anti-war groups or the ghettos, in other words, is to provoke conflict, and conflict is precisely what interest-group liberalism seeks to avoid. The system cannot solve problems of either foreign policy or redistribution.

If the interest-group system cannot solve these problems, neither can the party system. The Republican and Democratic Parties have grown as unaccustomed to conflict as are the special interests. To the Democratic Party, softened by decades of rich pluralities, redistributive and foreign-policy issues threaten the continued success of the New Deal coalition. The Republicans, unable effectively to compete, have vacillated between accepting the basic rules of the coalition (as during the Eisenhower years) and a total rejection of it (as under Goldwater). Either way, it has not provided the kind of alternative that would make party competition an effective alternative to interest-group liberalism. Thus, for 1968 at least, the major parties are firmly locked into the basic New Deal pattern.

A brief look at the structure of the nominating system will show why it is so unlikely that the parties will respond to changing conditions.

On the Democratic side, almost a fourth of the delegates to the national convention will be from the eleven states of the Deep South. With Negroes still effectively excluded from party offices, these delegates will unquestionably be to the right of the President on the issues of peace, poverty and civil rights. This means that in order



to affect either the platform or the nomination, the left wing of the party would be forced to persuade two-thirds of the remaining delegates to challenge publicly the man they selected and backed four years ago. It would mean enlisting some proportion of the fifteen Northern Democratic Governors—none of whom has ever dissented on the Vietnamese issue—and some proportion of the 202 Northern Democratic Senators and Congressmen—only forty or fifty of whom have ever demurred. It would mean persuading patronage-oriented machines to challenge the chief dispenser of federal favors. It would mean, in short, attempting the impossible.

The situation in the Republican Party is even more discouraging. Party rules give bonus votes to delegations whose states went for the Republican nominee in the preceding election. Since five of the six states Goldwater carried were in the Deep South, the eleven states of the old Confederacy will have more power—310 of 1,333 convention votes—than ever before. If one adds to this figure the eighty-six votes of a Reagan-led California delegation and the sixty-two votes of five Goldwater-oriented, Mountain State delegations, it is plain that the far Right is within 200 votes of again dominating the Republican convention. Certainly, party leaders in these states want to elect a President, but state-wide races are at least as important to the professionals as Presidential contests; and a Hatfield, Percy or Rockefeller is not going to be very helpful to a Republican candidate for governor of Louisiana. With many border and Midwestern party organizations at least partially controlled by the far Right, it seems unrealistic to hope that a candidate to the left of Richard Nixon can be expected to win the Republican nomination (only 218 delegates are selected in binding primaries).

Thus the major parties are committed to a system that is becoming outmoded. They cannot deal with the major issues of the times and are unwilling to put these issues to the test of conflict. Two significant elements of the New Deal coalition—intellectuals and Negroes—will therefore be left with no place to go in 1968. Confronted

with a choice among two hawks and a segregationist, they are unlikely to vote with enthusiasm (except in those states where they can vote for Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the primaries). The frustration already so pronounced in both groups can only be heightened by this experience.

One immediate effect of the breakdown of the New Deal system is likely to be an increase of political violence: riots in the ghettos, acts of civil disobedience and disruption emanating from the universities. The radical Left—meaning those who advocate a complete restructuring of the system—will be significantly strengthened. But the full political impact of the breakdown is not likely to be evident in 1968. The Democratic majority will be sharply reduced, but not enough to affect the party's control of Congress or even, perhaps, the White House. The basic structure of the New Deal coalition will remain unchanged, if only because the dissenting Democrats will have no better place to go.

However unlikely change from within may be, those groups which are outside the positions of party power seem incapable at present of building a new system or even of forcing the major parties to reform. The Left is both disorganized and demoralized. The Chicago Conference for New Politics and recent national board meetings of the Americans for Democratic Action displayed vividly the extent to which the anti-war movement is divided. At issue between rival factions in both groups were not substantive matters, but the question of how far the movement should go in accommodating itself to the system. For the ADA the "system" means the Democratic Party, and the organization is divided between those who favor trying to reform the party from within and those who wish to keep their options open. For the New Politics people, the system is party politics in general, and the movement is divided between those who want to work through normal democratic channels and those who favor more revolutionary forms of action.

The one activity which the rival factions can support is protest. It is increasingly apparent, however, that demonstrations, teach-ins and letter-writing campaigns accomplish very little. The President has made it clear that he will not listen to the voices of dissent, and his defensive perimeter is impenetrable. The general public appears to be either bored or disgusted with the protest movement. More significantly, many of the protesters are themselves becoming disenchanted. The peace movement is losing its audience and is in danger therefore of losing its momentum. The more this happens, however, the more probable it becomes that the anti-war movement will draw itself together for a move from protest to politics.

The radical Right has already begun to move in this direction. The Goldwater campaign and the Wallace candidacy are both manifestations of a fundamental discontent with the New Deal system. If similar pressures on the system can be mounted from the Left, the chances are very good that 1972 will produce a realigning election—one in which there is a basic shift of the groups supporting each of the major parties.

Both parties, to summarize, are incapable at this time of breaking the old pattern. By skillful distribution of subsidies, the Democratic majority has been able to sus-

tain the New Deal coalition and thus to dominate the nation's politics for more than thirty years. Some groups that might properly prefer a Republican alternative—Southern farm interests for example—are prevented by immediate self-interest from making the move. Others, like organized labor, are so dependent upon party support for their claims that they are unable themselves to challenge the party's internal distribution of power, and unwilling to allow others the opportunity.

The cards are stacked within the Democratic Party because too many people have too much to lose from a change. The Republican Party is a party of losers—an organization dominated by groups and individuals who were skeptical about government to begin with, and who have forgotten what it means to mobilize political power. Neither party is capable of reorganizing itself.

Thus the division between the parties rests on an outmoded electoral cleavage. The problem in the context of American politics is not one of responsibility or the lack of coherent ideologies—responsible parties cannot coexist with federalism and the separation of powers. The problem is one of representativeness: presently party alignments do not reflect the basic divisions of the society. The opposing coalitions which were formed in the election of 1932 were appropriate groupings of interest for that time, but they have long since outlived their meaning. And just as the depression revealed the anachronistic character of pre-New Deal divisions, so the war in Vietnam reveals the weakness of the present alignment.

If change is to come, it must be forced largely from the Left—from the discontented elements of the majority coalition. It cannot come from the minority side. Much depends, therefore, on the degree to which the Left can make the move from protest to politics, on the success with which discontent can be turned into popular programs, and on the degree to which significant participants in the New Deal system are willing to jeopardize their subsidies to encourage more substantial forms of government action.

Above all, the Left must learn the meaning of coalition politics. A viable alternative to the New Deal system cannot be built simply on dissatisfaction with things as they are. If there is to be a realignment of political forces, the Left must move from issue-development to consensus-building, from autarky to organization.

What are the chances that this will happen? For the immediate future, not very good. The New Politics Convention last September threw a cold light on the problems that confront such a move. Foremost among these is the problem of the missing delegates: the union leaders, farmers, businessmen and senior citizens who might have an interest in new politics but who were conspicuously absent from the Chicago gathering.

The second problem is Black Power. If the convention did nothing else, it demolished the myth of natural harmony between peace groups and Negroes. One of its outstanding achievements was to work out a *modus vivendi* with the black militants; but it is not a kind of solution likely to have wide appeal among white liberals.

Finally, there are the tactical divisions which the New Politics Convention revealed. "Don't Mourn for America

—Organize” was the slogan of the convention. But the unresolved question is “how?” On the one hand, the “old Left” forces are interested in the immediate problem of Vietnam, and in working for a political alternative in 1968. On the other hand, the young radicals—anti-political, anti-reformist and parochial—are thinking in long-range terms and seeking to create a radical alternative to participatory democracy.

Fragmented in this way and confronted with problems such as these, the Left is unlikely to be a significant factor in the 1968 elections. But the war in Vietnam has done more than the elections will show to destroy the Johnso-

nian consensus of 1964. The anti-war movement is founded on discontent with the President's policies. More than that, it is founded on disgust with the ways in which those policies have evolved. If the November elections serve only to intensify dissatisfaction with the state of our politics—and that seems the likely outcome—it is merely a matter of time before this discontent exerts itself in a major realignment of political forces. The longer the war continues, and the more it eats into the funds available for other programs, the better able the Left will be to organize itself. The New Deal system is coming to an end, and there will be a new politics. It could happen in 1972.

ADVANCEMENT SCHOOL: PART II

TAKING RISKS WITH THE SETUP

FARNUM GRAY

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Philadelphia

From the political jungle of North Carolina, the educational experimenters at the new Pennsylvania Advancement School have plunged into the jungle of urban education problems in Philadelphia. When the North Carolina Advancement School at Winston-Salem lost its autonomy after a prolonged attack by the educational authorities, the new school superintendent of Philadelphia, Dr. Mark R. Shedd, invited much of the staff to continue their experimental teaching in his city. [See “The Advancement School: North Carolina Kills Its Dream” by David Cooper, *The Nation*, January 15.] Shedd wants the new school to be part of the complex of what he calls “change agents” in Philadelphia.

Big city schools are failing because their huge bureaucracies are too unwieldy, cautious and isolated from students to meet the needs of children growing in a tense, rapidly changing environment. Shedd wants the Advancement School to attack urban education problems at both ends: by finding better ways to help children develop and by putting certain pressures on his bureaucracy. He has made clear to the administrators in his system that he expects radical changes for more effective education, but the system is too complex and rigid to yield to pressure that comes only from the top. “Students, parents and people in the community must generate pressures on the system to shake it loose,” Shedd has said. He sees the Advancement School as a prime pressure builder.

The Advancement School's pupils, selected from public and diocesan schools, have average or better intelligence but do very poorly in their classes. They are underachievers and potential dropouts; also a reservoir of much untapped talent. At present, all pupils are seventh- or eighth-grade boys, a difficult group for schools to deal with. And under the federal financing guidelines, at least

half of the pupils must come from neighborhoods designated as poverty stricken; the others represent a cross section of the city. About 60 per cent of the boys are Negroes, a proportion that parallels the ratio in the Philadelphia school system. Pupils attend the Advancement School voluntarily and without cost for one semester, then return to their home schools.

Shedd expects that as children who have been consistent failures in school “achieve success at the Advancement School, their success will generate pressure for change on the traditional establishment.” Schools will no longer be able to excuse themselves by labeling such children “unteachable.” Conversely, he sees the school's curriculum development and its teacher training programs as helping schools react constructively to the pressures he wants to stimulate.

The school's staff puts its faith in the possibility, not the inevitability, of bringing about constructive change. At one meeting, Director Peter Bittenwieser told his colleagues, “The problems of the urban complex are so deep that we may not be able to make any change. We'll try our best, but I think it's damn frightening to take on this kind of problem.”

After several days of working with pupils, the teachers agreed with Bittenwieser that “Philadelphia underachievers are more complicated than those in North Carolina because of the severe kinds of strain in the urban environment.” The Advancement School comes to Philadelphia with more questions than answers. Its most important product so far has been not a set of doctrines but a freewheeling style of developing educational innovations.

Most of the country's school curricula are shaped by textbook writers, often college teachers, working under contract to publishers. The harried public schoolteacher starts with his roll book, his grade book and his textbooks. These, rather than the needs of his pupils, dominate his planning for the year.

Taking their cues from the underachievers they work with daily, Advancement School teachers develop new approaches, ways of stimulating learning and creativity,

and high-impact materials. These are carefully analyzed. As the staff finds recurring factors in experiments that have worked, possibilities for further improvements open up and are tried with other pupils. Through this process, involving much conflict and imaginative work, diverse and continuously improving programs evolve.

Once a program has been conspicuously successful in its trial by fire with underachievers, it is field tested in regular public school settings. A public schoolteacher who tests a program discusses it with Advancement School staff members. The teacher learns and uses the philosophy and approaches for the overall program and for each lesson plan. For some programs, teachers are provided with materials such as paperback books, records, films and tapes.

The lesson plans are not designed to hold the teacher to fixed patterns. Rather, they are demonstrations of the teaching approaches. Teachers are urged to reorganize the material and create new lessons using the same approaches. Most of them do. Many teachers who used Advancement School programs in North Carolina reported that the experience had opened their eyes to how extraordinarily creative teaching could be. "I'll never teach any other way," one teacher wrote after field testing the school's communication program. Thus, public schoolteachers become agents of change in the entrenched system.

If a program succeeds in the public schools, any needed modifications are made and it is ready to be introduced formally into the public school curriculum—but only as an approach to teaching. The purpose is to free teachers from their ruts, not to create better ruts for them.

The Advancement staff thinks live curricula can be developed only if teachers are involved in the process, and three training programs at the school are aimed at drawing regular teachers into educational experimentation. In one program, public schoolteachers work full time at the school for one semester, sharing all staff responsibilities; other teachers come to the school for shorter periods. These temporary staff members continue to receive their regular pay checks and the Advancement School pays substitutes to take their home-school classes.

The school does not follow any particular set of educational theories and does not intend to produce any rigid ones, but a few principles have popped up repeatedly in the more effective programs, and won the acceptance of most staff members.

Successful programs "turn kids on"—stimulate them to learn and create. Children are best "turned on" by activities that involve them physically or emotionally. The communication program, for example, uses concrete activities to stimulate thinking, writing and other forms of communication. By exploring their senses in imaginatively designed exercises such as blindfolded tasting, students learn to strengthen their communication with appeals to the senses. An exciting lesson series takes them into exploring their emotions and personal experiences by seeing films such as *On the Waterfront*; acting out bullfights prepares for a discussion of courage.

As a way of "turning them on," the communication program urges students to go ahead and write without

worrying about grammar or spelling. The school's general activities stimulate the students, and many of them read and write more than they ever have before. When and if a student's desire to communicate becomes so strong that he wants to improve his techniques, he starts working to master the skills he needs.

Ted Katz, one of the teachers, says: "Many kids can't think about content if they're worried about making their writing correct." He tells of a boy who "did some beautiful things" in his three months at the Advancement School, including papers of up to 100 pages. A few weeks after returning to his home school, the boy sent Katz a letter, enclosing a 20-page paper he had written for his English class. In the first two pages, the teacher found enough errors to give the boy an automatic failing grade; she apparently had read no further. The boy's letter was a futile cry for help. "This kid was overflowing with ideas, and the rest would have come in its own season," Katz said helplessly.

The school tries to involve students in learning in ways that make a broad range of subjects relevant to their lives. Even would-be toughies become absorbed in ballet when led into it through athletics and acting out gang fights. But the process requires a degree of freedom unimaginable or frightening to many school administrators. It is this freedom that North Carolina withdrew and Philadelphia has proffered.

The unusual idea of transplanting the controversial school was first conceived early last February by Terry Borton, a Philadelphia curriculum development specialist. Borton visited the school to look at its approach to emotional, personal and perceptive development. He mentioned the school and its political troubles to Richard H. de Lone, an assistant to Shedd. Shedd had heard of the school and was interested.

At a funeral staff meeting in Winston-Salem on March 2, Advancement School leaders announced that the school had lost the fight to keep its autonomy and that employees were free to seek jobs within the regular school administration or elsewhere. Many of the teachers did not want to knuckle under to the State Department of Public Instruction by taking jobs they were convinced would become sterile. They also thought that much of what they had learned—particularly their style of innovative development—would be lost if the staff scattered. A poll showed that many wanted to move the project intact.

Butenwieser thought the idea of finding a new home and providing facilities within a few months was "preposterous." But a few days later he met in Washington with Shedd and de Lone, who had only the informal approval of school board members to investigate possibilities. Buttenwieser and Shedd discussed the Advancement School's philosophy and programs, testing each other's ideas on what the project should try to do. Shedd particularly wanted to know if the school shared his concern with "opening kids up and letting them fly," rather than providing a limited program to remedy skill deficiencies. After several hours, de Lone, a former newspaper reporter, said: "Why don't you stop talking philosophy and get down to brass tacks?"

"This is the brass tacks," Shedd told him. He was right. The harmony of Shedd's ideas and those developed at the Advancement School gave the staff the confidence to move to the urban North.

Shedd saw the school in action shortly after the Washington meeting. He evaluated its programs and checked to see who the staff's key people were. He was pleased by the quality of those who wanted to stay together by moving to Philadelphia. Shedd is eager that the Advancement School should do some of the very things that incurred the enmity of North Carolina's top school officials. And a main reason why he made the Advancement School one of the cornerstones of his administration is that he saw things at the North Carolina school that he wants for his public schools—happy, excited children, teachers working openly and productively together, administration that encourages rather than stifles creativity, successful racial integration.

Shedd made a spot commitment, emphasizing that he was very much aware of the risk the staff was taking. He thought they could not withstand a second political clobbering and, of course, he could not guarantee that the winds would not change in Philadelphia.

At the same time, he was taking a risk himself; the project had worked well in North Carolina, but it would have new—possibly greater—problems in the big city. As he boarded a plane to leave Winston-Salem, Shedd shouted to a somewhat frightened Bittenwieser: "Keep the faith, baby!"

Seventeen of the North Carolina school's thirty-four professional staff members joined the Philadelphia project. Bittenwieser rounded out the staff with another twenty-six, attracted partly by the school's reputation.

On October 16, the Pennsylvania Advancement School opened its iron gates to 140 Philadelphia boys in a seven-story former warehouse. The building, bought in a rush by the Board of Education to get ready for the new project, looks nothing at all like a school. It has large areas of floor space with 3-foot-thick concrete columns 16 to 18 feet apart, and no interior walls to contain the noise of active boys. The Philadelphia system's school facilities division is moving at imperceptible speed to make requested improvements. Equipment orders were embroiled in the purchasing office's red tape, and the school opened without much of the electronic gadgetry it plans to use. When renovation of the building is completed, the school will take about 220 boys a semester.

The school had been founded with a conventional organization, with pupils moving every hour among classes in various subjects. Teachers were organized into departments—English, mathematics, science, social studies and physical education. Most curriculum planning was done within departments; there was little communication between departments, and what students did in one course was seldom related to what they did in others. Last February, a staff committee decided that such an organizational structure was irrelevant to the way children should learn. It determined that whether they were in Winston-Salem or some place else, they would have a new kind of school in the fall.

The problems in Philadelphia of the building, the un-

familiar urban boys, and uniting new staff members led to some consideration of using the old organization for one more semester. But the staff took the risk of trying out a new plan. They divided into four teams, each responsible for development of one-fourth of the boys. Each team had representatives of all disciplines, and the idea was for curriculum planning to be done by teams and across the artificial academic boundaries.

Theories and plans can fall apart fast before the onslaught of rambunctious boys, and the first day of school brought troubles. Not enough thought had been given to directing problem children in the wide-open building. Without adequate preparation for the kind of freedom the school was offering them, many boys became too high-strung to concentrate on any activity. Lights burned late in the warehouse that night, and teams have continued working at night and on weekends to prepare unified programs for getting boys involved in learning. Most boys showed improved learning attitudes in the first week or two. A major continuing question for the staff is: How do teachers work in teams without diluting one another's effectiveness?

Most boys like the school. Comments by parents have been both puzzled and enthusiastic:

"How can kids learn from fun and games?"

"What's my boy supposed to learn from watching *The Seven Samurai*?"

"He's written the best story I ever saw him write!"

"He never talked about his other school; he doesn't shut his mouth about this one."

Both Bittenwieser and Shedd have repeatedly said that there is no way of effectively tackling the urban education problem without taking enormous risks. While the Advancement School is taking its risks with the new organizational setup, Shedd has strengthened the staff's confidence in him by gambles that make school administrators blanch. At a meeting of student council presidents from city and suburban high schools, he challenged pupils to apply pressure to his own bureaucracy. He urged that pupils draft their own proposals for urban studies programs and take them to their social studies teachers. If the teachers would not try the programs, students should go to principals and continue fighting their way up the bureaucratic ladder, moving a step higher after each rejection. If they got as high as Shedd and he rejected them, they should go over his head to the Board of Education. Shedd said the process should help students learn about the system and how to get things done within it.

One of the distinctions of the Advancement School has been the unusual qualifications of its staff, which includes dancers, actors, artists, writers and former Peace Corps members, some of whom do not have teachers' certificates and one of whom has no college degree. To give it the autonomy for that kind of staff and for its freewheeling experiments, the school was set up in Philadelphia as a nonprofit corporation with an eleven-member board of directors, including a variety of community leaders. Earlier, Bittenwieser rejected the idea of having a six-member board including three Advancement School administrators and Shedd. He wanted a strong board.

The school's autonomy is not intended to put it in an

ivory tower. "We want to get to that school system," Buttenwieser has told his staff. "Our chances of keeping the lines of communication open are very good. This isn't just Shedd; it's people whose interest in making changes predates Shedd's coming. In Philadelphia, there's a genuine desire to move education forward."

Buttenwieser has "a basic aversion to projects that view themselves as whole or alone." And staff members are interested in working with the other innovative projects in Philadelphia, two of which will soon be in the building with the Advancement School.

And the staff learned some hard lessons from its experience in the South. "We used to think education was separate from everything else, but it is interconnected with politics," Buttenwieser said. "You can only play a creative educational game under certain ground rules—freedom to explore, live the way you want to live, be free of the ridiculous and arbitrary restraints of the bureaucracy. You politic to maintain that freedom for your staff."

But he has said that he will not manipulate the staff or the integrity of its experimentation to gain political advantage. This unwillingness to compromise applies even to trivialities. When a group of school principals and coun-

selors visited the school to meet the staff, one principal told Buttenwieser: "A few of your teachers don't dress like teachers. What can I tell parents if they ask me about it?" At Buttenwieser's request, he pointed out three staff members, flashiest of whom was George Mager in his stylish, Edwardian-cut coat and lavender-and-white striped trousers.

"I dress like a very conventional clod," Buttenwieser told the principal. "And that should make parents feel at ease with me. But I'm not at all sure that kids don't feel more at ease with someone dressed like George Mager."

The Philadelphia Board of Education, as a whole, seems to support constructive innovation. Its president, former Mayor Richardson Dilworth, can get things done in the political arena—an ability school officials often lack.

But the most hopeful sign is the interest teachers and principals are expressing in trying new ways to rejuvenate schools. "Many people in education today really feel that some inroads have to be made in the way we handle kids," Buttenwieser said. "Advancement schools, no matter where they are, will always attract a great number of people who are interested in innovating, and I think there's a far larger population out there than we imagine."

ARABIAN AFTERMATH

THE STRATEGY OF DAYDREAMS

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past sixteen years.

Beirut

"I wish the Israelis had taken Damascus, and even Cairo. Then we'd have to stop all this damn talking and do something."

The speaker was a well-educated Arab housewife, a Palestinian by birth but for the past twenty years a resident of Beirut. As I talked with her, it seemed to me that her emotional reaction to the June war was much more representative of Arab thought and feeling in the aftermath of defeat than all the mouthings of Arab politicians, of whatever political stripe. The overwhelming feeling of the Arab in the street, now that the immediate shock of the defeat is past, is one of hopelessness and frustration. But in the bizarre world of Arab politics, that is the one feeling that is most obscured.

On the extreme Left, the military bosses of Syria and Algeria call for a continuation of the war that made a shambles of Egypt's military machine. On the Right, King Hussein of Jordan appeals for moderation and a political settlement wherein he hopes the major Western powers will put the squeeze on Israel to retire from the conquered territories. Neither solution is practical, and the cynical and worldly-wise Arab proletariat knows it. On this issue the people ignore their politicians, who in any case are hardly representative of their subjects.

In the Arab world, skepticism bred from decades of disappointment has produced a kind of political nihilism, which leads thinking Arabs to believe that no matter how bad things are today, change is only likely to make them worse. This has been borne out dramatically by the Arab-Israeli war, and appears to have dumbfounded the Israelis as much as anyone else. The shock of defeat has not led to great political upheavals in the Arab world. In fact, a case can be made for the proposition that all the shaky Arab governments are now in a stronger position than they were before June.

The Israelis were frankly hoping that some of their more obstreperous neighbors, notably the pseudo-Socialist colonels and their front men in Damascus, would collapse under the weight of angry public reaction once the truth of the June war was driven home. The Syrian regime hastily evacuated Damascus, leaving the ancient city wide open to Israeli conquest, but now the colonels are back, more aggressive than ever.

The attitude is perhaps best illustrated by the behavior of a right-wing Lebanese politician, a well-known and zealous opponent of Gamal Abdel Nasser and everything he stands for. When Nasser made his famous resignation speech immediately after the war, this man sent him a fervent appeal to reconsider, despite the fact that for years he had been denouncing the Egyptian as a menace to Arab society. The Lebanese politician was not interested in Nasser's survival, but he feared what might come next, not only in Egypt but perhaps in Lebanon as well.

The Arabs learned few if any lessons, even military lessons, from the June war. The tendency everywhere has been to blame the catastrophe on a few generals and let it go at that. In Egypt, some generals are now on trial for the sorry show they put up. Yet it is widely known in Cairo that Nasser's pilots had warned him of the consequences if he permitted Israel the first strike. In Jordan there has been a military shake-up and some key generals have been retired. Jordanians blame the Egyptians for their particular disaster, and say Nasser kept promising them air cover even after his air force had been destroyed. The colonels in Syria keep their own counsel. Even on the brink of a catastrophic defeat, they saw no need to justify their actions and the coup-weary Syrian public is apparently beyond asking.

In the aftermath, the Arab's political nihilism has taken another form, a widespread resistance to any compromise settlement, such as U Thant's special emissary is now delving into. The Suez Canal is the best example. It remains closed, and Nasser is losing more than \$10 million in revenues every month it stays that way.

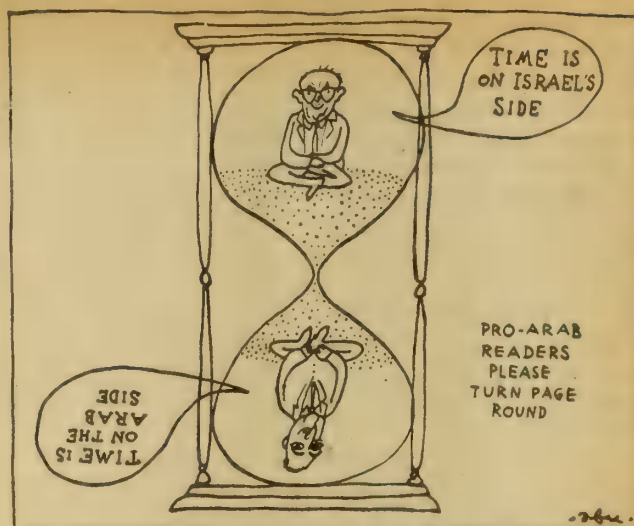
At one time, there was some hope that a deal could be made whereby Western pressure would prevail upon Israel to pull back from the canal's east bank so that the channel could be cleared of sunken ships and reopened. The Arabs stood by their demand for a total Israeli withdrawal. Meanwhile, the canal silts up at the rate of 1 foot per year. The Japanese and others are building supertankers at a rapid pace, and soon it will be cheaper to take Middle Eastern oil around the horn of Africa, whatever the fate of the 101-mile ditch.

The Arabs have not always been so deeply attached to principle, in recent years they have been in the vanguard of those Third World powers that seek to play the West off against the Soviet bloc for their own political and economic gain. But in the case of Israel, the Arabs think they have a classic case of injustice, and they mean to make the most of it.

In fact, it has become an obsession which brooks no compromise. Immediately after the June war, there were some like King Hussein who were ready to make a deal, although on what terms it never was exactly clear. The Israelis snuffed out these hopes by taking an intractable stand on Jerusalem. It never was much of a possibility since no Arab leader is publicly ready to concede the smallest slice of Arab land to the enemy.

The Arabs rest their main hope today on time and attrition. When the Beirut housewife wished the Israelis had occupied Damascus and Cairo, she was projecting these hopes. Israel took on considerable occupation burdens when it seized Jordan's west bank, the Gaza Strip and the Sinai Peninsula. In addition to a vast area three times the size of Israel itself, the Jewish state incorporated about 1 million Arabs, which explains in part its reluctance to allow repatriation of refugees who crossed into Jordan.

This reduced the Israeli-Arab ratio in Israel from about 8 to 1 to roughly 2 to 1 in the expanded state. Israel may or may not be able to manage the new security problems involved, but it is fairly certain that any further Israeli advance would have produced an unmanageable



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

situation. Occupying the west bank of the canal would accomplish little more than greatly magnify security problems by bringing three large cities, Port Said, Ismailia and Suez, into the Israeli fold. Israeli troops are only 35 miles from Damascus now, and any further advance would soon run into heavily populated areas.

The Dead Sea Valley east of the Jordan River, the present boundary, has little to offer except more refugee camps. Defensively, there is much to be said for keeping the line at the river.

There is growing awareness in the Arab camp that even if Israel can manage to control the occupied areas, it would be foolish to spread further. This strategic insight has contributed to the increasing aggressiveness of the various Arab guerrilla units operating inside Israel. The disasters of the war have increased Arab respect for these ill-equipped and badly trained formations, of which the al-Fatah group is the best known. Before June, they were widely discredited as embarrassing long-range Arab plans to subdue Israel, but once the Arab armies had been beaten and the myth of conquest was at least temporarily subdued, the guerrillas came into their own. Palestinians working in Kuwait, who have been paying a 5 per cent income tax to the Palestine Liberation Organization, have asked the ruler to switch their tax payments to al-Fatah.

Israel has already resumed its policy of reprisal raids as a means of keeping terrorism down. In November, the army delivered a mortar attack on a refugee camp east of the Jordan, from which guerrillas were suspected of operating, and followed this up the next day with an aerial attack on Jordanian army positions. In the aftermath of the June war, this stirred barely a ripple of international concern, despite the fact that the Israelis used napalm. The war has changed the accepted reference marks for incidents; it takes the shelling of Egyptian refineries at Suez or the sinking of an Israeli destroyer by Egyptian guided-missile boats to create much of an uproar these days. The killing of fourteen Palestinian refugees by mortar fire simply doesn't register.

Guerrillas fit better into the Arab sense of things than

does a coordinated Pan-Arab military response to Israel. The latter takes time, and always runs the risk of sabotage when the inherent contradictions in Arab political life rise to the surface, notably the conflict between the Arab "progressive" states and the oil-rich but politically backward deserts of the Arabian hinterland. The melodramatic idea of a secret band of heroic strugglers for the holy cause raiding in enemy territory strikes a responsive chord in Arab hearts.

Israeli reprisal tactics against hapless Arabs who may or may not be involved has done little to slow down the guerrillas. In recent years, the number of groups known to be operating has risen from the original al-Fatah to five, although al-Fatah is still doing most of the work. The Jordanian Government, which is thought to be genuinely trying to halt guerrilla forays from its soil, has been unable to stop them, although a number of guerrillas have been arrested. The partisans get a sympathetic reception in the refugee camps, where King Hussein's police exercise a minimum of control.

There are reports that Israel has managed to infiltrate some of the units, but even this is unlikely to bring their activities to a halt. They operate along classic lines, with members of individual units knowing only the members of that unit, and the leader in contact with only one representative of a higher echelon. The prospects are that guerrilla activity will increase, both in the occupied west bank area and inside Israel proper. Despite Moshe Dayan's claims to the contrary, there is little evidence that life inside Israel is much more secure now than it was before the war, with the exception of the border kibbutzim that are no longer directly under Syrian guns on the Galilee heights.

Faced with their present predicament, many Arabs today hark back eight centuries or so to the time of the Crusades. The Franks took Jerusalem, they will tell you, and held it for seventy years. But eventually the Crusaders were driven out of the homeland, and the same will happen to Israel. Times, of course, have changed since then. Technology plays as great a role as numbers in modern warfare, as Israel's swift victory in June proved. But the Arab prefers to think in terms of numbers, like 100 million Arabs against a paltry 2 million Jews. He is prepared to wait, if necessary, another seventy years for victory.

Anything can happen over decades, but the immediate prospects for change in the Arab world are not bright. A few leftist intellectuals will tell you that the June war spelled the end of military supremacy in the Arab world, but that is wishful thinking.

The June debacle has had one significant if transitory effect on Arab politics. The struggle between progressive and conservative blocs has come to a halt, largely on terms favoring the conservatives led by Saudi Arabia's King Feisal. Egyptian troops have been pulled out of the Yemen, and President Abdullah Sallal brusquely removed from office. In his financial extremity, Nasser has turned again to loving his Arab brethren whatever their politics. In return, three of the oil kingdoms, including Saudi Arabia, are staving off Egyptian collapse with gifts of \$266 million annually. Another \$112 million is going to

Jordan, which lost all its tourist attractions and most of its productive land when Israel seized the west bank, and was saddled with another 200,000 refugees as well.

For Feisal and the other oil kings, this is money well spent. The Saudis always managed to spend their oil income, but wasted a great deal of it. Libya and Kuwait have more money than they can absorb, and if contributions to Nasser help keep the Nationalist tiger off their backs, that is to the good. Nasser will be needing the oil money for some years to come. Instead of being able to sit back gleefully and watching the Arabs tear one another apart, Israel faces greater Arab political harmony than it has seen for many years. Feisal has even quietly shelved his so-called "Islamic Alliance," a political grouping he worked assiduously to develop as a counter to Nasser's Arab nationalism.

But thoughtful Arabs are fully convinced that the United States will never allow them their right to take back by force what was taken from them by force. They are aware of the Sixth Fleet patrolling in the Mediterranean. They may still dream that the Soviet Union, the friendly superpower, will step in and neutralize U.S. military might, but very few Arabs believe it will happen. It didn't in 1956, and it didn't in 1967, so why should it happen next time? Why, when Moscow today is taking a moderate line and denouncing such Arab extremists as the Syrians?

You can talk to an Arab intellectual about the United States and Russia, but you rarely see even guarded references to this essential fact of power in the Arab press today. One of the very few to discuss it at all in print is Mohammed Hassanein Heikal. Nasser's confidant, editor of the prestigious *al-Ahram*, and a man emerging slowly as a critic of the military caste. But the message is not getting through to the man in the street. Instead, he is fed a daily diet of a rising wave of terror inside Israel, mixed with accusations that the disaster was the fault of a few incompetent generals.

The spirit is infectious. It is picked up even by people who know better but who will nevertheless ask your honest opinion whether the Arabs are ready yet for another round against Israel. Nasser, in his November speech, managed to say that the Egyptian military machine was 80 per cent wiped out in the June war but was now stronger than ever. Few asked publicly how this could be, particularly with 5,000 Egyptian officers and technicians languishing in Israeli POW camps.

The Arab mood today is certainly one of frustration and despair, but it is not one of surrender. They have been humiliated three times in the past two decades by the Israelis, and many times previously in this century by the Western powers. The June war was but the latest event in a depressing series. The reverses the Arabs suffered were not great enough to bring about the sort of capitulation the Israelis hoped for. The beating was not painful enough to bring them to the bargaining table on Israel's terms. As long as the oil keeps flowing, they will manage to survive.

Whether Israel will survive in its present swollen form is the question that fascinates them. It gives the Arabs hope that they, and not the Jews, will win the waiting game. It may be a faint hope, but at present it is all they have.

3 Purple Hearts, 2 Turtle Doves

And an Ambush in a Flame Tree

WILLAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronx People (Harcourt, Brace) and Castle Keep (Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to South-east Asia.

We arrived at the river where our attack would jump off late. Now it was dark. The men had to light their cigarettes beneath high-held ponchos so that the glow would not draw fire from across the river.

"When you get three purple hearts you automatically go home."

"I am a civilian," I said. "The press."

"You got a gun?"

"No."

"You'll need a gun."

"No."

"You got an entrenching tool? Something to dig in with?"

"No."

"After we cross the river the VC will mortar us. Stay with me."

"All right," I said.

That night I stood guard with Stay-With-Me in the moonless night. Our watch was on the inner perimeter behind a tank turret.

"Call me Lorrillard," Stay-With-Me said. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," I said. "It sounded like a hurt animal."

"Or maybe the VC slit Chuck's throat."

"Who is Chuck?"

"That's what we call white troopers," Stay-With-Me said. "This is Lima one calling Lima four," Lorrillard said into his transmitter. "Did you hear that mother scream?"

"That what?"

"That cat."

"Cat?"

"Mother."

"Mother?"

"Put on a brother."

"Hello, Brother. Chuck doesn't understand."

"I understand all, Brother."

"Peace."

"Peace."

"Did you hear that mother scream?"

"These are the fortunes of war, Brother."

"To whom do I have the good fortune to be speaking?"

"Mohammed Zeppelin."

"Zeppelin, this is Lorrillard. How you making it?"

"Get back to the scream," I said.

"Mohammed. I am with a correspondent from the other world who is understandably perturbed. What would you prescribe?"

"Peace."

"Can we get back to this war?" I said.

Lorrillard dropped his contact. "You were saying?"

"If the enemy get through our outer perimeter. . . ."

"We will know that soon enough," Lorrillard said. "Feel and tell if your head is still tied to your neck bone."

"It is," I said.

"That's progress," Lorrillard said. "At this rate the war will soon be over. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Please do," I said.

"If there are no ladies present I will go right ahead," Lorrillard said. "Are we winning the riot at home?"

"Yes."

"Then we are making progress on all fronts," Lorrillard said. "Although I understand our troops suffered a reversal in Detroit."



"I didn't want to bring that up."

"We will recoup," Lorrillard said. "That war back there could last fifty years. When we finish here we will have had excellent training for that war. I plan to bring ■ light tank weapon myself. Unless I am embarrassed."

"Embarrassed?"

"Killed tomorrow," Stay-With-Me said.

• • •

I did not stay with Lorrillard. I crossed the river on an Amtrac, riding next to the .50-caliber machine gun and jammed in with 100 M-16 riflemen. It was a beautiful crossing, with the beginning sun just catching the blue wide river and then hitting into the green rice paddies. Our artillery shells were bursting up ahead into the sand on the other side, sending up too perfect plumes of earth as in a lousy movie. I was not concerned about their firing at us. A column that had slipped off from us was attracting some automatic weapon fire, but not very much. I was not even concerned about one of our own shells dropping short. It seemed like a rehearsal for something else. When we reached the base of our first objective, a not too high hill, we scrambled out into bamboo cover, got our gear sorted out, and then began the climb. You have to stay off the trails because they might be booby trapped. You have to be careful, too, stepping over vines that might be a trip wire for a concealed explosive, and you must be careful that the sun does not get you when you are doing all this. But we gained the hill in forty minutes and were abruptly told by radio we were on the wrong hill, so we turned around and marched down and crawled up another one with our Phantom Jets coming in now and dropping napalm. When we got to the top of the right hill the jets were zeroing in on everything below us so that it was like standing on an island in an ocean of flames.

They had expected contact with a battalion of North Vietnamese regulars but there was no contact yet with anything but guerrillas. Meanwhile, the napalming went on around, all around. The major said the villagers had

been warned early that morning by leaflet drop to move themselves and their cattle into the open fields. I had seen no leaflet drop. In forty-five minutes the regimental commander coptered in and asked if we had seen the leaflet drop. No one had. He claimed to have seen it, but wondered if it had targeted properly.

Now the peasants were moving out into the fields of grain. Most of them rode water buffaloes. At first they seemed confused, as though not knowing how to perform in this movie of death. They rode around in giant circles. They seemed to be making a pattern of figure 8s, then bunching up, then flowering out as though hoping this would please us. Nothing pleased us. The bombing continued. The Phantom Jets came in at 5,000 feet, then peeled off and came down like a flash of lightning, leaving no place to hide. The clouds of smoke streamed over the peasants in the fields so that they would appear and reappear as black clouds and then would be all lighted up by giant fountains of napalm, so that now at once you realized what this shot was, this scene. It was ■ rehearsal, a news clip of the future, and the future was now and the future was ours.

"You hit? You look bad, my friend," Stay-With-Me Lorrillard said.

"Yes."

"Where?"

I pointed to my stomach.

"You be all right. You just need a salt pill."

"How did your friend Mohammed Zeppelin make out?"

"He got hit. The brother's tank was ambushed down in the valley," Lorrillard said, pointing down to the smoking and brilliant valley.

"Too bad."

"Embarrassing," Lorrillard said. "Brother Zeppelin has had two purple hearts. When you get three purple hearts you automatically go home unless you make a written request to stay on."

"Will he make that request?"

"Not very likely. He dead," Lorrillard said.

RESTAURANT WORKERS

THE THUMB IN LABOR'S SOUP

BURTON HALL

Mr. Hall has been an attorney for insurgent, rank-and-file groups in several unions, including Painters' District Council No. 9. His "Ventilating the House of Labor," on the painters' union, appeared in The Nation of July 31, 1967.

Among the former radicals who have become conservative trade union bureaucrats, Fred Ferrara, president of the 10,000-member Restaurant Employees' Local 11 in New York City, deserves a medal for gall. The lengths he went to avoid explaining to Senator McClellan's investigating subcommittee his involvement in the activities of labor "consultant" Jack McCarthy might be dismissed as just

one more dreary story. But while hiding from the subcommittee's subpoena behind a doctor's affidavit that he was a patient in St. Clare's Hospital, Ferrara was actually negotiating a truly extraordinary collective bargaining agreement. And even though the subcommittee's hearings were still going on, he slipped out of the hospital to sign the document—slipping back in again as soon as the ceremony was over.

The document in question is a contract covering some 4,000 employees of the Schrafft's restaurant chain in New York and New Jersey until October, 1969, and indefinitely thereafter. All by itself it tells much about Ferrara's regime in Local 11; but, still more important,

it offers a disturbing picture of the direction in which the bureaucratized trade union establishment is heading.

Two parts of the Schrafft's contract are especially noteworthy. One, the "discharge" section, permits the employer to fire any employee, at any time, without notice to the union or to the employee, for such causes as "gross insubordination" or "offensive language or conduct," and which permits the employer to dismiss any employee for any reason whatever upon twenty-four-hour notice to the union. The "no-strike" clause is even more startling. Its terms prohibit the employees and the union from *ever* engaging in any concerted action—whether by strike, slowdown, or mass illness or whatever—in support of any bargaining demands. Those clauses, coupled with a wage scale so low that a recent rise in New York's minimum wage requirements (which Ferrara campaigned *against*) actually lifted Schrafft's employees' wages above the contract scale, make the contract an extreme example of what Ferrara, in his days as a militant Trotskyist and activist in the Socialist Workers Party, would have denounced as a crass, corrupt betrayal of the workers.

Nowadays he boasts of such clauses. At a press conference held in the Overseas Press Club, with employer representatives conspicuously present, he promised to write the same no-strike provisions into every contract that he signs from now on. And he promptly began to make good. In November, 1966, he signed an almost identical contract with the Bickford's restaurant chain and, in June, 1967, a similar one with White Tower. (The White Tower contract adds an additional fillip: it provides that if an employee, in his rest break, steps outside the store without the superintendent's express permission, he is automatically discharged.) Ferrara's pledge suggests that employees of such chains as Riker's, Zum-Zum, Child's, Walgreen's, Patricia Murphy, Howard Johnson, Mayflower, Savarin, Stark's, Holiday House, Union News and Cobb's Corner, as well as workers in some 200 separate luncheonettes, will, when their Local 11 contracts are renewed, become bound by the provisions now in effect at Schrafft's, Bickford's and White Tower.

Ferrara's shift over the years from furious partisan of the workers' cause to the negotiator of permanent no-strike contracts in a way parallels the evolution of the trade union establishment. The "no-strike" section of the Schrafft's contract begins with some by now familiar rhetoric about "maximum harmony" and "industrial peace," about the "public interest" and "this era of enlightened labor relations," and about the "mutual and identical" aims of the employer and the union. Nothing unusual there. Such language appears much more often than formerly in many contracts. Nor is there anything unusual about the provisions which prohibit strikes during the three-year term of the contract and require that all disputes be submitted to an "impartial" arbitrator. But gently, prosaically almost, there is added to these familiar provisions a clause providing that if, at the contract's expiration, the union and the employer have failed to agree on contract renewal, "the existing agreement shall be automatically extended and the dispute shall be submitted to the arbitrator, who will render a binding de-

cision." On first reading, that may not sound like much; what it means is that the union is barred from striking *even after a contract expires*.

To make this meaning clear, the contract is specific. One provision will illustrate:

The "no-strike, no lock-out clause" will apply permanently . . . It shall continue in full force and effect during the period of negotiations and arbitration, it being the intent of the parties that the use of the strike and work stoppage and the use of the lock-out shall be forever voluntarily surrendered as long as the parties maintain a collective bargaining relationship.

How could a labor union sign so emasculating a contract? Ferrara has so arranged it. For one thing, he has arranged the by-laws of Local 11 to permit the president to negotiate and sign collective bargaining agreements without approval of the membership. For another, although an "employees' representation committee" was around during Schrafft's negotiations, its members were not allowed to read the contract and learned of the "discharge" and "no-strike" clauses only after the contract had gone into effect. Furthermore, the relationship between Ferrara and the employer is such that the employer, prior to the signing of the contract, supplied Ferrara with the addresses of its employees, so that he could get designation cards signed and protect himself against a possible NLRB challenge. Ferrara also campaigned (unsuccessfully) to keep the New York State minimum wage requirements for the restaurant industry at the level of the agreement. And some conclusion might be drawn from the fact that J. Kenneth O'Connor, for many years counsel for Jack McCarthy, turns up as the "impartial arbitrator" of the Schrafft's contract.

For the most interesting background to the Ferrara story appears in the investigation conducted by the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the United States Senate, better known as the McClellan subcommittee, into a subject it identified as the "Labor Racketeering Activities of Jack McCarthy and the National Consultants Associated, Ltd." It was from this investi-



gation, conducting public hearings in September and October, 1966, that Ferrara was hiding when he signed the Schrafft's contract.

There was also the matter of two cleaning and waxing firms, known as Purity Maintenance Co., Inc., and Preferred Building Maintenance Co., Inc., in which until March 25, 1965, Ferrara, under the pseudonym of Fred Gladstone (his real name is Herman Gladstone), was partner along with McCarthy's brother-in-law, Joseph Maake. The subcommittee learned that Ferrara had "recommended" to employees such as the large and varied Restaurant Associates chain (Riker's, Zum-Zum, Brasserie, Trattoria), that they "retain" McCarthy as a labor consultant, then McCarthy would "recommend" that these firms hire the cleaning and waxing companies, or at least transfer large sums of money to them, or to McCarthy. And that device, as the subcommittee's report deftly puts it, "was a contributory factor in the income of Fred Ferrara, who received a total of \$36,606 from the two firms during the period 1960 to 1965."

The subcommittee got this information, for the most part, from employers. Ferrara, confined to the hospital, did not answer the subcommittee's subpoena; McCarthy and Maake pleaded the Fifth Amendment. One example of their interrogation will give the flavor: Senator Jackson questioned Maake about the money transmitted through the cleaning and waxing firms with this result:

Senator Jackson. Was this method the one utilized by Mr. Jack McCarthy to pay off Fred Ferrara as president of Local No. 11 for favorable treatment during the contract negotiations with employers that hired McCarthy as labor consultant?

Mr. Maake. I refuse to answer that question on the ground that it may tend to incriminate me.

The subcommittee turned up other matters as well. It found that the Local 11 Welfare Trust Fund had paid an average of \$46.21 per pair for eyeglasses that cost only \$6.19 per pair, thus "depleting" the fund's assets—so the New York State Insurance Department charged—by \$156,564.72 from 1960 to 1965. And it found that the fund had paid \$60,000 per year to the Amalgamated Dental Plan, Inc., a now defunct enterprise that performed no services whatever for union members except to distribute a list of "cooperating" dentists. (The "cooperating" dentists, who were not paid by the plan or by the fund, would provide the union members with free cleaning and X-rays as a "come-on"; the member himself would then be required to pay for all other dental services.)

And there was the matter of the fund's medical plan. Of the \$340,000 that the fund paid out to a certain Dr. Epstein under that plan, all that is really known is that the money was paid to Epstein. "That," according to the testimony of James J. Higgins, a supervising insurance examiner testifying for the New York Insurance Department, "is all we know about it." According to the subcommittee's published hearings:

The Chairman. He did not give that much medical service to the beneficiaries. Did he give any medical services to the beneficiaries?

Mr. Higgins. That is exactly the reason we would like to be able to examine Dr. Epstein's records. As will be brought out further on in this statement, Dr. Epstein has contended that to disclose to us or to anyone his records would disclose the doctor-patient relationship which would be unethical, illegal.

But these financial adventures—which were overseen both by employer representatives and by Ferrara's lieutenants in Local 11, all acting in their various capacities as trustees and administrator of the fund—may be only incidental to the main story of Ferrara and his collective bargaining with employers. More to the point is what happened when some of the members of Local 11



decided to bring these facts to the attention of the membership as a whole.

The "subversive plot" began early in 1967, when several members of Local 11's executive board, together with Jimmy Gleason, a Local 11 business agent, began collecting news clippings and other material concerning the McClellan subcommittee's disclosures, with a view to publishing them to the members. One of the rebels double-crossed the others and tipped Ferrara off. Whereupon Ferrara passed the word to the three still rebellious board members, through Gleason, that they had better resign; otherwise "a lot of my friends will be unhappy." The three resigned in March, 1967.

But their efforts continued. In April, Gleason was told, casually, that three men were waiting to see him in the basement of Local 11's building. Gleason went and was met by three men who, after locking the door, beat him about the head with pistols and a blackjack, sending him to the hospital. The experience didn't seem to cow Gleason. Some days later, when he was told he would suffer worse experiences if he protected the rebellious board members from being "jobbed out" of the industry, he ignored the warning. But before long, on charges that

(Continued on page 125)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Rehabilitated Experimentalist

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA.
By Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated from
the Russian by Michael Glenny. Harper
& Row. 394 pp. \$5.95.

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA.
By Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated by
Mirra Ginsburg. Grove Press. 402 pp.
\$5.95.

DONALD FANGER

The author of *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* (Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.

Begun in 1928, written over the course of the next decade, and published only last year, Bulgakov's brilliant and moving extravaganza may well be one of the major novels of the Russian 20th century. Books clearly do have their fates. For the Soviets, this one serves the main progressive tendency of art in the sixties, which seeks to reconnect with the experimental twenties and resume the unfinished work of that remarkable decade. For the Western reader, the novelty of Bulgakov's genre can only be relative after Joyce and Beckett, Nabokov, Burroughs and Mailer; yet the novelty of his achievement is absolute—comparable perhaps most readily to that of Fellini's recent work in the cinema.

To pursue the cinematic analogy for a moment, you can form some idea of what this book is like by imagining a Fellini film in which a quartet of diabolically transfigured Marx brothers romps through parts of *Doctor Zhivago* and Zoshchenko's complete works, with scenes of Christ's last days interlarded. This is highly approximate, but it does suggest something of the complexity of *The Master and Margarita*.

Rather less indirectly than Pasternak's, this is a city novel, the enormous cast of characters (largely literary and theatrical types) being united by consternation at the invasion of Moscow by the devil—who poses as a professor of black magic named Woland—and his three assistants, one of whom is a giant talking cat, a tireless prankster and expert pistol shot.

Woland appears in the first chapter, ironically interrupting a lecture on Jesus that is being delivered by a literary bureaucrat named Berlioz to a young poet, Ivan Bezdomny (Homeless). Berlioz has commissioned an anti-religious poem, and is appalled by the hastily composed result:

It was hard to say exactly what had made Bezdomny write as he had—whether it was his great talent for graphic description or complete ignorance of his subject, but his Jesus had come out . . . well, completely alive, a Jesus who had really existed, although admittedly a Jesus who had every possible fault.

Berlioz, however, wanted to prove to the poet that the main object was not who Jesus was, whether he was good or bad, but that as a person Jesus had never existed at all and that all the stories about him were mere invention, pure myth.

Berlioz, in short, is a thoroughgoing materialist; denying the reality of what he would rather not believe, he goads Woland into a refutation which involves the prediction of his imminent beheading—and at the conclusion of the conversation, a streetcar does in fact decapitate him. Ivan Bezdomny is clearly more accessible to a higher truth, though his allegiance to common sense produces some comic difficulties:

"Police?" shouted Ivan into the mouthpiece. . . . "Please arrange to send five motorcycles with sidecars, armed with machine guns to arrest the foreign professor. What? Take me with you. I'll show you where to go. . . . This is Bezdomny. I'm a poet, and I'm speaking from the lunatic asylum. . . ."

"Lunatics," lovers, and poets do learn and change, while the common people of Moscow are only dazzled, discomfited and gulled by the satanic troupe. Woland and company engage a theatre, conjure up a French *boutique*, and the ladies of Moscow scramble to exchange their old clothes for chic new outfits which dematerialize as soon as they get out on the streets (there is probably more nakedness in this single novel than in all the rest of Soviet literature put together). Money, distributed to the avid throng, turns into waste paper on the morrow. Greed for all the things of this world—reputation, success, love, comfort—is attacked through irony, satire and a triumphantly unfolding series of supernatural practical jokes.

On its satirical level, the book treats the traditional Russian theme of vulgarity by laughing at it until the laughter itself becomes fatiguing, ambivalent and grotesque. But there is more: thematically, the novel is put together like a set of Chinese boxes. A third of

the way through, in a mental hospital, the hack poet Ivan Bezdomny meets the Master, whose mysterious presence adds a new dimension to the narrative—the dimension in which art, love and religion have their being. Ivan has been taken, protesting, to the hospital; the Master, significantly, has voluntarily committed himself, rejecting the world. He is a middle-aged historian turned novelist who, after winning 100,000 rubles in the state lottery, devotes himself, an egoless Zhivago, to the twin miracles of love and art. Aided by the beautiful Margarita, whom he has met by chance in the street, he writes a novel about Pontius Pilate—which she declares to be her life—only to become the object of vicious critical attack in the press and, in a fit of depression, burns the precious manuscript.

"When I emerged into the world clutching my novel," he tells Ivan, "my life came to an end." Bulgakov's novel traces his posthumous existence, as it were—and at the end the metaphor becomes literal truth. Margarita, the exemplar of "real, true, eternal love," having found that abandoning her rich and handsome husband for the Master is not enough, agrees to become a witch and preside at Satan's ball; her reward is the liberation of herself and the Master into the eternal peace of death—that, and the reconstitution of the destroyed manuscript.

What, then, becomes of the manuscript? The answer is the key to Bulgakov's work. Echoes of Gogol, Goethe, Dostoevsky, Hoffmann and a dozen others are not hard to find, but they are internal allusions; to account for the form of the book—and its formal significance within Soviet literature—one must mention Pirandello, and the Gide of *The Counterfeiters*. Bulgakov's characters, in the common Russian phrase, are out of different operas. The story of the disruption of Moscow by Woland and company is *opéra bouffe*; the story of the Master and Margarita is lyrical opera. But there is a third and epic opera, richly staged and in a style that contrasts sharply with the styles of the other two. The setting is Jerusalem, the main subject Pontius Pilate, the main action the crucifixion of Christ.

This narrative is threaded through the whole of the book, in a series of special chapters. It first appears as Woland's eyewitness reminiscence, then as Ivan's

dream, and finally as a piece of the Master's novel. No divinity is ascribed to Jesus; the emphasis is rather on Pilate, who is intrigued by his prisoner's assertion that there are no evil people in the world, and drawn to his quiet integrity. This Jesus dies without a murmur on the cross, his only words (in a passage omitted from the version published in Russia and followed by Grove) being that cowardice is one of the worst human sins. Pilate agrees, but too late. His cowardice keeps him from preventing the execution; his anguished realization that "he would do anything to save this crazy, innocent dreamer" comes only in a dream, after the crucifixion. The remorse of this failure is his damnation.

To return now to the question of the Master's novel: By merging it with Woland's account and Ivan's dream, Bulgakov seems to be suggesting that truth subsists, timeless and intact, available to men with sufficient intuition and freedom from conventional perception. The artist's uniqueness in particular lies in his ability to accept miracle—and this ability leads him, paradoxically, to a truth devoid of miracle, a purely human truth. I am simplifying what I take to be implicit, though complex and unclear, in Bulgakov's book, but there is a clue, easily overlooked, that would seem to support this interpretation. When the Master first appears to tell Ivan his story, Margarita is waiting "impatiently for the promised final words about the fifth Procurator of Judea, reading out in a loud singsong random sentences that pleased her and saying that the novel was her life." Now, Bulgakov's own novel ends precisely with the phrase about "the cruel Procurator of Judea, fifth in that office, the knight Pontius Pilate." Is the novel we read then, to be identified with the Master's?

The answer is clearly (but not simply) yes. The perspectives turn out to be reversible. Bulgakov's novel had appeared to include a piece at least of the Master's; now at the end it appears that the Master's novel has enlarged to include Bulgakov's. The baffling correspondences, in any event, make the case for mystery, and the heart of mystery is transfiguration—*quod erat demonstrandum*. Margarita's faith in the Master's art is thus justified in ways which she could not have anticipated—and becomes a symbol of Bulgakov's similar faith in his own work. The Master's novel is Margarita's life in one sense as Bulgakov's novel is in another.

The Master and Margarita has been the literary sensation of the year in Russia for reasons that go beyond its brilliant experimentalism. What it gives the contemporary reader there, for

all the obvious differences, is something of what *Doctor Zhivago* will when it is finally published—but without the red herring of political disputability. It is a plea for spiritual life without dogmatic theology, for individual integrity based on an awareness of the irreducible mystery of human life. It bespeaks sympathy for the inevitably lonely and misunderstood artist; it opposes to Philistinism not good citizenship but renunciation.

A large portion of the Russian intelligentsia today is in search of just such spiritual fare. It seeks to restore the category or religiosity, which it respects and needs, while rejecting the conventional religious forms of the past. It believes—not in God, but in belief. At one point near the end, Woland has this significant exchange with the Master:

"You believe in me, I hope?"

"I must . . . although I would much prefer it if I could regard you as a figment of my own hallucination. Forgive me," added the Master, recollecting himself.

"By all means regard me as such if that makes you any happier," replied Woland politely.

Whether the devil be regarded as fact or symbol is less important than that he be regarded. Back in the everyday world after her experience as a witch at Satan's ball, Margarita finds that her experience with Woland has done her no psychological harm—because, clearly, she has accepted it fully. Ivan, by comparison, believes at the end of the novel "that as a young man he fell victim to some crooked hypnotists, went to the hospital and was cured. But he knows that there is still something that is be-

yond his control." Each year the spring moon plunges him into dreams of a super-reality he cannot credit.

Woland, the devil, is the main representative of that super-reality in Bulgakov's novel. Christ is purely the son of man; there is no Father. Yet the context of the whole work suggests that the epigraph from *Faust*, in which Mephistopheles identifies himself, is to be taken without irony here: "That Power I serve/Which wills forever evil/Yet does forever good."

Both the Harper (Michael Glenny) and Grove (Mirra Ginsburg) translations read well; on balance, their respective virtues and deficiencies probably cancel each other out. But the Glenny version is based on a fuller text (some 23,000 words fuller, according to the publisher), while Ginsburg has followed the version published in the Soviet magazine, *Moskva*. The fuller version is not necessarily, from the literary standpoint, the better one. It does, to be sure, give somewhat more emphasis to the theme of cowardice, and restores a number of remarks, apparently deleted by the Soviet editors, such as "Remove the document and you remove the man." On the other hand, one could make a good case for cutting (as the *Moskva* version does) a number of tedious passages. The Grove edition contains a brief Translator's Note, sketching Bulgakov's career and stating—apparently erroneously—that "the editors (of *Moskva*) chose to publish the novel as Bulgakov left it." Too bad that the Harper editors say nothing about the history of the manuscript they used; that is one mystery we could have done without.

The Crime Against Pasternak

THE POEMS OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Eugene M. Kayden. Drawings by Bill Greer. Hallmark Editions. 62 pp. \$2.50.

SISTER MY LIFE. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Philip C. Flayderman. Washington Square Press. Bilingual edition. 170 pp. \$4.95.

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of *Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art* (University of California Press).

Boris Pasternak began writing poetry during the heyday of Russian Futurism. His earliest published poetry reflects the devices typical of that move-

ment: sudden shifts and compressions of meaning, emphasis on the phonetic and the lexical aspects of the poetic craft. Above all, it exploits the syntactic ellipses frequently found in Russian colloquial speech.

While a few of the poems in Pasternak's first two collections of verse can be seen as unnecessarily obscure, he managed to bring his elliptic manner under beautiful control in his third volume of verse, *My Sister, Life* (within the context of the poem from which the title is quoted it can also be understood as *Life Is My Sister*). Written during the revolutionary summer of 1917, this volume of love lyrics and nature evocations is the book in which Pasternak's startling originality and awesome stature as a poet become ful-

ly manifest for the first time. The rest of Pasternak's poetic career represents the slow progress from the complex sound organization and elliptic suggestivity of the *Sister* toward the simple and explicit diction of his last poems. The simplicity of the later Pasternak style is in a way as deceptive as the apparent complexity of his earlier work. Both the early and the late poems are verbal structures organized with endless care, but at the end of his life he no longer needed the dazzling sounds and colors and the shifting planes in which he had couched his tempestuously exuberant early poetry.

The culmination of his later artful simplicity is reached in the cycle of poems that make up the final chapter of his novel, *Doctor Zhivago*. It must be remembered, however, that these poems are intended as poetic utterances of the fictitious poet Yuri Zhivago, and that Pasternak is expressing himself in these poems as it were under a mask. The *Zhivago* poems have attracted numerous translators, all of whom have so far managed to reproduce the literal meaning of the poems and failed to convey the particular homely magic of Pasternak's originals. This is also more or less the case with Eugene M. Kayden's small selection of *Zhivago* poems, published by the Hallmark card people in a very pretty little volume with a technicolor jacket from the MGM movie. The accompanying drawings by Bill Greer are rather sweet, the translations of the poems correct and uninspired and, in general, one could do worse by way of an inexpensive present for some kindly old lady.

Phillip C. Flayderman's *Sister My Life* (this version of the title follows the word order of the Russian but thoroughly obscures its meaning) is something altogether different. There is some attempt here to preserve the metrical pattern, but almost none to convey in English the rich sonorities and the verbal fireworks of Pasternak's most adventurous and experimental book. It can therefore be concluded that what the translator is aiming for above all is textual fidelity. But even a hasty comparison of his English renditions with the Russian originals, helpfully printed across the page, reveals to what an amazing extent this translator is unable to understand plain Russian, to say nothing of coping with Pasternak's difficult and elliptic poetry.

Here is a literal translation of the first and the last stanzas of one of the most famous poems of the collection, "Out of Superstition," with Pasternak's elliptic implications filled out in brackets: "My tiny room is a box of red kumquats. But then we can't keep soiling [our love] in [overnight] hotel

rooms until death (lit. until the coffin), until the morgue! [. . .] Why, the very idea—you are no vestal virgin: you entered with a chair, picked up my life [like a book] from the shelf and dusted it off."

Flayderman's rendition: "My hotel room is like a box of russet Bitter oranges./O, be careful, do not get soiled as you go/Coffined to the morgue. [. . .] It is a sin to think you are not a vestal virgin/You walked in with a chair,/Handed me life from the shelf,/And blew the dust away."

The entire volume irresistibly reminds one of that hoary anecdote about the foreign traveler who, seeing the inscription "Look Out!" from the train window, stuck his head out and had his face bashed in by a tunnel. Flayderman knows many (though not all) of the words Pasternak uses, but much of the time he has no idea what they add up to. "Ganges dreams of them" becomes "They dream of Ganges." "Dawn, like a cold viper, crawls into the pits" is rendered as "With merciless envy, dawn crawls/Into their holes" (the noun *ekhidna*, "viper," confused with the adjective *ekhidnyi*, "sarcastic," grammatically impossible in the context, and the attributive "their" gratuitously and meaninglessly added). "I would not even disdain using an unprintable word [:] but against whom could we lodge a complaint?" is the intriguing opening of Pasternak's poem. "To Elena." "I would not take umbrage/Over an unprinted word./Where can one search?" is the closest Flayderman can come to conveying these three lines in English. And so it goes in poem after poem.

Russian words are looked up in a dictionary and wrong entries chosen. Verbatim renditions of idioms (which obviously pass unrecognized as such) are the rule: "How many summers, how many winters," the Russian equivalent of "Haven't seen you in ages!" is translated faithfully as "How many years! How many winters!" When the poet's beloved stares at the ceiling, refusing to speak to him (the idiomatic Russian "as if her mouth were filled with water" is roughly the equivalent of "has the cat got her tongue?"), Flayderman thinks Pasternak says "How your mouth watered."

The height of mayhem is committed by the translator on the longest poem of the collection, the untitled one which begins with the line, "How soporific life is! (Flayderman: "How sleepy life is . . ."). This is one of Pasternak's loveliest and most profound early poems, with its thrice repeated refrain wherein the poet confesses that he was sent by God to torment "those whom it is a sin to torment" (Flayderman:

"those/Who are tormented by sin"). Almost everything in this 4-page poem is misread and misunderstood by the translator. At one point, the poet is on the train that is taking him away from his love. He looks out of the train window at all the objects that seem to be rushing backward and thus toward the girl he left behind. The poet wonders whether the high noon, personified as a railroad station thief and loiterer, is at that very moment observing the girl: "watching from the neighbouring cherry trees the angel at [her] embroidering." Flayderman's reading: "Looking for angel embroideries/In his neighbour's cherries." The poet imagines the willows he sees out of the train window rushing to a reunion with the girl: "Will they get there during the night, inhale aromas from the porch and fling themselves headlong into household chores with [or, possibly, like] the waving of towels? Will they see the shadow of the nut tree on the stone foundation?" Baffled by the imagery, confusing *kryl'tso*, "porch" with *krylo*, "wing," mistaking almost every verb for some other similar sounding one, not even understanding that all the "they" forms refer to the animated trees of the poet's fantasy, Pasternak's translator comes up with an almost meaningless patchwork of guesses: "Will they last the night?/Will essences breathe life from the wings?/And will they give up trying to make do/With the gusts of hand towels?/Will people see the hazel-bush shadow/On stone foundation?"

How could this translator possibly hope to convey the tone, the style, or the subtler shadings of meanings of Pasternak's poetry when it is so painfully clear that he cannot tell the subject of the sentence from the direct object, does not understand Russian cases, prepositions, verbal aspects, and just about every other form that the language uses for conveying meaning? A man in this kind of predicament could conceivably be advised to take a Berlitz course in Russian. Instead, he is allowed to butcher one of the loveliest books of modern Russian poetry, to print his own wild guesses across the page from Pasternak's originals, and then to issue the entire unbelievable mess under a very handsome cover, to be sold at all bookstores under Boris Pasternak's name for \$4.95.

Some of the translations of modern Russian literature that have appeared in America in the last two years are unprecedented and unparalleled in any other literature or country for sheer incompetence and sloppiness. Anselm Hollo's Voznesensky, Herbert Marshall's Mayakovsky, the selection of Russian Formalist criticism translated by Lee T. Lemon and Marion J. Reis (University of Oklahoma Press), and now Flay-

derman's Pasternak are all examples of important and complex texts translated into English with the aid of guesswork by people who are unable to read and understand Russian with any degree of fluency. Flayderman's opus appears in an ambitious series, published by the Washington Square Press and edited by Robert Payne (whose enthusiastic but freewheeling, simplistic, and often wildly uninformed introduction to the Pasternak volume casts serious doubts on his ability to judge the quality of translations). Announced in the same series is a number of major works of Russian literature, "all in new and definitive translations." Judging from Pasternak's *Sister* and the other volume of the same series, Chekhov's *The Island of Sakhalin*, translated by Luba and Michael Terpak, who somehow managed to riddle every page of that direct and lucidly written study with unimaginable mistranslations and howlers, these "definitive translations" are hitting the absolute low point in the current flood of irresponsible and

incompetent translations from the Russian.

In most other fields there would be some way of protecting the public from a product so obviously shoddy. Because of the lack of copyright agreements, modern Russian literature unfortunately came to be regarded by many publishers as a free poaching ground. There simply must be some way of reaching those publishers' consciences. There exists now in this country the National Translation Center in Austin, Tex., which has apparently solved the problem of judging the quality of literary translations competently and impartially. It probably would be willing to share its methods and its experience with publishing houses. Or is it too much to hope that American publishers will submit such unbelievable translations as we have been getting lately to someone somewhere who reads Russian and understands literature before rushing them into print and offering them in attractive packages to the defenseless American public?

volume, "A Provincial Tale," appeared in 1913 and, attracting widespread attention in pre-revolutionary Russia, launched Zamyatin's career as a writer. Akin to the later stories on Soviet Russia, it satirizes the *meschanstvo*—the smug provincialism and narrow Philistinism—of Old Russia. "The Lion," a short comic anecdote which ends the volume, was written while he was in exile in Paris and is less a criticism of Soviet life than a portrayal of the pathos of a simple Russian.

Among Soviet writers, Zamyatin is a master in alloying fantasy with realism. His style is often elliptical, in narrative technique frequently multi-planar and broken; usually it is controlled by recurring visual images, D. S. Mirsky's "mother images." *We*, of course, is written in this manner, and with these stories available, English-speaking readers will better understand that significant novel.

"A Story About the Most Important Thing"—a favorite of Zamyatin's and surely his best work after *We*—appears in *The Dragon* and illustrates his technique at its most complex. The action takes place simultaneously on three levels: a grub in a lilac bush is dying into a cocoon to be born again as a butterfly; the men of a Russian village are killing one another in the Civil War; and on a dark planet, headed for collision with the earth, the last inhabitants are dying from lack of air. The cosmic perspective underlines the futility of the Civil War.

In another story, "The Cave," the image is that of the inhabitants of frozen Petrograd as primitive cave dwellers, worshipping their god, the iron-bellied wood stove; and describes the failure of the intellectual, Martin Martynych, to transform himself into a ruthless savage able to survive those tragic days.

"The Dragon" is a story of a militiaman who dispatches "non-stop to the heavenly kingdom" an enemy of the revolution—an intellectual—and then turns to nursing a frozen starling. The militiaman's dehumanization is brilliantly caught by the image of him as a red-pawed dragon belching white puffs of smoke in the ice-locked air.

Katayev's *The Holy Well* is quite recent, having first appeared in the liberal *Novy Mir* in May, 1966. Something of Zamyatin's mixture of fantasy and realism and also his satire characterize this novel, and it has appealed to the youth of what Ernest J. Simmons has called the "Soviet New Left," who "discuss guardedly among themselves the striking proposition in the notorious contraband article of Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky)." "Right now," Sinyavsky wrote, "I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the

Satiric Fantasies

THE DRAGON. By Yevgeny Zamyatin. Translated and edited by Mirra Ginsburg. Random House. 291 pp. \$5.95.

THE HOLY WELL. By Valentin Kataev. Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward and Harold Shukman. Walker & Co. 160 pp. \$4.95.

MARK H. HILLEGAS

Mr. Hillegas is professor of English at Southern Illinois University and author of *The Future as Nightmare: H. G. Wells and the Anti-Utopians* (Oxford University Press).

Anyone who is acquainted with Yevgeny Zamyatin's writings—notably his science-fantasy novel, *We* (precursor of *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*), and his essay, "On Literature, Revolution, and Entropy"—will remember his allegiance to the concept of infinite revolution incited by the artist-heretic, who is the "only (bitter-tasting) remedy for the entropy of human thought." Zamyatin (a Soviet critic called him the man furthest Left in Russia) was himself such a heretic; and early in the first Five Year Plan, he and Pilnyak were made scapegoats in the RAPP attack on writers who refused to accept literature as an instrument of the state. Pilnyak abjectly recanted, but Zamyatin stood firm, and, in a courageous letter (reprinted in *The Dragon*), asked Stalin for permission to emigrate to the West. By some miracle, he was allowed to leave and traveled to Paris in 1931, where

he died a lonely exile six years later.

Valentin Katayev, likewise born before the revolution, has managed to survive, in spite of attacks by both Stalin and Khrushchev (he refers to the latter in *The Holy Well* as a "world-famous Russian eccentric"). Not only is he one of the least tainted with compromise of those of his generation still alive but he is also an accomplished writer: two of his novels, *The Embezzlers* and *Lone White Sail*, and a play, *Squaring the Circle*, are Soviet classics. From 1946-62, he was editor of the liberal monthly, *Yunost* (Youth), and published new writers like Yevtushenko.

Extraordinarily fascinating are the rough similarities between some of Zamyatin's stories in *The Dragon* and Katayev's *The Holy Well*: both writers are satirists, scornful of the need to conform, and both have mixed fantasy with realism. Zamyatin had a considerable influence on young writers in the twenties (Katayev is Zamyatin's junior by thirteen years); and it is possible he may continue to influence the literary underground.

All but two of Zamyatin's stories in *The Dragon* (others have yet to appear in English) were written between the revolution and his departure from Russia. Many, though not all, of the stories from this period in *The Dragon* attack the stupid regimentation and cruelty of the Soviet regime. But the first story in the

grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life."

Katayev's beautiful novel is a surrealistic dream, suggestive of a Fellini film, that takes place while the narrator, during surgery, lies unconscious under deep anesthetic. In this dream, Katayev reviews his life, from the NEP period of the twenties to his visit to America in 1962, in a series of lyrical images. Many of the personal allusions are obscure to us in the West, but every reader will understand Katayev's oblique references to his agony as an artist of integrity under pressures to conform—thus, the fantastic symbol of the talking cat, who dies trying to pronounce the Russian word "neo-colonialism."

The longest sequence of the dream deals with his visit to America, and here Katayev's criticisms are less guarded. He is fascinated by America and admires it, but sees that it has taken the

"path of Rome rather than Athens." There are particularly effective sections about New York and a visit to Houston, where he stays in the push-button paradise of the Sheraton Hotel and talks, at a party, with a culture-hungry oil widow.

Katayev's satire cuts several ways, as in his conversation with the Texas widow: "And then she was thrilled as a child and even clapped her hands when I told her that I was the founder of a completely new literary school called *mauvisme* (from the French word for "bad"), the main point of which is that, since everybody writes so well nowadays, one must write badly, as badly as possible, and only then will one attract attention." *Mauvisme* is Katayev's ironic reply to the conservative critics who attacked, not only the ideology but the literary quality of his work as editor of *Yunost*. Like Zamyatin, he is a writer of courage and integrity.

The Fear Years

MEMOIRS: The Post-War Years: 1945-1954. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated by Tatiana Shebunina in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp. The World Publishing Co. 349 pp. \$6.50.

JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND. By Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg. Translated by Paul Stevenson and Max Hayward. Harcourt, Brace & World. 418 pp. \$6.95.

THE DESERTED HOUSE. By Lydia Chukovskaya. Translated by Aline B. Werth. E.P. Dutton & Co. 144 pp. \$3.95.

HELEN YGLESIAS

It is to the Russians themselves that we must look for real illumination about the terror, and it is a help that more and more descriptions of their experiences are being published. Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* appeared in his own country as well as outside; but Lydia Chukovskaya's novel about the purge, and Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg's memoir of the first three of her eighteen years spent in Soviet prisons and labor camps has not yet been published there. The expressed reason was that it would be of no service to the country to dwell any longer on the period of the purges. Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and a few others, were considered sufficiently to have covered the topic.

Yet in spite of official refusal to publish *Journey Into The Whirlwind* and *The Deserted House*, there has been no stated disapproval of their publication

abroad, and both authors continue to be active in Russian intellectual circles. Mrs. Ginzburg is the wife of a high official of the Soviet Communist Party and mother of a well-known novelist, Vasily Aksyonov. She is engaged in educational work. Her memoirs (like other out-of-favor works) are passed around in typewritten form in Moscow, where she now lives.

The author of *The Deserted House* has not only survived its publication abroad but also the circulation of an open letter to Sholokhov castigating him for his brutally stupid statements on Sinyavsky and Daniel. Lydia Chukovskaya's father, Kornei Chukovsky, is a respected literary scholar and translator and, at 85, is still the Soviet Union's best loved author of children's verses. Chukovskaya is herself a distinguished writer and critic with many books published in the Soviet Union.

The key to their situation seems to be ambiguity, a state of being exemplified by the latest volume of Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*. The facts of his life are well known. If some of his stories produce mixed feelings in his readers, it is apparently discomfort he shares. Like Pasternak, Ehrenburg could quote *Othello* in calling attention to his service to the state, but unlike Pasternak, Ehrenburg's services were sometimes better for Stalin than for Russia. At the end of his life, with death right ahead of him and nothing to lose, he longs to make everything clear about his feeling for the horrors and beauties of the two worlds between which he divided himself—Russia and the West. If he cannot,

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it is because he really understands little more about the interaction of those worlds than does Stalin's daughter. Finally, he has come no closer to a comprehension of the terror which destroyed so many of his contemporaries or the reasons for his own survival than he did in the earlier volumes: "I myself would gladly listen to the wise men capable of answering the questions that still harass me."

He disclaims any intent to write a history of the epoch following the Second World War, but in describing his work in the peace movement, touches on many of the personalities and events. As if in a school pageant, great figures of the world come forward, bow, and retire. One is reminded of Hollywood's helpless attempts to film the intellectual life. His account is not quite on the level of "Mr. Joliot-Curie, please meet Mr. Pablo Picasso," but its surface is as smooth and thin as a good veneer. One is affected by his generous enthusiasms, and reads with interest because of the extraordinary caliber of his friends, all aligned in some way with the Communist movement or the world peace movement: Picasso, Bernal, Jorge Amado, Luis Aragon, Brecht, Rafael Alberti, Nicolas Guillen, Joliot-Curie, Mazim Hikmet, Pablo Neruda, Fadayeve.

Ehrenburg can be moving about friends at home who were not as lucky as he, though his sentimentality is disquieting and disturbs any attempt to maintain a balance of belief in favor of

his moral courage. He faces directly, at one point, the charge that he betrayed others:

Several years later, a journalist in Israel came out with some sensational disclosures. He said that while in prison he had met the poet Feffer who, he alleged, had told him that I was responsible for the arrest of the Jewish writers. This calumny was taken up by several Western papers. Their single-minded line of reasoning was: "He has survived, so he must be a traitor."

I at least decline to rate him on these fearful scores. Memoirs are not confessions, and it is as empty an exercise to scold Ehrenburg for lack of honesty as for insufficient political intelligence or literary genius. The *Memoirs* have real interest; no one studying the cultural history of the Soviet Union can pass them by, whether or not they fail to answer the tormenting question: Did there *have to be* a terror? For that matter, he doesn't think to ask.

Ehrenburg's target seems to have been the Western reader as much as the Russian. This may not have been the aim of Chukovskaya or Mrs. Ginzburg; but the action of their government has given them no choice but to talk to those outside Russia. The situation produces a special appeal to listen with care.

Lydia Chukovskaya wrote her novel in 1939, hid it and brought it out again after the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, when it was refused publication. It has been widely published in other countries. In its English translation, it is a realistic and wholly believable horror story of the destruction of a loyal Soviet citizen and her son. When, in the final pages of the novel, the widow burns a request from her son to help him appeal his imprisonment, the reader has been so successfully borne along into a nightmare world as to concur in the inevitability of her monstrous act. *The Deserted House* has been compared to *One Day in the Life*; but, without denigrating its considerable artistry, it does not have the wonderfully Russian strength of Solzhenitsyn's small and powerful work. But to say that Chukovskaya's novella is a minor product of a literature which claims among other "minor" masterpieces Goncharov's *Obломov* and Andreyev's *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, is no small praise.

Mrs. Ginzburg's memoirs, *Journey Into the Whirlwind*, recounts her own experiences under the terror and is therefore a plainer but stronger work than *The Deserted House*. Like the widow in Chukovskaya's novella, Mrs. Ginzburg was an active, loyal Communist, and she and her family were torn

to pieces in the purge. But what is specifically valuable in her story, because specifically Russian, is her explanation of how the insanity engulfs her and how, once caught, she does not allow herself to be destroyed. Its powerful detail adds substance to what has become a literary and political cliché, but from which we still have much to learn: the horror of the Stalinist system and the endurance of the Russian people. Besides being a beautiful lesson in the human capacity to withstand and overcome, Mrs. Ginzburg's book is full of enlightening moments, some of which lend themselves to speculative analogies.

Her book opens with the Kirov assassination. The demons which pursue her for more than twenty years of accusation, illegal trials, sentencings and imprisonment were sprung from the supposed deadly insult Kirov's death was to the Soviet state. Appealing to the passionate response of its most idealistic citizens, the regime bled its ardent supporters and devoured its children in their name. It went about its work in the old sloppy czarist tradition, too, using the old jails, the old beatings, interrogations, solitary cells, punishments, demands for self-accusation and the naming of others, exile and the work camps and death. It is as if we were to imagine a Socialist U.S., fifteen years after a revolutionary victory, in which an important revolutionary Negro leader is assassinated in, say, Atlanta. A purge is initiated and directed not against resisters to the new order but against activists of CORE, SNCC and the SCLC, basing proof of disloyalty on, let us say, whether or not one had attacked Martin Luther King during the revolutionary take-over, and using as the organs of detection and punishment the machinery of prerevolutionary anti-Negro Southern justice: jailings, beatings, sweatboxes, chain gangs, police roundups of whole communities with dogs and cattle prods, lynchings, etc., while the rest of the country goes about its business, terrified and grieving, but obedient, unquestioning and astonishingly productive.

It is this falling back on archaic oppressive institutions which shocks the most, next perhaps to the failure of the people to stop it. It would seem that the Soviet people would be most eager to comprehend the nature of these shocks; and that far from more discussion of the terror being redundant, what is specifically needed are innumerable detailed studies and analyses of the subject (many more works of the kind are refused publication). Within this discussion, everything might be asked and answered: questions having to do with economic and social justice; whether it is possible to house new equalitarian laws in the old structures; definitions of oppositions and how they

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shall be allowed to function under socialism. Perhaps even man's happiness might be discussed—that goal for which (we need to be reminded) the whole revolutionary idea was dreamed up in the first place.

Book Marks

STALIN: A Political Biography. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 661 pp. \$12.50. Paper \$2.95.

A new edition of what is considered to be the definitive life of Stalin, first published in 1949. Fresh material includes an introduction to the 1961 printing, plus a new preface and an extensive closing chapter dealing with Stalin's last years.

THE YOUNG STALIN: The Early Years of an Elusive Revolutionary. By Edward Ellis Smith. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 470 pp. \$8.50.

Describing the years from Stalin's birth in 1879 to his appointment by Lenin as a commissar in 1917, the author argues that Stalin was a secret agent for the Czarist secret police when he was a young revolutionary. The case, however, is not persuasively proven.

STALIN: AN APPRAISAL OF THE MAN AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Leon Trotsky. Edited and translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Introduction by Bertram D. Wolfe. Stein and Day. 516 pp. \$10.

A new edition of a work originally published in 1946 and out of print in English for some time. The all-embracing anti-Communist view taken by Bertram D. Wolfe in his introduction is the object of a letter of protest which was circulated by Esteban Volkov, Trotsky's grandson and literary heir.

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD. By John Reed. With an introduction by John Howard Lawson. International Publishers. 395 pp. \$5.95. Paper \$1.95.

A new issue of a classic of American journalism.

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. Introduction by Joshua Kunitz. Monthly Review Press. 311 pp. \$12.50.

A new edition of another eyewitness account of the Bolshevik Revolution, including photographs, color posters and

proclamations. Kunitz's introduction adds a fascinating portrait of the American author; but for the economy-minded it should be pointed out that an edition similar in every way except for the introduction has been published in the Soviet Union and can be bought for \$1.85 at the Four Continent Bookshop.

THE SOVIET ACHIEVEMENT. By J. P. Nettl. Harcourt, Brace & World. 288 pp. \$6.95.

One of the best short histories of the Soviet Union, and an excellent introduction to the nature of Soviet society and the forces at work behind the political façade. There is a good deal of attractive illustration—cartoons, news photos, art objects, portraits of leading Soviet personalities—much of it in color.

THE SOVIET UNION: THE FIFTY YEARS. Edited by Harrison E. Salisbury. Harcourt, Brace & World. Illustrated with photographs. 484 pp. \$10.

The *New York Times* series written for the 50th Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, in book form.

UNOFFICIAL ART IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Paul Sjeklocha and Igor Mead. University of California Press. Illustrated in color and black and white. 213 pp. \$15.

Biographical and stylistic accounts of a number of Soviet graphic artists, painters and sculptors working outside the official Socialist-realist style; well illustrated.

THE IMPACT OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917-1967: The Influence of Bolshevism on the World Outside Russia. By the Royal Institute of International Affairs (England). Oxford University Press. 357 pp. \$7.50.

A collection of disparate pieces by Arnold J. Toynbee, Neil McInnes, Hugh Seton-Watson, Peter Wiles and Richard Lowenthal. Though each essay contains material of merit, together they add up to a pointless book.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS: Soviet Russia 1917-67. By Ian Grey. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Coward-McCann. 558 pp. \$10.

Another competent history of the Soviet Union, much longer than the one by Mr. Nettl and more conventional in its point of view. The illustrations are mainly close-up photographs of Soviet leaders.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION: Its Impact on American Radicals, Liberals, and Labor. A Documentary Study by

Philip S. Foner. International Publishers. 304 pp. \$6.95.

A collection of favorable responses from trade unions, periodicals and organizations to the first three years of the revolution; illustrated with cartoons.

THE VIEW FROM LENIN HILLS: An American Student's Report on Soviet Youth in Ferment. By William Taubman. Coward-McCann. 249 pp. \$5.50.

A lively, superficial first-hand report. Designed for young readers and others.

THE POLITICS OF IDEAS IN THE U.S.S.R. Edited by Robert Conquest. Frederick A. Praeger. 176 pp. \$5.25.

Though this is an efficient compilation of facts tracing the development of the organs of ideological control in the Soviet Union, the material is presented with a one-sided hostility whose intent is apparently more to discredit the regime to "Western" minds than to inform.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA!: As Reported by the New York Tribune and the New York Herald, 1894-1921. Edited by Edward W. Pearlstien. The Viking Press. 297 pp. \$10.

A collection of newspaper articles of the time of the Russian Revolution (with a connective narrative by Mr. Pearlstien) but limited to news items which appeared in the *Tribune* and *Herald*. The illustrations have been assembled from various sources.

A PORTRAIT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. Text by Laurens Van Der Post. Photographs by Burt Glinn. William Morrow & Co. 175 pp. \$12.50.

Essentially nothing new is turned up in this pleasant, readable record of a contemporary journey throughout the USSR. The photographs are handsome.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM IN THE AGE OF LENIN: A Documentary History. By Helmut Gruber. Cornell University Press. 512 pp. \$7.50. Fawcett Books. 512 pp. 95c paper.

Mr. Gruber's unusual book happily devotes more space to actual documents of the period than to the somewhat uneven interpretive essays which follow them. The documents range from Lenin's first major exposition of the Bolshevik position in "What Is To Be Done?" through the battles over strategy that took place in the Comintern after the end of World War I, to Zinoviev's speech in 1923 that announced the end of the Comintern's expectations for world revolution. Mr. Gruber's personal contributions are scholarly, sympathetic and informative.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

On the many occasions when I have referred to organizations that exemplify "true Theatre" I have had to turn either to the past or to foreign instances. Today I am pleased to note that the recently established Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks Playhouse is, or may well become, a true Theatre. Its small permanent company has worked together in training and in performance before the rehearsals of its present and first production. It has a determined policy, its spirit is fervid, its announced choice of plays testifies to the nature and direction of its goals.

The Ensemble will offer four productions in its 1968-69 season, beginning with the current *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey* by Peter Weiss. Though not a conventional "play," but a social tract in a sort of cantata form with passages spoken by individuals and in chorus, dramatic interludes, sound effects, songs and interjections of straightforward information, its performance by five men, four women and four musicians creates in the end a stirring evening.

Neither the text nor the direction is

"Brechtian." Brecht is a dramatist, and in this case Peter Weiss does not propose drama in the accepted sense. He has written a recital of facts concerning the Portuguese colonies (mainly Angola), written them in prose and verse which finally impose themselves by the sheer force of their factuality. Weiss's "argument," I am glad to say, is one-sided. One cannot and should not have any doubts about the barbarous cruelty and injustice of the Portuguese presence in Africa or for that matter, about any domination of one people by another. The indictment is not merely against a particular government; Weiss makes it abundantly clear that all governments, or at least all vested interests (industries, banks and certain capitalists) which are influential in their respective countries, are guilty. Ultimately we ourselves are to blame.

I doubt that the strong effect would be achieved—though the argument might still be convincing—if Weiss's text were only read. It is created by the powerful voices, the immense personal dedication of the Negro Ensemble acting company.

it is through the actors as a unit—attractive women, men strikingly virile—that the performance becomes theatre. And this acclaim should extend to the musicians and the designer, Edward Burbridge, who has made a set which resembles a tribal totem pole, modern in the vein of the new sculpture, both savage and funny. Michael Schultz has directed to give variety and tang to what may have appeared heavily static on the page. The entire evening is a statement of real force and makes me look forward to the Ensemble's next production, a play by Wole Soyinka who is more truly a poet and dramatist than is Weiss.

Man for man, the actors in the production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center may be superior to those of the Negro Ensemble, but the production, though by no means bad, is not of one piece. John Hirsch's direction is knowing—he understands, and generally speaking conveys, the intention of each scene and personage—yet I came from the production with little better than a reminder of what a good play *Saint Joan* is. It still "holds up!"

Shaw wrote wittier plays, but hardly any in which his temperament and the

RESTAURANT WORKERS (Continued from page 116)

he had missed staff meetings in 1965 or 1966, and had failed to collect initiation fees from employees (which, as an unbonded officer, he was not permitted to do), and for other imaginary or trivial offenses, Gleason was removed as business agent and, months later, expelled from the union by a Ferrara-appointed trial committee. Meanwhile, two rebel stewards were removed, the first victims in what appears to be a long-planned purge of militant stewards.

In September, 1967, before Gleason's expulsion, the rebels distributed to some of the Local 11 restaurants a leaflet reporting the McClellan subcommittee's findings and urging members to "clean up Local 11." It was just prior to one of Local 11's quarterly membership meetings and, as a result, nearly 1,000 members came to the meeting, demanding to know what was going on. Family matters kept Gleason from the meeting, and the rebels concentrated in the Walgreen's chain were told by the company, a few days before, that they must remain on their jobs until 4 P.M., thus virtually barring them from the meeting which began at 3 o'clock. Ferrara, in the chair, allowed no discussion at all. And when the rebels from Walgreen's arrived shortly after, he hastily adjourned the meeting. But several of the Walgreen people, including former board members Joe Donnelly and Mary Flynn, jumped onto chairs and harangued the members. And that is how one of the newest and liveliest rank-and-file rebel movements began.

At the meeting, Ferrara's lieutenants distributed a leaflet in which he and they were "proud to report, with-

out any qualification" that everything in the rebels' leaflet was a lie: "there is absolutely not one single charge of any description now pending or ever made in the past, by any agency, against any officer of Local 11." A few days later the rebels countered with a mimeographed leaflet pointing out that, at that very moment, hearings were going on in the New York State Insurance Department on the department's charges against the fund's fourteen trustees, seven of whom are Local 11 officials, and against the fund's administrator, a Local 11 business agent, alleging fund depletion. They added the news that the McClellan subcommittee had found the administrator (and business agent) "guilty of gross irregularities and improprieties" and of "a complete disregard of the fiduciary responsibilities of [his] office," and recommended that he "should be summarily removed."

These are only the opening guns in what promises to be a bitterly fought battle between Ferrara's regime and the insurgent rank-and-filers. The battle is long overdue and its outcome is unclear. It is apparent, however, that the parent international, the Hotel & Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union, AFL-CIO, stands stoutly behind Ferrara; the members' appeals to the general president and general executive board have fallen on deaf ears. That was only to be expected—nowadays, when workers fight for democratic unionism, they almost invariably find themselves fighting not only against the employers but against the bureaucratic powers of the trade union establishment. It makes their struggle that much harder, and that much more urgent.

material furnished him by history were so happily conjoined. In *Saint Joan* Shaw revealed something of the child that was in him, for all his cleverness and intellectual capacities, together with the tremendously earnest, understanding and honest puritan he was. The puckish, shrewd and yet somehow "artless" child in Shaw contributes as much as do his ideas to converting his forensics into theatre. An innocence in the playfulness

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of Shaw's works preserves them against the possible decay of their preachment. And in Joan herself—the image her story evokes in our minds—Shaw found a character ideally suited to his courage, persistence, his certainty of being in the right, his swift and forthright disputatiousness. Like the Joan he portrays, Shaw commands esteem through a candid common sense akin to a mystical trust in life and human destiny. Even Shaw's sexlessness reinforces one's intuition that the dramatist's union with Joan was a blessed one.

A few adults may demur at certain aspects of the play (the first scene, for example, strains toward farce), but youngsters and the pure of heart will always respond to it. If you have never before seen it you should certainly see it now, and if you have seen it before—as I have countless times—you will still like it a lot. I say so at this point because I must now proceed to another phase of my critical duty.

The setting for *Saint Joan* by David Hays has a background of slim metal columns circularly arranged. Their height suggests both a cathedral loftiness and the steeliness of medieval warfare. The forestage, where all the action must take place if it is to be fully visible, consists of a number of polished platforms of uneven thicknesses and dimensions. The main properties (throne, table, chairs, etc.) are put in place by costumed supernumeraries. In brief, the setting has a fitting bareness and yet seems to serve the play rather meagerly as a machine for action and as atmosphere. I was aware of "scenery" with a touch of spurious modernity.

Michael Annals' costumes are extremely good-looking, but they are more like plates from an illustrated book of period design than clothes. They are too gleamingly new and rich. The effect is that of a dress parade, and Joan's costume in the cathedral scene is wholly unflattering to the actress' figure—especially in relation to her head.

Diana Sands's Joan has its moments. She is superb in her breakdown during the trial scene and most powerful—gutsy rather than exalted—in her denunciation of the sentence to imprisonment following her recantation. In those passages the actress is wholly in her element. But her speech has not the sharp, crisp stamp of Shavian rhetoric. (Joan was no peasant, the dramatist takes pains to tell us, but a bourgeoisie.) Miss Sands's manner of address is that of a perky maid and not of Shaw's heroic and highly articulate Maid, who at all times speaks the splendidly sane prose of a great statesman. (The play falls short of greatness because the writing, though wonderfully lucid, rarely rises to the pitch of poetry.) Miss Sands

fails to achieve the cleansing nakedness and proud loneliness when, after the Coronation, the Crown, the Church and the big brass abandon her.

Of all the Joans I have seen, only two seemed to me thoroughly adequate to the challenge of the part. One was that of an actress in Israel, a gentile German girl who had fought in the underground against Hitler and later in the various Israeli struggles; the other was Sybil Thorndike in the first London production. (She was a Fabian Socialist, with some of the wholesome asperity of Shaw himself.)

I mention these actresses not to depreciate the performance of Miss Sands, whose qualities of vibrant strength and pluck I admire and whose undertaking of her present role constitutes a step forward in her development but to emphasize what I have already said about the Negro Ensemble and true Theatre in general.

If a production—especially its acting—is to achieve an artistically communicative entity, it must not only be professionally adept or an assemblage of outstanding talents; it must be lit by a moral energy, a fire that transmutes these talents to a new consistency of idea and belief. That is what gives great theatre its ritual significance. It was present in the early days of the Moscow Art Theatre, in the Berliner Ensemble, in the finer work of the Group Theatre. One also sees it occasionally in a musical where the identification of a homogeneous cast with the material dealt with composes all the details into an exhilarating meaning. Some people found it in *Oh, What A Lovely War* and a few of Joan Littlewood's other productions in London's Theatre Royal at Stratford East. It happens now, as I have indicated, in the *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*.

It does not happen in *Saint Joan* because that is not the product of a true Theatre—an aesthetically or ideologically unified company. Yet a word of praise should be said for several of the cast: for the humor of Edward Zang's Dauphin, the pleasant personalities of William Hutt as the Earl of Warwick and of Philip Bosco as Dunois (though both performances are too soft, lacking the soldier's mettle). Mention too should be made of the "masks," voices and demeanor of Tony Van Bridge as Cauchon, Roger De Koven as the Archbishop, John Heffernan as the Inquisitor, Stephen Joyce as Brother Martin. All these, together with the direction, the sets, the costumes, may be accorded some degree of credit, but they do not fuse. Missing is the overall passion of an organic theatre idea to contain and inspire them. For this reason they are not capable of winning our inner assent and are sustained only by the substance of Shaw's capital play.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1233

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Would you expect to see this dog beat your favorite? (7)
- 5 The battle of the sausages? (7)
- 9 A parallel case. (7)
- 11 German city for an essayist? (5)
- 12 and 15 down. Demand for payment able to make one like a king—though his reign was suddenly ended. (6)
- 13 Worn across and dug back. (5)
- 14 Such a scene as Indians found? (7)
- 16 What the sergeant does to the squad again for social improvement? (7)
- 18 More like salad days. (7)
- 21 Digs—with the spur, too. (7)
- 24 Set up a 27 across, possibly. (5)
- 26 See 17 down
- 27 A rich mixture, but it can hold you for a while. (5)
- 28 One takes the same circle six times. (7)
- 29 See 17 down
- 30 One shouldn't have nightmares in them, though they might be made up often. (7)
- 31 Put on the king's 27 across. (7)

DOWN:

- 1 The war's broken out, and some decorations are in order. (7)
- 2 Mendelssohn's Fourth. (7)
- 4 and 10 across One didn't augur well for it. (3,4,2,5)
- 5 He seemed to have a little initial confusion, but one sometimes manages to stir things up. (7)
- 6 An unusual medal for the disabled. (5)

- 7 Ancient on the sea, modern in the sky.
- 8 Contrives. (7)
- 15 See 12 across
- 17, 26 and 29 across. In order to get central power, it shows imposingness. (13)
- 18 Ray might have acted this way. (7)
- 19 At last on board the final curtain does. (3,4)
- 20 A little line around the digit does, reputedly. (7)
- 21 What they did to get more men in the army, necessary for fire power at home?
- 22 One of the things audiences are likely to have to stand for. (7)
- 23 The old form in a violin would seem found away from the course. (7)
- 25 and 3 down. The Emporia Gazette—or just a governmental justification of it? (5,5)
- 27 One used to indicate things were going well—now one suspects he might be unhappy. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1232

ACROSS: 1 Parts of Speech; 10 Malta; 11 Performer; 12 Senescent; 13 Holds; 14 and 22 across Construction paper; 19 Al-literation; 24 Transmute; 25 Charivari; 26 Ideal; 27 Chrysanthemum. DOWN: 2 Ail-ing; 3 Transport; 4 Oppressor; 5 Sprat; 6 Epoch; 7 Complain; 8 Amish; 9 Prisons; 15 Ritualist; 16 Crosswise; 17 Tampico; 18 Slapdash; 20 Bureau; 21 Peels; 23 Rainy; 24 Tiara.

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Johnson's Problem

THE IMAGE IS THE ISSUE

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LETTERS

restoring the alternative

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: I agree very much with Eldon Kenworthy's conclusion [in "Calculus for '68"; *The Nation*, Jan. 8] that the only feasible way to change our present policies in Vietnam to a course with greater possibilities for ending this conflict is by denying Lyndon B. Johnson a second term as President. It is to this end that those people who dissent from Johnson's policies should work.

Mr. Kenworthy's analysis that only the Republicans will be able to turn Mr. Johnson out of office in 1968 is also valid, in my opinion. Since early in 1967 I have been counseling my fellow Republicans that it is the responsibility of the GOP to offer American voters a genuine alternative to Vietnam and Lyndon Johnson. We must not nominate a candidate who promises only to out-Johnson Johnson in pursuing the war.

Finally, Mr. Kenworthy's suggestion that the Republican candidate emphasize the very real domestic crises that Vietnam has precipitated is basically sound. It would be quite risky for the Republican nominee to attempt to offer a specific course of action in Vietnam that he would be forced to spend a great deal of time defending. It would be more prudent—and more responsible—for the GOP candidate to talk, not in detailed terms of his "Vietnam blueprint" but in terms of his basic approach and broad strategy regarding this issue.

Mark O. Hatfield
United States Senator

Lexington, Mass.

DEAR SIR: I emerge from a reading of Eldon Kenworthy's realistic-idealistic intricacies of resistance-inside-of-political action on Vietnam with the hope that *The Nation* is still making some progress, if reluctantly, toward giving its wholehearted blessing to the resistance movement. For what it's worth, the undersigned is a reader of nearly forty years' standing who thinks purely political action incapable of dealing with this problem; who thinks Vietnam should *not* be dealt with in purely tactical terms, in detachment from all our other sicknesses. . . .

In a period like the present one, in which we are trying as best we can to pick up some wreckage from the New Deal and post-New Deal compromisers (see Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War," *The Nation*, Sept. 10, 1967). I would like to see *The Nation* adopt a position less completely accepting of the formal democratic political process as a way of reforming our deeply pathological society. . . .

Armand Siegel

For *The Nation's* position on politics vs. resistance, see "Protest, Power and the Future of Politics," by Carey McWilliams in the issue of Jan. 15.

—Editors

correction

An editorial in the issue of Dec. 25, "The Dead Horse Walks Again," referred to a recent analysis of American Indian views, and recommendations as the Walker-Rigsby report.

This study appeared in the *Northwest Anthropological Research Notes*, of which Professors Walker and Rigsby are editors, but the paper in question was the work of Prof. Deward E. Walker, Jr., alone.

EDITORIALS

'A Certain Restlessness'

The State of the Union message reflects, of course, the President's familiar political cunning. He has so structured the political situation as to place the Republican legislators on the defensive—or so he hopes. In terms of legislative proposals, however, the message offered only a little more of the same, with few surprises and no new spectaculars. In the present context, the President's requests for domestic programs will strike few sparks in Congress and indeed this was not the intention; the requests were mostly "words," devoid of content, spoken for effect. The new-found interest in consumer legislation is an example of the President's fondness for the inexpensive gesture. His proposal to free the nation's gold reserves, if belated, is well taken, but it is not of major significance. His renewed request for the surtax increase, like most of the other requests, is not likely to be honored by a conservative Congress operating in the shadow of the November elections.

But what is truly saddening about the message is its general tone. Traditionally, State of the Union messages are supposed to point a direction, to inspire a response, to demonstrate real understanding of present conditions and a sound feeling for the future. As an essay in leadership, the President's message was more than inadequate; it was embarrassing in its lack of insight, its indifference to human problems, and in the degree to which it failed to reflect the qualities of the moral imagination. Vietnam was dismissed briefly, almost casually, with perhaps a hint that something might be happening on the diplomatic front. The decline in American prestige was bypassed as though it did not exist. Mr. Johnson's remarks about civil rights, greeted in stony silence, were offered in such a half-hearted manner as almost to invite repeal or weakening of existing legislation. The "model cities" proposal was largely window dressing. Here again, as Mayor John V. Lindsay pointed out in a follow-up comment on N.B.C., the President's failure to reflect real personal concern, a sense of urgency, about the cities was more distressing than the inadequacy of what he proposed or what he failed to recommend.

The yells of approval that greeted his "crime in the streets" and "safe streets" talk is a clear indication of the tactics that will be used this summer and of his intention to exploit the issue to the fullest possible extent. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, trying to be loyal, could not disguise his sense of dismay, while Floyd McKissick of CORE characterized the speech as "sad" and pointed to the failure—and it was here that the failure of moral imagination was most evident—of the President even to recognize the existence of the Negro as a human being, with problems, concerns, feelings. There was talk about JSD and mention of the redwoods, but no words of solace or encouragement for the Negro. "Gun control" was advocated, casually, but as Mr. McKissick said, "guns do not kill people: people kill people." No attempt was made to rally the nation in support of human rights.

January 29, 1968

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THE NATION

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Commentators have suggested that the President attempted to fit the message to the mood of the country. If he succeeded, then the country is in deeper trouble than *The Nation* has suggested. Actually, the President did not respond to the mood of the country, he smirked at it. If the nation is troubled, he is not. He did not challenge the national conscience: he sought to appease it by catering to the lowest common denominators of self-interest. The nation is deeply troubled and sharply divided; the President's own advisers have eloquently attested to the malaise that exists. Yet all he could find to say was to regret the existence of "a certain restlessness." The address was elaborately casual, as though to quiet concerns and discontents, but it was also tired, lifeless, devoid of ideas, barren of new initiatives, unresponsive both to the needs and the mood of the country. A sad speech in a troubled time.

Debasing the Presidency

In this issue Ted Lewis, head of the Washington bureau of the New York *Daily News* and one of the country's ablest and most experienced political observers, says, quite correctly, that the issue in 1968 is Johnson—Johnson the man, "the burden of himself." Lewis also says, with equal cogency, that the potential tragedy of the situation is that if Mr. Johnson is renominated and re-elected—as well may happen—the result will not settle the issue of Johnson. The divisions cut too deep, the distrust cannot be overcome, the confidence cannot be restored. The country would still be divided.

Indeed, the situation might get worse, for if Mr. Johnson is returned to office his lesions of character could become even more obtrusive. As long as he looks forward to another term, he is under a degree of restraint. But barred by law from a third try, his unique combination of brutality of word and action with resentment of criticism might impel him to reckless extremes, particularly if events put an even greater strain on his temper. And that is perfectly possible. The current explosion in Guatemala is a warning that Vietnam is not the only place in the world where American power might be challenged and frustrated.

Another frame of reference within which Mr. Johnson may be judged is suggested with acute insight by Doris Fleson. Americans, she points out, have long regarded the Presidency as "a symbol of their best aspirations as well as of American national power." Unlike the Germans under Hitler, naked power does not make the majority of Americans happy. Power must be exerted in some moral guise. Mr. Johnson senses this and tries to meet the need, but his efforts are so crude that the pretense fails. The people want the President to be a better man than they know themselves to be, Miss Fleson goes on, but his actions, and his manners, make it impossible for the average sensible American to believe in Mr. Johnson's superiority.

Thus the Presidency has been damaged as a symbol; it has been "manhandled." Instead of exalted performance in an exalted office, Mr. Johnson has brought to it a

hateful wheeler-dealer image. His handling of foreign affairs has been in the style of Texas politics—bad enough within that state, but intolerable when applied internationally. One of its results is the “credibility gap,” which is simply a squeamish way of saying that the President’s word cannot be trusted. Such exhibitions as the one in Manila when he said that we could begin to withdraw our troops in large increments within six months after North Vietnam stopped infiltrating and pulled its troops back from South Vietnam, have been reported too often. Of this statement, R. W. Apple, Jr., of *The New York Times* has said: “I literally do not know a responsible American officer in South Vietnam . . . who thinks that this could conceivably be done.” LBJ is not such a fool as to have believed what he said. All he was interested in was the immediate headline effect, but the voters’ memories, though short, are not that short, nor are reporters lacking to remind them of the President’s irresponsibility in such matters.

His showmanship is as faulty as his credibility. Again, the lowest common denominator is not that low, nor is the Presidency a television show. Antics like taking off from Karachi without knowing where his next stop would be on the gratuitous trip around the world which began with the Holt funeral, the arm twisting which is one of his favorite devices, the symbolic castration of close aides, the fulsome self-congratulations on his appointments, are examples of the Johnson technique.

The President is a political leader, and no President can afford to forget the fact for long, but there are limits of decency even in that duality. When it comes to questions of war and peace, the President must rise above politics—that, indeed, is the theory of bipartisanship. When the theory collides with practice like that of Mr. Johnson’s, the theory becomes invalid. It has been invalid since Mr. Johnson began to escalate in Vietnam. He has made the war a personal political instrument. The Associated Press reports that Bronson P. Clark, coordinator of the Friends Service Committee effort in Vietnam, said on his return: “It is readily admitted—especially by the military above the rank of colonel—that objective No. 1 is the re-election of the President.” To the same effect, in a January 1 story in *The New York Times*, Apple says that Americans in Vietnam are under pressure to produce good news about the war to help the President politically, “even though the news is often in conflict with the realities.”

The President’s character is inseparably related to his demeaning of the Presidency. But to attack him solely, or primarily, on the basis of his character might offend the proprieties. The issue of respect for the Presidency is as impersonal as any issue can be under the circumstances. It is ready-made for Senator McCarthy and everyone who sees what is at stake.

How About It, Mr. Meany?

Toward the middle of January, the Saigon authorities broke a strike of electrical workers by rounding up the strikers at gunpoint and forcing them to resume work. Even Saigon’s normally tame newspapers could not quite

stomach this action. One paper called the arrest of the strike leaders “unjustified” and “incomprehensible.” Longshoremen at the commercial port of Saigon (the military port is farther up the river) struck in sympathy. American soldiers were sent to unload the ships.

The background of these labor conflicts is interesting. On January 1, the Saigon government took over the property of the French company which supplied most of Saigon’s power. The French Compagnie des Eaux et d’Electricité d’Indochine was paid \$8 million, half in blocked piaster accounts and half in hard currency to stockholders in Europe. (In the long run the U.S. taxpayer will foot the bill, but that is incidental.) The workers did not fare as well as the stockholders. The French company had paid wages three or four times what the Saigon government was willing to grant. That was what the electrical strike was about.

George Meany should take note of these proceedings. At last year’s AFL-CIO meeting he said: “There is one overriding fact about the Vietnam issue that is and must be the primary concern of the AFL-CIO—the existence in South Vietnam of a genuine free trade union movement. The Confederation of Vietnam Workers (CVT) is a growing and vigorous movement, representing some 500,000 workers. Its structure, goals and ideals are much like our own. It looks to the AFL-CIO for counsel and support.”

What counsel? What support? Here is Mr. Meany’s chance to show that he means business.

The Pressures Mount

Our inability to read the signals from Hanoi points not to any obscurity on the transmitting end but to a severe hearing loss on the part of the receiver. To everyone but the Administration the signal is loud and clear: Hanoi will negotiate if the bombing stops. It was repeated in Paris so that there could be no mistake this time, and issued by Hanoi in three languages, including English, just in case Washington was short-handed on translators. But we still don’t get it.

Where does this leave the President, after all his rhetoric about going anywhere to talk peace? If it is Hanoi’s purpose to embarrass the President at the beginning of an election year, it has succeeded. If its purpose is to negotiate for peace (and it may well be both) the move is likewise adroit and well timed. Sen. John Sherman Cooper promptly warned the Administration that if the United States did not stop the bombing to test the sincerity of Hanoi’s willingness to bargain, “a chance for peace will be lost.” Senator Cooper expressed irritation at the pretense of a continuing search for clarification. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy conducted an impromptu poll at the annual dinner of the Rochester (N.Y.) Chamber of Commerce. When he asked whether that conservative audience favored a halt to the bombing, an “overwhelming majority” raised their hands. J. Anthony Lukas, covering the event for *The New York Times*, estimated that supporters of the President’s present policy numbered not more than thirty or forty out of approximately 700 diners.

The Catholic bishops of South Vietnam, representing the sect which has been most aggressive in prosecuting the war, have issued a plea for peace, combined with a scathing denunciation of South Vietnamese officialdom. They were following the Vatican's lead, but voicing their own views as well; no national group of bishops is obliged to act as a sounding board for the Pope. Even West Germany is becoming critical of our standpat attitude. George Romney, campaigning in New Hampshire, struck a sensible note in calling for a neutralized Southeast Asia. Senators Mansfield and Ribicoff put renewed pressure on the Administration. Senator McCarthy, the chief dissident, quoted John F. Kennedy: "This nation will never negotiate out of fear, but it will never fear to negotiate." A more all-embracing call for a prompt and favorable response to Hanoi's statement can hardly be imagined.

But there are strong inertial forces on the standpat side. The military are professionally opposed to negotiation. Whenever the enemy makes overtures, our generals will declare that he must be hurting, so why should we negotiate? Then there are the South Vietnamese generals, for whom peace would be a calamity. By calling for continuation of the bombing and warning the Johnson Administration that they, as the elected government of South Vietnam, have the right of veto over any contemplated negotiations with North Vietnam or the National Liberation Front, they are also putting on a show of independence, the more necessary because everyone knows that financially and militarily they are what Hanoi calls them—puppets.

At this juncture Hanoi could make intransigence still more difficult for the Administration by using the 600 American airmen it holds prisoner. It could offer to exchange them for an end to the bombing; it could even release them unconditionally. That is perhaps too much to expect, but it might be a brilliant stroke.

Murder, CIA Style

The typical U.S. newspaper reader, radio listener or TV viewer has a clear image of the Vietcong in his mind. They are little brown devils who not only ambush our troops but descend in dark of night on villages to murder innocent peasants and their families. We and our allies, on the other hand, are assumed to be fighting a clean war, with the Marines cuddling little children when not engaged in combat. Possibly this complacent American has seen pictures of Vietcong, or suspects, being tortured by our South Vietnamese confreres, but in recent months nothing so disturbing has appeared on U.S. TV; either the torture has stopped or the cameramen have switched to more agreeable subjects.

Or—another possibility—the techniques have now been so improved that there is nothing to photograph. Ronald Ross, the Far East correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune* in a feature article (December 31) titled "Allies Launch Effort to Capture, Kill Viet Cong Leaders," raises the suspicion that the war is just as dirty on the American side—maybe dirtier.

The organization which performs this laudable work

is code-named ICEX—Intelligence Coordination and Exploitation. The last word is a euphemism—the exploitation is extermination. The program is carried on jointly by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and the Saigon government, with the CIA (who else?) providing most of the funds and some of the personnel. The EX-part of ICEX is carried out by "provincial reconnaissance units" (another euphemism), composed mainly of Vietnamese but trained, advised and sometimes led by Americans drawn from the Special Forces, the CIA and other counterinsurgency groups. In the province of Long An alone, some 400 PRU "exploiters" are operating in teams of about twenty men. In Quang Tri, ICEX works in cooperation with the U.S. Marines. Forty Vietcong leaders are said to be on the Quang Tri list for elimination, and Ross's contacts assured him that highly satisfactory results are being secured.

One type of operation is on the humane side. A jet is sent over a village to break the sound barrier and get attention. Then a speaker plane flies over and names the man wanted. An American "adviser" explained to Ross that the hamlet is told that unless the man gives himself up within four hours "we are going in with flame throwers and demolitions." In a recent operation of this type five men surrendered and, according to established procedures, should have gone to a "rehabilitation" center; but something went wrong and they were turned over to the Vietnamese for "imprisonment."

More typical, however, are teams which enter a sleeping village and do their work as hired killers. In Quang Tri a typical fee might be 15,000 piasters (about \$125), which is sumptuous pay by Vietnamese standards. The victims are selected by intelligence gathered from many sources—police agents, paid informers, defectors, "interrogation reports" (that could be still another euphemism), captured documents, etc. The size of the operation may be gauged from the organizations involved on the U.S. side: besides the CIA and the military, they include a new "pacification" outfit with the mouth-filling name of "Military Assistance Civil Operations Revolutionary Development Support" (MACORDS) and field personnel of the U.S. Agency for International Development and the U.S. Information Service. In short, just about anybody is made welcome who wants to get into the act, for love or money.

"In an earlier program," Ross writes, "the PRU's predecessors, known then as counter-terrorist teams, fell into the hands of brutally unscrupulous district and province chiefs and were used to eliminate personal enemies and not the Viet Cong." The *Tribune* article comments: "With hundreds of these teams of assassins running over the Vietnamese countryside, American intelligence officials are going to keep a very close watch on their activities."

This would seem to be a large order, calling for unusual zeal and perspicacity. But why worry? An occasional mistake is not too serious; the victims are Vietnamese in any case. However, one little precaution might be in order for the home folks: the next time they hear of a Vietcong atrocity, they might reflect that while it may be just that, it also might be a counter-atrocity.

THE IMAGE IS THE ISSUE

TED LEWIS

Mr. Lewis is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

As this Presidential election year begins, virtually all the political experts of press and television are raking up the past to predict the future. It amounts to a most boring preoccupation with traditional rituals—a magnification of the importance of Presidential primaries and a tremendous amount of guff about how hard it is to beat an incumbent President—plus yards of statistical nonsense, including how a Wallace third party could throw the election into the House of Representatives for a decision.

Traditional rituals and traditional interpretations, which may have been significant in other campaigns, divert attention from the fact that this election year is absolutely untypical. Thus right now everyone is casting horoscopes on the March 12 New Hampshire primary. An easy prediction is that should Richard M. Nixon win the Republican preferential contest he will have a bandwagon rolling toward the party's Presidential nomination in August; and a similarly firm estimate is that the selection of Johnson-plugged delegates by New Hampshire Demo-

crats will mean that the anti-LBJ movement led by Sen. Eugene McCarthy has wholly petered out.

Advance estimates of this sort go hand in hand with other conclusions, based, often not too securely, on performances in other Presidential nominating and electing years. Forecasts, for example, of what will be the sentiment of the delegates in August are based on previous records, and on appraisals of their Presidential preferences this winter.

The truth about this national election year makes that diet of political trivia even less nourishing than usual. We are all about to experience, for the first time in our lives, or in the life of the nation, an election that hinges almost totally on one simple but dramatically intoxicating issue—the personality of the incumbent President.

It is a tragic issue from the viewpoint of national well-being. Hate is un-Christian, yet it is there. So, for worse rather than for better, far deeper human prejudices will figure in next November's voting than did ideological prejudices taint the Goldwater campaign of 1964. If the country in November detests Johnson, he will lose regardless of the Presidential caliber of his GOP opponent. If the dislike—or distrust—is more moderate, he could win,



Macpherson, Toronto Star

since what he has done might then balance off what he is. No ready historical analogies are pertinent to this issue of image. It can be compared only superficially with the distrust, dislike and disgust that worked against Herbert Hoover in 1932. That thumbs-down vote was far less personalized.

The issue of Johnson's image overwhelms the significance of the scattered state primaries, the preliminary stage strutting of Nixon, Romney, Reagan and Percy, or prognostications of any kind as to what the GOP national convention will do. One reason why the issue is basic, and not superficial as with Hoover thirty-six years ago, is that now there is television, whereas then there was only radio. The face as well as the voice of the President are almost daily with us. It used to be that what a President said was more important than how he looked when he said it. There were some advantages in that. Issues involving the economy, foreign affairs, and the fine distinctions between a social welfare state and benevolent capitalism could be explored by an electorate that was perhaps uncertain, but at least not distracted by trying to assess a candidate's sincerity on the basis of his physical presence.

In other years the personal image of the President was blurred. And because it was blurred, any national antipathy toward him personally lacked total venom. The exact opposite is now true. Those who dislike Johnson, the man, nurse their prejudices by television. Looking at him, they are irritated by the pursed lips, the moving eyes, the restless hands. Even those more tolerant tend to assess him on a personal basis. Each dulcet, each commanding phrase is thus measured by millions as to the depth of its honesty and the sincerity of its expression.

So 1968 presents a real political phenomenon in a national campaign, a phenomenon tritely referred to as the complex character of Mr. Johnson. There have been controversial Presidents before, as in the instances of Lincoln, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt; but while they were hated by some, they induced affection and loyalty in others. That is not so with Mr. Johnson.

Yet despite the burden of himself which the President must bear in this campaign, we are fed the cliché that it is very hard to beat an incumbent President who seeks a second term. Especially, the pundits always add, when times are good and a war is on. There are two bases for this alleged built-in advantage: first, the party in power customarily has great organizational strength, is well fed financially and filled with loyal workers; second, the White House rostrum being unequaled, a President can pose the national issues to fit his campaign.

Neither of these suppositions holds water this year. The Democratic Party's political apparatus has been allowed to degenerate in favor of one-man control, and Mr. Johnson cannot twist issues for political advantage without at the same time widening his own credibility gap. As for prosperity, it has become commonplace. The voter no longer gives a party credit for bringing it about, but he blames the party in power when inflation becomes a boom-time problem. As for the war, the issue is inextricably braided into the issue of the President's image, for it is his handling of the Vietnamese conflict that is primarily controversial.

Despite the almost transparent vulnerability of the Democratic President students of politics insist that Johnson is strategically in the best position to win in 1968. Max Lerner, in a column baldly headed "The Virtuoso," repeats that tired appraisal of Johnson as the superb politician of the current national scene. Who of those mentioned among the Republicans, asks Lerner, is capable of conquering the smartest political operator of our time?

Nevertheless, the primary issue this year almost totally involves the personal attributes and flaws of one man. It is at the heart of the dump-Johnson movement in the President's own party. Similarly, the main source of the Republican Party's strength is anti-Johnson sentiment. Hence the thrust of the voting in November will be "agin" Johnson, rather than "for" the GOP national ticket.

An obvious dilemma in this situation disconcerts the Republicans at this point. They have a fastidious belief in timeworn election year rituals. They lean on an innate acceptance of the trite: that a series of primary victories for Nixon, or Reagan, or the now desperate Romney, would be triumphs almost impossible for the convention to deny. They also embrace that most ectoplasmic of myths—that Nixon is a pro of pros, and so is LBJ.

Despite the routine thinking that would have this just another routine national election, it is bound to dawn finally on the king makers, and on the candidates themselves, that the key to success is what happens to Johnson between now and August, not the primaries. This does not mean that impressive showings by Nixon in the GOP primaries would be irrelevant, or that the defeat of Romney in New Hampshire would not have tremendous psychological impact—probably resulting in his withdrawal. It only means that the polls, as they rate LBJ's popularity in the months ahead, will be far more likely to influence the conventions. Will the delegates think in early August that Johnson is going to be easy to beat or hard to beat in November?—that is the question.

On that basis, the nomination fortunes of Nixon—or Governor Rockefeller—would be decided without reference to the primary voting statistics. The same would be true of the Percy and Reagan chances as "second-best," compromise choices.

Besides the whooping up of primary preliminaries, we are also enduring this winter a ponderous, unimaginative attempt to project a Wallace third party candidacy into the November electoral vote. On paper, it is possible to reach a dreadful conclusion—that this evangelist of the *status quo* could carry sufficient states in a close election to require the House of Representatives, by a cumbersome voting procedure, to choose the President. Theoretically, it could happen. Practically, it is so unlikely as to be scarcely worth considering at this stage. When Johnson is nominated by the Democrats—as he certainly will be if he offers himself—and when his Republican opponent has been selected, will be soon enough to weigh the destructive capacity of this character from Alabama.

There is great drama in this election, but the traditional rituals tend to suppress it. As for the principal actor, the tragedy is that he cannot really win. A second term would only prolong, and emphasize, the bitter loss of trust that has divided and confused the people toward the end of his first five years in office.

THE RIVALRY OF PUPPETS

TRAN VAN DINH

Mr. Dinh, a former senior diplomat from South Vietnam serving in Southeast Asia and the United States, is now a freelance journalist, lecturer and writer. He has published a book on the present war, No Passenger on the River (Vantage Press), and writes weekly for the Collegiate Press Service.

On December 14, 1967, the United Nations Secretariat made public the translation of a Statement of Policies of the National Liberation Front (NLF) of South Vietnam. The document, part of a lengthy communication transmitted by the Rumanian delegation to the world organization, concerns the political directives of the National Liberation Front, usually referred to as the "new NLF program." This program was first presented to the Vietnamese public on August 20, 1967, at the conclusion of an extraordinary congress of the NLF which met "in the middle of August at a locality in the liberated zone in South Vietnam." It calls for a broad, democratic regime, a coalition government, free and general elections, peaceful reunification in stages with North Vietnam "without either side using pressure against the other and without foreign interferences" and a foreign policy of peace and neutrality. It also calls for land reforms. (According to Reps. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) and Ogden Reid (R., N.Y.) of the House Foreign Operations Committee, the NLF has distributed five times more land to the Vietnamese peasants than have the Saigon governments.)

Although the new NLF directives aim at "broadening the bloc of national solidarity," they are consistent with the Front's 1960 ten-point program. The NLF policy of negotiation and the formation of a coalition government was the subject of Point I which said: "This [Ngo Dinh Diem] regime and administration must be overthrown and a broad national democratic coalition administration formed, including representatives of all strata of people, nationalities, political parties, religious communities and patriotic personalities." In a statement on November 8, 1963, one week after the overthrow of Diem, the NLF declared: "The parties concerned in South Vietnam should negotiate with one another to reach a cease-fire and solve the important problems of the nation, to stabilize the basic internal and external policies with a view to reaching free general elections, to elect state organs and to form a national coalition government composed of representatives of all forces, parties, tendencies and strata of the Vietnamese people."

On September 28, 1966, Hanoi radio broadcast an interview with Mr. Nguyen Huu Tho, the NLF's president, by Wilfred Burchett, an Australian journalist. Mr. Burchett asked Mr. Tho if the NLF extended its cooperation to "those having participated in the Ngo Dinh Diem and the succeeding governments." Mr. Tho's answer was: "There will be no grudge for their activities, political tendencies and viewpoints, nor any discrimination as to nationalities or religious communities." The United States

is well aware of the NLF policies. In a statement that appeared in *Life* magazine of November 27, 1964, Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson (now U.S. Ambassador to Japan) said: "I think their [the Vietcong's] strategy is very clear and they have been frank about it. They can have no hope for a military victory. Their present strategy is designed toward bringing about negotiation between some government in Saigon and their political arm, which is the NLF. This negotiation would be directed toward formation of a coalition government." Douglas Pike wrote in his book, *The Viet Cong*, that "considerable evidence is available that the NLF leadership at times has seriously considered authentic coalition government. A secret internal NLF document dated August 1962 spelled out the leadership's attitude at that moment toward the idea of a government that would include elements of Saigon bourgeoisie."

What made the NLF's move at the UN significant was its timing, its willingness to use the international organization for its diplomatic offensive, and a combination of circumstances both national (in South Vietnam) and international. On December 1, 1967, an AP story datelined Saigon had told of the arrest by the South Vietnamese police of two NLF emissaries who, according to official Saigon sources, were on their way to a meeting with members of the American Embassy. Some Vietnamese newspapers, tipped off by the police, claimed that a previous meeting had been held on November 20, 1967, between the NLF representatives and the following American officials: Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, deputy U.S. commander; Eugene M. Locke, deputy Ambassador, and Capt. Robert J. O'Brien, officer in charge of U.S. Embassy security. In the absence of General Westmoreland and Ambassador Bunker, then consulting in Washington, General Abrams and Ambassador Locke were the highest ranking U.S. representatives in South Vietnam.

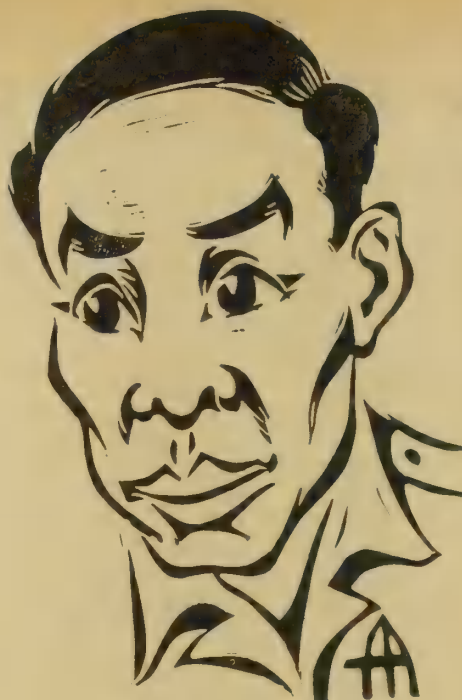
There was an obvious orchestration in the manner in which the Saigon regime exploited the story. Phan Xuan Huy, a member of the South Vietnamese House of Representatives, and a close friend of Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky and of Police Chief Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, told the House that the CIA had been trying to make contact with the NLF without telling the South Vietnamese government. He claimed that the U.S. Embassy had put pressure on the government to release the arrested NLF members, thus leading to rumors that Police Chief Loan had resigned. The newspapers which made full use of their space for the "incident" were the *Cong Chung* (Public) and the *Tien Tuyen* (Front Line), financed respectively by the police and the army. The *Cong Chung*, which since October has been pushing a persistent anti-U.S. campaign, broke the story first and threatened that "there will be a strong reaction on the part of mass organizations and their representatives in the Congress if the U.S. should be proven to have begun secret negoti-

ations with the NLF without the knowledge of the Vietnamese administration." Prime Minister Nguyen Van Loc confirmed the story about the arrest of the NLF representatives, but denied that General Loan had resigned. Loan, the Premier told the press, was on sick leave, although he was seen in the Highlands, piloting an Air Force plane which dropped napalm bombs in the Dakto areas. He was back at his desk in about a week. Ky was unusually silent, and the Embassy denied the whole thing.

My information is that there was no such meeting, at least during the period mentioned. The fabricated "incident" was another illustration among many of the power struggle between President Thieu and Vice President Ky. The latter has never forgiven the Americans for pushing him into accepting the number-two position last June, and is determined to occupy the top post in fact if not in title. Thus far, he has succeeded. Thieu chose Nguyen Van Loc to be Prime Minister with Ky's advice and consent, and Loc's cabinet is dominated by Ky's Northern friends. The new Air Force commander, Gen. Tran Van Minh, a Northerner, is Ky's associate and was his deputy. And Ky's closest friend, Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, is still in command of the 100,000-man police force.

However, President Thieu is not a man content to act as a figurehead; he has always shown that he intends to exercise his full constitutional powers. The main obstacle to Thieu's control of real power is Loan; without the General at the head of the police force, Ky's power would be greatly reduced and his financial resources drastically curtailed. Power in Saigon is, after all, police power. General Loan is hated by the Vietnamese, by the Buddhists, and despised by the U.S. Embassy which cannot stomach his corruption and his bad manners. His manipulation of the anti-U.S. campaign has also angered the Embassy.

Thus if Thieu could get rid of Loan, he would gain favor with both the Americans and the Vietnamese public. Loan's countermove is to pose as a "nationalist" (hence the belligerence toward the Americans) and to make



President Thieu

Thieu appear "soft on communism." During the election campaign Thieu had sought to exploit the strong peace sentiments in the populace by promising that he would "guarantee safe passage for any NLF member who wanted to come to Saigon for informal talks." It is also believed among the South Vietnamese generals and by some Vietnamese anti-Communists that the United States has been trying to deal secretly with the NLF. (The same anti-Communists accused the French of the same thing during the last war.) Thus, to be soft on communism is, in the minds of Ky and his ilk, also to be a puppet of the United States. The arrest of the alleged NLF emissaries, made without Thieu's knowledge, would underscore the strong anti-NLF, anti-U.S. positions of Ky and Loan and embarrass the President's position with elements of the public, the legislature and the military.

The Ky-Loan maneuver was well-timed, catching Thieu during a period of mounting difficulties. After two months in power, he had accomplished nothing except a regulation to force government workers to work on Saturday afternoons (siesta hours are still respected). The partial mobilization decree he signed in October met strong opposition from a population tired of war, and from the Congress. Like many other decisions made by South Vietnamese governments, this one will be allowed to die a natural death. His untimely and unwise (he is a Catholic) decision to bring to trial twenty-six important leaders of the Buddhist uprising in the summer of 1966 provoked firm resistance from all Buddhists and from members of the legislature. Speeches were made in both houses against the trial. (It has been held and the defendants convicted.)

Thieu's anti-corruption and anti-vice campaign got nowhere and his decision to reduce the powers of the warlord-corps commanders is still a dream. When, on November 11, the decision to execute three Vietcong



Vice President Ky

terrorists was canceled at the behest of the Americans, who feared NLF reprisals on American prisoners, Thieu lost face. The Vietnamese had no particular liking for the execution of Vietcong, but they could see that his "independent" government could not enforce the decisions of its court. Thieu is subjected to all kinds of criticism and is under pressure from Washington and the embassy in Saigon to make "progress." But he is shrewd and calculating, and knows that he must get control of the administrative machine before he can turn on his rival. Recently, he named his closest adviser, Nguyen Van Huong, to the important post of Secretary General to the Presidency. In this position, Mr. Huong can supervise for him all the activities of Ky's friend, the Premier. Thieu is counting on the sympathy of the Embassy, which is growing impatient with Ky-Loan intrigues. He is trying to promote a visit to the United States, an invitation Ky has long coveted. Thieu and Ky vied with each other in sending wedding gifts to President Johnson's daughter. At the same time, caught in the Ky-Loc-Loan nationalism campaign, Thieu had to take a very strong stand in his reply to Mr. Johnson's endorsement, in an interview of December 20, of informal talks between Thieu and the NLF. Thieu said he would accept "any individual from the Front who would like to come back with us like any other returnees."

Against this background, the U.S.-NLF contact story created a flurry of statements and clarifications from the U.S. Administration. On December 7, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg revealed that the NLF had inquired some time in October whether it would be permitted to send two representatives to New York. Secretary-General U Thant disclosed that the NLF had sought his help to establish an unofficial mission at the UN similar to that of the Algerian National Liberation Front a decade ago. At that time, and despite French objections, the United States granted visas to representatives of the Algerian NLF to come to New York.

Although both the NLF and Hanoi still maintain that the UN has no authority in the Vietnam situation, the choice of the UN platform to circulate its program is an indication that the NLF is embarking on a diplomatic offensive. In September, the USSR endorsed the NLF's "political directives." Dang Quang Minh, the NLF representative in Moscow, was received by Kosygin and Brezhnev. However, choosing Rumania, one of the most independent nations in the Russian orbit, as a channel of communication was a way for the NLF to demonstrate its freedom from Soviet influence. The NLF is perhaps trying to exploit a division in Washington and to encourage more flexibility toward the NLF among the American leaders. Vice President Humphrey suggested on December 8 that "it may be that at some future date some of the non-Communist members of the NLF may very well be brought into a government and may very well be the ones we have to negotiate with." This suggestion is a striking departure from his February, 1965, position that such a government would be like having "a fox in a chicken coop—soon there wouldn't be any chickens left."

Two days after the NLF program was circulated at the

UN, China stated that it had given the NLF delegation in Peking the standing of an embassy; East Germany accorded the NLF the same status. Besides China and East Germany, the NLF maintains diplomatic missions (government-accredited representatives) in Cambodia, Cuba, North Korea; it has officials in Algeria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, the USSR, the United Arab Republic and North Vietnam. It will soon open an Information Bureau in Paris. The Chinese and East German moves recall similar gestures made to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in 1950. On January 14 of that year, President Ho Chi Minh, whose capital was then somewhere in the jungles of North Vietnam, sent a communication to the governments of the world, saying that "the Democratic Republic of Vietnam triumphantly declares to the governments of the world that it is the only lawful government representing a unified Vietnamese people." On January 19, the People's Republic of China recognized the Democratic Republic, and Russia followed on January 31. It is worth remembering that when President Ho Chi Minh declared the independence of Vietnam in Hanoi on September 2, 1945, no country in the world, including the USSR, recognized his government. When he called for diplomatic recognition of his regime, when in 1948 he offered to talk peace with the French, and applied for UN membership, the interpretation in Paris was that the "Viet Minh was weakening and had suffered serious military defeats." The United States may similarly misinterpret the NLF move. Actually, the diplomacy of the Viet Minh and of the NLF today are classic examples of the "fight and negotiate" strategy of revolutionary warfare. Revolutionary warfare or a war of national liberation is for the control and sharing of political power, not for the military destruction of the enemy.

The NLF diplomatic offensive has caught the United States in a trap of its own making. To justify its military intervention in Vietnam and its bombing of North Vietnam, Washington must assume publicly that the NLF is merely a creature of North Vietnam. (At times, however, the United States contradicts itself. In a pamphlet, "A Note on the Vietnamese Sects," published by the JUSPAO Planning office in Saigon in May, 1966, one reads: "Ten of the eleven Cao Dai subsects had opposed Diem, and their leadership fled to Cambodia or went into hiding. . . . The members of the other ten sects made up the bulk of the early NLF support, although the alliance at all times was an uneasy one. . . . The Hoa Hao sect in 1952 formed the Social Democratic Party as its political arm. It too challenged Diem, and its armies were smashed by the ARVN in 1956. Like the Cao Dai, it was an early and major participant in the NLF. The third of the esoteric sects of Vietnam, the Binh Xuyen, which was smashed by Diem, also worked with the NLF. . . .")

When he was back in Washington last November, Ambassador Bunker admitted at a background meeting with selected newsmen that the NLF was the only cohesive political force in South Vietnam. Unlike the Saigon rulers, who are mostly Northerners, the NLF leadership is Southern. The South has many historical reasons to suspect that the leadership in the North will abandon its interests in international compromises. The

March 6, 1946, agreements, the September 14, 1946, *modus vivendi*, the Geneva Agreements are not forgotten. The participation of North Vietnamese regular regiments in the war at strategic border areas after the U.S. bombing of the North created frictions and required adjustments between the Northerners and the Southerners. The most remarkable concession by Hanoi was its acceptance in 1966 of a NLF representation in Hanoi, headed by Mr. Nguyen Van Tien. In an interview published by *Il Mattino* of Milan on December 9, 1967, Pham Van Su, North Vietnamese Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, was quoted as implying that to end the war, the United States would have to deal with the NLF.

The NLF, for its part, is not going to talk with Thieu and Ky. Assuming that the recent Hamlet Evaluation System, which gave Saigon control of two-thirds of the 17 million Vietnamese, is correct (which it is not because it supposes, for example, that the people of Saigon are all loyal to Thieu-Ky); assuming further that the September 3, 1967, elections were relatively fair (which they certainly were not), the Thieu-Ky regime which amassed 1,638,902 votes (or 34.8 per cent of the votes, or roughly 3 million people of all ages) cannot claim to represent the people of South Vietnam. Official estimates give the NLF control of 5 million. According to these American figures, then, the majority of the population, about 9 million, are neither NLF nor Thieu-Ky. In that case and if the United States wishes to bypass the NLF in any negotiation to end the war, the logical step would be to encourage the emergence of this third force. Had the elections been fair, had they been organized by an interim civilian government instead of the military junta, they would have produced a government qualified to negotiate with the NLF to end the war and with the United States to end the bombing of both North and South Vietnam. And even though that opportunity has been lost, it is still possible that the International Control Commission could be given provisional

authority to bring together various political and religious groupings in South Vietnam to form an interim government capable of negotiating with the NLF.

In the coming months, it is possible that the NLF will step up the present diplomatic offensive by declaring itself a government with a capital somewhere in a liberated zone. According to the *Saigon Post* of December 1, the NLF, in a letter addressed to President Ho Chi Minh and broadcast by Hanoi radio, referred to itself three times as a "government." It is thus clear that, for strategic or tactical reasons, Hanoi has come to accept the proposition that for some time after the war South Vietnam will remain politically distinct from the North. For the same practical reasons Washington might decide to deal with the NLF. After all, negotiation and diplomacy are tactical means to temporize a situation, and to gain the time for a political trend to develop. U.S. diplomacy would lose nothing by adopting a flexible attitude not only in South Vietnam but in other parts of the developing world. Nations are growing and changing, and dogmatic assumptions and rigid strategies will prove to be self-defeating and dangerously costly.

The mood in Washington, at least in the next few months, is not for negotiations but for the pursuit of a military victory. Negotiation, as Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said on December 18, "is not an end in itself. Negotiation is not a face-saving device for abandoning the objectives we have been fighting for. It is a method of achieving our objectives." To General Wheeler and the Administration, American objectives are the only ones worth considering. For them, the purpose of negotiations is to sanction the surrender of the NLF and Hanoi. But soon or late, the United States will come to realize and understand the political and military realities of the Vietnamese battlefield. The NLF diplomatic offensive will provide Washington with many occasions in the future to translate these realities into a reasonable settlement at a conference table.

THE DRAFT AS PUNISHMENT

TRIAL BY HERSHEY

PETER W. MARTIN

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The Congress . . . declares that in a free society the obligations and privileges of serving in the armed forces and the reserve components thereof should be shared generally, in accordance with a system of selection which is fair and just

—*Military Selective Service Act of 1967*

Recently, four persons, including students at the University of Oklahoma and the University of Utah, were reclassified 1-A by their local draft boards for their participation in anti-war demonstrations. A Temple Uni-

versity faculty member, aged 37 and the father of two, was reclassified 1-A because he returned his draft card as a form of protest. The same act cost a Cornell University chaplain his exemption from the draft as a minister. A like fate probably awaits many of the 297 who turned in draft cards during the Pentagon peace demonstration of last fall. Such use of the classification system by draft boards to punish those they consider to have violated the Selective Service Act or regulations has come under sharp criticism and legal attack. Public attention has been drawn to the practice by General Hershey's now notorious letter, issued on October 26 to all members of the Selective Service System.

Coming only five days after the Pentagon demonstration, the letter was read by many as encouraging draft

boards to reclassify students who participate in "illegal" demonstrations which interfere with military recruitment. It even carried the hint that any "vicious efforts to cripple" national unity fell within the General's notion of illegality. Any doubt about the force of his message was removed at a November 2 press conference. "We believe it's a violation of our act," he said, "when anyone interferes with a registrant who is trying to carry out his obligation to the government [by enlisting]." As a violator of the Selective Service Act—and the General conceded this required "assuming just a little"—the demonstrator faced being declared a "delinquent" by his draft board, the loss of any deferred classification, and advancement to the very top of the list for induction.

A subsequent joint statement by Attorney General Ramsey Clark and General Hershey, presumably ordered by the White House, attempted to mollify the letter's critics by assuring that registrants who engaged in "lawful protest activities" would not be penalized; but it succeeded only in stirring up greater controversy by revealing disagreement between the two. The statement clearly bore the mark of the Justice Department's more restricted view of the type of activity which, under the Selective Service Regulations, would justify declaring a registrant a delinquent: namely, not all illegal conduct, but only that constituting a violation of a duty affecting the registrant's *own status*. Hershey, by quickly pointing out that the statement did not expressly rule out a broader reclassification authority, made it evident that he did not accept the Justice Department's interpretation. The director's view is that the criminal provisions of the Selective Service Act, which are enforced by the Justice Department, are merely one option in any case of conduct that allegedly violates the Act or regulations, including "illegal" interference with the draft process or military recruitment. Indeed, Hershey prefers reclassification, except, of course, for individuals too old or infirm for duty.

Attacks on General Hershey's pronouncements have followed two lines. Some have taken issue only with his suggestion that registrants may be declared "delinquent" for participating in demonstrations that interfere with military recruiters. The second and more fundamental argument advanced by critics, including Congressman Moss of California, who has threatened hearings on the issue, is that draft boards lack authority "to use the draft classification process as a device to punish a person for expressing his views or even for violating the law." Both criticisms have a solid legal basis.

The Justice Department's refusal to agree with Hershey that demonstrators can be treated as "delinquents" rests on the system's own regulations which authorize reclassification only when a registrant has failed to comply with a *duty* imposed by the Selective Service Act or the regulations themselves. Neither the Act nor the regulations defines a duty not to demonstrate. For this reason the United States Court of Appeals, second circuit, a year ago ruled illegal the reclassification of two students who demonstrated in the offices of the Selective Service local board in Ann Arbor. Far from "assuming just a little," General Hershey's contrary view cannot be supported by any reasonable reading of the regulations.

Large numbers of protesters face reclassification not because of mere participation in an anti-war demonstration but because of a specific act of protest—turning in their draft cards. Since the Selective Service Regulations impose a *duty* on every registrant to keep his draft card in his possession, treating one who has surrendered the card as a "delinquent" does no violence to the regulations. Consequently, any challenge to such use of induction as a punishment must go beyond the line of opposition established by the Justice Department and the Court of Appeals decision cited above. They did not challenge the practice of reclassifying and inducing draft delinquents, but were concerned only with the limits of delinquency as defined by the regulations. Two more fundamental objections exist: (1) There is no authority under the Selective Service Act for establishing such a system of punishment; (2) there is a conflict between the practice and constitutional guarantees.

A search of the present Act or any of its predecessors, including the prototype Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, yields no trace of any legislative direction to deny deferments to registrants alleged to have committed violations of the Act. In fact, the Act prescribes a very different method of enforcement. Section 12 establishes criminal penalties for those who "*knowingly* fail or neglect or refuse" to perform duties required by the law or regulations. Since 1965, also, a separate subsection has dealt with mutilation or destruction of draft cards, the subject of a First Amendment challenge now before the Supreme Court. From 1940 through November 1, 1943, the Selective Service relied solely on statutory penalties, a maximum jail sentence of five years and maximum fine of \$10,000, to enforce the law and regulations. Selective Service Regulations during that period provided merely that the system should identify and investigate possible delinquents and report those it found to be willful violators to the Justice Department for prosecution. Total convictions up to June 30, 1943, numbered more than 6,000.

Congress in 1940 chose this method of enforcement deliberately, specifically rejecting less formal administrative procedures. Brig. Gen. James Oakes, whose report on the operation of the draft during the Civil War is responsible for many features in the present law (including that peculiar institution, the local draft board), recommended that delinquents be prosecuted by the Justice Department rather than the military. During World War I, this recommendation was not fully realized because, although the Act established criminal sanctions, many delinquencies resulted in the sending of an order to report for military service. Whether or not received, such a notice made the addressee a member of the service from the date specified and a deserter upon his failure to report; hence many delinquents were tried by court-martial. The Burke-Wadsworth bill, originally contemplating this same system, provided for concurrent military and civil jurisdiction over violations. It was amended before becoming the 1940 Act to provide for civil jurisdiction only, unless the registrant had actually been inducted.

Apparently, the Selective Service decided in 1943 that the threat of criminal prosecution was failing to induce the

degree of compliance desired. By late 1942 many registrants had fallen out of touch with their draft boards. In January, 1943, the Selective Service launched a concerted delinquency campaign. In order to compel registrants to re-establish contact, a new regulation required a registrant to keep his classification notice, as well as his registration certificate, in his possession. Registrants who then reappeared, willing to comply, were not prosecuted.

From an administrative standpoint, the disadvantages of being limited to the criminal penalty and a full trial are fairly obvious. Threat of prosecution worked quite well in persuading compliance by delinquents once they were located; but the registrant who hoped his draft board would forget about him did not have serious worries, so long as he did not actively evade induction. Most prosecutions could be forestalled by belated compliance or, if need be, by enlisting or volunteering for induction. The Act specifically limited prosecution to "knowing" violations, so the resources of the Justice Department were applied only to the most blatant cases of infringement.

The Selective Service Regulations were amended, as of November 1, 1943, to provide that henceforth all delinquents would be reclassified 1-A, if within the age groups liable for service and physically fit. Local boards were urged to publicize the change, with the hope that the news would spur compliance. At the time, Assistant Attorney General Tom Clark characterized the new regulation as "an administrative penalty, in addition to the present criminal sanction." Although the Selective Service now avoids language which would suggest it is using the draft to punish delinquents, in more candid moments it too has recognized this intent. A 1950 report on enforcement of the 1940 law, signed by General Hershey, spoke of the reclassification regulation as establishing an "administrative penalty."

The administrative procedure thus established is so at odds with the method of enforcement prescribed by Congress in the Act that there is a fair chance of its being stricken down if challenged directly in court. The points of conflict between regulation and statute are numerous. The regulations omit from the definition of "delinquent" the requirement that a violation occur "knowingly" which was deliberately added by Congress to the 1940 Act. They do not excuse the delinquent from criminal prosecution but add to that possibility the denial of an otherwise valid deferment or exemption. The most important inconsistency, however, lies in the substitution of a highly informal hearing procedure before a local draft board for a full judicial trial. The board's decision is effectively substituted for that of a court because of the very limited scope of judicial review of classification determinations. The method of review described by the statute requires the registrant to report for, but to refuse to submit to, induction. In the following criminal prosecution for failing to submit to induction (his only chance for judicial review), he is permitted the defense that the classification decision was in error, but must meet an unusually severe burden of proof.

The effect of this administrative procedure is that the



Renault, Open Forum: Ben Roth

"Send These, the Dissident, Deferred Trouble-Makers to Me"

alleged violator is faced with the choice of accepting induction, notwithstanding an otherwise valid deferment, or seeking judicial review of the board's decision, with little chance of success and the risk of a second criminal penalty. It has been Justice Department policy ever since the Service began reclassifying those considered guilty of minor violations such as non-possession of draft cards not to limit prosecution to the offense of failure to submit to induction when the administrative penalty is challenged. The registrant is often prosecuted for both offenses—the original one which was the ground for reclassification and also the refusal to accept that action by the board. Because of the limited scope of review of the classification decision, it is entirely possible for the defendant to be acquitted on the first count but convicted for his refusal to accept a draft board's determination that he was guilty on that count—a preposterous state of affairs that highlights the conflict between regulation and statute.

Because of this inconsistency, the provisions of the Selective Service Act which authorize the issuance of implementing regulations cannot legitimately be used to support reclassification. Hershey's October 26 letter argues:

The military obligation for liable age groups is universal and . . . deferments are given only when they serve the national interest. It is obvious that any action that violates the military selective service act or regulations, or the related processes cannot be in the national interest.

The assumption here implicit is that the Selective Service Act permits the President by regulation, and the Selective

Service System by administrative interpretation, to establish whatever classification system they, as distinguished from Congress, deem to be in the national interest. The Act delegates no such unlimited discretion; it sets forth the precise scope of the President's authority to refine the criteria for deferment, and it varies among the various statutory grounds. For example, the Act defers the Vice President and numerous other specified public officials; no authority to contract or expand this category is delegated to the President. Similarly, the exemption accorded the clergy is without qualification. On the other hand, deferments for dependents, for graduate study, and deferments on account of occupation or extreme hardship are, the Act says, to be granted under "such rules and regulations" as the President may prescribe.

The authority which the statute vests in local draft boards to determine a registrant's classification does not permit denial of deferment on arbitrary grounds, i.e., grounds suggested neither by the express terms of the Act nor by the rationales underlying the particular deferment. Reclassification of those for whom the statute insures deferment or exemption without the qualifying phrase "under such rules and regulations" as the President may prescribe is a clear violation of the statute. Even with respect to those deferments about which the statute envisions a measure of Presidential rule making, the delinquent reclassification procedure outsteps the bounds of that authority. Such an across-the-board threat to deferments or exemptions is unrelated to the purposes for which the specific grants of rule-making power appear intended. When it is added that the policy of rescinding deferments granted to those a board considers violators of the Act or regulations is inconsistent with the method of enforcement deliberately selected by Congress, it becomes clear that the regulation constitutes as much a violation of Congressional will when applied to a student or a registrant with children as when applied to a minister. Hershey has it backward when he asserts that if Congress disagrees with his interpretation of the law, it can amend the Selective Service Act.

The General's attempts to explain the need for reclassification reveal the same flaw; they contradict decisions incorporated in the Act. He laid stress recently on the delays of the judicial process and the unavailability of potential draftees while prosecutions are in motion. The number of cases filed (1,388 during the first four months of this fiscal year) is insignificant in comparison with a total manpower pool of 18 million and annual military needs of about 1 million. More important, manpower needs and the time required for trial are not new considerations and must have been weighed by Congress in its preference for enforcement by the Justice Department and the courts over more rapid but less formal procedures. The Act furnishes a device for reconciling the need for fairly strict enforcement with the national military manpower requirements. Since 1940, the draft law has authorized the President to prescribe rules and regulations governing the parole for service in the armed forces of those convicted of Selective Service Act violations. During World War II, this section was implemented, and a significant number of those convicted took advantage of it. Selective Service Regula-

tions no longer provide for such parole, presumably because manpower needs do not require tapping this source.

It might appear that the intent of Congress in 1940 is no longer relevant, Congress having re-enacted the Selective Service Act on numerous occasions since the reclassification procedure entered the regulations in 1943. Surely Congress was not unaware of the practice; cannot the failure to condemn it be read as implied endorsement? Where the effect of contested regulations is to inflict a harsh penalty on an individual without a full hearing, the Supreme Court has rejected this classic argument. Before it will weigh the constitutionality of a procedure of doubtful validity, the Court has demanded a clearer expression of Congressional intent than is provided by mere acquiescence in administrative practice. The reclassification procedure does raise just such issues of constitutionality.

Nothing in the Selective Service Regulations instructs draft boards on sufficiency of evidence. It may declare a registrant a delinquent on the basis of whatever evidence it chooses. A hearing is not automatically granted before such a declaration and reclassification. Local Board Memorandum No. 85, which accompanied Hershey's letter on demonstrators, suggests that whenever a board receives a registration card separated from its owner, sufficient basis exists for reclassification. If the registrant thereafter demands a personal hearing, he is granted it; but he is not entitled under the regulations to the assistance of counsel. In the hearing, the registrant is furnished none of the protections which would be a matter of constitutional right if the same issue were being tried in court under the Act's criminal section: no transcript is kept; no reasoned opinion with specific findings of fact and conclusions of law can be expected. Further, while in court the defendant's guilt would have to be proved "beyond a reasonable doubt" and the Fifth Amendment would prevent his silence from being relied on to support conviction, a local draft board suffers no such restraint. The board operates under no more definite guide than the general instruction that the registrant bears the burden of proving his eligibility for deferment to the board's satisfaction.

There is no doubt that local-board hearings fail to meet the constitutional standards which apply to criminal proceedings; but the principal issue in any court test of the procedure will be whether those standards apply in the administrative context. Typical classification decisions, involving such points as whether a registrant is a full-time student or a regular or ordained minister or a conscientious objector, have withstood constitutional challenges for the reason that minimum standards of administrative due process in civil matters are complied with. But the Constitution requires more of a criminal trial, and the Supreme Court has held that when government action is designed to mete out punishment, it must be held to this higher standard, even though the labels "criminal" and "punishment" may not be used. In 1963, the Court held that a penalty, unambiguously imposed by statute (in that case, forfeiture of citizenship for the act of leaving or staying outside the country to avoid the draft), could not be imposed since no provision was made for "a prior criminal trial and all its incidents, including indictment, notice, confrontation, jury trial, assistance of coun-

sel, and compulsory process for obtaining witnesses." In the same opinion, the Court listed the factors it deemed relevant to a determination that government action was in substance a penalty. Because of their intent and effect, it is highly likely that the reclassification regulations will be deemed to impose a penalty; if so, they will fall.

Eventually, the federal courts will have to express themselves on these issues; test cases are now pending. It is a comment on the Administration that litigation should be required. As General Hershey has pointed out, litigation is time consuming. It also requires registrants willing to face imprisonment. The President ought to rescind the regulation which now gives the color of authority to the policy of reclassification.

As yet the White House has tried only to dodge the issue. On December 21, Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale University, wrote President Johnson on behalf of the presidents of Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell, Columbia and Brown, imploring him "to make it crystal clear that there is no intention to let local boards assume the judicial role of determining the legality of individual conduct and that there is no intention to undercut or bypass fundamental judicial processes."

The reply, from special assistant Joseph A. Califano, Jr., asserted: "The Selective Service System is not an instrument to repress and punish unpopular views. Nor does it vest in draft boards the judicial role of determining the legality of individual conduct." This is a meaningless, in fact highly deceptive, assurance as long as the regulations issued by the President permit reclassification upon the determination by a draft board that one of its registrants is "delinquent."

It need hardly be said that the President ought also to

relieve General Hershey of his present office. The nation requires a Selective Service director who will respect judicial decisions and recognize that there are legal limitations to his authority. As Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas remarked recently to a Colgate University audience: [Hershey] "is a law unto himself and responds only to his own conversation." He is also on record as not being particularly concerned with the law's express goal of fairness. During the 1966 Congressional hearings, he stated:

I enlisted in the National Guard in Indiana when I was sixteen years old, and there were a thousand other kids that didn't, and there was nothing fair about the fact that I assumed voluntarily a responsibility they ought to share and therefore there is a limit to what you can possibly do, and I think we have gone hogwild on the individual rights in this country, whether group rights had to suffer because of it.

The Selective Service System's degree of control over the lives and liberty of individual citizens is unique among administrative agencies, as is the political stress under which it often must function. As presently structured it is less subject than most agencies to judicial supervision. It is exempt from the Administrative Procedure Act which requires most federal agencies to follow formal hearing procedures before promulgating important policy. As Hershey has repeatedly demonstrated, the director can, if he sees fit, issue national policy in informal letters. This fact, combined with nearly complete local-board autonomy and the Act's prohibition of judicial review of classification decisions prior to acceptance or refusal of induction, hinders close review by the courts. To maintain as director a man who listens to neither the Justice Department nor the courts, but only to himself, certainly "cannot be in the national interest."

FROM PEACE TO WALLACE

CALIFORNIA RUNS THE GAMUT

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

The day after it became apparent that the Peace and Freedom Party had qualified for the ballot in California, the party's youthful leaders held a press conference at their grubby, one-room headquarters on West Pico Boulevard in Los Angeles. As the session neared its end, a young volunteer edged his way over to the table where the party organizers were seated and suggested, "Why don't we tell the reporters what we think of them?" Amid laughter, one of the organizers answered, "That wasn't on the agenda, but as long as it has come up, maybe we should talk about it." And they did—impartially charging newspapers, radio and television with neglect of the Peace and Freedom Party and with consistent bias in favor of George Wallace and his American Independent Party (AIP). One party leader summed up to the satisfaction

of his colleagues: "Look, you didn't know what was going on. You thought we were just another bunch of kooks."

The denunciation had a familiar ring to reporters who had covered another news conference ninety minutes earlier in nearby Santa Monica, where Wallace, celebrating the newly won legal blessing for his American Independent Party in California, taunted the newsmen for underestimating his strength, and one of his supporters yelled, "Tell that to Huntley and Brinkley." The prophets of journalism had offended both ends of the political spectrum—by predicting that neither had much chance of collecting the 60,059 registrations required under California law to get on the ballot.

Wallace's achievement was the less remarkable. His supporters had waged a campaign at an acknowledged cost of "hundreds of thousands of dollars." (Some estimates put it at \$1 million.) A nationally known and controversial political figure, he got lavish news coverage

and appeared on numerous television programs. By contrast, the Peace and Freedom Party, lacking a "name candidate" or any candidate at all, and scrounging for nickels and dimes, was largely ignored. As late as mid-December, hardly anyone, including its organizers, expected the party to qualify, although several thousand students fanned out over the state during the Christmas holidays to pick up registrations. Then, ironically, the Wallace headquarters, by announcing in the last week of December that its drive had been successful, supplied the Peace and Freedom Party with vital, last-minute momentum. Thousands of dismayed liberal and left-leaning Democrats registered with the party.

These two dissident political movements, sprouting in the fertile soil of California, are now heading in opposite directions for the New Jerusalem, each confident that it has correctly linked its goals with the aspirations of the American people and both proclaiming eventual success. Extreme opposites in political and personal philosophies, they have in common a deep sense of alienation from the main current of events and a hatred of the Establishment, which they both define as the "liberal establishment." An ultraconservative member of the California Republican State Central Committee, who threatens to bolt to Wallace if the GOP nominates "some idiot like Rockefeller or Romney," put the proposition simply: "The real conservatives are sick and tired of the goddam left-wing liberals that run this country." Read "radicals" for "conservatives" and that statement accurately reflects the sentiment of the Peace and Freedom Party. Leaders of both parties label themselves "the wave of the future," and both factions are certain that if the news media would only deliver their messages, uncorrupted, to the public, the response would be immediate and favorable.

The Peace and Freedom Party, although now qualified for the California ballot, is an organization in name only. Contemptuous of the power structure, which inevitably it describes as "the white power structure," disdaining political organization and all forms of authority, the party must nevertheless create its own power structure if it is to have even short-term political influence. Its leaders, mostly under 30, recognize this and have issued a pronouncement remarkably like those from the two major parties. The party's immediate plans are to (1) solidify the state-wide organization that put the party on the ballot; (2) plan a state-wide convention, probably in San Francisco in March; (3) look for potential candidates prior to the convention; (4) approach groups with similar goals in other states, and (5) raise money to pay for these activities.

The party's first post-registration planning session, January 6 and 7 in Pasadena, demonstrated its free-floating character. On two days' notice, 200 persons hastily gathered in a Friends Meeting House, which proved to be an appropriate setting. Most of them spoke when the spirit moved them and many encountered the mysterious Robert's Rules of Order for the first time. They devoted the first two hours to a jumbled debate on a motion to exclude the news media. One earnest delegate from Marin County commented, "This is contrary to

everything we stand for." But another, trembling with sincere animosity, said, "We should kick the press out and later give the reporters only what we want them to know." Finally, they reached a compromise whereby reporters were to be banned from the initial session, but admitted later. Except, that is, for TV: the delegates agreed that the presence of cameras inhibited frank discussion. As it turned out the argument was premature; the press ignored the session.

In the argot of the hippies, the temporary chairman said: "We'll just rap around for a while, get acquainted, and shed some of our hostilities." A sympathetic observer, evidently gifted with extrasensory perception, reported that the "rap around" interlude served "to define, clarify, sort out and give priorities to a multitude of issues," which nevertheless remained nebulous, unranked and unclarified. The problems of homosexuals got sympathetic attention. It was agreed they were discriminated against, along with students, women and the poor. Vietnam was scarcely discussed, perhaps because there were no differences to provoke comment. The session devoted several hours to "the movement for black liberation," but the only tangible result of the meeting was the appointment of a steering committee to prepare another planning session which, in turn, would work out the specifics of a state convention.

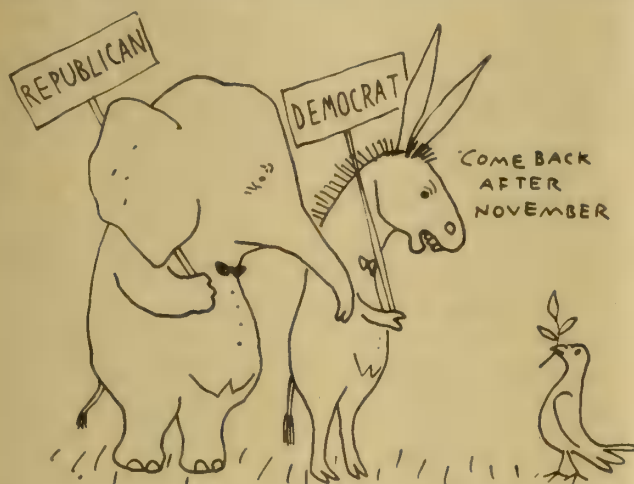
The Peace and Freedom Party totally rejects the war in Vietnam and strongly identifies with the struggle of the blacks, but it also represents a third impulse which may in the long run prove equally significant. That impulse is a flat rejection of conventional two-party politics and a disaffection with "liberal materialism." The movement has the potential to become the base of a new and revitalized Left in the United States to counterbalance the extreme Right. But despite its unexpected success in becoming a legal political party, the Peace and Freedom Party has today an aura of surrealism. It is principally white and middle class; it has no working-class base and its connection with the black community and other minority groups is tenuous.

The party's attitude toward the old Left is one of bored tolerance, but nothing succeeds like success, and since January 2 the handful of public Communists in California have been circling around the Peace and Freedom Party, offering their counsel as elder statesmen of political adversity and ostracism. They began with a *mea culpa* in the *People's World*. Last spring in California, talk of a third party on the Left had met with amused disbelief that anything much could be accomplished. "Among those who held these views," said the *People's World*, "were representatives of the Marxist Left, including members of the Communist Party." That was a mistake, the paper concluded, and explained that Communists, working fraternally within the Peace and Freedom Party, could have nudged the party along in the proper direction. They "could have pointed out to third party activists and Democrats alike the complementary nature—in the immediate future—of this third-party drive and the California Democratic Council-sponsored Peace and Equality slate." Briefly put, a united front against the war in Vietnam could have been formed with

anti-war Democrats, an echo bouncing across the years from the 1930s.

Peace and Freedom leaders, "doing their own thing," are tuned out to the message. When aging Communists and well-meaning liberals of FDR vintage attempt to talk coalition politics with them, their eyes glaze. The Communist appeal for cooperation with all anti-war movements brought this comment from one of the Peace and Freedom recruits: "To many who have participated in the successful Peace and Freedom campaign this will seem like the impossible riding of two horses going in different directions and may lead to a continued isolation of the C.P. from the peace party."

Shunting the Communists aside, not from any fear of association but because they see communism as square, Peace and Freedom leaders are regarded as a little square themselves by many of the black militants whom they court. The party wants to broaden its appeal by engaging



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

the active support of the blacks, and they have had a limited success, despite their rupture with a black caucus last September in San Luis Obispo. At the party's first organizing conference, the blacks, following the example set at the New Politics convention in Chicago (see *The Nation*, September 25) demanded 50 per cent of the voting strength. When this demand was rejected, the blacks walked out. The few Communists who were present, accusing the peace party organizers of racism, also withdrew. Since then, the Peace and Freedom leadership has made continuous overtures to the blacks, joining, for example, in the defense of a Black Panther Party member accused of murder. While many militant Negroes spurn electoral politics, they are willing to cooperate with radical whites on the basis of Stokely Carmichael's dictum of specific coalitions for specific purposes.

If Peace and Freedom leaders, as surprised as anyone else by their recent success, have yet to devise a specific program, the American Independent Party, defining the central issue as "the power of government to compel social change," outlines a simple, four-point policy: defense of individual property rights, local control of schools, maintenance of law and order, and

the right of labor unions to decide their own patterns of seniority. All this reduces itself to opposition to black demands for equality; in brief, racism. Property rights means the right to exclude blacks from owning property in white residential neighborhoods; local control of schools means segregation on the basis of color; law and order means suppression of black riots; union seniority means exclusion of blacks from equal treatment by unions. A strong current of neo-America First isolationist sentiment divides AIP supporters on the war in Vietnam. To them, the great issues are race and the power of the "liberal establishment," as they view it, to force social change.

Youngsters who will vote for the first time this year make up perhaps 30 per cent of the Peace and Freedom Party. Spin-offs from the liberal California Democratic Council and miscellaneous older radicals make up the remainder of the 90,000 registrations claimed by the party. The disgruntled and fearful middle-aged dominate the Wallace rallies in California, although all Wallace supporters cannot be put into this category or necessarily be labeled extremists. Many business and professional men of seemingly moderate views favor him, and he has been warmly received by several civic groups, including the prestigious Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.

Wallace has drawn heavily for leadership in California on ultraconservative Republicans, who have found even Ronald Reagan too liberal. A half dozen members of the Republican State Central Committee have defected to Wallace, and more members of other Republican organizations are likely to follow. Wallace's biggest concentration of strength is in Los Angeles County. When his party registration reached 71,000 in December, 33,000 signatures had been obtained in Los Angeles County and 17,000 in other Southern California areas. At that point, the AIP had 12,000 registrants in the Central Valley and mountain counties, but was weakest in the San Francisco Bay area, with 9,000 registrations. Wallace's total now approaches 100,000, but his relative strength in various areas of the state remains the same. In one small community of south central Los Angeles Co., Bell Gardens, the AIP outnumbers the major parties in registered voters. The figures are: AIP, 3,058; Democratic, 2,875; Republican, 1,291. Wallace scored his greatest success in white working-class residential areas adjacent to the black ghettos. Where Wallace is weakest, around San Francisco, the Peace and Freedom Party makes its greatest appeal, registering some 40,000 voters, a figure about equal to the number obtained in the more heavily populated Los Angeles Co. The Berkeley campus of the University of California, with 5,000 registrations, is Peace and Freedom territory. Aside from the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, adherents to the party are scattered thinly about the state.

Wallace makes his greatest mass appeal in California to transplanted Southerners, who are Democrats in name only. They generally are more conservative than the average California Republican, and bring with them their conventional racial prejudices. In moments of optimism, Wallace supporters dream of a new political combination

in this country, an alliance of the South with the industrial workers of the North. While the writings of Walter Lippmann are infrequently displayed on the coffee tables of Wallace supporters, they have read with generous approval his recent article predicting the smash-up of the New Deal coalition of workers and minority groups (see also "The New Tide of National Politics" by Edward Schneier; *The Nation*, January 22). Wallace says his candidacy will hurt both major parties equally, but in California he is likely to take more votes from Republicans than from Democrats. A hard-line conservative Republican predicts that if his party runs a liberal candidate for President, Wallace "will take the entire right wing of the party and will run ahead of the Republican candidate" in California. The wish may be the father to that unkind thought, but there is no doubt that the Alabamian arouses a rumbling growl of approval from the right wing.

Neither the Peace and Freedom Party nor the AIP expects a large part of its following to defect to the major parties when the chips are down in November, and both discount the twenty-year-old precedent of Henry Wallace and the Independent Progressive Party. At the last moment, much of Henry Wallace's support flopped over to Truman. This history may not repeat, for today dissidents both Left and Right are more thoroughly disaffected from "the system," because of the war and racial rebellion, than were the progressives and the South two decades ago. Sighting from diametrically opposed positions, Left and Right nevertheless agree that they find great difficulty in detecting any difference between the positions of the major parties.

Wallace supporters will exert what influence they have solely through his candidacy for President. The Peace and Freedom Party will nominate a Presidential candidate, but also plans to enter candidates for local, county and state offices. This will probably require a court challenge of the state election code, which states that a party's candidate must have been a member of that party, and no other, for twelve months prior to filing for office.

Whatever difficulties they face, the two new parties have no monopoly on problems. Since 1964, California Democrats have groped, grouped and regrouped in wild confusion. The volunteer California Democratic Council has split from the regular organization and is about ready to announce its anti-Johnson peace slate of delegates for the National Democratic Convention. Last month, the CDC endorsed Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Attorney General Thomas Lynch, the only Democrat in a state-wide office to survive Reagan in 1966, will head the pro-Johnson delegation. If Lynch can fit together a happy group, including such feuding figures as former Gov. Pat Brown and Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, he will have accomplished one of the neater political tricks of the year. (The division in the Democratic Party is exemplified in the former Governor's family. While Brown will be on the regular delegation, his son, Edmund, Jr., is a member of the CDC peace slate.) It is not at all certain that the regular slate will be able to defeat the CDC delegation, particularly if McCarthy's campaign produces any enthusiasm.

On the Republican side, Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel has been running for renomination for the past year, and Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been pacing back and forth in his office, hooting at him. Reagan, intent on parlaying his 1966 triumph into the Republican Presidential nomination, wants to avoid a disruptive party struggle, but he has not had much luck in trying to quiet Rafferty. A Rafferty-Kuchel brawl will be a test of the ultra-Right's strength in California.

Theodore Roosevelt's old epithet, "lunatic fringe," is usually applied in this country to any departure from the political norm. But if splinter-party efforts, whatever their origin and philosophy, take on that quality, they may have come by it quite naturally from the lunatic Center, which usually shoves aside debate over great issues like war and race in favor of electioneering razzle-dazzle. The growing distrust of politics in American life, particularly among the young and the minority groups, is hardly evidence of mental instability.

THE BLACK HESSIANS

CHARLES R. EISENDRATH

Mr. Eisendrath is a reporter on the Baltimore Evening Sun. He has recently returned from army training in the Maryland National Guard.

Along with new assault helicopters, new infantry tactics and new questions about victory and defeat, the "New Kind of War" in Vietnam has bred a new kind of American soldier.

He has been extracted from the urban Negro ghetto by choice, chance and policy, and is being psychologically custom tailored for his war. The result is a semi-mercenary, fighting a campaign characterized by critics and advocates alike as carrying overtones of colonialism, in ef-

fect, if not intention. And, like his war, the new kind of American soldier responds to analysis by shattering into paradox.

His family and neighbors of civilian life mount the most militant reform movement in recent American history—one which in annual, incandescent fury flattens whole precincts—but abroad he fights the most conservative of wars. He fights, moreover, as a volunteer—a professional—returning for more than his share of front-line duty in numbers proportionately far greater than his white comrades.

Consequently, he dies in greater numbers. Department of Defense figures indicate that he dies almost twice as fast in the army as he should, statistically. Twelve per cent of the army in Vietnam are Negroes. Twenty-one per



Mahood, The Times (London): Ben Roth

"This Is Proving To Be Excellent Training for Civilian Life"

cent of army deaths by hostile action in Vietnam from January 1, 1961, through July 1, 1967, were Negro deaths.

What brings this poor man—this revolutionary—to fight what *New York Times* columnist James Reston and others have called "a poor man's war"? What makes him re-enlist after fulfilling his military obligation? It becomes clear during interviews that he finds in the Vietnamese War many of the attractions that poor men have always found in fighting rich men's battles.

It is ironic that in this country, where textbooks traditionally malign "The Hessians," hired by George III to fight rebellious colonists, the low-income Negro-turned-soldier increasingly resembles a "Black Hessian." As a hired gun, the Black Hessian, in his own version of army lingo, "re-ups for the benefits." These are considerable. They range from money, security and pensions to some of the goals his civilian neighbors march, demonstrate and destroy to achieve. Nobody seriously argues today that the army—especially the fighting army—throws many obstacles in the path of Negro advancement through the ranks. On the contrary, the nation's largest and only compulsory service is widely cited as its most democratic bureaucracy. Besides equal opportunity and prestige literally wearable on the sleeve, the Black Hessian's hierarchy of benefits includes money—quite a bit of it.

Within two years—when the draftee must "re-up" or get out—an 18-year-old unemployed and possibly "unemployable" Negro from ghetto streets can be making in the normal course of combat more than is earned by the average American male aged 20 to 24 of any race, and almost as much as a newly commissioned second lieutenant. Another three years puts him a full 56 per cent ahead of the average earnings among his Negro age

group in civilian life. These relative advances don't take into consideration fringe benefits like free medical attention, clothes and PX prices. And the benefits don't stop with active duty. The Black Hessian can retire in twenty years with a pension—and probably a trade.

Soldiering was made to taste still sweeter last December by the third major Army pay raise since 1965, when the U.S. began its massive build-up for Vietnam. The 5.6 per cent hike lifted basic pay about 25 per cent above 1964 levels—a rate of increase that almost tripled the cost of living climb in the same period. "The raises," remarked an urbane officer attached to the Comptroller of the Army, have been designed "to keep our qualified personnel in the service."

Sgt. Lawyer Jenkins understands all this very well. At 29 and lacking a high school diploma, he looks forward to signing another three-year hitch this year with something of the attitude of a corporation junior vice president facing transfer from New York's glamour to a higher paying job in Peoria. He stands to leave his soft job stateside as a drill sergeant for a fighting job in Vietnam, and he isn't crazy about the idea. As he enjoyed telling his platoon of basic "trainees," he considers himself "a lover, babe, ain't no fighter." Nevertheless, Jenkins, who has repeatedly failed the officer's candidate school test, will "go if they need me."

"They" do. Unable or unwilling to hire enough allied troops with military aid, the United States has come increasingly to press the war with the Lawyer Jenkinses of its manpower pool. His casualties are high, said an army spokesman, because he picks professional line outfits—the Airborne, the Rangers, the Special Forces—to get

hazardous duty pay on top of combat pay on top of regular pay, which he considers not bad to begin with. As Jenkins put it: "Where else could I have it this good, man? I'm up tight right here!"

What better attitude could there be in the bosom of a man about to enter a fight with few rules, uncertain backing, and no goals other than to get out of it as soon as possible? Largely without the preconceived notions of world politics that the more fortunate pick up in school or in the press, the Black Hessian is ready to accept the army version—so long as the "benefits is good."

But there are factors beside benefits in the genesis of the Black Hessian. A thicket of prevailing social conditions and deliberate governmental policy brings him from the ghetto to his first confrontation with a drill sergeant—who is often someone very like himself, a Lawyer Jenkins.

Given an initial inclination to stay clear of the army during an unpopular war, any man's route into the service depends to a great degree upon his wherewithal and savvy. The ghetto dweller faces mountainous disadvantages by comparison with the rest of his draft-bait generation in avoiding the military in general, the war in particular. He doesn't go to college, hasn't mastered a critical trade, and hasn't studied the fine points of physical defects and hardship clauses, all of which can lead either to exemption from military duty, or to soft, behind-the-lines jobs once in it.

Moreover, the low-income Negro's inferior education leaves him unarmed against a skillful recruiter's shower of carrots and sticks. Available for dangling before recruits' eyes are, first of all, the purse, privileges and promotions aforementioned. Then comes the sleeper—"Choice, Not Chance," indicating that volunteering enables the recruit to select his assignment.

The selection costs a year and doesn't buy much. The signer often gains little more choice than appears at the finger tips of his brother who gets drafted for two years. "This man's army" differs very little in that respect from "This man's father's army." The infantry is still full of men who raised their hands to become clerks.

At recruiters' desks and at reception centers, the ghetto man's education points him toward the rice paddies. Tests given at both places determine where the army will use a man, and since the Negro is disadvantaged in general background, verbal skills and vocational training, he falls flat—which is to say he falls into the infantry—"Queen of Battle."

These factors do not imply a diabolical racist plot, as some super-militants of the civil rights movement suggest. They simply result from the confrontation of a socially isolated group with the demands of a war nobody wants to fight. Nobody, that is, with anything to lose.

The National Guardsman is the archetypal soldier with something to lose. If he didn't think his civilian position worth some sacrifice why wouldn't he submit to the draft and get it over with in two years, instead of prolonging the agony over six, in periodic parodies of martial rigor? Only by joining reserve programs can young men satisfy civilian ambitions and military obligations simultaneously.

It was the Guardsman who met the potential Black Hessian in the streets of Detroit, Milwaukee and Newark last summer. And the supreme irony of the confrontation was that in many instances the Negroes failed to realize who he was, or that they "could take his route" instead of going to "Nam" in his place. The sniper, the brick thrower, the looter, simply doesn't know who he's up against—doesn't know that the man with the bayonet or the obsolete M-1 on Main Street will probably never fight much farther away from home. If the connection were made, the riots might be worse.

One example of Negro ignorance on this score is a young Negro enlistee who went AWOL from Ft. Dix last July to be in his home town of Newark for the riots. Minster Hoops is a man of considerable verve and humor. He took his buddies' orders for color television sets before he left—and he filled them.

But for all Hoops's ghetto savvy, he returned to the barracks full of naive questions. Taking a white Guardsman aside, Hoops had asked him about his unit. Was it really never going to Vietnam? Was the period of active duty really less than six months? Hearing the answers, the Negro's face contorted in a smile bitter as a virgin's first taste of ignorance.

"Whitey wouldn't never tell us nothin' 'bout that thing, would he?" he hissed. Hoops had never heard of the Army National Guard, nor the Army Reserve, nor the Air National Guard, nor the Coast Guard Reserve—programs that shield hundreds of thousands of young men from the Vietnamese War—and Hoops's ignorance is typical. Failure of communication probably goes as far as discrimination to explain the Guard's lily-white status.

The riots merely compound the ironies. Uprisings in the ghetto lead to campaigns to preserve the Guard, as Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara learned when he first tried to reorganize it. In an age when local political capital can be accumulated by handling a riot with the "home guard" instead of the federal troops, municipal and state leaders argue the riots necessitate leaving the Guard intact. Gov. George Romney of Michigan apparently thought the distinction between federal and home troops vital enough to hesitate precious minutes as Detroit burned before reluctantly sounding the alarm that brought in Maj. Gen. John Throckmorton's 82nd Airborne to bolster the sagging, ill-disciplined Michigan National Guard.

Finally in the making of the Black Hessian there is the Selective Service law itself. Renewed largely unamended last year despite considerable flap, the draft's increased calls reflect the decision not to summon the reserves, and not to do away with deferments for the highly vocal college students.

Unable to skim the cream by eliminating deferments, the draft sank its tap into the silent, dark dregs. In December, 1966, Mr. McNamara announced the "liberalization" of qualifying mental aptitude scores for induction into the army. Thousands of low-income Negroes previously protected by their own ignorance now felt the weight—and learned of the opportunities—of the New Kind of War in Vietnam. The raising of the Black Hessians was under way, and continues.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Primer for Revolutionary Guerrillas

REVOLUTION IN THE REVOLUTION? Armed Struggle and Political Struggle in Latin America. By Régis Debray. Translated by Bobbye Ortiz. Monthly Review Press. 126 pp. \$4. Grove Press. \$1.95 paper.

EQBAL AHMAD

Mr. Ahmad, a Pakistani citizen, is assistant professor at the School of Labor and Industrial Relations, Cornell University. He spent two and a half years in North Africa (1960-63), first as a Rockefeller Fellow and later as associate director of the International Cultural Center. His piece on guerrilla warfare, "How to Tell the Rebels Have Won," appeared in *The Nation*, August 30, 1965.

It is an irritating, inspiring and saddening book. Nothing I have read in recent years conveys more vividly the hopes, the despair, the courage and the utter confusion of radicals in the Third World, particularly in Latin America. It is written by a young French intellectual of romantic disposition whose chief revolutionary experience, until the publication of this book, had been a sojourn in independent Cuba and acquaintance with Major Castro. The Cuban revolution influenced his theory; Castro encouraged its publication; his government initially assured its wide distribution. Later, Debray went to Bolivia as a journalist, joined Che, was arrested by the military, and has been sentenced to thirty years in prison. Had it not been for his important associations, this book would probably have attracted little serious attention as a theoretical work except by polemicists keen to engage in a debate.

It is not an easy book to summarize. Its most remarkable qualities—deep commitment, stirring romanticism, concern with the transformation of men into human, poetic, heroic figures—cannot be summarized. Furthermore, it is part panegyric and polemical, although mainly programmatic—theoretical if you wish. The underlying panegyric is for Castro. The polemics are against Latin American parties—Communists, Trotskyists. Reformists all!—who claim to be revolutionary but are actually selling out to and begging to be co-opted by the capitalist establishment. The theory paves the Latin road to revolution. These three elements are closely linked and interdependent.

The basic framework within which this book moves concerns the uniqueness of

the "tactical content" of the Cuban among modern revolutions, and its importance as a model for Latin America. Debray believes that the Russian, Chinese and Vietnamese revolutions are poor examples for South American countries because each revolution must respond to its regional and national peculiarities. Learning from foreign examples can cost dearly through the adoption of tactics unsuited to local conditions. Hence, "one may consider it a stroke of good luck that Fidel had not read the military writings of Mao Tse-tung before disembarking on the coast of Oriente. . . ." Debray continues: "But once again in Latin America, militants are reading Fidel's speeches and Che Guevara's writings with eyes that have already read Mao on the anti-Japanese war, Giap, and certain texts of Lenin—and they recognize the latter in the former. Classical visual superimpositions, but dangerous, since the Latin American revolutionary war possesses highly special and profoundly distinct conditions of development which can only be discovered through a particular experience. In that sense, all the theoretical works on peoples war do as much harm as good."

Cuba under Batista, then, is assumed to represent conditions analogous to the rest of Latin America with the exception, perhaps, of Uruguay, the only country Debray identifies as one where "conditions for armed struggle do not exist at present." He speaks of but does not discuss the "objective and subjective" conditions of revolution. The existence of objective conditions is assumed, as is the commonality of political, social and economic configurations in Latin America. (From his examples it appears that he is concerned mainly with the Andean region.) The formation of subjective conditions, he presumes, will be hastened by the creation of guerrilla "*focos*" that will "cut off any possible retreat by declaring a war to the death." More disappointing is his admitted inability to come to grips with the Cuban revolution. In the introduction he decries the current clichés, the "flagrant oversights," the "conjuring trick" of "reducing" Cuba to a "golden legend"; makes a passionate plea against overlooking "the essential, the complex reality of the Cuban insurrectional process," its "inner working," its "how rather than the surface glitter." But, he adds with characteristic integrity, the "continuing lack of detailed history of the Cuban insurrectional proc-

ess . . . constrains us to reduce our references to allusions whereas what is needed is a systematic investigation."

On the basis of these allusions and in the absence of any systematic comparisons between Cuba and other American nations, we are given a certain prescription for revolution which inverts the process of revolutionary warfare, flies in the face of past theory no less than practice, and even contradicts the earlier views of America's most articulate theorist of revolutionary war—Che Guevara.

Despite its faults as a theory of revolution, it is an important book, and not only as the latest formulation of Castroism. As an expression of the thirst after freedom from U.S. domination, the search for sovereignty and social justice, it is a touchstone of Latin aspirations. Its rejection of the traditional leftist parties as instruments of self-seeking politicians will appeal to the youth alienated by the sad performance of their elders. Above all, the tactical model which Debray eloquently outlines has a certain congruence with the psychological make-up and political culture of Latin America. One is reminded of the sacrificial heroisms of the Spanish Civil War; and of bullfights and matadors. There is the stress on individuals as units of action, the passion for living heightening the fascination with death, a profound sense of loneliness, enormous courage and unrelenting heroism. In this cultural symmetry lies perhaps the strength and popularity of *Revolution in the Revolution?*. Therein lies too the assurance that the legend of Che Guevara will grow among the people of Latin America and take its place second only to Bolívar's.

The core of Debray's tactical model is his stress on the primacy of military *foco* (a Spanish word used to describe the unitary focus of guerrilla operation) in the formative stages of an armed revolution. He believes that only a mobile, flexible, aggressive *foco* can create the conditions for gaining mass support and for political organizing. By inflicting losses on government forces it will subvert the legitimacy of the system, end the peasants' habit of obedience to it, and will eventually provide the protective shield necessary for organizing the mass. Successful military action "catalyzes the people's energy and transforms the *foco* into a pole of attraction." The best form of political work is armed attack on the enemy. De-

bray states: "The destruction of a troop transport truck or the public execution of a police torturer is more effective propaganda than a hundred speeches. . . . The agitational and propagandistic impact resides in this very concentration of effects. A significant detail: *during two years of warfare, Fidel did not hold a single political rally in his zone of operations.*" [Italics added.]

He draws a contrast with Vietnam: "Whereas in Vietnam the military pyramid of the liberation forces is built from the base up, in Latin America . . . it tends to be built from the apex down—the permanent forces first (the *foco*), then the semi-regular forces in the vicinity of the *foco*, and lastly or after victory (Cuba) the militia." This, Debray rightly claims, is a radical departure from the insurrectional process observable in China, Vietnam and Algeria; it also inverts the theories of such men as Mao, Giap and even Lenin. This view leads to the reversal of the stages of revolutionary development not only in the military but also in the political and organizational aspects of revolutionary warfare. The incumbent government is outflanked before it is outadministered. The military factor takes precedence over the political. Tactical considerations must precede questions of overall strategy. Political parties cannot initiate the guerrilla movement; rather, the guerrillas later galvanize into a party, and establish a Socialist state. The guerrilla (operational) and political leadership must be combined in the same man.

During the initial stage of insurrection, the most important factors in insuring the security and success of the *foco* are aggressiveness, mobility and secrecy (about its whereabouts, strength and supplies). It must also be concerned with the safety of the population within the zone of operations. These basic requirements of survival and success define the *foco's* relationship to the population, as well as its military and political style. Debray makes a convincing case against armed self-defense. He points out that in Colombia and Bolivia armed zones of peasant and workers' self-defense were defeated, in 1964 and 1965 respectively, with substantial losses to the population. He writes poignantly of the tragic isolation of Bolivian miners in revolt; in a hostile, cold, arid milieu, the scattered miners were starved, surrounded and subjugated, one isolated community after another. Unless it results from guerrilla victory and is protected by a mobile front, a self-defense zone will be isolated and destroyed or, left to itself, will be institutionalized and atrophied. "The failure of armed self-defense of the masses," says Debray, "corresponds on the military level to the failure of reformism on the political level."

Equally cogent are his arguments against guerrilla base areas whose establishment demands a combination of favorable circumstances—extensive territory without modern roads and rails, high population density, common border with a friendly country, weak enemy air power, numerical weakness of government forces—none of which is present in Latin America. Hence, during "the initial stage, the base support is in the guerrilla fighter's knapsack." The only viable alternative, then, is the mobile *foco* "independent of the civilian population, in action as well as in military organization; consequently it need not assume the direct defense of the peasant population. The protection of the population depends on the progressive destruction of the enemy's military potential; . . . if the principal objective of a revolutionary guerrilla force is the destruction of the enemy's potential, it cannot wait for the enemy to approach before taking the initiative. . . . In every case this objective requires that the guerrilla *foco* be independent of the families residing within the zone of operations."

Debray's *foco* theory does not reject organic ties with the civilians simply for the fear of exposing them to governmental repression, although it is undoubtedly the most attractive aspect of his study. Nor is it only a matter of concern with achieving maximum mobility and initiative. One discovers something deeper and disturbing—an awareness of distance from if not exactly a distrust of the rural population, an unadmitted estimation that the objective conditions for revolution do not exist in Latin America, total disbelief in the political processes and existing political parties as possible instruments for independence and social revolution and, above all, a desperate drive to create the revolutionary environment through armed action and thus to defeat the increasing interests of the U.S.

The *foco* is not only organically distinct but is also isolated from the population. Says Debray: "Various considerations of common sense necessitate wariness toward the civilian population and the maintenance of a certain aloofness." (He explains, however, that "this vigilance does not necessarily mean mistrust.") This feeling of isolation, as well as his estimation of the revolutionary environment, are most clearly expressed in the chapter on "Armed Propaganda." The *foco* begins in sparsely populated, highly dispersed regions because, he says, "no new arrival goes unnoticed in an Andean Village. . . . Above all else, a stranger inspires distrust. The Quechua or Cakchiquel (Mayan) peasants have good reason to distrust the 'outsider,' the 'white man.' . . ."

While arguing against involvement, during the first stages of insurrection, in political work among peasants, Debray indicates that the local governments enjoy legitimacy (he does not use this word; I am using it in the passive sense of legitimacy by tradition or by default) in the rural areas, while peasants regard the revolutionaries as alien. These passages are crucial to understanding his theory and deserve to be discussed at length:

The poor peasant believes, first of all, in anyone who has a certain power, beginning with the power to do what he says. The system of oppression is subtle: It has existed from time immemorial, fixed, entrenched, and solid. The army, the guardia rural, the latifundista's private police, or nowadays the Green Berets and Rangers, enjoy a prestige all the greater for being subconscious. This prestige constitutes the principal form of oppression. . . . The neo-colonial ideal is still to show force in order not to have to use it, but to show it is in effect to use it. [Italics added.]

The guerrillas are not dealing in Latin America "with a foreign expeditionary force, with limited manpower, but with a well established system of local domination. They [the guerrillas] themselves are the foreigners, lacking status, who at the beginning offer the populace nothing but bloodshed and pain." [Italics added.]

Also, incumbent regimes have been greatly improving their control, facilities, instruments of repression, and even their adjustive mechanisms. Highways have greatly expanded, skirting the jungle, and linking up countries and capitals; airstrips spot the formerly impenetrable tropical zones. United States sociologists and economists have been mapping out man and his milieu in detail, making available to their government employers hitherto unknown information. "Thousands of Peace Corpsmen have succeeded in integrating themselves in rural areas—some of them by dint of hard work, patience and at times real sacrifice—where they profit by the lack of political work by left-wing organizations. Even the most remote regions are today teeming with Catholic, Evangelical, Methodist, and Seventh-Day Adventist missionaries. In a word, all these close-knit networks of control strengthen the national machinery of domination." And of course, there are the special forces trained and equipped for counterinsurgency.

Three interdependent points emerge from the above quotations: (1) Debray's high estimation of the entrenched nature and increasing effectiveness of government control in rural areas; (2) his stress on power rather



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than on the revolutionary process ("disorienting social processes" in the "scientific" jargon) and the concomitant belief that the peasants' acceptance of government is based mainly on fear of its coercive apparatus; (3) his view that the revolutionary elite is considered alien by the peasantry, and that there is between them no commonality of interest on the basis of which a political hookup could occur. I do not know much about Latin America. Therefore, I cannot judge the validity of these assumptions; but it seems to me that although the *foco* theory is derived from the Cuban model, the above assumptions logically lead, given commitment to revolution, to its generalization for all South America; those not inexorably committed to seizure of power would probably seek different routes to sharing it.

The belief that peasant cooperation with the government results from the fear of its coercive power, leads logically to the primacy of the military *foco* as a means for subverting the government's legitimacy. As Debray says,

"unassailability cannot be challenged by words. In order to destroy the idea of unassailability—that age old accumulation of fear and humility . . . there is nothing better than combat." The feeling of isolation, of being considered alien by the peasantry, must necessarily mean that guerrillas, for their own survival, must avoid the populace until they believe they have proved their armed superiority over incumbent forces. Hence Debray's initial rejection of political work, including "armed propaganda," in villages; hence, too, the deep fear of betrayal, suspicion of every liaison man (peasant or guerrilla) as a potential traitor, and the three "golden rules"—constant vigilance, constant mistrust, constant mobility. (Contrast these with the famous Three Tasks of the Army, The Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points of Attention.) A combination of the three views understandably produces a theory of revolutionary despair which relegates politics to a secondary position: says Debray: "The main point is that under present conditions the most important form of propaganda is military action Given the social, ideological and psychological conditions of the peasantry in the majority of Latin American countries, given the diverse intelligence agencies at the enemy's disposal (strongly reinforced since the Cuban Revolution), an agitational group whether armed or not will be watched, uncovered and liquidated: in embryo if necessary."

tion is virtually impossible." The party, then, cannot create or lead the guerrilla force. Rather, the guerrilla force under a centralized command will beget an eventual party: "The Vanguard party can exist in the form of guerrilla foco itself. The guerrilla force is the party in embryo." Debray seems very confident that the *foco* forms the natural nucleus for the development of party; his arguments are sadly reminiscent of the earnest, confident assertions and promises one heard in Ghardimou and Oujda from officers and men of the Algerian liberation army.

Debray's rhapsodizing about the virtuosity of life in the mountain, its liberating, resuscitating effects on man ["Class egoism does not long endure"; "Petty bourgeois psychology melts like snow under the summer sun"; "Bureaucratic faint-heartedness becomes irrelevant"; "Where better than in the guerrilla army could this shedding of skin and this resurrection take place"] is charming and familiar; his sense of wonderment at the courage and self-sacrifice of the guerrillas is understandable. But personal virtues and even group experiences do not easily transfer to national and public institutions. And statements such as "When the guerrilla army assumes the prerogatives of political leadership, it is responding to its class content and anticipating tomorrow's dangers. It alone can guarantee that the people's power will not be perverted after victory . . ." are too sweeping.

A thousand or so guerrillas did not make possible Cuba's transition from liberation to socialism; the post-Liberation alliance with Communists probably did. Today the specter of a stagnant, bureaucratizing Algeria under the liberation army haunts us. Without an operative commitment to a functioning and consistent ideology, and without institutions that would insure a degree of adherence to the principle of accountability, even guerrilla leaders can degenerate into self-seeking politicians, or the people's army can become a self-perpetuating junta.

As a theory *Revolution in the Revolution?* is radical but wrong. It corresponds closely to the theory of revolutionary warfare favored in Washington. It views revolutionary war "in its formative stages," as essentially in military terms. The civilian population is ignored until after a certain success has been achieved. Government's legitimacy is viewed in terms of coercion; hence military action becomes the chief instrument of subversion. The revolutionaries, considered "outsiders" by the population, tend to view the civilians as spectators who will join the winning side.

At places the coincidence of official American opinions with Debray's formulations are startling. When W. W. Rostow made his famous statement that

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the guerrillas enjoyed considerable advantage over the government because "its task is merely to destroy while the government must build and protect . . ." those who knew something about revolutionary warfare laughed at him. Debray, to my knowledge, is the first revolutionary writer to agree with Ros-tow: "The government must, since it is the government, protect everywhere the interests of the property owners; the guerrilleros do not have to protect anything anywhere."

These similarities between a revolutionary and counterrevolutionary theory are not coincidental. They stem from the fact that both start with the same

basic assumptions about the nature of guerrilla warfare. Debray's "foco," I am afraid, is a tailor's fit for the American counterinsurgency program. Che Guevara's Bolivian campaign was an example of the pitfalls of the *foco* theory; it also proved how successful counterinsurgency can be against this kind of adventure.

I should quote Debray with strong agreement: "When the list of martyrs grows long, when every act of courage is converted into martyrdom, it is because something is wrong. And it is just as much a moral duty to seek out the causes as it is to pay homage to the murdered, imprisoned comrades."

A Most Uncommon Reader

COLLECTED ESSAYS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. 4 vols. \$5.95 each.

MARY ELLMANN

Mrs. Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World.

While the products of creativity are generous, the state of creativity seems invidious when it is not incommunicable. Muttering darkly to herself in *A Writer's Diary*, Virginia Woolf almost conveys this painful state; but in her essays, whenever she appears before the public as Novelist Proper, she is constricted, confined like other dignitaries to either sententious or sublime gestures. And yet, no writer perhaps has ever met the same public more easily in the guise of Common Reader.

The critical statements of all novelists, of course, are oddly interesting, as a way of watching their efficient biases at work. Like mice looking for seeds in sawdust, they sift materials unerringly for those bits upon which their own talents may feed. But Virginia Woolf, whom we equate loosely with subjectivity, read books the way all we blotters read, with the impersonal, eclectic and passive motive of pleasure. Writing a novel was like being locked in a cell, a necessary but excruciating self-absorption. Reading was being let out. Gradually, her own imagination merged with the possibility of madness, and the imagination of others with sanity. When, as Leonard Woolf has reported, doctors suggested equanimity as they might suggest an ice pack or a Bandaid, she grew afraid of herself, and turned that poor long head of hers away from its first work. She thought to save herself by reading, and by writing quick, short, rational, "serene" articles—in fact, celestial book reviews.

Even earlier, in comparative health, she had divided existence neatly, as she divided Roger Fry, into "reason and sensibility," and respected both faculties. If anything, she respected the critical faculty more, since she felt it to be the weaker in herself. Her parents, the Leslie Stephens, had invited all the academic brains to dinner, where their daughter heard them, over fresh salmon, at their most sprightly and benign. Perversely, she continued to feel untrained for not having heard them in front of their blackboards.

She retained, as a result, a certain critical modesty. Her judgments are not timid or evasive, but they never swagger. There are none of those great round puffy pronouncements that eventually float, like dirigibles, into publishers' ads. Secure in her novelist's fame, Virginia Woolf nonetheless applied to her critical pieces an "insect-like conscience and diligence," feeling even for these essays "the weight of every word" in her fingers.

At the end of her life, she was still planning to go through everything English from Chaucer to Lawrence, "like a string through cheese." And consistently, one of her last professional experiences had a classic humility. An Ellen Terry essay was turned down by *Harper's Bazaar* and tried out again, as any enduring hack would have tried it, on another magazine.

Bad reviews of her own work gave her insomnia; by morning she could recite them. But writing her own essays she felt nothing alien or unnatural about them. Her aesthetic premises were simple: the universe was stable; from it, individual minds took impressions. A novel was the artful ordering of one's own chaotic impressions; criticism was the comprehen-

sion of others' orderings. The impressions or "perspectives" of other writers, then, were more easily governed than one's own—or rather, governed in advance. They too were spontaneous and irrational but, like ideal children, docile as well. The mind might play over them at will, giving one perspective one day's delighted and devoted attention, another perspective another day's.

In the end, four volumes of these spurts of attention had accumulated, and with them a critical effect which is not entirely agreeable. Just the number of separate short subjects is disconcerting. They seem static now, like rows of little scent jars on a shelf. Their variety alone makes them rather Addison-and-Steele-ish, flitting and gratuitous. Monday, a 1,500-word visit with Oliver Goldsmith; Tuesday, Sara Coleridge; Wednesday, the Gothic romance. We miss what we are now accustomed to: turbulence, an illusion, no doubt, of the argument's desperate necessity and of the subject's resistance to exegesis. Virginia Woolf's subjects stand still, waiting in line to be brushed and combed and bundled out the front door to the *Times Literary Supplement*. One longs for some one of them to turn intractable, rude, enigmatic. James Joyce so misbehaved, and (as it seems, inevitably) incomprehension of him fell into terms of deportment: a writer who had lost his conventions, who was uncertain whether to eat with his fork or his fingers. The novelist felt for his supposed quandary, even shared it; the critic, on the whole, preferred to describe the now subdued solutions of the past. These were amenable to interpretation: they responded readily to sensitive appreciation. But all too readily. The very polish of the essays seems their undoing, the loss of the subjects' vital, if raw and angular, complexities. Virginia Woolf's diary now, angular itself, harsh and unhappy, contains for us the more valid criticism.

But then all this suavity can't be for nothing. It is true that the essays are not revolutionary—they will not found a Woolf school of criticism. They lack the presence which an original method takes on, standing implacably, even opaquely, between the reader and the text. They have instead a decorous transparency. Over the years, they seem to have become somewhat more flexible and idiomatic; but the editor, Leonard Woolf, has obscured even this slight development by arranging the essays, not by the time at which they were written but by the time at which the subjects lived. A dubious principle, like planning a menu (apples, beets, catfish, dogfish, etc.) by following the alphabet.

At any rate, Virginia Woolf was ulti-

mately dissatisfied too, wanting some new way, something in the essay (as in the novel) "less stiff and formal" than before. But still the balances, the antitheses, the mellifluousness prevailed. They seem now faintly archaic, too pretty. On the death of Gibbon:

And as he sank into a sleep that was probably eternal, he could remember with satisfaction the view across the plain to the stupendous mountains beyond; the white acacia that grew beside the study window, and the great work which, he was not wrong in thinking, will immortalize his name.

Of course, one might say here that Gibbon is infectious, that these frozen ripples are caught from the subject. But there really is a problem of immediate eloquence throughout. Even figures of speech arrive too promptly: why, because Crabbe was the son of working people and took an interest in weeds, must *he* at once be called a weed? Clever, of course—also too soon, and too much like that English identification of corpses by class, rather than by sex or age or warts and moles. "One hesitates to call Jane Eyre a lady."

Still, all the world can't be Roundhead. The essays are often amusing, witty, apt, the delicate darts all on target. That range of thought in which the past shapes itself into comic and yet engaging emblems of life, is perfectly rendered: Laetitia Pilkington, for example, the rowdy little *littératrice* who knew Swift and too many less distinguished men, or Lady Dorothy Nevill, who was the first hostess in London to serve guinea pigs for lunch. (Efforts have, after all, been made with that cuisine.) It is not all indulgence, either. The strangeness of Lewis Carroll, "on the beach at Eastbourne, with little girls whose frocks he pinned up with safety pins," the absurdities of *Aurora Leigh*, the tedium of Arnold Bennett's urban villas, the hollowness ("all shell") of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*—unmistakably, someone has read with rigor as well as taste. And even when (as often) Virginia Woolf's generalizations are truisms, her particulars excuse them. Everyone knows that social relations shift, but the "homely illustration" is still news:

The Victorian cook lived like a leviathan in the lower depths, formidable, silent, obscure, inscrutable; the Georgian cook is a creature of sunshine and fresh air; in and out of the drawing room, now to borrow the *Daily Herald*, now to ask advice about a hat.

Georgian cooks and Georgian critics are so rare now, it would be wrong to dismiss them.

Visions of Black Genocide

THE MAN WHO CRIED I AM. By John A. Williams. Little, Brown & Co. 403 pp. \$6.95.

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Henry James told us to judge not the intention of a novel but its execution. We should grant the novelist "his idea, his *donnée*," and measure how well he interrelates the parts of his work, for, James says in "The Art of Fiction:"

A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism, and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of each of the other parts.

But I wonder what James might have made of John A. Williams' *The Man Who Cried I Am*, a novel which hangs together but founders on simplistic assumptions.

Williams has tried to write the big inside-black-America novel. He traces the high points (very high) in one black novelist's life, Max Reddick, and, along the way, gives the word on New York's literary power structure, black-white sex and political perversion in high (the highest) places; finally he reveals a Pentagon contingency plan to exterminate 20 million blacks! All of this rides on a level of melodrama far above the plausible. Nothing casual or trivial happens to anybody in Williams' world; we move from cancer to cannibalism, from sodomy to suicide, from masochism to murder. Apparently there are no hangnails in hell!

His style matches his reach in this internally consistent novel. Sometimes he manages a Fitzgerald-like stylistic shimmer, but more often he pushes too hard. Scenes are roughly sketched, in excessive imagery—"overhead shells flew, sounding like the taffeta skirt of a kooch dancer"—and monologues are prolonged by ponderous accusations against Mister Charlie (what "you" did to "me"). Dialogue is consistently implausible. Magrit, Max's Dutch wife, leaves both him and the U.S. with a piece of rhetorically balanced invective which must rank high among literary lines that were never said by anybody:

"Enough of this crazy land," she hissed at herself in the mirror, "where everyone speaks in superlatives but exists in diminutives."

In keeping with his deadly "serious" concerns—white exploitation and black survival—Williams avoids any tone

brushing humor. Once he almost slips into wit. Max, lonely in New York, says to himself: "Eight million people in the city and not one of them had thought to call." This may seem funny—that he is putting himself on—but when he adds, "Not a single one," we can see that Max is a creation incapable of self-irony.

Williams' characterizations are bold, without ambivalence, because he is interested only in characters to the extent that they demonstrate thematic propositions. This works well enough when his characters are involved in situations which stay within reasonable contexts, as when Harry Ames (Richard Wright) is nominated for, but denied, a literary prize, and members of the Jewish-liberal-publishing community rush to his defense both to ease their own consciences and insure financial pieces of a hot property.

But Williams' polemical concerns sometimes make him ignore the extent to which people *make* events, as when Reddick forgets about his own role and holds white society—which had dangled and denied middle-class respectability—solely responsible for the abortion and death of a girl he had impregnated and misled. She would not marry him unless he had a good job; he promised but couldn't get one that satisfied *him*; she resorted to abortion and accidentally died. Williams apparently feels that noting the degree of Max's guilt for her death would be quibbling, avoiding a larger truth—the way white values maim and destroy the best blacks. We could grant this contention and still complain that his insistence on it as the only truth in this situation is nonsense.

Plot, style and characterization fuse in an embodiment of big (the biggest) ideas. On the evil of man—"Ah, the world got what it deserved." On American lusts—"Americans made their cars like women." On Stevenson's losses to Eisenhower—"Intelligence is the enemy of the American people." On black-white love—"It was one thing to sleep with white women, but quite another to marry them." It may be valid to sacrifice technique for theme if you have something to say, but nothing should be given up for such roasted chestnuts.

The biggest idea in the novel, the one from which all else hangs, is not, like those above, part of the routine, contemporary, middle-brow liturgy; Williams' central theme is, in this context, strikingly original and utterly simplistic. White society is so bigoted and self-protective that it evolves "King Alfred," a plan to exterminate its Negroes. Wil-

liams' conspiracy theory posits an interlocking directorate in the white establishment to put off and, if necessary, wipe out unruly blacks.

Of course anything is possible. God knows *what* contingencies are planned for in the Pentagon! But it is an unlikely possibility that deflects attention from the ways power and prejudice actually work. Inevitable black genocide is a risky thing to base your whole vision upon. It is, too, based upon a questionable view of history as cyclical—what happened to Jews and Gypsies in the forties will happen to Negroes in the sixties. This theme does serve, however, to motivate an ending which is as explosive and thin as that in any James Bond film. It also helps to justify the simplifications and exaggerations of his fictional elements. Each part contributes to the whole. Excessive style supports extravagant theme which, in turn, simplifies characterizations and plot. It is "all one and continuous," but not, I think, "a living thing."

James said, in the same essay: "The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life." Williams attempts a just and painful representation of "life," but fails because he takes a valid perception—white savagery to blacks—and rides his *idée fixe* into the ground. It is true, his novel demonstrates, that white power is a murderous, cold power, but Williams might reread his Baldwin and Bellow to see how limiting prejudice is as a controlling vision. In "Equal in Paris" Baldwin discovered himself beyond racial persecution but still subject to the deepest kind of human antagonism. And Augie March realized, when kids beat him up and called him "Christ-killer," that had he not been Jewish they would have found some other reason.

Baldwin and Bellow show an understanding of "life" that is more various and penetrating, perhaps even more damning, than Williams' black, bleak novel.

finally convinced that he is going to die, as the Queen remarks, "at the end of the play"? He cries out: "Why was I born if it wasn't forever? . . . I came into the world five months ago. I got married three months ago." He didn't learn or accomplish what he should have: "I never had the time, I never had the time." He is outraged, inconsolable, amazed and utterly at a loss to conceive of the mystery and meaning of his existence.

The play is a beautifully written dramatic poem. Funny, unrealistic and altogether real. Is it therefore a tragedy or yet another black comedy? The paradox and *charm* of the play are that out of his despair, and perhaps to his astonishment, Ionesco has written a hymn of praise to every instant, event and ordinary phenomenon of life. In a delicious exchange, the King bids the rather downtrodden housemaid to describe her daily routine. The details are drab, but he finds rapture and excitement in each of them. The girl concludes, "a bad life, Sire," to which he replies, "Life can never be bad. It is a contradiction in terms." We must learn to appreciate everything—even to the color of a carrot. In brief, a frightening and lovely play, an inspiration.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

Exit the King (a literal translation of the French title would be *The King Dies*) is for me the APA's most satisfying production: it is in fact a good production (at the Lyceum).

There have been more ambitious APA productions (*War and Peace*, *Pantagleize*); some have been more immediately engaging (*You Can't Take It With You*); some have been somewhat more evenly cast (*The Show Off*); but Ionesco's *Exit the King* seems to me its most complete realization of a dramatist's intention and scenic idea. Ellis Rabb as director has understood the play thoroughly and has found the right means to project it concretely.

The APA production is superior to the one I saw in Paris, though Jacques Mauclair who played the King there and directed it conveyed a childlike pathos that was most affecting. I saw the play again in Warsaw where the director, an intellectual who had a literary understanding of the Theatre of the Absurd, did not know how to direct. In London, with Alec Guinness playing the King in a production staged by the admirable George Devine who did so well with *The Chairs*, the heavy-handed performance conveyed very little. Guinness seemed more concerned with his own characterization than with the play's essence.

Exit the King is Ionesco's most sympathetic work. *The Lesson* and *The Chairs* are perhaps more original, in the sense that they bear the unmistakable

stamp of the author's personality. *Rhinoceros* is more acceptable to a wide public—more "entertaining"—but *Exit the King* is the most integral expression of the playwright's inner being. It is also the closest to our own usually unavowed trepidation.

Ionesco has an ineradicable preoccupation with death. Unlike the Spaniards, it haunts him, not as something majestically awful but almost as a child trembles at the unknown dark. His fear is more akin to a universal bewilderment than to the perception of death so commonly transcribed in literature as something ominous, mournfully, heroically tragic, or just crushing. Americans usually evade or gloss over the subject altogether.

The treatment is extremely simple. The King who is dying in this relatively short play is Berenger, the name Ionesco gives to most of his little men, the nonhero. He is not Everyman but Anyman. He exists only for himself; he is central to everything he beholds. In a wonderful passage he is told that he "invented gunpowder and stole fire from the gods. . . . He discovered the way to make steel . . . he made the first balloon, and the zeppelin. . . . He built Rome, New York, Moscow and Geneva. He founded Paris. He created revolutions, counterrevolutions, religion, reform and counterreform. . . ." To which the King's maid observes, "You wouldn't think it to look at him."

How does His Majesty react when

Richard Easton is excellent as the King: foolish, terrified, his eyes full of startled incomprehension. He moves from an absurd effort at pride and grandeur to the puling impotence of a sickly baby and again to the recovery of strength

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in the contemplation of the glory he seems to have missed.

Eva Le Gallienne, the Queen, is all hard reason and an oracle of disaster. The actress' velvet voice and ever-present aspiration to nobility take on tones of tartness and severe irony I have never heard from her before. Pamela Payton-Wright brings plainness, not without humor and buried enticement, to the role of the court chambermaid.

The point to be made clear about the production is not the total success of any of its constituent elements but the soundness in the conception and execution of the whole. This includes Rouben Ter-Arutunian's setting in electrically silvered cellophane which contributes to an atmosphere of lightness within a realm of shades. The "picture" has the bare look of an expiring world where creatures once men have turned into wraiths.

Exit the King may not find as much favor as have other APA productions this season: its theme and form may encounter resistance. But the intelligent playgoer must not fail to see it.

Charles Dyer's *Staircase* (Biltmore Theatre) can be set down as a clever play. There is some question, however, whether its cleverness is commendable.

It is a domestic comedy. The fact that its locale is a suburban London barbershop and that the husband and wife are two males does not alter the character of the entertainment, though it makes a difference in its complexion.

The play is largely given over to bickering, needling and finally to a little smooching and cuddling between the couple. There is very little incident. The dramatic thread—if it can be called that—is the possibility that the "husband" (the predominantly aggressive one of the pair) has been summoned to court for having appeared in drag at a dive and having sat on a young man's lap for a moment. The accused's alibi is that he was only doing a bit of his old pantomime act. He was once a variety hall performer and also claims to have played Shakespeare. He has even retained his Equity card, though he has long since had no employment other than as the second barber in his consort's establishment. We never learn the verdict on his case.

What justifies calling the play "clever" is the fast and funny dialogue. The humor is low camp bitchy. It did not make me laugh much, but the audience at the final preview found most of it uproarious. Still the writing is fluent and bounces with a certain stage agility. It provokes delight in those who relish a lather of the ill-concealed hostility that is abundant in the present-day public. It takes the form here of a parody

on the mischievous volubility of certain queens. And the conceit of the eternal ham is always a sure source of jokes.

Another aspect of the play's cleverness is the introduction of pathos and, remotely, of social significance. For the cruelty of the situation—the articulate and mercurial "husband" constantly ridicules his mate—is softened by the realization that these two unfortunate blokes are lonely. Their shop is the opposite of fashionable. They depend on each other, need each other desperately, just as any isolated and ostracized couple may do. The further thought which might occur to the "better audience" that may see the play (as it did in London where the play was presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company with Paul Scofield) is that even the least glamorous homosexuals are as worthy of compassion as you and I. Their peculiarity does not make them any less than human, and are we

not all a sorry lot! But this is only a dodge and the fun the play offers is on the superficial and somewhat hypocritical level which I have indicated.

The direction by Barry Morse and the acting are on the whole very good. Milo O'Shea (the Bloom of the filmed *Ulysses*), through the simplicity, effortlessness and lack of gimmicky alloy in his performance, makes us sense the gentler man's forlornness, mingled as it is with unforced humor and warmth of feeling. O'Shea raises the play above its obvious tonality. Eli Wallach, on whom the text places the greater burden, works hard carrying it. He must undertake the posturing of the spoiled and spiteful Thespian, as well as the symptomatic mannerisms of the flagrant queen. His is an altogether efficient and ingratiating job which is at its best when the script permits him to display either funk or fondness.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

The Scandinavians are greatly preoccupied with sex, but they can't seem to get the hang of it. Indeed, it appears to addle their wits, just as the old tracts for boys warned us it would. If their films can be taken as evidence, the Swedes and the Danes in particular are so stimulated by their celebrated "new freedom" in genital matters that they are in a state of perpetual rut, frustrated by the very availability they have established, and laboriously seeking new embellishments to a game whose moves are finite and long since thoroughly explored. And the worst of it is that they approach the delights with no glint of humor, seeming like mourners in glutony.

The most recent example is *Venom*, from the Danish director Knud Leif Thomsen. The *deus ex averno* of this item is a young sexual racketeer who subjects a bourgeois family to a kindergarten repertory of nihilistic frightfulness that stuns them into the compliance of Pavlov's dogs. Anyone can do the devil's work if his victims persist in throwing him fat pitches—I have not seen anything like this since McCullough used to sit in a stage box and feed lines to Bobby Clark. The wicked fellow enthralls the daughter of the house with a small assortment of clichés as to the perversity of chastity, leaps upon her, and photographs her transports with a handheld camera (a feat of dexterity that was not entirely explained). Her parents quite see that the chap is unsuitable, but cannot scotch his game because they are themselves tormented by the itch of honeymoon nostalgia.

All this is plausible in a way—a great many adults are sexually retarded and a great many parents have little success in regulating the conduct of their daughters. But plots that depend on nobody taking a sensible step make me impatient. The step may not work, but in the interest of dramatic responsibility it should at least be tried. In the end, the father does throw the youth bodily out of the house, and his photographic paraphernalia after him. This, I believe, was intended to indicate moral defeat, but it occurred to me that if it had been done earlier we could all have gone home sooner.

The direction of *Venom* is pedestrian, plodding along from point to point with the prolixity of slick-magazine romance. The playbacks of the young man's blue cinema documentary of himself and friends at sports have been deleted with a broad X which eliminates everything but an occasional arm and torso. This permits the audience to conjure up exploits that Mr. Thomsen could not possibly have shown and might have found inconvenient to film. Even so, the picture dwells on crotch shots, exposed breasts and anatory wrestling to a degree that justifies the exhibitor in posting an "adults only" notice and enjoying a profitable run.

Further south on the Continent people seem to be on better terms with sex. They are by no means indifferent to it, but treat it as a comparatively old and familiar phenomenon and do not become asthmatic at the suggestion that its presence is about to be felt. Thus an

Italian director new to the American screen. Marco Bellocchio, offers in *China Is Near* a picture that uses sex lavishly, and wittily, to demonstrate how people get the better of one another in this adequately wicked world. Mr. Bellocchio's business is social satire on a theme that has preoccupied the Latins from the start: that the arrogantly rich and powerful are creatures of lust and illusion who will inevitably be toppled by their equally lustful but much more realistic servants. The rich in this case are a brother and sister in their middle years, he a bungling candidate for Socialist office, she a woman of powerful will and appetites, who will bed with almost any man but thinks no man good enough to marry. The servants, themselves lovers, are aide and secretary to the candidate. A younger brother of the family is a junior functionary of the Church and a Maoist radical, whose exploits give a sardonic counterpoint to the film and supply its title.

The pairings and pregnancies of *China Is Near* are too complex for convenient summary, and though the frame is familiar enough, the spectator should not be deprived of his own encounter with Mr. Bellocchio's interplay. What I want to praise are the methods and standards of the film. The director's attitude toward narrative is one of quick-minded impatience. He never carries a scene beyond the point where its outcome has become obvious, and the following scene almost invariably picks up a few steps beyond the situation toward which the previous one was clearly heading. It takes a few minutes to catch on to this technique, but the motive is not quirky self-indulgence—the ellipses give the film a wonderfully light and rapid pace, in elegant harmony with the worldly amorality of the proceedings. Then too, the director gets splendidly informative, though quietly stated, performances from his cast, particularly Glauco Mauri and Elda Tattoli as brother and sister, and Paolo Graziosi and Daniela Surina as the proletariat climbing the ladder of sex. They are people, not types, yet what they represent and where they fit in projects vividly even to an audience unfamiliar with the conventions of Italian politics and the manners of Italian society. The upper class is hard, their inferiors are tough; the strife between them is formidable, engrossing and repeatedly hilarious. The photography of the film is masterful; it never calls attention to itself with contrived shots or obtrusive effects, but its cameras gather visual details and allusions with an efficient energy that seems to absorb you into the milieu. I got the "feel" of the place with a rapidity and sureness that gave me the stimulating sensation of being brighter than usual.

China Is Near appeals to its viewer's

wits, humor and experience with a relaxed assumption that it will not appeal in vain. It is devoid of illusions about human behavior, but, unlike *Venom*, not without respect for human individuality or pleasure in the human comedy. It names its spades without bluster or leering. It is a picture for adults, all right, but no one demeans himself by saying so.

RECORDS

BENJAMIN BORETZ

DVORAK: Symphonies 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9 with overtures: *Hussite*, *Amid Nature*, *My Home*, *Carnival*, *Othello*. London Symphony Orchestra: Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CS 6523, CS 6524, CS 6525, CS 6526, CS 6511, CS 6495, CS 6527.

This collection is of far more than historical or repertorially novel interest and value. The abundant compositional intelligence and craft revealed from the very first of Dvorak's symphonies, and their progressive development toward individuality and mastery in terms of essentially traditional resources, demonstrate a true musical professionalism that has always projected a remarkable kind of musical experience, a kind that is a special dimension in the work of Tchaikowsky, Ravel, Debussy and even Stravinsky. And at a time of intensive journalistic support for compositional amateurism and vacuity, the purity with which music like Dvorak's generates the sense that musical "content" arises uniquely from the shaping of individual musical events into significant musical relations has particular instructive force.

Thus one finds in Dvorak's very first symphony a strong association with Beethoven via Mendelssohn, through which nevertheless is revealed some surprisingly original ideas and a remarkable awareness of the critical compositional dimensions. In fact, surface "radicalism" is perhaps more evident in that symphony than in any of the later works, from the special ensemble continuities of the second movement (particularly the way sounds of quite different sonorous appearance emerge from within one another), the rather far-reaching contrasts articulated out of continuous unfolding in the third movement, and the strikingly dissonant abrasions of cross-reference, of an almost Verklarte-Nacht-like quality, near the very end. And despite evident trouble in controlling transitions and in producing development without overrepetition and overelabo-

ration, the Second Symphony is even more impressive for its handling of a highly "advanced" vocabulary with consummate security and for its boldness in creating continuity. Here, the second movement is particularly interesting for the originality of the sonorities that emerge in the course of elaboration, most notably the writing for solo piccolo and the transparent wind-ensemble passages.

The Third and Fourth Symphonies demonstrate a new awareness of the expanded possibilities for cogency and internal complexity within an externally more limited framework; and the Fifth and Sixth arrive at full maturity with their realization of the possibilities of tonal structure on a total, intermovemental scale, along with a virtuosity in the invention and intercombination of sonority and texture that approach Dvorak's probably most completely realized work, the Eighth Symphony.

Throughout, the London Symphony's execution is exemplary, often quite brilliant; and Kertesz's preparation and understanding seen consistently competent. For the Ninth Symphony, Klemperer's performance is rather more special in its sonorous and connective aspects; and here, too, Kertesz's tempo relations are not as precise as elsewhere.

Of the overtures, the *Othello* is a much more deeply developed work than the others, but their multiple inclusion is a worthwhile adjunct to an altogether superior addition to the recorded 19th-century literature.

STRAVINSKY: *Jeu de Cartes*. Symphony in C. *Orpheus*. Symphony in Three Movements. London Symphony; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 900113 and 900153.

Les Noces and other vocal instrumental works. Pierre Boulez, cond. Nonesuch 71133.

Pulcinella. Soloists, Orchestre de la Suisse romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. London 25978

The need for young conductors who conduct Stravinsky in the Stravinsky tradition is as obvious as are the dilemmas they must initially face in presenting their performances contemporaneously with Stravinsky's own—which, despite every possible caveat as to conductorial or executive deficiencies, remain definitive. The present recordings of works from the heart of the "classical" Stravinsky literature by Colin Davis should, it seems to me, be considered primarily in terms of their implications and promise in this respect, and spared the invidious comparisons that unavoidably arise. However, such comparisons are important to record purchasers interested only in a superior representation of a particular composition. Thus, I still

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believe Philips is performing an important service in allowing Mr. Davis this exposure. This seems particularly so because Davis, after a catastrophic beginning with a monstrously distended recording of *Oedipus Rex*, now appears as, possibly, an English conductor in the Adrian Boult tradition of responsible professionalism. In general, these recordings reveal rather careful study and duplication of Stravinsky's own ideas of the pieces, with the difference in every case being that Davis tends to produce his coherences in terms of the extrusion of external "shape" and "impulsion" rather than from the uniquely particular qualities generated from the interior in Stravinsky's own performances. The achievement of clarity through sluggishness noticeable in the earlier of the two recordings (*Symphony in C* and *Jeu de Cartes*) is remarkably rectified in the *Symphony in Three Movements* and *Orpheus*. The London Symphony, again, demonstrates superior ensemble and solo virtuosity, particularly in complex passages such as the figurational counterpoint of the second movement of the *Symphony in C*, the first movement of the *Symphony in Three Movements*, and the many treacheries, hidden and evident, of *Orpheus*.

Pierre Boulez's performance of *Les Noces* is, on more significant grounds, still more problematic. For while harmonic articulation is not an evident concern of Boulez, the transparency of texture and precision of duration he achieves are unmatched in any previous recording, to the extent that many previously lost details (solo voices counterpointing against sustained ensemble voices, for example) are now brilliantly lucid. Yet the result of this kind of precision is, in the absence of the other, accentual nondifferentiation, so that Stravinsky's long-spanned rhythmic profiles never emerge from the multitude of single durations. Thus, though more of *Les Noces* may be audible in this performance, it may not be coherently enough audible to warrant recommendation of the recording to the inexperienced listener.

At the other extreme, Ernest Ansermet's performance of *Pulcinella* is inaccurate at best, quite incoherent at worst, and featureless throughout. The orchestra has rough going, stumbling over or stepping on most of Stravinsky's deft accents, but the singers, despite all discouragement, manage a respectable representation of their parts.

TELEMANN: St. Matthew Passion. Theo Altmeyer, Horst Günter, Sena Jurinac, Franz Crass, soloists; Lucerne Festival Choir, Swiss Festival Orchestra; Kurt Redel, cond. Philips PHS 2-994.

Telemann's *Passion* is so one-dimensional and translucent next to the multi-

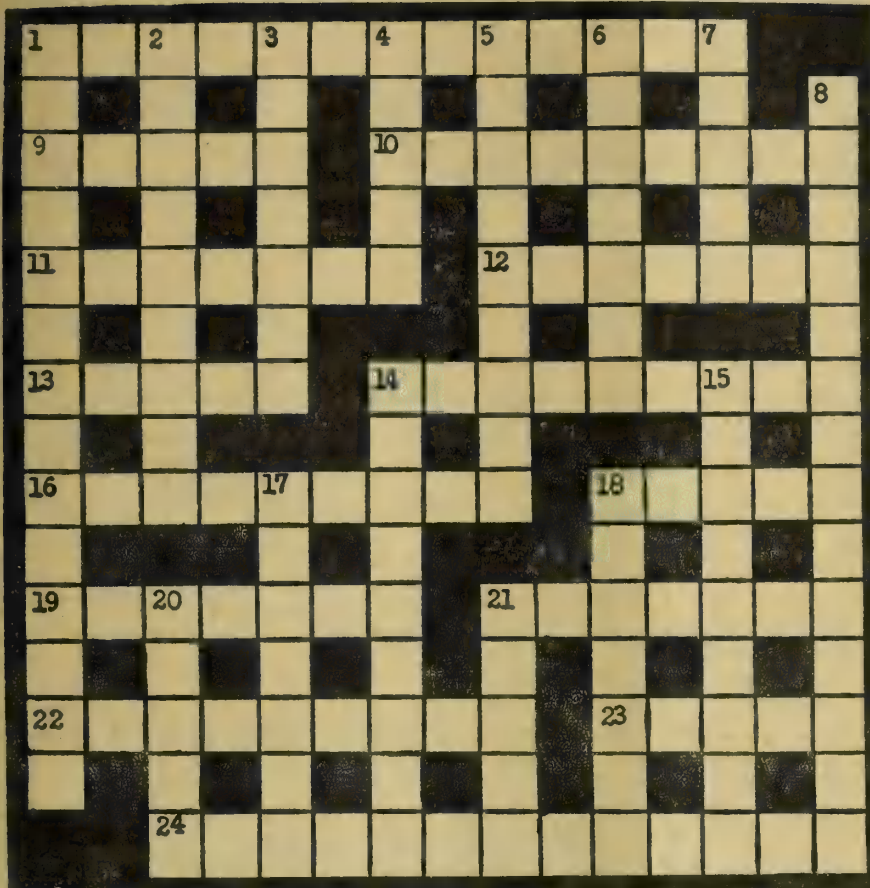
leveled obliquities of the Bach *Passions* that, perhaps because they are projected through essentially the same syntactical framework, it is difficult to avoid a priori imputation of triviality to what is really skillful, intelligent and articulate music. Yet this very competence makes one all the more forcibly aware of the limitations: the single metricality and pitch non-density of the chorales; the rather unvarying repertory of techniques, whose application never seems "particular" to the moment, but simply "available" or "characteristic," and the resultant non-emergence of any new techniques to cope with special situations; and, most obvious of all, the almost completely metrical prosody, for which the fantastic ellipses of Bach that constantly extend long lines against the immediate fluctuations of local articulation seems a lost, or perhaps never noticed, art. The performance is as prettily sung, played and recorded as the work is composed.

BERG: Wozzeck. Walter Berry, Isabel Strauss, Fritz Uhl, Carl Doench, vocal soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris National Opera; Pierre Boulez, cond. C.B.S. 32 21 0002.

As a whole, this performance approaches an accurate representation of the textual and compositional content of *Wozzeck*, an accomplishment quite beyond the scope of either of the previous recordings. The old Mitropoulos recording was almost tragic in its executive inadequacies, through which some idea of the music struggled to emerge, while Böhm's recent DGG performance was fluent enough to suggest the absence of an awareness that an idea of any sort ought to emerge. Boulez's performance achieves its unique position primarily by its recognition and projection of the special timbral-figurational-rhythmic complexes that are the remarkable "characterizations" in the work's extraordinary music-dramatic structure, in the clarity of "voices," instrumental and human, in the texture (thus avoiding the fatal "merging" that homogenizes Böhm's performance into conventional Germanism, and overwhelms Mitropoulos' into incoherence), and—perhaps most striking—in the accuracy of dynamic detail. But the singing is ordinary: Mack Harrell's *Wozzeck* and Frederick Jagel's Captain (in the Mitropoulos recording) remain unapproached. The orchestral playing, in both sonority and ensemble, is rather undistinguished—a respect in which the Böhm recording remains superior. However, as a controlled and intelligible performance of a universally acknowledged 20th-century classic, this recording fills an obvious gap in the recorded literature. The fact that it could do so at this late date is astonishing.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1234

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Those who are afraid to enjoy life should be served right. (7,6)
- 9 Purloined by Othello's trash collector?
- 10 The design of chairs can make life sweeter with it. (9)
- 11 Princeton coed? (7)
- 12 Doesn't advance feline attitudes, at times. (5,2)
- 13 Rocks in a soporific vein. (5)
- 14 The railroad's equivalent to steerage quarters? (6,3)
- 16 Sunday dinner, perhaps, has naught about it arranged for the religious teacher. (9)
- 18 Union leader of the North, off at a place of involuntary exile. (5)
- 19 Arch suggestion the result of such winning ways? (7)
- 21 What some do when tired of the sentence? (7)
- 22 Tertiary division. (9)
- 23 Beverage plant. (5)
- 24 This has reached the saturation point in Utah. (5,4,4)

DOWN:

- 1 Involved in the proper name for funding? (14)
- 2 Out-of-uniform fighter? (9)
- 3 Rings for the warden types! (7)

- 4 These are more natural surroundings than a 5. (5)
- 5 In a Windy City ballplayer, a height maintained during early development.
- 6 Sold only on medical prescription. (7)
- 7 They're not capable of rational explanation. (5)
- 8 There's no come-on with such a type. (14)
- 14 The area of drainage. (9)
- 15 Is there no waiting here for food? (9)
- 17 One of the things some people look for in trying on a jacket? (7)
- 18 Obstinate and tough crowd. (4-3)
- 20 Part of the Atlantic in gale weather, dangerous to pilots. (5)
- 21 Certainly not a men's college alumnus from the old country. (5)

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ACROSS: 1 Whippet; 5 Salamis; 9 Example; 11 Trier; 12 and 15 down Duncan; 13 Denim; 14 Senecas; 16 Reforms; 18 Greener; 21 Uproots; 24 Endow; 27 Chair; 28 Million; 30 Daybeds; 31 Throned. DOWN: 1 Wreaths; 2 Italian; 4 and 10 The Ides of March; 5 Spooner; 6 Lamed; 7 Mariner; 8 Schemes; 17, 26 and 29 Formidability; 18 Gleamed; 19 End play; 20 Reminds; 21 Updraft; 22 Ovation; 23 Strayed; 25 and 3 White paper; 27 Crier.

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LETTERS

Dachau revisited

Westfield, N. J.

DEAR SIR: In reference to your editorial in the Jan. 1 issue of *The Nation*, "Problem of Sanitation," I saw the newscast you spoke of and was actively nauseated by it, yet why should I have protested to C.B.S.?

If this is what human beings have become to our GIs, then I believe the American public ought to be so informed, and learn that there are other indirect costs of this war to our country.

What I did do was write to my Senators to inform them of the newscast, and remind them of how much it suggested Dachau to me. I also reminded them that it is their support of Johnson's war effort, by voting him all the funds he needed to keep our soldiers in Vietnam, that made such scenes possible.

If anything, I would suggest that C.B.S. be commended for having the courage to show the newsreel. . . .

Muriel C. Hyman

We have received several letters making this point. The word "protest" was incorrectly used in the editorial. What we had in mind was the fact that, when something particularly distressing or poignant is shown on the air, stations expect to receive phone calls from viewers who feel they must express their reaction to the emotional jolt. The calls did not occur in anything like the numbers to be expected from the coverage of GIs handling corpses with steam shovels and cutting off the ears of the enemy dead.

Editors

pawning the future

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIR: I was glad to see your editorial, "War and Taxes" (*The Nation*, Jan. 8), citing my article and supporting the argument that the proposed tax increase makes sense only as a kind of economic "Gulf of Tonkin" authorization for further escalation of the war in Vietnam. Those opposed to such escalation should certainly oppose the tax increase.

I should, however, like to correct the implication in your editorial that a tax increase would prevent passing the burden of the war on to a later generation. In fact, the tax increase would have little or nothing to do with the extent to which the burden of the war is passed on. This depends upon the very real factors of investment, physical and human, which is foregone now because of the war and hence will have to be made up later. To the extent that because of the war we are failing now to build our cities, educate our young, and in all ways prepare for the world of tomorrow, we are passing a burden on to future generations. This will be true whether we pay for the war through taxes or through inflation.

It is true that, given the extent of war expenditures and destruction, a tax increase that cut down current consumption, rather than investment in education or physical productive capacity, would leave less of a burden to be met in the future. But there is no clear argument that this would be more true of the proposed tax increase than of the "hidden tax" that would come from inflation.

The central economic issue is that the resources being squandered in Vietnam and the political climate which the war creates are causing real burdens now, and will certainly bring on substantial burdens in the future because of all the things that the war has prevented us from doing for our economy now. . . .

Robert Eisner, Professor of Economics
Northwestern University

EDITORIALS

Predictable Incidents

The crash of a B-52 with four H-bombs aboard was our 13th aircraft accident involving nuclear bombs. Most of these mishaps occurred in the United States, but the Greenland incident recalls the midair collision of a B-52 and a KC-135 tanker near Palomares, Spain, which also involved four hydrogen bombs. Three were recovered on land, with some release of radioactive material in a populated area; the fourth fell into the water and was brought up some three months later after an intensive search and a very expensive deep-sea operation.

The B-52 which crashed near the U.S. Thule base in Greenland was flying the Arctic Circle course as part of the airborne alert continuously maintained by the Strategic Air Command. A number of B-52s are always aloft in this operation. In the normal course of events the B-52 involved in the latest mishap would have returned to its base in Plattsburgh, N.Y. However, a bomber flying on alert is always waiting for the command from Washington to arm its bombs and proceed to its designated targets in the Soviet Union.

The idea is to prevent the SAC bomber force from being caught with all its aircraft on the ground in a surprise nuclear attack. A secondary purpose is to keep the crews on their toes. In this instance six crew members parachuted to safety, but the copilot was killed. Unless one is imbued with what C. Wright Mills called "crackpot realism," his death was perfectly senseless. There was not and there is not the slightest chance of a surprise attack on the United States by the Soviet Union under present conditions. And serious hazards are inseparable from such flights. Whenever an accident occurs, the SAC is at pains to inform the public that the bombs were unarmed and could not explode, but it is conceivable—by some sequence of events that is inconceivable to the SAC—that some day one will explode in a bomber crash.

The seizure of the *Pueblo* by the North Koreans is in the same pattern. It may have been "piracy" on the high seas, but it is a peculiar type of piracy even if the vessel was not in North Korean territorial waters. Electronics and other modern technology make a mishmash of the theoretical lines that once gave some protection against naval encroachment. The fact is that the Navy sent into hostile waters a vessel loaded with electronic gear, supposedly so secret that it was to be destroyed by means of explosives if there was danger of its falling into enemy hands. The top speed of the intelligence-gathering ship was about 12 knots. The North Koreans were known to have patrol craft with speeds up to 40 knots. The *Pueblo* was armed only with a pair of machine guns. She was a sitting duck for anyone who cared to take her. Although we had any number of fighter aircraft in the vicinity, nothing came to her aid. Even if one takes the position that the mission of the *Pueblo* was a necessary one, it looks like a thoroughly botched job, not on the part of the commander and his men but as directed by the admirals in charge of all this activity.

At that, the North Koreans were much more circumspect than the Israelis, who mistook the *Liberty*, another U.S. intelligence ship, for an Egyptian warship and shot her up in the Mediterranean, with heavy loss of life. These incidents are an inevitable accompaniment of our insistence on patrolling the world by land, sea and air, and making our power felt in every nation, large and small. In particular, these troubles are the result of the Vietnamese War, the largest and most gratuitous venture of all. It is quite possible that the seizure of the *Pueblo* was a diversionary tactic connected with our operations in Vietnam (and our use of South Korean troops there), although what the Communists hope to gain by such a confrontation is far from clear. What is perfectly clear is that to allow a war to drag on, making only hypocritical efforts to stop it, is a highly dangerous business. Predictable, besides the incidents, is the reaction of the troglodytes in Congress. For them, the seizure of the *Pueblo* was the best news they have had in years. They began whooping it up in the true spirit of their grandfathers, who went to war over the sinking of the *Maine*, although we still don't know who was responsible. It seemed as if sanity had fled from the habitually bellicose members of the Congress, and they would be satisfied with nothing less than equal mania on the part of the Executive.

Disaffected Establishment

It would be premature, however, to conclude that the United States has turned into a loony bin. Shortly before the B-52 and *Pueblo* incidents, a group of Americans met in Bermuda and sent President Johnson a memorandum urging a general scaling down of American military activity in Vietnam, even without reciprocation.

This was no ordinary group of petitioners. The invitation was issued by Joseph E. Johnson, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and an old friend of Secretary of State Rusk, and the conferees were all experienced in military and diplomatic affairs. Among them were Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, chief of staff under President Eisenhower; Charles W. Yost, former deputy chief of the U.S. mission to the UN; Roger Hilsman, former assistant secretary of state for Far Eastern affairs; George B. Kistiakowsky, formerly special assistant to the President for science and technology, and others as distinguished. "There now appears to be a serious danger," the group concluded, "that the momentum of the Vietnam conflict may carry hostilities to disproportionate and even perilous levels. Under the circumstances, there is a need to explore policy alternatives for the future."

The Carnegie Endowment is a high-level organization which normally does not concern itself with policy questions that have domestic political implications. The memorandum to the President does not represent official Carnegie Endowment views, which can be voiced only by the trustees, but the presence in the group of seven officials and trustees is significant. The board of trustees authorized participation in the meeting, and the conclusion reached evidently reflects a growing concern not only among those who did participate but on the part of a

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THE NATION

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large section of what might be called the Foreign Policy Establishment.

The logic is unassailable. No war is a static affair, and this one, as past escalations have shown, is highly dynamic. It is obviously carrying us to perilous levels, and will continue on that course unless the pressure is reduced.

The logic is likewise sound in its insistence on an American scaling down of military activity without imposing conditions. This is good diplomatic practice under the circumstances. If we announced a suspension of the bombing subject to certain conditions and Hanoi acceded (which it shows no sign of doing), we would be bound by these conditions. By announcing a suspension and saying nothing more, we would have a freer hand in subsequent negotiations.

The Bermuda meeting is not the only instance of restlessness in the Foreign Policy Establishment. A meeting in Chicago of *Table Ronde*, a group of ninety European government leaders, businessmen and intellectuals, was addressed by John J. McCloy, who ran the War Department under Secretary Henry L. Stimson in World War II and was subsequently U.S. high commissioner in Germany and chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank. No one possesses greater prestige or wields more unofficial power—John Kenneth Galbraith once referred to him as “Chairman of the Board of the Establishment.”

In a criticism aimed directly at the White House, McCloy asked the President to order an immediate reappraisal of the Western Alliance, “with an order to all government agencies making it clear that our relationships with Europe are the most important items in all of American foreign policy” (D. J. R. Bruckner, *Los Angeles Times*, January 15). The significance of this is that McCloy is troubled by the overshadowing effect of the Vietnamese War on our role in Europe. The Foreign Policy Establishment in New York, from the years before World War I when the House of Morgan exercised predominant power, has always been Europe-oriented. Its members are Eastern Seaboard, Ivy League types, with close European ties. They are sensible of the serious disarray in the Western Alliance. With no dovelike sentiments in their make-up, they see the United States overextended and would like us to revert to prudent policy in the Pacific.

These statesmen would agree with Senator Mansfield that “the logical consequence of greater American involvement [in Vietnam] is still greater involvement. At some point in this process, if it continues, the escalator may well get out of control. . . .”

Crossroads of Decision

The United States is clearly approaching a crossroads of decision. On the one hand, we can continue to plunge into deeper and deeper commitments in furtherance of the “world policeman” role the military want us to assume. This means pushing ahead in Vietnam regardless of consequences, it means more counterinsurgency wherever free enterprise comes under attack. This is the neo-imperialist role—what was piously referred to at the turn of the century as Manifest Destiny. In a sense it also means increasing isolation since—while we can always

recruit some partners of a more or less nominal kind—we shall be going it more and more alone, on our own initiative and at our own expense in blood and treasure.

On the other hand, there is what Senator Fulbright has called “a great opportunity,” the prerequisite of which is the rejection of the imperial role. This does not mean that we would do nothing, nor that we would avoid leadership, but that we would lead without the imperial overtones, the heavy military fist, the fanaticism of the anti-Communist crusade. We would exert leadership by example, working through international organizations and multi-national agencies (especially the UN and its subordinate bodies). We would seek a real *détente* with the USSR, working with it on an interim basis to keep the lid on, to give the forces making for a world community time to gain strength. This is the role suggested by Senator Aiken in his remarkable speech. He wants our policy in Southeast Asia “demilitarized” on moral grounds, and because it must now be clear to everyone—except the hawks in the Johnson Administration and their blind followers—that with all our military power we cannot get the guerrillas out of the rice paddies; the old-style power game is played out. Aiken urges us to reject the delusions which have led the Administration into the quagmire; to pretend that “the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong . . . are integral parts of a unified and monolithic world communism is simply a self-destructive fantasy. . . .”

Perhaps one of the reasons for Senator Aiken’s concern is that he realizes the significance of what happened on January 16—what Patrick Donovan calls “the closing day for the British empire.” The British pullback confronts us with an excruciating problem. Are we going to pick up that burden too, as well as the Middle East and all the other trouble spots of the world?

Britain’s setting sun should be a warning. How does a great power best preserve its influence? By throwing its weight around? By telling new regimes what they can and cannot do? By fighting nationalism? By slipping into the colonial or neo-colonial vacuums left by ousted imperialists? Are we trying to prove that Lenin and Trotsky were right? Or are we responsive to the long anti-imperialist tradition of America, which we began to violate, in areas at a distance from the continental United States, after the Spanish-American war? There is little time left to answer these questions.

Something Like Courage

Defying the protests of thirty-three Congressmen, National Educational Television went ahead and broadcast its condensed version of Felix Greene’s *Inside North Vietnam*. Its presentation of Dr. Robert A. Scalapino, the academic voice of the Administration, in a panel discussion immediately after the screening was undoubtedly intended to shield the network from the vengeance of the legislators, but David Schoenbrun’s sharp and informed challenge to Professor Scalapino’s astigmatic view of history made the debate a valid piece of public information (not to say entertainment) in its own right.

What was not so satisfactory was the editing of Mr. Greene’s film. Some reduction of footage was no doubt

necessary to fit the time limitations of the program, but it is hard to believe that Greene's conversation with the wounded American flier was cut short for reasons of space. This officer's sober statement that America is in a bad war and should get out of it, his expressed conviction that the voters could and should begin the process of withdrawal in the November elections, was journalistically as fascinating material as any the film provided, and its moral content was unforgettable. If N.E.T. cut these passages from fear of reprisal, it set a bad and foolish precedent—bad because it imposed an illusion of free discussion on a reality of political calculation and foolish because the pachyderms of consensus are never placated by a qualified resistance to their demands. N.E.T. is to be commended for what was at least a show of defiance; if its viewers respond as they should, the network may be emboldened next time to be really bold.

Frankel Speaks Out

In an editorial comment in our issue of May 29, 1967, we called attention to an article by Tom J. Farer in *Columbia University Forum* which pointed out "the lack in our government of a tradition of resignation on openly stated grounds of principle, a lack which is in large measure a function of the unusual indifference, bordering on contempt, of our Establishment to dissent premised on moral scruples." The British have such a tradition, and it has stood them in good stead. Harold Macmillan referred to it recently in an interview with Edwin Newman on N.B.C.-TV. "Your life belongs to you," Macmillan said. When, as in the Suez crisis, individuals who should have resigned failed to do so, they lived to regret it.

In our May 29 comments we recalled what had happened to Henry Wallace, Adlai Stevenson and others who chose to hang on rather than quit and tell the country why. We suggested that Secretary McNamara should resign. When he finally did, we said in "Exit McNamara" (December 11, 1967) that he should have stated his reasons. He could still do so, not out of any captious motive but because of what he owes himself and all of us.

In the December 11 editorial we mentioned the case of Charles Frankel, whose resignation from the State Department was overshadowed by the departure of McNamara from Defense. Commenting on Frankel's excellent work in promoting international cooperation in scholarly and cultural activities, *Science* (December 15, 1967) concluded regretfully that "since resignation in anger is no longer an accepted mode of behavior in American public life," Frankel had chosen to go in silence, at least in regard to Vietnam. The silence was only temporary, however. Frankel gave a long interview to Richard Dudman, with the understanding that it would not be published until ten days after he left office on December 31 (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, January 10).

What Frankel has to say is indeed revealing, not so much in regard to his own attitudes, which could be deduced from his character, but in his description of how we get into such situations as the conflict in Vietnam. When he was offered his assistant secretaryship in State in mid-1965 Frankel was already opposed to the war and

said so, but was assured by a White House representative that it was sufficient that he supported the President's desire for negotiation; also that the escalation was only temporary and the bombing would end soon.

When things turned out otherwise, Frankel not only found himself identified with a policy to which he objected but the cultural program suffered from inadequate Administration support and loss of U.S. Government credibility as the war dragged on. When finally Frankel left, it was with a conviction that top State Department people were sincere, but with an equal conviction that they had gone into the war incautiously and had overcommitted themselves through a series of decisions based on overoptimistic assessments. Each time, instead of reacting with increased caution, the responsible officials raised the stakes, hoping thus to wipe out the latest prior error. Then the next intelligence estimate would be tailored to justify the enlarged involvement. The result was "a rolling institutional commitment. All the people who are involved, who go to Vietnam as members of the armed forces or the other agencies, or who are involved in the State Department here in Washington—all become children of the faith." And so the whole enterprise gets out of control.

All of which raises the question: to whom are public servants supposed to be loyal, and in what degrees? To the "boss" or to the country? To the man who appointed them, or to the people and to their own sense of what they owe themselves? After all, as Mr. Macmillan said, their lives are their own.

Now that at last we have had a resignation on principle, the example should encourage others. When Arthur Goldberg has had enough, we hope he resigns not with a whimper but with a bang, so that we may learn more than we now know or suspect about how the Johnson Administration does business. And we hope he will state his reasons then and there. The delay Mr. Frankel imposed on himself was good manners, but bad strategy.

Riot Control: Campus Style

Gov. Ronald Reagan is a busy man, but the California State Senate Judiciary Committee plans to add another function to his duties: *de facto* chief of police of the state's twenty-seven university and college campuses and their 284,000 students (see page 171 this issue). The committee proposes a California Campus Patrol headed by a Sacramento-based commissioner appointed by and responsible to the Governor, with "primary jurisdiction" for law enforcement on all campuses.

This scheme, which strips university chancellors and college presidents of their present authority over campus police, is a riot-inciting measure that would meet the approval of any professional *agent provocateur*. Campuses already are sensitive to the presence of outside police, and a campus-based police system, controlled from Sacramento, would stimulate a round of disorders and repression that would likely disrupt every state campus in California. Students, surrounded by the turmoil in the larger society over the Vietnamese War and racial conflict, cannot be sealed off on islands of tranquillity.

WHY THEY SHOOT AMERICANS

NORMAN DIAMOND

Mr. Diamond has taught for two years at Harvard University, where he is now working for his Ph.D. He was in Guatemala last summer, and his present area of study is the counter-insurgency movement in that country.

The killing of two American officers in Guatemala last month was neither a retaliation for right-wing attacks nor an act of arbitrary terrorism. It may have been an act of desperation, but one that had been planned well ahead and the consequences of which had been carefully calculated. What needs to be explained is its significance for the guerrilla movement and why the guerrillas waited until now.

Last summer, I took part in a discussion with members of the Revolutionary Armed Forces (FAR) in the back country of northeast Guatemala. The topic was the political advisability of a campaign against U.S. citizens, either United Fruit Company executives or members of the military mission. At that meeting, FAR opinion was that the time for such a campaign had passed, that the guerrillas had been too much weakened to benefit from it.

The intention of such attacks would have been to force an escalation of U.S. military strength in Guatemala, both arousing the population against the United States and diverting soldiers, advisers and equipment from liberation struggles elsewhere in the world. But now, the FAR argued, with the November 13th guerrilla movement nearly destroyed, and with the fighting strength of the FAR itself greatly reduced, attacks on United Fruit Company's executive compound at Bananera or on the military mission would be interpreted as last-ditch efforts and would do no more than increase U.S. support for Guatemalan counterinsurgency programs.

When in a position of greater strength, the FAR had chosen not to emphasize the internationalism of their struggle. Confident of eventual victory, they had come to a tacit understanding with United Fruit that permitted the guerrillas to operate in and around the company's plantation. Their confidence extended even to issuing statements signed by guerrilla leaders. They thus identified themselves, a bold step that is now proving costly. Underestimating the potential effects of U.S. military and "software" counterinsurgency aid, and perhaps underestimating our determination to prevent a successful popular movement, the guerrillas tried not to attract U.S. military attention and emphasized primarily their nationalist goals. The question for them was whether to attempt to tie down U.S. troops in Guatemala or to try for a relatively quick seizure of power. In control of large areas of the northeast, they chose the latter course.

Actually they were never strong enough to stand a chance in battle against U.S. counterinsurgency forces. The more realistic question is whether they could have used an increased direct U.S. military presence as a

means of organizing the peasantry. By last summer, this question seemed no longer relevant to their strategy. The January 16th killings indicate a reassessment by the guerrillas derived from changing conditions of struggle. Their implications for the possibility of a more successful movement in Guatemala could be great.

The Avenue of the Americas, with its park of statues down the middle, is one of Guatemala City's most pleasant boulevards. It runs through the exclusive residential areas where the majority of U.S. diplomatic and military officials live. On it is located the U.S. Consulate, and it is also the most convenient route between the city and the airport and Guatemalan Air Force headquarters. With the intensification of air attacks against villages sympathetic to the guerrillas and of air surveillance on guerrilla positions, traffic between the military mission at the embassy and the Guatemalan Air Force headquarters has become heavier. On January 16, while returning for lunch, Col. John Webber, Jr., head of the U.S. military team in Guatemala, and Lieut. Comdr. Ernest Munro, his naval adviser, were killed by machine-gun bullets from a green Chevrolet sedan.

Colonel Webber may not have been the most relevant target for the guerrillas. As head of the mission, his functions have probably been administration and public relations. Actual responsibility for our anti-guerrilla programs in Guatemala has rested with his second in command, Lieutenant Colonel Thying. At parties, after a few drinks, Webber was apt to introduce Thying to guests from home as "our counterinsurgency expert," a designation which Thying does not like to have publicized. Webber would argue with liberal students in volunteer community and medical programs that "our goals for reform are really the same as yours; just the methods differ." Thying, however, sees himself as a technician, unconcerned with questions of policy, following orders. According to him, his programs for killing guerrillas and undercutting their popular support are "apolitical."

Both men arrived in Guatemala in 1966 when the guerrillas were at the peak of their strength. Thying was transferred from Colombia where, although he later depreciated the anti-guerrilla skills attributed to him by Webber, he acknowledges having supervised "mopping-up" and having "straightened out the situation." They introduced to Guatemala the advanced techniques in counterinsurgency being developed in Vietnam. They also undertook to rationalize the Guatemalan armed forces, tying them even closer to the U.S. military.

Under their direction the major counterinsurgency emphasis has been on killing guerrillas. Large areas of the country have been declared off limits and then subjected to heavy bombing. Reconnaissance planes using advanced photographic techniques fly over suspected guerrilla country and jet planes, assigned to specific areas, can be called in within minutes to kill anything that moves on

the ground. Infantry troops have been trained in anti-guerrilla fighting and use laboratory techniques, as well as more traditional torture, to determine whether guerrillas have visited a village.

To complement the killing, our military has introduced rural pacification programs like those developed by American professors for use in Vietnam. Designed to deprive the guerrillas of indigenous support by demonstrations of what can be attained through existing political channels, these programs emphasize health and literacy. Programs of inoculations, well digging and milk for children fall under these military auspices, as do literacy programs, taught by soldiers with readings of a highly structured political content. Various U.S. volunteer agencies, like Amigos de las Americas, are incorporated into the military plan. (Innocent summer volunteers have been surprised to find themselves suddenly on Air Force planes being flown into Guatemala from Honduras without visas and then stuck in army jeeps to be driven to their destination. Their role—somewhat akin to Green Beret first aid—is to inoculate “safe” peasants.)

These direct and indirect attacks on the guerrillas and their popular bases of support are not the only reasons why U.S. military men are obvious targets in Guatemala. For the FAR, the military mission represents also a more subtle form of imperialism. The bulk of U.S. aid to Guatemala must be returned to the United States in payment for goods and services (a form of subsidy by U.S. taxpayers to the companies providing the goods and services), and the guerrillas recognize that the exchange is a means of controlling the Guatemalan economy. Efforts by the United States to rationalize the Guatemalan armed forces both benefit the U.S. companies selling the weapons and serve to maintain U.S. control over the Guatemalan military. Formerly, as Colonel Thying explained in an interview, Guatemala bought arms on the world market, procuring large supplies which, without replacements and spare parts, were useless within two or three years. Our administration of procurements now simultaneously saves money for the Guatemalans and makes them dependent on U.S. policy.

The U.S. Embassy has issued a statement expressing surprise and incomprehension at the slaying of Colonel Webber and Lieutenant Commander Munro, since Guatemalans are described as being in general “very friendly” toward the United States. But as should be clear from the above background, our military personnel are, and will continue to be, potential targets for guerrilla attacks.

I went to Guatemala in 1967 sympathetic to the social programs of the guerrillas but expecting to face a difficult moral dilemma with respect to their frequent use of violence. As in the case of black urban uprisings, I thought, many innocent persons would probably die in the violence directed toward progressive ends. The situation that I found in Guatemala was somewhat different. At every level of the society I found a respect for the integrity and judiciousness of the guerrillas: their targets are always evident political and military opponents of importance.

If political considerations have hitherto restrained the

FAR from attacking the U.S. military, changing conditions have changed the balance of those considerations. The counterinsurgency programs have isolated the guerrilla groups from their bases of support in the countryside. With their peasant fighting cadres either killed or no longer responsive, with the identity of their leadership known to the government (FAR leadership consists of professional men and former military officers—individuals who can't simply disappear into the hills without being missed), the impetus of the guerrilla movement has been lost. Its major task at this point is to prepare the way for a future movement, starting from fresh bases, probably with new leadership. It is by this goal that I would explain the change in guerrilla policy toward U.S. military personnel.

Some of the same considerations which existed when the guerrillas were stronger, also hold true now. While there is no chance at present that the United States will intervene on a large scale with troops, the guerrillas may hope that increased repression by the Guatemalan Government will help radicalize the population, especially the students and urban slum dwellers. Until now, the Guatemalan armed forces have avoided the appearance of excessive repression. Their attack planes fly from hidden and even inaccessible airports; the number and kinds of aircraft are a secret from most of the population and even from the civilian government. The army has gone so far as to reroute rivers to cover the traces of bombings and massacres, as well as razing forests and bulldozing villages. For the civic action programs to have any chance of success, it has been necessary to keep from the population the extent of repressive violence simultaneously employed by the government.

This repression has been exercised almost entirely in the countryside. There have been gun battles in Guatemala City, but few parts of the urban population have been affected. The government has responded to right-wing terror with sighs of regret, but the killing of Webber and Munro has forced it to institute a “state of alarm,” which imposes censorship, bans meetings of more than four people, and permits arrest on sight without questioning. These measures will bring the struggle to the city. Guatemala's students, traditionally volatile in matters concerning their own rights, are likely to become much more involved than they have been to date. The notorious Fifth Zone slums, into which uniformed police are afraid to go except in force, may also react violently to infringement of its autonomy. **Today's** students may yet furnish some of the leadership in a liberation struggle at least partly based on the urban population.

Further, by finally attacking the U.S. military, the FAR may be indicating a new conception of what the future struggle should be. Having at first misunderstood our role in their country, they may now see the United States as the primary **enemy of the social changes** which they desire. Political organizing within the country will still have to be directed at the immediate conditions and against the local oligarchy, but there may be a more realistic awareness of **the need** to confront the United States. If the killings on the Avenue of the Americas are a guide, the next guerrilla movement in Guatemala will be directed in more international terms.

Dirksen: The Presidents' Chameleon

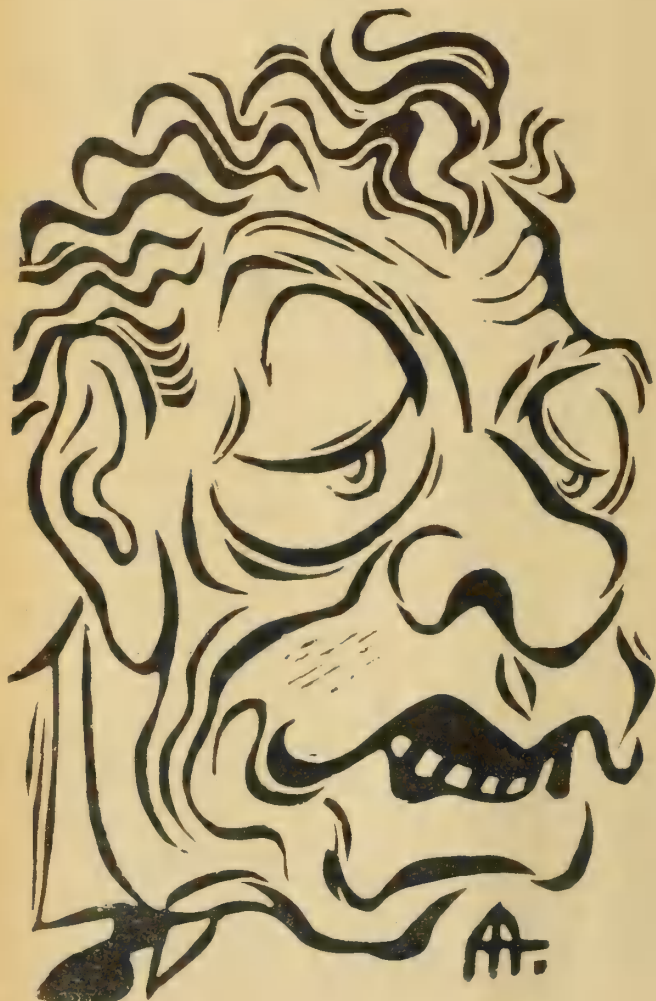
EDWARD S. GILBRETH

Mr. Gilbreth is a staff writer for the Chicago Daily News, specializing in state and local government.

Chicago

Everett McKinley Dirksen, senior Senator from the state he likes to refer to as the Land of Lincoln, enters this election year at the peak of a career that spans thirty years on Capitol Hill. Senator Dirksen envisions 1968 as the year of his greatest fulfillment. It may be that, or it may be the year when his power is eclipsed by the Democrats or by restless young blood within his own Republican ranks.

The Senator will be seeking a fourth term from Illinois. He also aspires to, and probably will get, the chairmanship of the platform committee at the Republican National Convention this summer. As leader of the Senate minority and as key adviser to the two Democratic Presidents of the 1960s, Dirksen accepts credit for many of the legislative milestones of this decade. Now, in the opening of the second session of the 90th Congress, he stands once again at stage center, ready to step forward whenever cries of "author! author!" herald some triumph.



And step forward he will. For whatever his pretense at humility, shyness is not in the make-up of this Illinois son of German immigrants, a man who has painstakingly cultivated the role of leadership and who, at the age of 72, shows no willingness to relinquish it.

Dirksen's success (if the acquisition of power, whatever the wisdom of its use, can be called success) is remarkable, considering that his flamboyance and theatricality make him a conspicuous figure of fun. In chronic poor health, he rumbles around the Senate like a skeleton in oversized clothes. His throaty baritone and arm-flinging oratorical style are a burlesque of the 19th-century superpatriot. His appeals to the Eternal Verities embarrass intelligent audiences.

As Dirksen once acknowledged, "Home, motherhood—some of my colleagues smile when I speak on such subjects. . . . But these are basic. You can appeal to people only through things which motivate them strongly."

Dirksen dominates the U.S. Senate. He is indulgent toward Democratic Party leaders who complain that he has more influence with the White House than do the President's own partisans. Dirksen has been able, so far at least, to muffle fellow Republicans who resent his tandem ride with the President.

Dirksen has attained leadership by playing the political chameleon, flip-flopping between conservative and liberal positions too often to be frozen in any stance. (The *Chicago Sun-Times* once catalogued his voting record and accused him of changing his views seventy times on farm policy, sixty-two times on foreign affairs and thirty-one times on military matters.) This so-called flexibility permits Dirksen to leap onto either side of an issue. It endears him to Democratic Presidents, who on several occasions have found him a willing partner in steering Administration measures through the Senate. His contributions to the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of 1963 and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 are perhaps overrated; it was he, nonetheless, who emerged as hero of the hour after the passage of each.

Dirksen cherishes the role of adviser to Presidents; he learned its value when he sought a third term in 1962. One morning, Dirksen had just gotten out of bed and was rummaging around his suite in Chicago's LaSalle Hotel when he was summoned to the telephone by a Presidential secretary, who said: "The President wants you to come to Washington on a highly urgent matter."

It was October 22, the day President John F. Kennedy announced to the world that the United States would risk nuclear war with Russia to force withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba. Dirksen flew to Washington, along with Congressional leaders of both parties. A few days later, he was able to chortle to a home-state audience: "I feel like a commuter between Chicago and Washington these days, but I do not mind, for these are command performances."

The "command performance" was a dramatic climax to

his re-election campaign. On election eve, Dirksen's aides predicted a 500,000-vote plurality for their candidate ("There is a fragrant odor of victory in the air," Dirksen crowed), but in fact his margin was 200,000-plus, the smallest of his three races for the Senate. By Illinois standards, it was no landslide, and there is reason to believe that he would have lost except for the Cuban crisis. Louis Harris, who in 1962 was President Kennedy's personal pollster, said that his staff's polls before Dirksen's summons to the White House indicated that he would lose.

Instances of harmony between Dirksen and Lyndon B. Johnson are legion. The Republican leader has been the President's main source of strength in Senate support for Administration policy in Vietnam. But Dirksen has been as willing to aid the Democratic President in other dilemmas. It was to Dirksen that Mr. Johnson turned for rescue from a recent political embarrassment, and perhaps no episode better dramatizes their rapport. The episode began last summer. Mr. Johnson named Simon F. McHugh, Jr., husband of a former favorite secretary, to a \$26,000-a-year vacancy on the Subversive Activities Control Board. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate without debate. News media then exposed the do-nothing behavior of the SACB. Two years previously, the Supreme Court had knocked out the board's major power to force Communist organizations to register with the government. This power, the Court held, violated a citizen's right not to testify against himself. The board, its power thus emasculated, had held no hearings for twenty months, and none was pending before it when the President handed the fat-salaried sinecure to a 29-year-old man on the fringe of his official family.

The revelation led a number of Democrats to call for abolishing the board, which had been created by the Internal Security Act of 1950. (The Act, it will be recalled, was passed over President Truman's veto.)

There were two lines of attack on the agency. One was led by Sen. Wayne Morse, the Oregon Democrat, who saw circumstances ripe for ridding the government of a witch-hunting apparatus set up in the heyday of McCarthyism. The other was led by Sen. William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat, who argued from economy. What justification was there, he asked, for perpetuating an agency that had no work to do, although its five members and thirteen employees required an annual budget of some \$300,000?

The debate that followed featured Senator Dirksen in his familiar role of going to bat for his friend in the White House. Dirksen, raising the specter of an internal Communist menace, proposed to reactivate the SACB by empowering it to investigate suspected Communists on its own initiative, and then list them with the Attorney General's office. Presumably, this would circumvent the Supreme Court ruling against self-incrimination, since so-called Communist-front groups or individuals would not themselves be required to register.

The Dirksen proposal effectively thwarted the strategy to abolish the SACB on the ground of economy. By arguing that the board should be given work to do, Dirksen left open only that argument that there was no need for the agency. But anyone who followed that line was by implication "soft on communism."

Senator Proxmire filibustered against the Dirksen

proposal, and it was finally defeated. However, Dirksen lost the battle but won the war. What emerged was a so-called compromise, agreed to by both Dirksen and Proxmire, under which the SACB would be kept alive (that is, its appropriation untouched) and the board would have until the end of 1968 to show that it had effective work to do. Proxmire saved face by asserting his confidence that the compromise assured "the death of the board."

From the start, of course, Senator Dirksen was assured of some type of victory. It had been his from the time Mr. Johnson asked Dirksen to extricate him from the quandary. The real victory, masked by oratory about how best to cope with the "internal menace," was in changing the thrust of debate from that of questioning a Presidential appointment to that of evaluating the SACB. The forgotten man in the weeks-long controversy, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) confessed that he had not heard from the President.

In late November, nearly one month after the SACB debate, the President had an opportunity to pay Dirksen one of those public tributes that cause increasing resentment among the partisan followers of each. Mr. Johnson appeared unannounced at a dinner at which veterans of the old Office of Strategic Services (forerunner to the Central Intelligence Agency) were honoring Dirksen. Speaking informally, Mr. Johnson praised Dirksen for avoiding "the temptations of irresponsibility" as an opposition leader. "No one—no one—has excelled his strategic service to the cause of freedom in the world. . . . He is a great American. He is a great human being. He is one of my dearest friends."

This endorsement can be expected to hold despite Dirksen's occasional harangues against the Administration, the most recent of which came in a year-end report to the Senate. Dirksen declared then that "there is no prospect of peace, no promise of stability, no hope for the better" in Mr. Johnson's policy in Vietnam. He went on to attack the Administration in this and harsher language, and the attack won national attention. Newspapers devoted columns to analysis. Did the Senator's remarks point to a permanent estrangement between the President and his No. 1 ally on Vietnam?

Hardly. For one thing, Dirksen's remarks were contained in the year's final issue of the *Congressional Record*, which is traditionally used for "extension of remarks" written after adjournment. These year-end summations traditionally blacken the opponent, whether of the majority or minority party. Dirksen knew he could have gained considerably more mileage from the attack with a speech in the Senate, rather than through the back door of the *Record*.

Then, too, Dirksen needed to soothe the wounds he inflicted on fellow party members by his repeated defense of Mr. Johnson's escalation of the war. As recently as last October, he had humiliated his party's former national chairman, Sen. Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky, when Morton dared suggest that the President had been "brain-washed" on the war issue by the nation's military-industrial complex. Dirksen chose to answer Morton in a speech on the floor of the Senate, not in the fine print in any

"extension of remarks." "Have you heard the British demean their king and queen?" Dirksen asked. "No, you do not demean the ruler. The President is not our ruler, but you do not demean him in the eyes of the people abroad; for when you do, you demean the prestige of this Republic." By no coincidence, Morton, a moderate, has been the choice of a number of progressive Republicans to replace Dirksen as their Senate leader.

Dirksen maintains that his alliance with Mr. Johnson does not differ from the foreign policy support he gave President Kennedy. In 1963, Dirksen worked hard with Mr. Kennedy to win support for the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. Dirksen reported to the White House the arguments of critics of the test ban, then worked out with Mr. Kennedy a letter of assurances, which the President forwarded to the Senate.

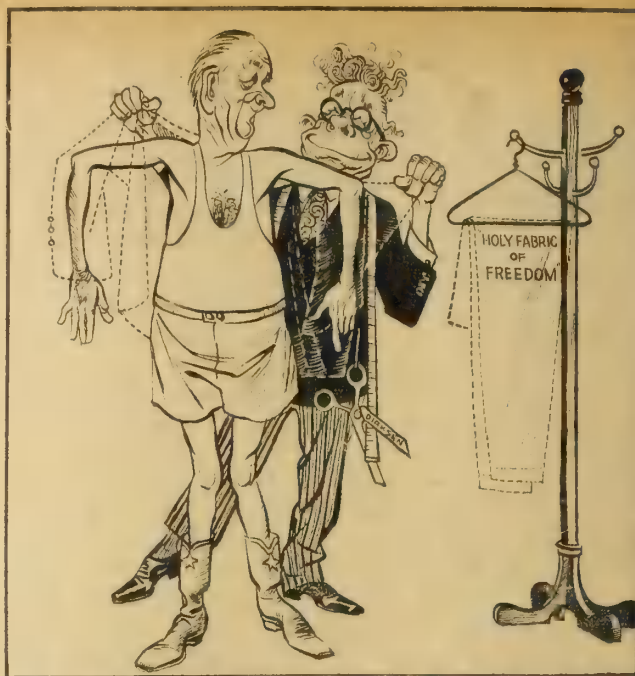
However, the Dirksen-Johnson bond goes deeper than any tie between Dirksen and Mr. Kennedy. One example: the Senator last year won for Illinois the government's choicest prize, the selection of one of Chicago's west suburbs as site of the Atomic Energy Commission's \$400 million super atom-smasher. This was accomplished despite the fact that Illinois failed to enact an open-occupancy law to guarantee freedom of residence for Negroes who would be employed at the new federal facility, located in the heart of lily-white suburbia.

Laboring for both Presidents, Dirksen has revealed an obsession with history's judgment of him. During the debate on the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, he cried out: "I should not like to have written on my tombstone, 'He knew what happened at Hiroshima, but he did not take a first step.'" Arguing in behalf of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, he intoned: "I don't want it said that Everett Dirksen had told young men [Negroes] they could risk being killed in defending the country, but could have no voice in running it."

It was during the same Civil Rights debate that Dirksen flung out one arm in the direction of Barry Goldwater and warned that "no extreme statement you can utter" will alter "the upward thrust of civilization." Dirksen then demonstrated his virtuosity by listing as examples of "upward thrusts" various social welfare measures, including Social Security, which Dirksen ardently opposed during the fourteen years he served as an anti-New Deal Congressman from Illinois' Pekin area.

A few weeks after pointing his finger at Goldwater, Dirksen further demonstrated his flexibility by nominating Goldwater for President at the Republican National Convention. He said it was time to offer voters an alternative "to the Socialist philosophy that has already debilitated three-fourths of the world."

Dirksen has never made it clear at what point he thinks government regulation leaves the realm of "social welfare" and enters the category of "socialism." He could have been defending his own voting record, in his Goldwater nominating speech, when he ridiculed as "sadistic sport" the finding of inconsistencies in a man's record. After all, Dirksen said, "the man never lived, and the hero was never born who, by singling out some vote, some utterance, some opinion, cannot be crucified upon the cross erected by the cynics."



Macpherson, Toronto Star
The Emperor's Clothes

Dirksen, who did nothing to prevent, who even abetted, the Goldwater candidacy, emerged unscathed from the Republicans' crushing defeat in 1964. For once, he stationed himself in the wings, wringing his hands in dismay at the catastrophic performance onstage, a performance that one was supposed to assume he had had no hand in directing.

If he succeeds in chairing the platform committee at the party's 1968 convention, Dirksen will be able to mold the GOP's election strategy to his liking. And this prospect frightens many fellow Republicans almost as much as would another Goldwater candidacy. If he is in one of his conservative moods, Dirksen could easily fashion a platform unacceptable to a progressive nominee, such as Nelson Rockefeller. More important, many Republicans fear that Dirksen could saddle the party with a Vietnam plank parroting the Democratic support of the President. This would be unthinkable for Presidential nominees such as George Romney, who now opposes Vietnamese policy, or for the increasingly dovish Sen. Charles H. Percy, Dirksen's junior colleague from Illinois.

For this reason, a majority of the twenty-six Republican Governors want one of their own to share the platform committee chairmanship with Dirksen. The Governors, a more liberal lot than the GOP Congressional wing led by Dirksen, asked that Gov. Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania be named. This Dirksen refused to allow, although he pretends that the matter is the prerogative of the Republican National Committee and its chairman, Ray C. Bliss.

The question of Percy poses yet another problem for Dirksen. Percy wants to be Illinois' favorite son Presidential nominee at the Miami Beach convention. Many conservative supporters of Dirksen in Illinois recoil from

that idea, regarding Percy as something of a traitor to "true Republicanism." Only one year into his freshman term, Percy is rated almost five times as liberal as Dirksen by Americans for Democratic Action. The ADA gave him a rating of 38, compared to 8 for Dirksen, on all 1967 roll calls where conservative and liberal lines could be discerned. Dirksen has said he will "not oppose" Percy's favorite son status, but he has not said he would support it. This lack of support was sufficient encouragement for Illinois die-hard conservatives, who this spring plan to contest election of pro-Percy delegates to the national convention.

Illinois Democrats, reconciled to a national ticket headed by LBJ, must come up with a candidate to oppose Dirksen. Their field is limited. The Democrats' private polls indicate that their best candidate would be State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III, who twice has proven to be the party's top vote getter in state-wide elections. But young Stevenson in early January withdrew himself from consideration. (The polls, incidentally, showed him a less than even bet against Dirksen.)

Senator Paul Simon, a youngish reform legislator from

southern Illinois, has been mentioned as an aspirant for Dirksen's seat, although there is increasing evidence that Mayor Daley has come up with a "magic" name, Sargent Shriver, which would bring the Kennedy name and fortune into the campaign.

Neither political party in Illinois will endorse candidates for the state's June primary election until spring. During that time, Dirksen will continue to enjoy a national rostrum in the Senate. His daily performances will be fed to his constituents from the front pages of their newspapers, and by the time the formal campaign begins the white-thatched old veteran will appear unbeatable.

That, of course, is the image Dirksen wants to project in his campaign for a fourth term.

And if the polls should suddenly reverse, if President Johnson appears likely to carry Illinois, if Senator Dirksen's own campaign falters because of his age or the issues, he can take out and wave the highest endorsement for his return to the Senate:

"No one—no one—has excelled his strategic service to the cause of freedom in the world. . . . He is a great American. He is a great human being. He is one of my dearest friends."

ACTIVISM VS. REAGANISM

THE MEDDLERS AT BERKELEY

DAVID SWANSTON

Mr. Swanston is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

Berkeley

For the fourth time in as many years, the University of California at Berkeley is in turmoil. The current crisis is not as intense as the Free Speech Movement of 1964, nor as volatile as the 1965 Vietnam Day Committee controversy, nor as disruptive as last year's student strike. But at the roots of the crisis is a threat to the university far more serious than any student uprising—a concentrated and successful interference in campus activities by off-campus forces.

Like the earlier outbreaks in Berkeley's cycle of confrontation politics, this year's controversy involves student violations of campus rules and punishment for the violations leading to major campus demonstrations. But this year, as activist and administrator squared off across Sproul Plaza, a new factor appeared on the scene and forced the battle neither side wanted. Catalysts for the current showdown: the Alameda County Board of Supervisors.

The board, normally busy with problems of water, taxes and zoning in the large East Bay county, joined a growing platoon of politicians and state officials who have become persistent meddlers in the affairs of the Berkeley campus since Ronald Reagan took office a year ago. But where others had been content to pass resolu-

tions, inflame public opinion, threaten tuition and reduced budgets, and discharge a president, the board jumped straight into campus events.

The controversy began in October, as student activists made final plans for Stop the Draft Week demonstrations at the Army Examining Station in Oakland. Demonstration leaders used the "free forum" of Sproul Hall steps to urge UC students to join the protest, and announced that the campus Student Union be a sleeping-staging area for the demonstration.

Campus officials were unruffled by the demonstration planning, but the sleep-in announcement brought quick denials that permission to use the building had been given, and a series of negotiations began between administrators, student government officers and activists. What emerged was a compromise agreement allowing the university's Associated Students to sponsor an all-night teach-in that would include discussion—on both sides—of the draft, the war and direct action.

"The decision to grant the use of our facilities for the teach-in is an affirmation of faith in our students and in the value of putting into a serious format an event that might otherwise be destructive," Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns told a meeting of the faculty senate. The senate agreed, voting to support the teach-in and commending the chancellor for "his forthright decision, taken in keeping with the university's tradition of free expression." The Alameda Board of Supervisors, on the other hand, voted unanimously to demand that the uni-

versity deny the use of its facilities for activity connected with the Stop the Draft Week demonstrations.

Responding to the board's action, Heyns wrote: "We believe that the course that ought to be followed is that of the familiar traditional American practice of punishing or disciplining the doing of harmful actions while leaving citizens free to speak their minds and advocate ideas and platforms, even to advocate future possible unlawful activities." But the supervisors weren't to be denied. When Heyns refused to obey their demand, the board sent its counsel into Superior Court to seek a restraining order to force the university to cancel the teach-in.

In general, campus leaders did not seriously consider that a restraining order would be issued, and on the afternoon of the teach-in plans were unchanged as university officials appeared at an informal session in Alameda County Superior Court. But Superior Court Judge Lewis E. Lacara not only considered the order; he issued it and enjoined the university from permitting use of campus facilities for the teach-in or at any other time "for the purposes of on-campus violations of the Universal Military Training and Service Act and on-campus advocacy of off-campus violations of said act." (The supervisor's counsel argued that attempting to close down the Examining Station violated the Act.) A formal hearing on the restraining order, when its constitutionality could be argued, was scheduled for October 25—five days after the end of Stop the Draft Week.

Heyns issued a terse statement that the order would be obeyed and the Student Union was locked. When several thousand activists showed up on campus and began a rally outside Sproul Hall with their own sound equipment, UC officials responded with warnings of rule violations and punishments. Representatives from the Dean of Students office said the activists were violating university rules prohibiting the use of non-university sound equipment and night rallies, and warned that students participating in the unauthorized meeting would be disciplined later. The students listened to the dean's announcement and then voted to continue the rally. It lasted all night and ended as demonstrators boarded chartered buses on the edge of campus and left for the Examining Station.

Club-swinging Oakland police waded through the demonstrators that morning and the Examining Station protest ended with twenty arrests and dozens of injuries. By noon, 4,000 angry young activists had gathered in Sproul Plaza. A rally had been planned, but the university had withdrawn permission after the sponsoring group, The Resistance, had refused to sign a special pledge that the meeting would not "include nor lead to violations of the law."

After several attempts to conduct the meeting without sound equipment had failed, the activists brought their own amplifiers on campus and began their rally—again in violation of university rules. The meeting lasted three hours, included heated debate on the draft, the demonstration, the rally itself, and the Oakland police department, and featured an "open microphone"—free speech in the broadest sense of the term. Another "illegal" rally was held that night and the students voted to return to the Examining Station.

In all, five unauthorized rallies were held, and the university cited seventy-one students for taking part. Two of the seventy-one were suspended for a year, five others were given "suspended sentences" of one year's suspension, fifteen were cleared of charges and the rest were warned, censured or placed on disciplinary probation.

University officials contend that the students violated existing campus rules concerning the time, place and manner of speeches that would have been in effect without the supervisors' restraining order, but it is obvious that the order forced both the students and the administration into a position that made rule violations nearly inevitable. Except for the order, the teach-in would not have been canceled and there would have been no unauthorized outdoor rally. The university would not have required a pledge that rallies would not include or lead to law violations and the afternoon rallies could have gone as planned. Except for the order, Stop the Draft Week would have passed; some students would have had run-ins with civil authorities but the hassle on campus would not have erupted.

However, it should be noted that both the activists and the administration escalated the conflict as soon as the Board of Supervisors and the Superior Court had wiped out the initial cooperation:

Instead of immediately fighting the restraining order in appellate court, university officers created the special pledge and when student groups refused to sign it and held their rallies anyway hustled around taking names of people "violating university rules." As a result, the constitutionality of the restraining order was never tested, since the supervisors dropped the action on the morning of the formal court hearing.

Instead of attempting to gather public and faculty support around the issue of outside attack upon the university, Heyns whined that his "problems are not helped when the community fails to acknowledge our responsibility and competence to make decisions and execute policies about the subject of student affairs" and turned his attention—and public statements—to student discipline.

Instead of sticking by the lofty concept—presented to the supervisors less than a week earlier—that students should be "free to speak their minds and advocate ideas and platforms, even to advocate possible unlawful activities," UC officials abandoned the principle, created rules that violated it and then announced plans to punish students who broke the rules.

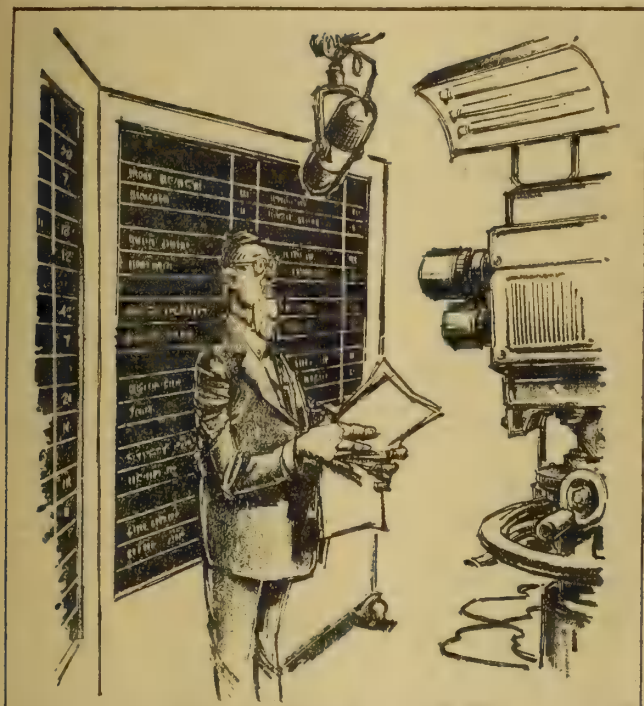
(The principle Heyns touted before the supervisors had been the major accomplishment of the Free Speech Movement. In the wake of the 1964 Sproul Hall sit-in, the Berkeley academic senate resolved that "the content of speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the university," with the provision that "time, place and manner of conducting political activity on campus be subject to reasonable regulations to prevent interference with the normal functions of the university.")

Instead of fighting the supervisors over the autonomy of the university, the administration engaged in a rules fight with students.

But, if the administration was inclined to chey the students, the activists seemed ready to be drawn into

the fray. The students could have moved their teach-in off campus—they had reserved a city park in Berkeley—instead of defying the university. They could have conducted meetings without sound equipment, which would have been perfectly legal. In short, they could have avoided confronting the university and still have launched a successful Stop the Draft Week.

Instead, they held the unauthorized rallies, and when students who spoke at the rallies were called before the Dean of Students, they refused to appear. When the dean recommended that eleven be suspended, they threatened



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"And at Half-Time . . . San Jose State 7—Dow 3 . . .
UCLA 14—CIA 6"

"disruptive demonstrations." And when Heyns finally suspended two of them, they launched three days of mill-ins, disrupting administration buildings with demonstrations.

Thirty-five students were cited for the mill-ins and forty-three more for taking part in a protest against Dow Chemical Company and CIA recruiters on campus. The Dow-CIA protest pointed up the polarized atmosphere on campus created by the restraining order: A year ago Dow and the CIA visited the campus and sparked student demonstrations. But administrators and activists were able to work out guidelines for the protest that were acceptable to both sides. This year, the administrators, the students and the cause of protest were all about the same, but no guidelines could be developed and university rules were once again broken.

Student opinion, including the not especially militant student paper, *The Daily Californian*, generally opposed Heyns and supported the activists. The faculty, as usual, divided on the question, but defeated a resolution that would have censured Heyns. And the Board

of Regents, charged with administering the nine campuses, 95,000 students and 6,000 faculty members in the statewide university system, endorsed the chancellor's handling of the situation.

The endorsement brought a good measure of relief to Berkeley administrators, who feared that the regents would condemn Heyns for not himself forbidding the pre-demonstration rallies. Coupled with this concern was the fear that the regents would take more direct action, perhaps shutting down the campus "open forum." The worries were not entirely without basis. A Berkeley faculty-student Study Commission on University Governance, in a report based on a year's study of UC, had noted that "in the space of less than two years we have witnessed actions by the regents which have raised serious threats to the academic freedom of this campus, the effective governance of its affairs, and the personal freedom of its students."

For example, a year ago the regents ruled that university personnel who participated in campus strikes would be subject to firing. A few months later, they declared that students could be dismissed from the university for off-campus violations of narcotic laws. And recently they issued the seemingly paradoxical statements that the campus could not be used to organize illegal activities, and that the rights of free speech and assembly would be upheld. But the act that most shocked the university—and a good part of the state—was the politically motivated firing of university President Clark Kerr in January, 1967.

Kerr's discharge prompted the Berkeley faculty to sponsor a public convocation on "The Role of the University in a Democratic Society," in an effort to garner public support for the notion of campus autonomy. Speakers at the April 28 ceremonies included Chief Justice Earl Warren and historian Richard Hofstadter, but the star of the afternoon was economist John Kenneth Galbraith.

Galbraith criticized the general concept of a university governing board—such as the Board of Regents—as "a barrier to progress," and added:

Here the governing board that does not govern has come to serve as a conduit for political interference into the university. So, far from being a buffer, it is where those with a political axe now go to grind. It is where those with a whimsical objection to beards, free speech, or the DuBois Clubs can be assured of a sympathetic and responsive ear. So, far from being a buffer that protects against heresy, it has become a means for its exposure. And also for exercising political leverage or action.

The Berkeley Study Commission on University Governance echoed Galbraith's thesis and noted that incidents of the last months "are but the most recent examples of a long series of abuses which make a mockery of the official theory that the regents serve as a 'buffer' between the university and the political pressures emanating from a hostile environment."

Among the most dangerous members of the "hostile environment" is the conservative state legislature which has found the university campus a productive pasture for

making political hay. In recent years, every stir at Berkeley has produced a raft of letters and press statements from Sacramento that keep public opinion churning, and threaten budget cuts and restrictions on the rights of university students and faculty members.

A recent letter to the regents from Oakland Assemblyman Don Mulford is a fair example. Mulford, whose letter was released to the press, was upset because the university had done nothing about twenty-two Berkeley professors who had claimed participation in the unauthorized Stop the Draft Week rallies. He noted that five of the professors "are mentioned in the 13th Report Supplement of the Senate Factfinding Subcommittee on Un-American Activities in California," and then added a couple of not too subtle threats concerning his support of the university budget: "This comes at a time when the legislature is being asked to consider a substantial increase in faculty salaries including these very same professors."

But not all the conservative energy in Sacramento is channeled through letters and press releases. In the wake of the demonstrations at Berkeley and other university campuses and the serious disruption at San Francisco State College, the Reagan administration worked up plans for a state-wide campus police force. The proposal, now being seriously considered in Sacramento, would

provide one giant force with branches on every campus, directed from Sacramento.

As winter quarter classes began at Berkeley a few weeks ago, the off-campus threats remained unchecked and the on-campus controversy remained unresolved. Three students have been suspended for the Dow-CIA protest and many more still face discipline. The teaching assistants local of the American Federation of Teachers has threatened to strike over suspension of its members. And Heyns has stripped the campus student government of its power, thus raising another major controversy.

However, the chances are good that Heyns can keep the lid on campus—if he's left alone. For one thing, there seems to be little student support for more demonstrations to protest the suspensions, and it's doubtful that the teaching assistants will strike except as part of a major confrontation. The 95-page Study Commission report and its recommendations for radical reform have prompted a good deal of campus discussion. The dispute over the future of student government has cooled to serious talks between students and administrators. And both the activists and UC's officials would like time to do their own things and not jostle each other for awhile. But nothing has been done so far to prevent a repeat of last fall's campus tragedy when Stop the Draft Week comes again in April.

EDITING ON THE LEFT

MEMORIES AND CONVICTIONS

JAMES ARONSON

Mr. Aronson, a founder and for many years editor of the National Guardian, also was on the staff of three major New York dailies. He is at present working on a book on the U.S. press and the cold war.

Time magazine, I would suggest, perfected the mini-sneer. When the *National Guardian* published its first issue on October 18, 1948, *Time* described it as a "pink shoe-string." Pink it was to some, and to others a guilty red. But whatever its tint, the shoestring never came untied.

In the early years, during which its editors and managers made half a dozen appearances as witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (Eastland) and the Senate Subcommittee on Government Operations (McCarthy), the *Guardian* was variously described as "a virtual propaganda arm of the Soviet Union" (HUAC) and "the most flamboyant pro-Chinese publication in America" (columnists Evans and Novak). In fact, the *Guardian* was founded as, and remained, an independent and independently owned newsweekly which took strong issue with basic U.S. policy, both foreign and domestic. That is what produced the inquisitorial subpoenas—not the idiotic allegations of adherence to the "international Communist conspiracy." But it is axiomatic

for most politicians and many pundits that any critic of basic U.S. policy must owe his allegiance to a foreign power or gaggle of such powers.

Actually, the genesis of the *National Guardian* was in Germany, in 1945, when Cedric Belfrage, co-founder and first editor of the *Guardian*, and I were engaged in a combined Allied operation (U.S., British, French) to help set up what was optimistically termed "the new free democratic German press" on the ruins of the Nazi press. We were so successful in giving the Germans a chance (which did not last long) to practice their profession honestly that we were most reluctant to go back to jobs on newspapers where freedom of expression was a lofty slogan in a masthead, but not a fact. As radicals, we felt the need for a new publication dedicated not, as were the existing publications on the radical Left, to sectarian polemics and opinion but to supplying factual news and interpretation in areas where the truth was suppressed or distorted.

But occupied Germany was not America and even newspaper men have families, so I went back to the *New York Post* and then to the *Sunday Times*, and Belfrage to free-lance writing. Not for long, however: the seed had been planted, the cold war was on, Henry A. Wallace, as Secretary of Commerce, made his courageous break with the Truman administration, and the Progressive Party was in formation, I resigned from the *Times* in April,

1948, to join Belfrage full time in planning a new news-weekly.

With the help of an able and venturesome group of newspaper men and neophytes who rallied around in a borrowed upper Madison Avenue apartment, and with a most generous offer of technical help from J. W. Gitt, publisher of the *Gazette & Daily* of York, Pa., we published in York a preview issue (it was called *National Gazette*) in August, 1948. It had articles by an illustrious roster of stringers, some of whom became regulars: Max Werner, Frederick L. Schuman, the late Labor M.P. Konni Zilliacus, Louis Adamic, Anna Louise Strong, Arthur Calder-Marshall, James Higgins, John Lardner and James Dugan. We mailed it widely and got back 4,000 paid subscriptions at \$4 each. The next step was to bang (successfully) on the doors of progressives of means, and we began publishing in New York on a regular basis, as the *National Guardian*, two weeks before the election. We had been joined by then in a managerial triumvirate by the late John T. McManus, film critic of the just expired newspaper *PM* and a long-time president of the Newspaper Guild of New York.

From the beginning, we knew that we could not compete with the news-gathering resources of the commercial press. We concentrated rather on being a watchdog of the press, following, unscrambling and analyzing the news and comment that appeared in the daily papers and the newsweeklies, and offering an antidote in the form of independently gathered news and comment that the general press would not print. In this latter area, we were far more successful abroad than at home. Many newspaper men and women in foreign countries, including American exiles, were eager to contribute for very little compensation to an American radical paper; except in the early days, the American working press shied away from the *Guardian*, refusing to write even under pseudonyms.

As the cold war intensified, our newspaper became a champion of its domestic victims, actual and potential. The great American witch hunt of the mid-20th century of course had its origins in the cold war. The conjunction of events—the Truman Doctrine and the reactivated Smith Act, the Korean War and McCarthy—were not accidental. In addition, on the civil rights front, the militant young black freedom movement was still in the offing, and there was a desperate need for journalistic campaigns on behalf of Willie McGee and Rosa Ingram, the Martinsville Seven and the Trenton Six, names barely recalled by a newer generation. In its second issue, the *Guardian* took up the Trenton case as a “new Scottsboro case” and, in a campaign which eventually reverberated from Europe because of *Guardian* stories, helped win a new trial and freedom for the victims of a gross injustice.

The cold war intensified in other areas, too. The Soviet Union decreed President Tito to be a renegade and revisionist and its friends all over the world almost unanimously echoed and accepted the decree. The *Guardian* did not. It carried sympathetic articles from Yugoslavia by Konni Zilliacus.

In the winter of 1949, Anna Louise Strong, the *Guard-*

ian's correspondent in Moscow, was arrested as a “well-known American espionage agent.” The *Guardian* rejected the charge proffered without evidence and stood by its correspondent, despite harsh attacks from U.S. supporters of the Soviet Union. Belfrage and I undertook a quiet but insistent personal campaign of intervention with Eastern European diplomats to force Moscow to acknowledge the absurdity of the accusation. It did—after six years. Despite the physical and psychological agony of her experience, Miss Strong never denounced her faith in socialism. At 75, she is writing from Peking.

I dwell on these early years because they set the paper's standard and tone, and by a process of trial and error moved us to adopt a twofold approach:

(1) *To make the Guardian as nearly as possible indispensable reading for any intelligent American who wanted to know what the Left in America was thinking and doing and to get a balanced view of the opposing forces in the world.*

I say balanced rather than objective because journalistic objectivity is impossible of achievement. In this balance the *Guardian* was a counterweight to the general press which accepted and propagated basic U.S. policy and the virtue of the capitalist system. The *Guardian*, on the contrary, regarded U.S. policy and the capitalist system as the major sources of the world's problems. It did not as policy advocate socialism as an American alternative but insisted that it be discussed as a *possible* alternative and not as a horrid word. It offered a sympathetic presentation of news of the Socialist world, while reserving the right to be critical. It held that the peace of the world depended on an acceptance by the people of the West that socialism was here to stay. The first step toward that acceptance was the presentation of an accurate picture of the life and aspirations of the people living under socialism.

(2) *To balance in its coverage news of general interest and news of service to a predominantly radical readership which looked to the Guardian as a communications center, almost as a political lifeline, in default of a cohesive and coherent radical movement. Frequently these two purposes were joined by the impact of major events.*

Within this framework the fundamental policy of the paper was to maintain a flexibility of approach that enabled it to become a forum of the Left, and to count among its regular if not uncritical readership independent Socialists, Communists, Trotskyists, members of groups that had broken away from the Left parties, liberals and even conservatives who insisted on the right of a dissenting voice to be published in America. This flexibility countenanced neither a “no-position” stance nor an opportunistic approach which sought to cloak radicalism in another guise. The *Guardian* took many forthright and often unpopular positions and rejected from the outset any proposals to dilute its radical view to achieve respectability. Rather, it insisted that radicalism was respectable, in the clearest American tradition, and ought to take its proper place in the American political debate.

It was this policy of principled flexibility, I believe,

that enabled the *Guardian* to persevere through two difficult decades—when many Left organizations and publications perished—and to achieve the grudging respect of its opponents. This flexibility, also, brought it respect abroad, in Moscow, Peking and Havana, where its articles and editorials were frequently reprinted, and in Western Europe and many neutralist Asian countries. If the *Guardian* was regarded by some as a prophet without honor in its own country, it served to demonstrate to the rest of the world that there was a core of sanity and clarity among the American people.

In my view, this approach to radical journalism remains sound. There are, of course, radical publications in the United States which champion one position or another in the debate taking place in a divided international Socialist movement. It follows also that an American radical movement must become a part of the international struggle against U.S. imperialism. But there is a great need for an independent radical newspaper that provides a forum for all points of view in the international debate; and there is an equally great need of such a forum for a public that has been drowned in words but has had little access to the actual arguments and background of the acknowledged division. An independent radical newspaper, in this sense, serves as a unifying force rather than as a divisive one. Its motivation is against the kind of splintering debate that distracts American radicals from the urgent fight at home against the American policy makers of war and racism.

When I spoke above of the joining of news of general interest with campaigns to mobilize support for a particular situation or point of view, I had in mind three specific episodes in the *Guardian's* history: (1) The Rosenberg case, which the *Guardian* brought to world attention in a series of articles beginning in August, 1951, that launched a world-wide campaign to save the young couple; (2) the Korean War, which the *Guardian* opposed from its inception and whose impact, along with the McCarthy terror, caused the circulation to drop from 55,000 to 22,000 in one year; (3) the Mark Lane brief for Lee Harvey Oswald, after the assassination of President Kennedy, which was probably the most widely reprinted article in the *Guardian's* history.

The first two instances had serious and near-serious consequences for the *Guardian*; the third had an impact in this country and abroad whose extent cannot be measured until the truth of the assassination is revealed—if it ever is.

In May, 1953, one month before the execution of the Rosenbergs, Belfrage and I were subpoenaed to appear before the McCarthy committee. (Belfrage was then editor and I was executive editor.) The ostensible purpose of the call was an investigation of U.S. participation in the German press operation in 1945; actually, the committee concentrated on the *Guardian* in particular and its interest in the Rosenberg case. As a result of his appearance, Belfrage, a British citizen, was arrested and held for deportation. He spent four months in prison without being charged in the course of a two-year struggle to reverse the deportation order. The effort was unavailing and he

left the United States in August, 1955. He thus became the *Guardian's* editor in exile. I succeeded him as the editor in residence.

The aftermath of Korea brought new summonses—for general manager McManus and myself—to the Eastland committee in 1956, again ostensibly for another interest than the *Guardian*. Eastland was furious with *The New York Times* for its editorials denouncing his stand on civil rights. He sought to embarrass the *Times* by subpoenaing present and past members of its editorial staff who might be suspected of left-wing associations. McManus and I were alumni. Before Eastland, the questioning got away from the *Times* and on to the *Guardian* and its publication, a few years earlier, of the names of U.S. prisoners of war in North Korea. The names had been obtained from North Korean broadcasts, printed in the *China Monthly Review*, an English language publication edited by John W. Powell, Jr., and published in Shanghai. The U.S. Government, we knew, had also monitored the broadcasts but had refused to make the names public. We did—and within days were getting hundreds upon hundreds of letters, asking for information, from wives and parents of men listed as missing in action. We supplied it where we could. It was one of the most moving experiences of my career. But the Eastland committee was not so moved and we narrowly escaped a sedition charge.

The area that caused perhaps the greatest conflict between the *Guardian* and some groups on the Left, and surely produced the greatest turbulence in the letters column, was domestic politics. A founding principle of the *Guardian* was to advocate a political alternative to the two major political parties, which we regarded as essentially one. We supported the candidacy of Wallace in 1948 and of Vincent Hallinan in 1952 on the Progressive ticket. We rejected the "lesser evil" position and refused to endorse Stevenson, Kennedy or Johnson in the succeeding elections. We did, on several occasions, and particularly in state or local elections, endorse a Socialist candidate if one were on the ballot.

This independent view brought us into conflict with the Communist Party which put forth the "mainstream" theory—that the bulk of the working people were in the Democratic Party and it was therefore the function of radicals to work within that party to push it toward a more progressive position. We felt that radicals would be swallowed up by the Democratic Party apparatus and would have at best only the most limited effectiveness. But the lesser-evil theory had a tenacious quadrennial grip on the American electorate and the debate among *Guardian* readers became harsh indeed at election season.

After the elections, when the *status quo* emerged unruined from the hustings, and the canceled subscriptions were reinstated, there came the inevitable flood of letters urging the *Guardian* to take the lead in forming a third party. The reasoning ran thus: the *Guardian* had readers in all the states and they could form the nucleus of political clubs; there was no one else to do the job.

The hopes and frustrations of the urgers were clear; the practical politics less so. No newspaper or publication

can be a political party, nor can it be the organizer of one. It can guide, instruct, inform and encourage, but it cannot organize. A newsweekly with a small staff, however able, based in New York, with three-fourths of its readership spread throughout the country, and with obviously limited funds, can be a focal point and clearing house for information for political organizers in the field. But the job of organizing is precisely there, in the communities, with an apparatus either regional or national, functioning with a program or a set of ideas, building a movement which a radical newspaper can publicize and support. The newspaper may even become the organ of a party or movement, but first there must be a movement or party in existence or being built. The great dilemma of the American opposition today, and particularly on the questions of the war in Vietnam and the struggle against racism, is that there is no such movement or party. It is an illusion that activity on the Left constitutes a movement.

Within this reality, the *Guardian* warmly welcomed and publicized every activity that could burgeon into movement: the rise of the young militants in the South that gave birth to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and the activities on the campuses which led to the Students for a Democratic Society and the DuBois Clubs. In the last few years the resistance by young people to the *Guardian* as a representative of the "old Left" has gradually disappeared. The increase in readership among young people might have been greater had it not been for the emergence of a number of small independent local publications, the so-called "underground press," in university communities. This is a natural development in a time of disillusion and in many respects a welcome one, however discouraging it may be to the circulation of a radical paper.

The tidy printed page of a radical paper hides a fairly untidy scramble to insure survival. After the early euphoria of the Progressive Party days and the expenditure of considerable sums of money in futile attempts to achieve mass circulation, we settled down to stabilizing what we accepted as a respectably sizable readership and a permanent financial crisis. This was accomplished by involving almost the entire readership in financing the paper. Two annual appeal letters were sent out and a "Buck of the Month Club" formed through which readers gave, for example, at least \$5 above their \$7 subscription price. Appeals in the paper itself—except at one critical time in 1949—were banished as a public death rattle. That very special 1949 appeal did in fact bring a savior, a most gracious Chicagoan named Anita McCormick Blaine, cousin of the *Tribune's* Colonel McCormick.

The problems of staffing a radical newspaper increased with time. The original staff—there was almost no turnover in the first twelve years—was made up largely of experienced newspaper men with some political background. When some of them left, mainly for economic reasons, the aim was to bring on younger people who could be trained for a future with the *Guardian* or elsewhere in radical journalism. In the 1950s, in the wake of McCarthy, almost no young candidates applied, but in the early 1960s the situation changed dramatically. Job applications poured in and several young people were

hired. This caused a sharp drop in the average age of the staff, and an increase in conflicts between older hands with political experience, and younger hands with almost no political experience, but with strong opinions about past and future politics. Interestingly enough, the debate soon crossed generation lines and the divisions in the editorial conferences often could not be defined.

Set forth in capsule form, some of the conclusions of my nineteen years with the *Guardian* are as follows:

- An independent radical newspaper engenders hostility on the Right and unfortunately in some measure on the Left.

- It is a luxurious myth that an editor of a radical newspaper can confine his work to being an editor: he must also be a writer, copy reader, fund raiser, public speaker and traveler, a teacher of journalism and sometimes a psychologist willing if not always qualified to cope with the problems of an often undisciplined and financially undernourished staff and an articulate and often belligerent readership. It is not an ideal estate.

- Without the regular participation of agents who adhere to a political party or apparatus (and today perhaps even with them) there is little hope in the climate that has persisted through the cold-war years that a radical newspaper can achieve a mass circulation or even survive without subsidy by its readership or by large-scale contributions.

- The press of the nation, with rare exceptions, demonstrates a persistent hostility to its radical brothers, to the extent of refusing to publish even startling new material if the source is a radical newspaper. A case in point was the brilliant reportage by Wilfred G. Burchett from inside the National Liberation Front areas of South Vietnam and from North Vietnam. He "scooped" Harrison Salisbury by almost two years, but the press ignored the *Guardian's* stories and releases.

I left the *Guardian* at the end of April, 1967. My departure was voluntary but was motivated by a profound disagreement with members of the staff on the role and function of a radical newsweekly. It was a prevailing staff view that the *Guardian* had failed because its circulation remained at 28,000 and that it was not responsive to the hopes and aspirations of a "young and growing radical movement." My position was that while the potential of young radicals was self-evident and their searching independence ought by all means to be encouraged, they had not in fact manifested themselves as a movement or even a cohesive force. I felt further that when young radicals had advanced to the stage of accepting a set of principles for the practice of politics, they would seek unity with radicals of all ages. In such a situation and toward this end a newspaper such as the *Guardian* ought to be, as it had always been, the voice of an entire radical movement and not a segment of it. Finally, I was convinced that young people expect of a radical newsweekly what radicals of all ages expect of it: the most informed and expert news and commentary and service information available to advance their ideas and influence their fellows.

Success for a radical newspaper cannot be measured in terms of circulation. The respect and prestige which the *Guardian* achieved may, I believe, be credited to two

factors: (1) that it was first a newspaper and second a political entity; (2) that it maintained a policy of flexibility without yielding on principle.

More than ever, in the present absence of a viable political movement, a radical newspaper has an unusual responsibility. The general press has failed dismally in its duty to provide factual information and criticize government. This failure has never been more clearly demon-

strated than in this cold-war generation. Despite a random flicker of dissent that is permitted in its pages, as though to keep the franchise of the First Amendment whose protection it has so roundly abused, the press has in fact become a voluntary arm of government and abandoned its role of public service. In this situation the radical newspaper is essential as the conscience of the nation and its source of honest information.

INDIA'S POLITICAL SCRAMBLE

VED P. NANDA

Mr. Nanda is an assistant professor of law at the University of Denver Law School, having himself been a Sterling Fellow at the Yale Law School. He is an Indian by birth and citizenship, and has recently returned from an extended visit to that country.

The ruling Congress Party suffered serious reverses and lost control of six states in the fourth general election held in India in February, 1967. In subsequent months, major defections from Congress ranks have strengthened the opposition and helped topple Congress governments in four more of the seventeen Indian states. The opposition now rules a major part of India. Even in the Lok Sabha (Lower House of Parliament) the Congress majority is now only 279 out of 515 (it was 358 out of 491 in the previous Parliament), a none too comfortable margin for a party which had virtually no opposition from 1947 to 1962. If defections continue, a non-Congress or coalition government could perhaps take power in New Delhi.

The composition of the non-Congress State governments fairly reflects the transitional nature of Indian politics. They are mostly coalitions run by united fronts. Heterogeneous political elements with conflicting ideologies that initially shared nothing but an intense anti-Congress feeling, they now agree on minimal programs for their ministries. Notable exceptions to this form are Delhi state, which has a clear Jana Sangh (Peoples' Party) majority, and Madras, with an absolute majority of a regional party, Dravida Munetra Kadgam (DMK).

United fronts range from a coalition of the rightist Swatantra (Freedom Party) and Socialists in Orissa, to the formation of a United Leftist front in West Bengal, and a coalition of the Left (Peking) and the Right (Moscow) Communists with Socialists and Muslim League (a militant communal Muslim party) in Kerala. The states of Bihar and Uttar Pradesh feature an incredible combination of traditional enemies—Communists, Socialists, Swatantra, Jana Sangh and dissident Congress representatives. These united front governments have serious organizational problems, clashing interests, and conflicting and contending policies to espouse, but for the time being they are an integral part of the Indian political scene.

Congress has been losing elections mainly because it

has lost its pre-independence character of a national movement. Ideological differences within Congress, which were submerged during the struggle against the British, came into the open after independence in 1947. Although Congress proclaimed its shift to the Left under Nehru's leadership, the change featured was a matter more of slogans than of practice. As a result, dissatisfied elements in Congress, with strong Left or Right leanings, started Socialist or Swatantra parties. Nevertheless, pre-independence attachments to the party and the symbolic power of Gandhi and Nehru maintained a semblance of party unity.

The 1962 Indo-Chinese border war, however, greatly damaged the prestige of both Congress and Nehru, and deepened the ideological rifts within the party. On the domestic scene, Congress failed to ameliorate the Indian economic conditions. Rising prices, low agricultural yield, semi-famine conditions in some parts, increasing disparity between rich and poor, and the growing stench of corruption and nepotism shook popular faith in Congress leadership.

An already shaky situation became worse in 1964 when Nehru died. This deprived Congress of its focus, and resulted in a shift of power from New Delhi to the state leaders, further encouraging factional and opportunistic tendencies within the party.

Lal Bahadur Shastri's emergence as a national hero, especially during the 1965 conflict with Pakistan, made it seem for a time that Congress was regaining its lost prestige. But Shastri died too soon to leave a lasting imprint on the party. His successor, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, a compromise candidate, weak, inept and indecisive, with a limited understanding of Indian problems, further damaged the Congress position.

Congress entered the 1967 elections lacking unity, a strong leader, firm and consistent policies and popular appeal. It polled less than 40 per cent of the total votes, losing a big chunk of middle-class and lower-middle-class support to Jana Sangh and non-Communist Left groups, and the support of industrialists, big business and feudal elements to Swatantra. The party also failed to attract the younger voters, who were neither grateful for the pre-independence heroism of Congress, nor awed by the conduct of present Congress leaders in office, nor convinced by its accomplishments since independence. Peasant and labor votes and bloc votes of communities such as

Harijans (the so-called untouchables) and Muslims defected to the Communists and non-Communists alike. Congress had kept these blocs in line by making them believe that it alone could safeguard their interests. Foreign policy did not play any significant role in the Congress loss at the polls. Domestic problems completely preoccupied the electorate.



Prime Minister Indira Gandhi

The opposition also played an important role in the Congress defeat. Learning from the previous three elections, when the non-Congress vote was split among several candidates, opposition parties united in a concerted effort against Congress. In many constituencies they were able to agree upon a single candidate to run against the Congress nominee.

The woes of Congress are probably not over; it is likely to lose much more ground in future elections. The blatant failure of its planning policies, especially in agriculture, has caused widespread resentment and indignation. The party organization itself will continue to disintegrate from the serious internal rivalries which have plagued it since 1947.

The recent dismissal by New Delhi of the united front governments in West Bengal and Haryana is not likely to help. In an almost identical situation, the Communist ministry in Kerala was dismissed after the 1957 elections. At that time, Congress constituted a formidable opposition in Kerala; but in the 1967 elections it managed to win only nine of 133 seats in the Kerala state assembly.

The electorate in West Bengal is so disillusioned by Congress that, notwithstanding New Delhi accusations that pro-Peking Communists are inciting violence and disorder there as a prelude to armed revolution, leftist groups will perhaps still retain power if the midterm elections are held. Any seats lost by pro-Peking Communists are more likely to go to other leftists than to Congress. Similar elections in Haryana could perhaps result in further consolidation and strengthening of the dissident Congress-Jana Sangh coalition.

In the next elections, for the first time, Congress will go to the polls not as the dominant force in Indian politics but as an equal, in some states even junior, partner with other opposition parties. Formation of non-Congress governments on the state level has already raised new and younger leaders to compete with the dwindling, aging and tired Congress leadership. Coalition governments have also drawn the opposition parties into closer units, which might polarize forces on the Right and Left, with a moderate party in the middle. Under the impact of the polarization process, Congress may either break up in the process or be faced with division in its ranks. Splinter Congress groups could develop and collaborate with opposition parties, both Left and Right. Armed conflicts on the Himalayan border with China, or in Kashmir with Pakistan might speed the polarization, but would not help Congress to regain its lost political ground. In any outcome, political defeat seems inevitable.

Any doubts about the impending end of the Congress era were resolved for me in a recent visit to several capitals of the non-Congress governments, including Delhi and Bhopal. Bhopal is the capital of Madhya Pradesh (Central India), the latest state to form a non-Congress government. The Chief Minister of Madhya Pradesh, a veteran politician and a dissident Congress member, the deputy Chief Minister, a young Jana Sangh man, and their hard-working, enthusiastic and imaginative colleagues in the cabinet impressed me greatly with their desire to develop a new quality of leadership. Vijay Malhotra, 34, Chief Executive of Delhi State and a former professor of literature, said to me: "Now that Congress is definitely on the way out, the opposition is determined to deliver the goods." On the future of Congress, the deputy Chief Minister of Bihar, K. Thakur, observed: "Congress had already lost its 'head' with the formation of non-Congress governments in all the states of North India. It lost its 'legs' when non-Congress ministries came into power in Madras and Kerala in the south. And now, with the toppling of the Madhya Pradesh government, it has also lost its heart."

Even if Congress does not split or indeed collapse in the near future, three possibilities remain after it loses power in New Delhi: (1) a breakdown of democracy and a military take-over; (2) polarization of political forces on the Left and the Right, with the emergence of an effective political party in the middle uniting Jana Sangh, moderate Socialist and moderate Congress elements, and (3) a Congress comeback.

Given the exclusive recruitment policies of the Indian army, which draws its personnel from selected caste

(Continued on page 188)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Climbing Norman's Ladder

MAKING IT. By Norman Podhoretz. Random House. 360 pp. \$6.95.

MORDECAI RICHLER

Mr. Richler is a Canadian novelist now living in England. He is the author of *The Apprenticeship of Dudie Kravitz* (Little, Brown) and *Stick Your Neck Out* (Simon & Schuster). His novel, *Cocksure*, will be published in March by Simon & Schuster.

The literary progeny of a brilliant, influential, but astonishingly smug body of New York writers, what Norman Podhoretz calls "the family," has taken to flagellating itself, squabbling over who is fit to inherit the coat of many colors, in a manner that strikes me as deplorably inbred. And coarse. To carve one another up, in earlier, less highly publicized days, the patriarchs at least created magazines (*Commentary*, *Partisan Review*), went to the artistic trouble of disguising one another in novels, and did in fact produce relevant and outward-looking social criticism, as well as memoirs of some beauty. Today the noisiest of the children, parochial school kids, speak only each to each, castigating one another in *Esquire* (Baldwin on Mailer), or in acutely embarrassing collections of essays (Chicago cousin once removed Nelson Algren, in his *Notes From A Sea Diary*), or in bitchy estimates of the other talent in the nursery (Mailer's *Advertisements For Myself* and subsequent grab bags).

Something has gone wrong, profoundly wrong, when a group of talented writers disdain their natural material, which I still take to be nonliterary society, in order to flay one another in print.

If, in the decent past, the emphasis was on literary performance, now the spotlight is on the performer. It's the personality, not the writing, that is offered for our admiration. The prime and most compulsively readable exponent of this so-called confessional stuff is, of course, Norman Mailer, who is increasingly known for nothing but being Mailer—not so much a writer as the embattled, problem-ridden personality we cheer on. Our Judy Garland.

Something of a country cousin myself, only an occasional visitor to New York, I have, over the years, absorbed a juicy bit or two simply by following the proliferating family squabbles in print. And so I'm well aware (as who isn't?) that the children don't play together nicely.

Take James Baldwin, for instance. He has the *chutzpah* to call Norman Mailer a middle-class Jew. "I hope I do not need to say no sneer is implied in the above description of Norman." But, Mailer reveals, not middle class enough for uppity Jackie Kennedy, who doesn't answer his letters and wouldn't have him to the White House like that nice Saul Bellow. Nelson Algren, on the other hand, caricatures Baldwin as the lisping, effeminate Giovanni Johnson, and describes Mailer as Norman Manlifellow, a man wearing a sandwich board advertising himself, and lacking in courage. Not so, protests Mailer, revealing in a hitherto unpublished letter to Robert Silvers, well known for being a "post-middle-brow," that after seven other chickens were too scared to review Mary McCarthy's *The Group* in *The New York Review of Books*, cocksure Norman obliged. After Hemingway, such are our *cojones*.

And now Norman Podhoretz, baring his own flick-knife, has—ill-advisedly, I think—joined the rumble. In *Making It*, he stands up for Mailer, a writer whom he admires but, on the evidence of this essay in autobiography, still an undigested influence. Podhoretz admits that Susan Sontag, the youngest member of the third generation, had an even more rapid rise to attention than he did, but then she had the same rich black hair as the young Mary McCarthy. What clinched family attention for Podhoretz, he writes, was a long and unfavorable review of Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*. Bellow didn't approve, and wrote a lengthy letter of recrimination to *Commentary*, sending copies to a dozen or more people. Furthermore, Podhoretz writes, Baldwin's famous piece *The Fire Next Time*, was originally commissioned by *Commentary* and sold to *The New Yorker* in an unethical deal made behind Podhoretz's back. And so, if Baldwin thinks Mailer is a middle-class Jew, well, he turns out to be a grasping Negro himself. Podhoretz told Baldwin that "he had dared to commit such a dastardly act because he was a Negro, and had been counting on white-liberal guilt. . . ." This, alas, will not be the end. Even now I imagine Baldwin is writing a piece that will explain how Podhoretz attempted to jew him out of *The Fire Next Time*, trying to fob him off with six hundred bucks when *The New Yorker* was offering twelve thousand.

On and on it goes, the titillating trivia, the snitching, without dignity or relevance.

Making It, Mailer's outpourings, the broadsides by Algren and Baldwin, all belong to a genre with intolerable show-biz characteristics. To begin with, there is the arrogant assumption that a big name on a book jacket, like a star's mere appearance in a film, is a sufficient enticement, and that intelligent readers outside New York, like filmgoers in the sticks, can be gratified, even dazzled, simply to be allowed to bask in the reflected glitter. As Dean Martin, Sinatra and their obnoxious camp followers tease us with puerile inside jokes about the Rat Pack, or Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor retail the details of their private lives, so Podhoretz, Mailer and the rest would seem to believe us thrilled by a behind-the-scenes peek at New York literary society, its scandals, its fevers. Well, then, let me get this much straight. I have a continuing interest in the works of Trilling, Rahv, Dwight Macdonald, Mailer, Fiedler, Baldwin, Podhoretz and other family figures, but I've had more than enough of the grubby details of their careerist adventures and feuds. Put another way my reverence for *Ulysses* does not extend to an interest in the prescription for James Joyce's spectacles or his laundry list. I, too, suffer small insults, ailments and tradesmen's bills. But I am unable to create anything as splendid as *Ulysses*. Ultimately, the family will be judged not by its self-advertised intrigues, quarrels and jealousies, which is after all what it has in common with any other closely knit professional group, whether they be dentists or lawyers, but for its signal failure, for all the racketing so far, to produce one individual work of enduring art. As things stand, though Malamud, Mailer and Saul Bellow, especially, have all done some first-rate work, the family is most celebrated for having produced a succession of inspired Rashis (editors, critics and pedagogues) with a weakness for boring symposium (*PR*, *Commentary*, *Encounter*) and without, as yet, a Talmud to call their own. No Joyce. No Yeats.

Among the younger literary commentators, Norman Podhoretz has shown himself to be an undoubtedly astute editor and critic, but *Making It*, aside from the engaging early chapters, strikes me as a coarse, badly conceived book.

It is Norman Podhoretz's contention that he suffered a dichotomy in his American education. Encouraged, on the one hand, to pursue success and worldly pleasures, he was taught, on the other hand, that success was the worst form of corruption. Ambition, he argues, "seems to be replacing erotic lust as the prime dirty little secret of the well-educated American soul," and then he goes on to say that at the age of 35 he recognized that he'd rather be rich than poor; he enormously enjoys money, power and fame, which is only shocking in that it shocks Podhoretz. Nevertheless, out of this contradiction, Podhoretz might have fashioned an essay or memoir as fresh and startling as "My Negro Problem—And Ours," which he rightly takes to be his most original piece. Instead he has force-fed a fat and gossipy book onto a structure unable to sustain it.

I do not object to *Making It*, because, as Podhoretz argues in his introduction, it's a confessional work and "to the extent that it deliberately expresses an order of feeling in myself, and by implication in others, it obviously constitutes the betrayal of a dirty little secret and thereby a violation of certain standards of tastefulness." No, no. I object because the book, touching, deeply felt, when it deals with the author's formative years, rapidly declines into gossip and trade talk once he begins to mix with "important" people. *Making It* is choked with the sort of anecdotes about Podhoretz himself, other writers and editors, that I, as another writer, would find immensely entertaining if told over a shared bottle of whisky, but committed to print embarrasses by dint of its triviality. If, as we were once told, opinion isn't literature, neither is gossip criticism.

Let me take just two brief examples. The revelation that Bellow wrote a lengthy letter protesting Podhoretz's review of *Augie March* is amusing, juicy stuff, but it neither heightens nor diminishes my feelings about the novel, and I look to Podhoretz, a critic I respect, for illuminations and to Leonard Lyons, if you like, for keyhole tidbits. Similarly, the dispute with Baldwin. Baldwin's celebrated essay and Podhoretz's reply are both important pieces, the kind of writing I value, but the behind-the-scenes quarrel between them doesn't interest me.

Again and again, I feel Podhoretz fails to recognize his proper material. He will go on and on, for instance, about the hazards of the trade: his ups and downs with *The New Yorker*, writer's blocks, and what *Show* magazine paid. But he can actually dismiss in a paragraph the fact that for ten weeks it was his army job to interview incoming recruits and decide what sort of work they should be doing, if they survived

basic training—which seems a deplorable waste of fresh material.

Making It can also be read as the story of a raw young provincial, in this case from Brooklyn, coming to the capital resolved to seek out the company of the famous, and acquire fame, fortune and social position. Like the incomparable James Boswell riding into London in 1762. But where Boswell differs from Podhoretz is not only in having a Dr. Johnson, and a redeeming sense of humor about his own machinations, but also in that he was consumed with curiosity about ordinary people as well, the passing scene, so that *his* making it is filled with lavish detail about the times, public hangings, coffeehouse dialogues, the theatres, public houses, bordellos and streets.

A Land of Lost Identities

THE THIRD POLICEMAN. By Flann O'Brien. Walker & Co. 200 pp. \$4.95.

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University, and the author of *Joyce Among the Jesuits* (Columbia University Press).

The appearance of a contemporary classic is a sufficiently rare event that one would expect it to be hailed with appropriate public jubilation. But for almost thirty years now Flann O'Brien's extraordinary novel *At Swim Two Birds* has had hardly any public at all—and this despite its enthusiastic reception by people like James Joyce, Graham Greene, William Saroyan, whose discernment in this may be the one quality they had in common. The novel was first published in 1939, and its early neglect has been explained as one of the first literary casualties of World War II. Only in Ireland and in certain parts of academic America has it received anything like the recognition it deserved. But even in Ireland and America Flann O'Brien was an in-group figure, and the reason for this may be that in reality he was frequently a couple of other people.

He was born, or at least christened, Brian O'Nolan—a name which, though as euphonious as Lionel Trilling or Edna St. Vincent Millay, he reserved for private life and that part of his public career which was spent as a senior officer in the Irish civil service. In more public appearances as columnist for the *Irish Times* he was Myles na Gopaleen, a pseudonym borrowed from a minor character in Gerald Griffin's *The Collegians*, or perhaps from the major char-

A closer analogy to *Making It*, perhaps, Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City* and *Starting Out in the Thirties*, which can be seen as one book, is also loaded with tender detail about ordinary people. Alas Podhoretz, typical of latter-day family figures, seems to have an eye only for his own ego, an eye turned inward to reveal that his motives for writing are mixed, his ambitions are sometimes crippling, and that some days he behaves opportunistically and other days he hates going into the office at all, which is to say that he is no better, no worse, than the rest of us writers, shoemakers, junior executives, social service workers, plumbers, and so forth. This isn't scandalous, as publisher and author both daringly suggest, and which I, for one, would not have minded. But neither is it news, and that's bad.

acter in Dion Boucicault's foamy dramatization of Griffin's novel. Under the same alias he has written *An Beal Bocht* (*The Poor Mouth*) a satire on the Irish language revival in which, as Benedict Kiely noted, he demonstrated the success of that revival insofar as such a book could be written in Irish. As Flann O'Brien, the third of his personalities, he has written plays for the Abbey Theatre—*Faustus Kelly* was produced there in 1943—and three other novels: *The Hard Life*, *The Dalkey Archives* and the present work, *The Third Policeman*.

This last novel is posthumous and may perhaps be said to be so in more ways than one. It was written in 1940 but not published until 1967, a year after the author's death. It is also a book about a man who is already dead, though the reader is not aware of this till the end, the dead man being the author of his own history—a sort of autothanatography. "When you are writing about the world of the dead," Flann O'Brien has said elsewhere, "none of the rules and laws (not even the law of gravity) holds good." This opens up all kinds of possibilities for grim fun which O'Brien exploits with dead-pan comic grace.

The form of the book is a circular *decensus Averni* and the idea behind it is set down briefly in a note of the author's which the publisher has sensibly included here as an appendix: "The beginning of the unfinished, the rediscovery of the familiar, the reexperience of the already suffered, the fresh forgetting of the unremembered. Hell goes round and round. In shape it is circular

GOING HOME

The train speeds south
past dumped chemical wastes,
heaps of yellow slag thrust up in the marsh grass—
The oil waste torches of the refineries
billow up flame and black smoke,
the stench seeping in through
the windows of the coach,
clinging to clothes,
the face

The thin, gray waters
move sluggish in the reeds
move amongst the pilings of the billboards

Boys play basketball in an empty lot
their thin bodies lifting and falling
slowly in the early winter dusk

and slowly the flat Jersey earth
fans out to the horizon;
sea-earth, corrugated,
draining swamps and streams to the sea
brute, ugly cities
dynamic stumps bunched up against
the light alkaline sky

Winter grass brilliant green
in the dying light

The smooth pull of the train south
taking me, the child, deeper into it
and lights of the towns coming on,
the neon sign of a lone bar out on a highway,
speed by and are gone
The sky suspended now between darkness and light—
the towns
as though grieving there
stunned
in the marshland
heavy as death
a heavy bloodedness over the landscape
a throbbing pain in the air
Death animates this place—
the rushing land
more vivid now
as though by death
life stirs more poignantly

The child asks:
If he's in the box
how will he eat?
If he's in the box
will he know what his name is?
What will his name be now?

Out the window
night drops
like a lid

MICHAEL HUMPHREY

THE UGLY MAN

The ugly is my
adornment, more
palpable than
all lathe-turned

beauty—young
queens and their
courts, spit-shined
officers

held together
with lanyard
and braid, puppets
and knife edge

and glitter.
My ugliness blooms
as afternoon comes.
By four

I am a hunchback
and leper
with a foot
like a tree stump.

I thud
along halls,
shattering mirrors
with glances.

For music
I cough and spit,
bleat and bray—
I must kill

the beauty
in my voice,
the last blemish,
and learn impediments,

lispering and
stammering until
my whole
hunched bulk

becomes a club
that beats
the world
blind.

VERN RUTSALA

HAMPTON BAYS

In this tiny station
near the supermarket
I feel as far away from you
as if I were winter in Minnesota
pushed back by the friendless color
and the constant murmur
of well-piled lumber.

We are
like a funeral procession
delayed
our hands are clammy
and beneath my tie
the wind enters.

Tonight the cars do not move
they wait like a gang of rustlers
felled by the mute regularity.

SERGE GAVRONSKY

STEPPING OUT

If I could collect the jewels
from broken strings rolling
on the floor of feeling
to sort them in bowls labelled
by cut, clearness and color
I'd step out nightly
clapping like a gypsy,
with foreign tongues spangling
my wrists, a hail of crystal
eyes at my neck—loop
upon loop, and in my hinged ring
the garnet of your heart.

CAROLYN STOLOFF

and by nature it is interminable, repetitive and very nearly unbearable."

The idea is not new; what is new is Flann O'Brien's ingenious embodiment of the idea in a series of weird and comical illustrations and in the singleness of their accumulative effect. Though summary is a thankless task, it will best serve to indicate both the simplicity and complexity of the comic genius here at work.

The anonymous narrator, a strange sort of Irish countryman, has conspired with a man named Divney to murder a rich old farmer and steal his cash box. After the murder, a savage and bloody affair, he goes to the farmer's house to fetch the box and as his fingers touch the lid the whole of his world is suddenly and utterly transmogrified. The dead farmer is alive again, the narrator's soul—"called Joe for convenience"—is present to him as a disembodied voice, and the cash box has been mysteriously transplanted to a police barracks located some distance away.

At the barracks the narrator is met by Sergeant Pluck, a man obsessed by bicycles, and Policeman MacCruiskeen, whose obsession it is to construct exquisite little boxes, one fitted within another Chinese-fashion, and the last so tiny and exquisitely made as to be entirely invisible. These two gentlemen, acting as guides and guardians to the narrator, introduce him to a place underground that looks like eternity, take readings and measurements on unknown instruments, and patiently explain to him the all-sufficient properties of a substance called omnium and the

Law of the Interchange of Atomic Particles.

"Michael Gilhaney" says Sergeant Pluck, "is an example of a man that is nearly banjaxed from the principles of the Atomic Theory. Would it astonish you to hear that he is nearly half a bicycle?" But nothing really astonishes where all is astonishment, and the narrator, at one point condemned to be hanged, can still carry on with the policemen an amiable discussion of the technical difficulties to be encountered in gallows building and the unconscionable price of wood. All this fine talk—and there is no end to it—is conducted in what Anthony Burgess has called "Irish solecistic sesquipedalian raised to the ultimate power."

In the end the narrator returns to visit his accomplice, Divney, after what he thinks is an absence of only a few days. Actually it is twenty years later and Divney is quite literally scared to death at the sight of him. The justice of this is apparent in the knowledge now that it was Divney who had planted a bomb in the cash box that had blown the narrator to hell. Thereupon the two men set out across the same pleasant but breathless and static landscape through which the quest for that unholy grail had been begun. They encounter Sergeant Pluck. "Is it about a bicycle?" he asks. The wheel has come full circle. Behind Pluck is MacCruiskeen, and behind him the third policeman of the title. "Hell goes round and round."

Learned papers may yet be written about the identity of that third policeman, but nothing more will be said here. O'Brien adumbrates one kind of academic commentary by interesting his narrator in the work of a weird philosopher named De Selby whose queer theories (on the nature of darkness, for example, as "black air") are expounded in footnotes accompanying the narrative and comprising a pedantic comment upon it.

De Selby also supplies one of the two epigraphs for the novel: "Human existence being an hallucination containing in itself the secondary hallucinations of day and night (the latter an insanitary condition of the atmosphere due to accretions of black air) it ill becomes any man of sense to be concerned at the illusory approach of the supreme hallucination known as death." The second epigraph is from Shakespeare:

Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

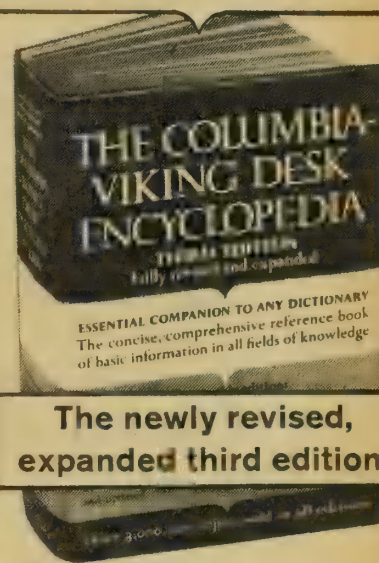
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

This epigraphic conjunction of De Selby and Shakespeare is not mere whimsy.

It has been said that the uncertain nature of Irish society has militated against the form of the novel as an imitation of men and manners within a

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POETRY EDITOR

In keeping with *The Nation's* tradition of a rotating poetry editorship, Michael Goldman is resigning after two years of distinguished and vigorous service and will be replaced by John Logan.

Mr. Logan has taught at Notre Dame, San Francisco State, the University of Washington, and is currently professor of English at the State University of New York in Buffalo. He also conducts a Poetry Workshop at the YMHA Poetry Center in New York and is the editor of *Choice*, a magazine of poetry and photography published in Chicago. He is the author of three books of poetry, *Cycle for Mother Cabrini*, *Ghosts of the Heart* and *Spring of the Thief*, and has completed the manuscript for a fourth. He was awarded the Miles Modern Poetry Award for 1967.

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coherent social context, and that it encourages the writing of short stories which concentrate on individual chunks or fragments of that society—"slices of life" as the critical commonplace has it. The point is debatable, but so far as it is true one can understand why the novel has abandoned its traditional form in the hands of writers like Joyce, Beckett and O'Brien.

Manners do not interest them because men do not exist for them within a definable social structure; men are metaphorical jokes whose identity, or lack of it, tantalize the writer into the act of writing. The completed act is profoundly moral in its implications and frequently comic in elaboration. It starts and ends with man, as Shakespeare does, and not afraid to "reason with the worst that may befall," it veers constantly toward a kind of nihilism—Joyce escaping out of or above history, Beckett disappearing into the silence on the other side of language, and O'Brien moving with straight-faced gaiety into nonexistence itself an anonymous land of lost identities.

It is no surprise then that on the first page of *At Swim Two Birds* O'Brien

should announce that "One beginning and one ending for a book was a thing I did not agree with. A good book may have three openings entirely dissimilar and inter-related only in the prescience of the author, or for that matter one hundred times as many endings." Having said which, he proceeded to write exactly that kind of book—a novel of sorts but really *sui generis*.

A reader coming from *At Swim Two Birds* to *The Third Policeman* will be reminded again of Joyce, though it would be a mistake to exaggerate the influence. For there are other shades of influence lying over these pages, some vague, some wry, all right to the purpose and utterly transformed from the shape at their source, those of Swift and Berkeley, Sterne and Yeats, Kafka and Pirandello, and even of little Father Prout, alias Francis Sylvester Mahony, jogging along under the enveloping white shade of Dante Alighieri. But these are only shadows, the substance is all O'Brien. *The Third Policeman* secures his place, already indicated by *At Swim Two Birds*, as the most original comic artist, after Joyce, to come out of Ireland in this century.

Subsidy Contamination

THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Edited by Henry Swoboda. Basic Books. 208 pp. \$5.95.

THE GREAT CONDUCTORS. By Harold C. Schonberg. Simon & Schuster. 384 pp. \$7.50.

RICHARD FREEDMAN

Mr. Freedman teaches at Simmons College and the Harvard Extension. He has written for The Kenyon Review, Book Week and Saturday Review.

The American Symphony Orchestra is a non-book consisting of seventeen taped lectures and interviews originally broadcast by the Voice of America for the edification of our friends abroad. Composers, conductors, critics and musical middlemen respond to a variety of questions about the state of symphonic music in the United States today, which on the whole they find to be comfortably healthy.

The issue here, of course, is government sponsorship of symphony orchestras. Given its auspices, one is hardly surprised to find a preponderance of opinion in the book opposed to government subsidy. The most forthright spokesman for free enterprise is Samuel R. Rosenbaum, a member of the USIA's Music Advisory Panel.

Mr. Rosenbaum admits that state subsidy "tends to assure the players

against the uncertainties of musical existence"—a pleasant euphemism for starvation. But "while this is admirable from the human point of view," he continues, "it is axiomatic that one cannot be both great and comfortable." Federal subsidies run "the risk of mediocrity."

I challenge Mr. Rosenbaum to find one bar of mediocre playing in all fifteen hours of the recording of Wagner's *Ring* cycle by the state-supported Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Musicians are artists, and it is "axiomatic" that no artist is ever "comfortable" if he is a real artist. However comfortable the Vienna players may be financially, they nevertheless manage to function at least as well as any American orchestra constantly engaged in the degrading and debilitating scramble for private support.

Mr. Rosenbaum himself seems remarkably comfortable in the knowledge that, as Paul Hume points out, in 1964 the average contract salary was only slightly more than \$5,000 for players in our leading orchestras. Since that time, affairs have improved somewhat, with the establishment of the National Council of the Arts and Humanities, of private philanthropic foundations, of tax exemptions on tickets and deductions for contributions.

However, the facts remain that all

American orchestras operate at a deficit, that the state-subsidized European orchestras are just as great and pure-minded as ours, and that *one day's* expenditure (\$66 million) on napalming peasants in Vietnam into a proper appreciation of Free World values could support every orchestral musician in this country on a full fifty-two-week contract from now to doomsday.

Interestingly enough, the closer the contributors to this volume are to the actual making of music, the less panic they show that government subsidy would prostitute our orchestras. Josef Krips, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, hopes "that the day will come when the American Government will support orchestras." Maurice Abravanel, conductor of the Utah Symphony, believes subsidy might even be socially useful, as he has found that the exposure of youth to great music is a check on juvenile delinquency. And when Mr. Rosenbaum asks William Schuman, the composer, whether a composer who receives a commission turns in less satisfactory work than when he "feels the urge to write something he wants to say," Mr. Schuman must politely remind him that Bartók (who was nearly allowed to starve here) composed his great *Concerto for Orchestra* on a foundation commission.

Next to a wage reasonably commensurate with its contribution to society, what an orchestra needs most is a great conductor. It is his artistic pressure, not financial pressure, which makes orchestras play well. The most famous attempt at a conductorless orchestra was the 1922 Persimfans experiment in Moscow. Founded during the heyday of Soviet liberalism, the orchestra was supposed to show that dictatorial conductors were an anomaly in a truly democratic society. It was a terrible flop, and the overwhelming impression one gets from Harold C. Schonberg's *The Great Conductors* is that the nastier and more despotic the baton-wielder, the greater the performance.

"Orchestras only need to be sworn at," Bernard Shaw once observed, "and a German is consequently at an advantage with them, as English profanity, except in America, has not gone beyond a limited technology of perdition."

While the prima donna conductor of a huge virtuoso orchestra is a late 19th-century phenomenon, the tradition of the terrible-tempered maestro did not originate with Bülow and Mahler but goes back as far as Bach and Mozart, both of whom were as royally hated and feared by incompetent players as Toscanini or Reiner in our day.

Mr. Schonberg, music critic of *The New York Times*, tells all the classic tales of conductors' temper tantrums, beginning with Lully ramming his baton

into his foot in 1687 and subsequently dying of the gangrene thus induced. Each of the great ones had his own special technique for eliciting the finest possible performance from his orchestra.

Mahler's bitter sarcasm, Toscanini's gutter language, Furtwängler's murky metaphysical disquisitions, and Beecham's aristocratic Edwardian wit all performed essentially the same function of galvanizing a disparate group of 100-odd musicians into giving the conductor at least a simulacrum of the ideal sound in his head.

The book is heavier on amusing anecdote than on serious analysis of what in fact a conductor *does*. We are given fair warning of its popular nature in the Preface, where the author complains that "the standard source, Georg Schunemann's *Geschichte des Dirigierens* . . . never has been translated." To be thus daunted by having to read a work in German is hardly the mark of a serious musicologist.

Nevertheless a serious theme runs through the book. Schonberg distinguishes between two basic types of conductors: those who meddle with scores to produce a highly idiosyncratic, personal interpretation, and those "classicalists" who adhere faithfully to the printed notes. Mahler and Mengelberg were of the first school; Toscanini, Szell and Karajan of the second.

The importance of memorizing scores, of such absorbing interest to non-musicians, has long been disputed by conductors. Hans von Bülow once told the young Richard Strauss: "You must have the score in your head and not your head in the score." But Hans Knappertsbusch—like Bülow a distinguished Wagnerite—when asked why he always used a score replied: "Why not? I can read music."

Perhaps the greatest conductor of all was Mahler, and one wishes that he had been invited to contribute to the *Voice of America Festschrift*. He called the New York Philharmonic "the true American orchestra—without talent and phlegmatic," and had to resign its directorship because the all-powerful ladies of the board of directors objected to his deficit and his programing. "In Vienna," his wife commented, "even the Emperor did not dictate to him, but in New York he had ten ladies ordering him around like a puppet." Although he died, exhausted, a few months later, he must have died happy in the knowledge that he had never been contaminated by federal subsidy.

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a free-lance writer.

OF LOVE AND DUST. By Ernest J. Gaines. The Dial Press. 281 pp. \$4.95.

This is a rare bird indeed in the publishing world: a serious, powerful novel by a talented writer that is accessible to a very wide audience. Mr. Gaines's book is about the lives of some people on a Louisiana plantation—today. His narrator is a black man, Jim Kelly, a shrewd but leave-dreadful-enough-alone tractor driver. Reluctantly, he becomes responsible for a young convict who is sent to work off his time at the plantation. The convict, because he's paid his dues and refuses to abide by the rules of the white man's game, stands in an excellent position to endanger the lives of the "good" Negroes on the plantation. But he wants a life for himself, and he doesn't care. Kelly's transition from cynical don't-rock-the-boatism to something else takes place over a series of

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exciting and beautifully realized scenes, some of them funny, during which the convict first seduces and then tries to run off with the white wife of the plantation's overseer. Does it sound predictable? It isn't, because Mr. Gaines—who was born on a Louisiana plantation and spent his childhood working in the fields—is a writer of terrific energy; his characters have a dimension and authenticity that makes us know and care about them. It takes a lot of nerve to write a novel like this today, and a lot of skill to bring it off. Mr. Gaines has plenty of both.

I WANT A BLACK DOLL. By Frank Hercules. Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. \$5.95.

I Want a Black Doll is a soap opera with serious intentions about a Negro doctor from the Deep South (with a white father whose identity has been concealed from him) who marries a white girl from an old Southern family. They move to New York and make it among the black bourgeoisie. One assumes that Mr. Hercules is familiar with this element but he has failed embarrassingly at satirizing them here. The book has a Faulknerian prologue and epilogue, the characters are distinguishable from one another only by name, and there is a great deal of violence, all of it Very Symbolic. As with all soap operas, the novel is quite absorbing.

THE W.A.S.P. By Julius Horwitz. Atheneum Publishers. 243 pp. \$4.95.

It seems unfair to judge Julius Horwitz as a novelist on the basis of *The W.A.S.P.* Reading it, one feels that he chose the novel as a vehicle for ideas he thought so explosive that they would be impossible to present in another form. The book emerges as a grotesquely

fictionalized extension of *The Moynihan Report*; Mr. Horwitz's premise is that white America has destroyed not only the family structure but everything else of value to the black man in this country, and has turned him into a cultureless murderer with no way to express himself except through violence. The situation—and the novel—lock black and white into an endless dance of death, with the roles of murderer and victim wearily interchangeable. All of the characters in *The W.A.S.P.*—black and white—speak in long sermons about violence and its inevitability. What is gripping about the novel is the sense it conveys of Mr. Horwitz's own terror and despair at the monstrous world he has invented here.

THE FREE-LANCE PALLBEARERS. By Ishmael Reed. Doubleday & Co. 155 pp. \$3.95.

Although Ishmael Reed's first novel is set in a country where the people are obsessed by excrement, its leader is a cannibalistic pederast, and the police and judicial functions are carried out by idiotic brutes against a general citizenry so repulsively indifferent that it seems to deserve them, the book will make you laugh out loud. The plot is thin to invisible, but Reed's hero, Bukka Doopeyduk (once on his way to being "the first bacteriological warfare expert of the colored race," and whose name should be scatted rather than conventionally pronounced) serves as a weird telescope for a society that is terrifying for its violence and passive hypocrisy, yet somehow hilarious as well. *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* succeeds in doing, in 155 pages, what Norman Mailer's *Why Are We In Vietnam?* swiped valiantly at. If comparisons are to be made, they should be to Burroughs, but this novel is all Mr. Reed's own. Read it.

stamp her creed and personality permanently on the souls of her students.

Miss Brodie has courage and enormous will. She yields to her sexual drive but refrains from marriage with a timorous colleague. She encourages dalliance in her wards. She abhors Catholicism. She is a Fascist, though she rarely speaks of politics except in epic terms. Being an unconscionable romantic, she does not realize the gap between her convictions and her behavior. She arouses either unbounded admiration or rebellion, but never fails to impress. She is destructive and absurd, drawn here as a comic figure with pathetic overtones. As a fierce egotist, she must finally fail, for the truth is not in her.

One might suspect that Muriel Spark (if not Jay Allen) had in mind a Catholic travesty of Protestant self-deception. But we should not press this interpretation. Her design has broader psychological implications and the play at least does not probe very much beneath its ironically humorous surface. It is sufficient for the occasion.

The production suffers from overemphasis. Michael Langham has directed it with sledge-hammer insistence on what the script itself makes abundantly evident and readily enjoyable. Zoe Caldwell, endowed with unusual faculties for vivid projection which include a voice of refined power, great inner force, a natural gift for theatrical delineation, and a healthy sense of fun, is a brilliant actress. But her portrayal of Jean Brodie is much too stressed and studded with obtrusive detail. Even the personage's plainness is overdone by an unbecoming wig and unneeded exaggeration in makeup. Miss Brodie thus becomes freakish. The actress could have gotten twice the effect with half the effort. Proof of this is offered by her best moments in the final scenes, when Miss Brodie, bereft of illusions and her job, becomes simple and touching.

Her earlier overexertion may have been due in part to first-night nerves. Still, other performances—particularly those of some of the girls—showed similar strain. And why, I wondered, did so many of the cast during a large part of the evening stare out front into space? Why also was Jo Mielziner permitted or required to design an abstract set with no trace of atmosphere, a set which doesn't even please the eye?

Lennox Milne is authoritative as the head mistress; several of the children are individually appealing. None of the actors is responsible for the production's limitations. The direction is miscalculated. But for all that, it is certainly superior to most of the season's offerings.

The Happy Time (at the Broadway Theatre) is a triumph of direction. One might go so far as to say that Gower

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

With *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (Helen Hayes Theatre) we are clearly in an area of intelligence and good writing. The script which Jay Allen has derived from Muriel Spark's novel is adult entertainment.

I say "entertainment" because I am not at all certain what the real point of the play is and, not having read the novel, I cannot say what its larger intention may have been, if it had one beyond that of depicting a curiously interesting character. Then too there are faults in the production which diminished my pleasure.

Miss Jean Brodie is a Scottish schoolteacher in a conservative secondary school for girls in Edinburgh. At 35 or so and of rather prim appearance, she is bursting with a womanly energy which gives her considerable amorous capacity and attractiveness. She cares little for the strictly academic curriculum; her ambition is to influence her pupils in the appreciation of the sensuous charms of Boucher's paintings, the romance of *La Traviata*, the excitement of Italy, the grandeur of such leaders as Mussolini, Franco and Hitler, and the enthrallment of the sensual life. She wants to

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Champion is the "author" of the show. The slight but agreeably sentimental plot, in a "Book" by Richard Nash, suggested by characters from Robert Fontaine's stories and a 1950 hit play, the so-so songs by John Kander, the serviceable lyrics by Fred Ebb have all been woven into a delicately colorful, humorous and warming event.

The whole is greater than the sum of its parts, but the parts themselves are significant as the "vocabulary" of the whole. Peter Wexler's setting is not only mechanically suitable to the light texture of the directorial style but seems to partake of the gentle dreaminess and modest frolic of the evening.

The cast is extraordinary well chosen. Robert Goulet really sings, looks good and acts acceptably. Julie Gregg has a nice singing voice and plays the role of a high school teacher without foolish frills; she is most appropriately dressed by Freddy Wittop whose costumes are admirably right. The thoroughly winning kids (particularly Jeffrey Golkin) who do several wonderfully effective choreographic numbers, a small-scale but genuine characterization by Charles Durning as a bibulous, lachrymose, good-hearted non-entity all make invaluable contributions to the total pattern.

Best of all is David Wayne. He is genial, witty, endlessly engaging by being so thoroughly at home on the stage whether he is speaking, singing or dancing. His practiced effortlessness is in the best vein of an "old" and ever contemporary tradition of American acting.

Wayne plays Grandpere Bonnard, an elderly small-town French Canadian with so dear a zest for life that he pretends to be a lecher, a grumbler, a mordant eccentric, though he is actually a man of great good sense and inner stability. The "story" concerns his sons and grandchildren—above all Bibi, an adolescent boy well embodied by Mike Rupert—whom he treats with loving gruffness. They are Huguenot in their somewhat strait-laced propriety (if not in their denomination), and display provincial Gallic "vices" while remaining basically artistic by nature.

This "family portrait" is meant to celebrate the good life in its humbler phases, an acceptance of the aches, pains, pleasures and adventure of ordinary experience. Their home and mode of living constitute the affectionately remembered existence, despite domestic ruckus, of a quiet place in a remote corner of a turbulent world. It is a Canadian *Our Town* with a French accent.

Gower Champion strikes the exactly just tone in every aspect of the production. His work in this instance possesses a unity rarely attained in our presentation of drama. He has a tactful eye in respect to color, never overlush, never flagrant, and yet always in accord with

musical comedy auspices. His choreography is not so much a display of sophisticated dance movements as an expressive comedic statement of character and circumstances: the positions and postures he dictates all tell a tale without ostentation. He reveals an easy command through restraint. *The Happy Time* is a bouquet for Broadway.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

Innumerable justifications are available to highlight "Word and Image," the Museum of Modern Art's new exhibition of more than 350 posters from its own collection. Thematically and conceptually, nothing could be more relevant to current enthusiastic notions about mixed media, the *mélange* of "fine" and commercial art, and the ever more liberal and heady definitions of communications potentialities. We are in the heyday of the expendable visual image, which mirrors our celebration of our technological selves. It is a joy which the silk screen or lithography of posters, coming into their own with a vengeance, materializes more jazzily, if not more rapidly, than television, and more accessibly than abstract paintings, which come more and more to look like outsized posters themselves (without copy). Moreover, who can ignore the thriving trade in the camp, underground, or hippie items of the genre? From another angle, concrete poetry fits very nicely within the area, while political activism has, and will again, thrive in it. The show is almost literally an ecumenical council of the graphic arts.

At first sight, it appears also to be an immense hodgepodge of 20th-century civilization, much as if we had, continuously running, random snippets from hundreds of movies of every conceivable vintage and origin, thrown hugger-mugger and simultaneously upon screens at various depths and of various sizes. The babble of voices, messages, styles and activities vortexes through the great opening hall, and often enough papers over tiered, sequenced, or cantilevered boxes, a whole series of cubic projections that would make one think of loud-speakers were they not also, at their staggered levels, a remarkable architectural solution to the problem of multiple display. The sense of the exhibit, directed by Mildred Constantine and installed by Arthur Drexler, is at once historical and comparative, giving counter-clockwise introduction to the big moments of the posterous, starting with the frenetic Art Nouveau of Jan Toorop, and wind-

ing up with the equally nervous psychedelic art nouveau of Peter Max. Adjacent galleries assist as more detailed subsections of period styles, a compendium of approaches translated out of, or at cousinly remove from, the well-known isms of modern art.

The profusion of subjects ranges from Jane Avril to Levy's Jewish rye, from Loie Fuller to Bob Dylan. One finds, to begin arbitrarily, political images; electioneering, recruiting, jingoistic, agit-prop (although a good selection of Russian and German variants are sadly missing), protest (very few) and public services. Next, and naturally most dominant, are commercial posters: products, galas, movies, theatre, personalities, travel, industry. And two smaller areas are looked into: exhibitions whose posters were created by the artists themselves, and ephemera of various kinds—books, illustrations, broadsides, magazine covers, typographic designs, and the like. To grasp an idea of the actual variety of the exhibit, however, one must imagine that any, or all, of these functions enlist the vocabulary of Art Nouveau, Cubism, Expressionism, de Stijl, Bauhaus, Purism, Dada, Surrealism and Pop art, to say nothing of photography, the lingua franca of the medium. The permutations are endless, for poster artists are the most unashamed predators imaginable. They are in search of ideas rather than a vision, and their ideas theoretically have to serve only one real purpose—selling. Nothing can inspire more eclectic

INDIA (Continued from page 179)

groups and geographical regions, its isolation from the civilian population, and the still prevailing British tradition of civil authority over the military, a coup by the army is unlikely.

The possibility that Congress will regain power is equally remote. Recent election trends indicate that Congress has been decisively rejected by an overwhelming majority of voters, who have given the opposition parties their chance and are now eagerly awaiting their performance.

Thus the middle-ground possibility seems most likely. India badly needs an honest, efficient and businesslike government that tolerates no nonsense and gathers and expands its resources wisely. Instead of ideologies, leadership and organization will primarily determine the future of the political parties. In this regard, Center parties do seem to have an edge and are likely to capture power in 1972.

ticism than the cash nexus, or more opportunism than advertising.

It is the press of such conditions, however, that eventually provides a style of its own. The poster, generally, is up front, without substantial pictorial background; it is an art of the close-up. It must ordinarily provide flair and dash as concisely as possible. It should be instantly intelligible and message-oriented. These prerequisites give posters an inevitable aura of shorthand and stylization. Walter Crane, an early modern practitioner, spoke of them as a form of heraldry. If so, they are constrained to herald good or uplifting news, finger pointing or reflex jabbing with limitless enthusiasm. But despite its unalloyed optical cheer or urgency, the poster is an affair of considerable and often complex compromise. Condensing insights, or rather techniques, from modern art, it must reach a lay audience to whom aesthetic perception is completely incidental. Realism, as so many of the poster handbooks indicate, is too prolix for its aims, even though it constitutes what is best understood. There arose, therefore, a form of stereotyping, composed of impulses from animated drawing, editorial cartoons, graphic design, cinema, layout, typography; a flexible crossbreeding of sign into symbol that became the special poster code. By means of posters, abstraction may largely have been domesticated; naturalism, on the other hand, they certainly helped to flatten out. The publicity context and the audience leveling which resulted gave birth to a new kind of visual slanginess, a visual argot that paradoxically was supported at its best by a certain discretion.

This urban, high-speed graphic art, so hybrid in its sources, so pervasive in its presence, rarely attracts serious critical attention. Though many posters will survive it gracefully, few were intended to undergo such scrutiny. By aesthetic standards, posters are not sufficiently self-conscious to maintain substantial results—so that, for instance, anticipation of color-field painting, far *avant la lettre*, cannot be considered radical but mere fruit of a local exigency. But it is interesting to note that the museum has its own criteria in the matter.

There will not be found in it galleries, testimonials, snob appeals, subway placards, billboards, store displays, anything, that is, so unredeemably within the realm of the hard sell, so complacent in its triviality, that it has forgotten good manners, let alone the elements of good design. Many items in those categories would have offered the noisome social revelation and documentary punch that the exhibition as a whole means to avoid in the interest of a characteristic tastefulness. In the earlier sections of the show, therefore, the bulk of the

material is made up of acknowledged masters in the field, artists in their own right, like El Lissitzky or Herbert Bayer. For the more recent sections, the director has concentrated on corporate-sponsored, big-agency, or collector-initiated projects like the List Art Poster Foundation, always well-bred in its innocuous messages, or unemphatic in its cajolery, whenever that exists. So omniscient and prestigious has been the museum's view of graphic (and product) design, that a good deal of the material it has collected over twenty years may be said to have been influenced, directly or subliminally, by the hope of "making it" at the Modern. Under these circumstances, the mere oomph or zing of the yeoman poster is subtly made to look lower class, an in-groupish aristocracy and obliqueness being apparent compensation for the poster's applied-arts status (e.g., Wheeler's New Haven R.R. Life placards.) In any event, I do not want to lament the level of handsomeness, which has been raised, but rather to remark that sophistication can be a form of self-flattery, while still directly motivated by the mercantile system.

As for the evolution of the modern poster, the show does a very illuminating if—necessarily, in some cases—a spotty job. With the introduction of the steam-driven lithographic press in the mid-19th century, a machine that could turn out more than 10,000 sheets an hour, with, a little later, good, cheap color registration, the stage had been set for the mass production of posters designed by artists. It was significant that the pioneer here, Jules Chéret, drew directly on the stone, carrying over a pictorial spontaneity into a reproductive process that was also to typify Lautrec. The emerging need to advertise reviews, musicals and variety shows blended with the impact of Japanese prints and the decorative aspects of Symbolist art to spur the whole poster phenomenon. With its kinesthetic melding of lettering and motif, its clever associationism (selling not the oil but the lamplight, not the powder but the beauty it creates; Ervine Metzl), this period produced a sensational string of masterpieces; Bonnard's "La Revue Blanche," Mackintosh's "The Scottish Musical Review," Lautrec's "Le Divan Japonais" and works by Beardsley, Mucha and Steinlin. The poster's easy, continuous sense of enjoyment, the playful bourgeois relaxation with which it trade-marked the *belle époque*, spread to America (Maxfield Parrish, Will Bradley), and to Germany, where Ludwig Hohlwein fused it with the more exotic style of the Murnau period Kandinsky.

In the confusing aesthetics of the First World War, Expressionism contributed one of the great posters. Kokoschka's "Drama-Komoedie," and

Futurism, cribbed by E. McKnight Kauffer, furnished a stunning design, "The Early Birds." (A sorry omission from the show are the English Vorticists.) By the twenties, an irreparable change, as Arthur Drexler pointed out to me, came over poster art. Gone forever were the innocent, slightly passive images of people in unpretentious pursuit of comfort. Politics assumed the thrust of menacing mass movements, as in Lissitzky's terrifying vision of the proletariat in his "Russische Ausstellung" poster of 1929, while utopian views of a typographic order pervaded the Bauhaus, and even leisure took on monumental, high-power overtones. The great genius was A. M. Cassandre, famed for his Dubonnet image, coming out of Corbusier and Ozenfant, but best represented here by his dazzling Metro poster for the Nicolas liquor distributors, and his Spidoleine ad, which owes so much to Miró. Of Cassandre, Blaise Cendrars wrote that he had discovered in publicity "the flower of contemporary life." While it may have been specifically typical of the French during the twenties and thirties to give a poetic endorsement to a whole economic system, the accent has stayed with us, innocent even in its disingenuousness.

A curious remembrance of this moment springs up in Lichtenstein's Aspen Jazz Festival poster, whose thirties revival style jadedly apes the enthusiasm of Cassandre's Corbusier-Léger program. It is a bowdlerization of a parody, in part sheer ironic fashion mongering, in part reflecting posters' continuing function as cheap portraits of works of art. Recently, the print renaissance among artists in America has assured, for what might be called art posters, a remarkable degree of self-sufficiency, in that they

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are a direct outcrop of studio work (Stella, Tony Smith.) What had been an art of adjectives and verbs subsides now into a vision of nouns. Noteworthy about the psychedelic work, on the other hand, is its wish to be aesthetic in this way, and yet, underground—faintly, or by implication, a social protest. Despite some eye rockingly lyrical designs, its dilemma is that it has found its version of enthusiasm in an expensive-looking, picky art nouveau, that is only too accessible to a kind of vulgar *em-bourgeoisement* against which it is nominally in opposition.

Only one poster in the exhibition can be construed as dissent from the current American *status quo*—and it is so refined, and compromisingly lovely as almost to escape notice. Two gentlemen by the names of Gianakos and Ancona have designed a small American flag with black star field, above the almost invisible legend "Send Our Boys Home." It is a whimper that makes one crave for that lost spontaneity, that liaison between political passion and powerful art, to which some posters allude.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It is irrelevant to complain that Norman Mailer's *Wild 90* is rambling, repetitious, incoherent and inept—that is how it is supposed to be. It is not a performance but a put-on, an elaborate joke—Norman the party stopper—whose point is that it has none. And it succeeds: the new film critic of *The New Yorker*, who declares *Wild 90* the worst movie she has ever sat through to the end, nevertheless writes seven full columns on it. True, she devotes a good deal of that space to informing us of the virtues and limitations of *cinéma vérité*, but still Mailer has scored with a major entry in America's leading gossip paper. He's the man in the news, and never mind how he got there.

I want to devote a little space myself to the put-on, a phenomenon with which I am growing very weary. In rough parallel to the credibility gap that now vexes civil life, the put-on exploits the credulity gap in the public's comprehension of the arts. Since the dominant impulses in all the arts today are iconoclasm, improvisation and ambiguity, and since the most embarrassing social blunder is to be thought square, practitioners whose hunger for attention exceeds their invention or projective energy are tempted to work variations on the emperor's clothes or the missing step in the flight of stairs. They take

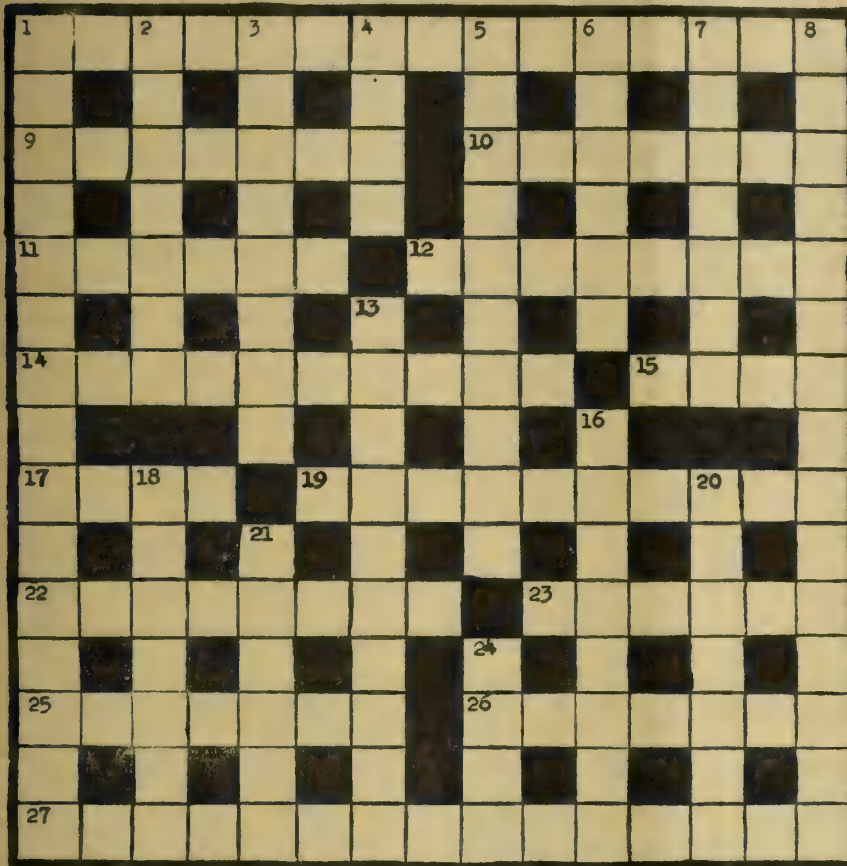
care to introduce some shock to the mores, construct their prank in some momentarily fashionable argot or fabric, and depend on a timid lack of conviction in press and public to bring them fame. The practice is utterly destructive of any talent these jokers may possess, but since usually they possess almost none (Mailer is a sad exception), that is not the main objection. Put-ons are baleful because they proliferate much more rapidly than expressions honestly intended, and their detection and weeding out divert attention from genuine essays in communication. The giggles are drowning out conversation.

Thus I am obliged to report that in *Wild 90*, Mailer has not written a script and is not acting a part; he is exhibiting his fantasies and showing off in public. The conflict between Mailer the artist and Norman the brawler has been evident for a long time; it has made him the best-known character in contemporary American letters and may well be seen by historians of his generation as the tragedy that boxed him in. Now he appears before us under the name of Prince, an aging, punch-drunk club fighter turned petty gangster. He is holed up in a loft with a couple of sleazy companions, slurping whiskey, combing his hair compulsively before a mirror, strutting like a fat midget, bullying his buddies with a stream of stultifying scatology to which they respond in snarling imitation. The scene is set with packing cases and camp chairs, the props are automatic weapons of *Little Caesar* vintage, the photography by D. A. Pennebaker is slovenly, coarse, a thumb in your eye.

Nothing that happens is acting; it is all acting out. Mailer never for a moment takes on the skin of an old pug or a prohibition gangster (it is a marvel how dated his reveries are); it is merely Norman doing his thing, like a drunk dancing *Petruchka* at a cocktail party. More than once, the camera catches him enjoying the spectacle of himself. And of course there is no plot, shape or drive to the thing. Mailer has worked up a few grimaces, some cleft-palate vocal tricks, a provocative stance, a way of lapping his booze, and a habit of hitting the furniture with his fists, and he runs through this paltry act again and again and again. You get the impression that a gallery of fools off camera is egging him on: "Man, that Norman is tough; no wonder the small-town cops keep locking him up!" There is one reference to the size of his genitals—*machismo*. It's boring, it's pathetic, it looks like the hardest sort of work for a middle-aged man, and it is probably going to get worse as Mailer grows older. But he did get that seven-column roasting in *The New Yorker*.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1235

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Rules out a clue to this, as a composition of the painter. (8-7)
- 9 Part of the temper or quality of the finback. (7)
- 10 I leave America, as they say, to become a saint. (7)
- 11 The answer to this across is this. (6)
- 12 Bird colonel, or likely to be of lesser rank? (8)
- 14 Beseeches one to be disturbed by Socrates at first (but only slightly!) (10)
- 15 Listen to the sound of this place! (4)
- 17 Everyone has a ring around this for 22! (4)
- 19 Through speaking? No, just "in conclusion." (10)
- 22 Getting close to the answer? See 17! (8)
- 23 Did he maintain that all you have to do to make ready for dinner is ring? (6)
- 25 They might show some stress, even though not acute. (7)
- 26 Does it keep the spirit moving for a while? (7)
- 27 One color rock and another shade, deep in the park. (11,4)

DOWN:

- 1 Given a miser with a couple of theater tickets, this calls for several coffees at the carry-out. (5,2,3,5)
- 2 Plays with a line, perhaps. (7)
- 3 Richness. (8)

- 4 See 7 down.

- 5 At least one lad came out of old Sparta, obviously. (10)
- 6 Mutual adjustment for better understanding of some foreigners? (6)
- 7 and 4 down Where one might expect odds and ends to prove that spiritous liquor ripens malt beverage. (7,4)
- 8 Book markings are probably in Roman and Arabic. (7,3,5)
- 13 Should they be lined with horse-feathers? (5-5)
- 16 Enough of this for the wilderness? (8)
- 18 A fortuitous number for the clergy and other officials. (7)
- 20 Is it not well to light up the old country? (7)
- 21 Bone to form integral parts of the religion. (6)
- 24 So brought up to look down on capital. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1234

ACROSS: 1 Chicken livers; 9 Purse; 10 Saccharin; 11 Tigress; 12 Backs up; 13 Lulls; 14 Cattle car; 16 Zoroaster; 18 Hoffa; 19 Triumph; 21 Stretch; 22 Oligocene; 23 Shrub; 24 Great Salt Lake. DOWN: 1 Capitalization; 2 Irregular; 3 Keepers; 4 Nests; 5 Incubator; 6 Ethical; 7 Surds; 8 Unapproachable; 14 Catchment; 15 Cafeteria; 17 Armhole; 18 Hard-set; 20 Icing; 21 Sheba.

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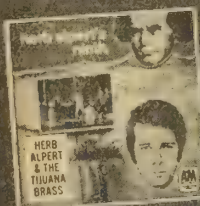
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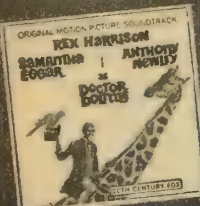
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LETTERS

trumpet

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: "Protest, Power and the Future of Politics" by Carey McWilliams [*The Nation*, Jan. 15] is a trumpet blast for a resurgence of ebbing interest in the viability of our political process. Moreover, it provides a stern antidote for those handcuffed to despair. He covers the major diseases of people and programs with precision and underscores the tragic implications of indifference . . .

R. J. Novogrod
Department of Political Science
Long Island University

is Texas listening?

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIR: As a native Texan, it pains me to commend you on your editorial, "That LBJ Trip" [Jan. 8], in which you say, "Texans, as everyone knows, are Ten Feet Tall and growing." This is, of course, a generalization of the sort to which *The Nation* does not often stoop, and it is also a "hate them all" message, which I think beneath your usual editorial quality. LBJ is certainly more typical than C. Wright Mills, but both came from Texas. Even so, you are on fairly firm ground regarding Texans.

But, we were not born more ignorant and arrogant than New Yorkers. These traits have been carefully cultivated by the power elite—of which Mills spoke so well. Our educational system ranks about forty-second in the nation and not because we are a poor state but because ignorance and arrogance are advantageous to the oil magnates and others.

Texans are more to be pitied than censured. You cannot censure a lack of education, ignorance and cultivated arrogance. You must come out of your intellectual towers and confront ignorance at the grass roots, if you hope to overcome it. If New York is intellectual and sophisticated, why speak there, when Texas needs you so much?

Mrs. Lee Dresh

panic button

New York City

DEAR SIR: W. H. Ferry chastens you [letter, Jan. 1] for indulging in "liberal tunnel visions" on the race question in America. And what do *The Nation's* editors do? Like spiteful children, they persist in precisely what they have just been admonished on.

In support of the notion that America is committed to integration you cite "the Fourteenth Amendment," "a long series of Supreme Court decisions" and "recent legislation." Come off it. That's the worst kind of liberal nonsense. You know perfectly well that the lack of integration in America has virtually nothing to do with a lack of amendments, decisions and legislation. Not the bare forms but the historical *substance* for integration is lacking. . . .

You quote Gunnar Myrdal to the effect that "Ideals are important social facts when they are firmly anchored in the hearts of people. . . ." Of course. But Mr. Ferry's point was that the American Dream is precisely *not* "anchored in the hearts of [the American] people." If such is indeed the case—and you have cited nothing to the contrary—then the mere fact that the ideals are (in Myrdal's words) "fortified in institutions like the Constitution" is simply trivial. If you doubt that please consult the ideals that are "fortified" in the Constitution of the USSR. . . .

Aivars I. Trusis

EDITORIALS

The Shock of Reality

If the consequences were not so serious, patriotic Americans might almost be grateful to the North Koreans and the Vietcong guerrillas for forcing at least a partial perception of reality on the American psyche, bedeviled by twenty years of cold-war fantasy.

The media, which have raised few questions during the whole course of the Vietnamese War, are now doing as much of a turn-around as their past commitments will permit. Heading one of its articles "The Impotence of Power," *Time* (February 2) lamented in another article that the "piracy of *Pueblo*" rehearsed for the nation—and its adversaries—"a dismaying litany of military procedures and political assumptions that proved in the crunch to be inadequate, unimaginative and unbelievably over-confident." *Newsweek's* caption is "Prometheus Bound," and it wonders if the *Pueblo* incident "wasn't really a salutary object lesson in the vulnerability of the mighty"—an object lesson which could have been learned from history, starting with the Greeks and coming up to date with the decline of the British Empire. In *The New York Times*, which has much less need for sackcloth and ashes, Peter Grose writes on "Limitations of Power," while James Reston observes that "never in history have the great nations been so powerful or so impotent as they are today." *The Wall Street Journal* marvels at "how much power the Communists can still mount after all the punishment they have taken from the U.S.," and points out the dangers to both sides of "the momentum of belligerence." And, with an unintentional touch of grim humor, the *New York Daily News* streamlines its January 31 issue, "Yanks Retake Saigon Embassy"—that embassy which was designed as a fortress impregnable to ordinary attack.

Painful as they are, these afterthoughts are all to the good. Perhaps we can now begin to see the folly of the world-policeman policy, and the unlikelihood of putting down "brush-fire" wars with military power. There may be some wars of this type that can be so managed, but when they involve intervention in a civil war, with our weight thrown on the side of a corrupt, reactionary government, and all the forces of nationalism arrayed against us, the venture borders on political and military insanity.

How did we get into such a seemingly impossible situation, falling from an ethical position admired by most of the world at the end of World War II to our present abjection? A clue may be found in Patrick Anderson's article, "The New Defense Secretary Thinks Like the President," in the January 28 *New York Times Magazine*. Noting that in the forties Clark Clifford was widely regarded as a liberal, Anderson quotes from a memorandum Clifford wrote to President Truman on September 24, 1946. It began:

"The gravest problem facing the U.S. today is that of American relations with the Soviet Union." Clifford's prescription was: "The language of military power is the only language which disciples of power politics understand."

The United States must use that language in order that Soviet leaders will realize that our Government is determined to uphold the interests of its citizens and the rights of small nations. Compromise and concessions are considered by the Soviets to be evidence of weakness."

Not a word here about the UN, or world organization in any form, or the possibility of a peace-keeping force, or indeed of peace keeping in any form except by the threat of military power. Anderson, who is thoroughly conversant with the Washington scene, maintains that this paragraph is an excellent summary of Clifford's views on the challenge in Vietnam (and presumably in Korea if challenge is renewed there) and the manner in which we must deal with it. And now Mr. Clifford is our Secretary of Defense.

It should be noted, also, that in the recriminations over the course of the war in Vietnam and the *Pueblo* incident, there are suggestions that we may have to use nuclear bombs in one theatre of war or the other, or in both. Thus we can avoid fighting an infantry war in Asia, and although it is a course leading straight to World War III, its advocates are willing to take the chance.

The alternative is to listen to such sound advice as that offered by Charles Yost, former ambassador at the UN and a veteran of thirty-four years in the foreign service—and by no means a "dove." In his new book, *The Insecurity of Nations*, Mr. Yost argues that real security in the modern world is not "national security" but "collective security" through a strengthened United Nations. National armaments make nations less, not more, secure. As Mr. Yost said recently in a discussion of his book:

"The revival and reinforcement of the United Nations no doubt seems and, at the moment may be, Utopian. . . . The point to be made again and again, to be hammered unmercifully into our proud, hard, silly heads, is that the attempt to achieve the security of nations by national means, under modern circumstances, is still more Utopian."

Do our "proud, hard, silly" heads have ears, and will they listen?

Fact and Fantasy

Diplomatic and political realities are not the only bitter truths being borne in upon us: certain harsh military facts should by now begin to penetrate our "proud, hard, silly heads." For example:

When President Johnson's "Westy" was in the States in late November to help launch the President's re-election campaign, he was full of reassurance. Although he could not set a time limit, he assured us that the war was nearing its final phase. Westmoreland, and Ambassador Bunker, pointed to the foe's appalling losses, stressed every day in the body counts of the printed and electronic press. Secretary McNamara, somewhat earlier, had warned that a harder, tougher bombing policy would not do much to slow the infiltration of supplies from the North. Now McNamara is out; Westmoreland and Bunker are still in. This despite the fact that the truth of McNamara's August, 1967, testimony is being sadly verified, according to Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*, "in the fog-shrouded

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THE NATION

Volume 206
No. 7

mountains around Khesanh," where a major battle impends.

Our men will fight courageously, as before. But their work is cut out for them. Gene Roberts, also writing in the *Times*, reports that "a steadily increasing supply of arms and ammunition transported along the Ho Chi Minh trail has significantly increased enemy fire power over the last year, according to several high American sources." The enemy, they said, is now "far better equipped than the South Vietnamese army." So McNamara understated the case.

A question that arises is: how many times can a general, no matter how many stars he wears, be wrong before he is transferred from his command? But the President does not set a good example in accuracy of forecasts. In his budget he proceeds on the assumption that there will be a leveling off of defense spending, when he knows perfectly well that he will be asking for more money long before the fiscal year is out—unless by some sleight of hand he is able to start negotiations with both North Vietnam and the Vietcong, and not on terms of their surrender.

On the civilian front in Vietnam—although no one can say where the military front ends and the civilian begins—the story is the same. Sen. Edward Kennedy's hard-working twelve-day visit turns up some ugly facts. Edward—who is emerging as the more skillful of the Kennedys—says the United States should threaten to withdraw if Saigon fails to make a serious attack on government corruption. That the South Vietnamese government has not the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort is made obvious by the resignation of Maj. Gen. Nguyen Duc Thang, the South Vietnamese Tom Dewey. Corruption and nepotism will go on as before. Edward Kennedy lays it on the line: "The pattern of destruction we are creating can only make a workable political future more difficult; and the government we are supporting has given us no indication that it can win the lasting confidence of its own people."

But how much longer will it take for this intelligence to penetrate those "proud, hard, silly heads" at the White House and in the Pentagon?

Johnson's Texas Troubles

Although Lyndon Johnson, through the stupidity of the Republicans, may retain control of the White House in 1968, this may be the year, ironically, when he begins to lose control of his home base in Texas. Throughout his Presidency, he has been secure in the knowledge that things back home were under the brutally tight, conservative control of his political alter ego, John Connally, who was elected governor in 1962. But Connally has announced that he will not run for re-election this year, and there appears to be no heir apparent who can be sure of election. In fact, the strength of the conservative Democrats is divided among half a dozen candidates in the primary (with more coming in every week). They are so splintered that it is doubtful that they could reunite in time to be effective in the run-off. As for the Republicans, their best bet would be George Bush, but he likes Washington and will probably remain in the House of Repre-

sentatives until he can run for the U.S. Senate against Ralph Yarborough in 1970.

All of which means that the liberals will probably seize the governor's mansion this year. Non-Texans may not realize it, but that is like saying that Charles Lindbergh intends to spruce up *The Spirit of St. Louis* for a trip to the moon this year—and will probably make it. Smothered by the oil-gas-insurance-bank money blanket, the liberals have not made a successful fight for the governorship of Texas since the 1930s.

But luck and circumstances are with them now. Heretofore they could anticipate treachery on the part of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Pressured by Johnson, Meany has in other elections kept some important Texas unions from backing the liberal Democrat, influencing them to put their money instead on the LBJ-machine candidate. But Meany had better not do that this year. Lister Hill, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, is retiring. The man who will replace him, Wayne Morse of Oregon, is up for re-election. If he is knocked off, the chairmanship of the Labor Committee will fall to Senator Ralph Yarborough, head of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in Texas. Meany needs his friendship, and Yarborough has already told him that the best way to be sure of that is to refrain this year from his usual trickery in Texas.

The other club with which the liberals may beat their way to victory is the threat of a rebellious delegation to the national convention—the kind of Texas schizophrenia that made headlines in the 1952 convention. Senator Yarborough has let it be known that he might lead such a band of liberal rebels to Chicago unless President Johnson refrains from helping the conservative Democrats of Texas. Johnson, who can hardly relish the thought of this embarrassment at the convention, will probably heed the warning.

Thus the way is as open as it can possibly be for the liberals' gubernatorial choice, Don Yarborough, a young Houston attorney who is no kin of the Senator. In 1962, Don Yarborough, then an unknown, came within 25,000 votes of winning the governorship in a race with Connally. The opposition of Meany and Johnson killed his chances by cutting off his money sources, and some of his labor and Mexican support. But now Don Yarborough is a well-known, mature politician, and he can go all the way if he has half a chance. Only peace in Vietnam could be more devastating to LBJ's position than a liberal in the Texas governor's mansion.

Kurtz in Storyville

Recent evidence suggests that we have translated our war mentality to our cities. The Detroit Police Commissioner, explaining why he would not permit full reportage of departmental maneuvers designed to test new tactics, weaponry and equipment, said: "In a war, you do not show the enemy what you are doing." One wonders how many of the 400 police officers attending conferences early this year in six cities (conferences called by the Attorney General and closed to the public) also define the citizens of their cities as "the enemy." Detroit has al-

ready employed armored vehicles originally designed for Vietnam and has ordered more for this summer.

As all military men know, a manual must accompany every new version of warfare. Col. Robert Rigg (U.S.A. Ret.) has volunteered for the war-in-the-cities assignment. "In the next decade," he says, in an article in the January *Army Magazine*, "at least one major metropolitan area in the United States could be faced with guerrilla warfare of such intensity as to require sizable U.S. Army elements in action, and National Guard units on active duty for years." We can be thankful, therefore, that while we fight our war for national survival in Vietnam, we have been farsighted enough to hold back the National Guard to pacify our own cities.

"Night fighting," says Rigg, "will call for a very delicate decision as to which darkened window to shoot at and which rooftop to blast by mortar fire or assault by helicopter. A whole new manual of military operations, tactics and techniques needs to be written in respect to urban warfare of this nature. There are none on the subject today." Rigg compares the potential warfare of our cities to our present war in Southeast Asia: "As in Vietnam today, the fighters by night could be workers by day. Rooftops, windows, rooms high up, streets low down, and back alleys nearby, could become a virtual jungle for patrolling police or military forces at night when hidden snipers could abound, as they often do against U.S. and allied forces in Vietnam in daylight. Could local police or National Guard units carry out search-and-destroy campaigns in the cement-block jungles of high-rise buildings?" Obviously not. The Army "must be oriented and trained to know the cement-and-asphalt jungle of every American city. It means that maneuvers and exercises, heretofore carried out about the countryside, in the future can be conducted in large cities." Abetting the effort will be a fifth column, "an inside intelligence system . . . informants who can help guide troops and police through the maze of buildings, stairwells, streets, alleys, tunnels and sewers." We can assume that Colonel Rigg is now composing his manual, *Fundamentals of Counterviolence Techniques As Applied To High-Rise Insurgency Situations*.

A long time ago we were promised that this Administration planned "to wage war only on poverty"; it now seems to be preparing for a war on the poor. We may be reminded, perhaps, of Joseph Conrad's Mr. Kurtz, who wrote a soaring treatise on the elimination of "Savage Customs," a treatise so high-minded and idealistic that Marlowe derived "the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence." Later, however, Kurtz scribbled a postscript: "Exterminate all the brutes!"

Two Hundred and Six Million

November 20, 1967, was a red-letter day for the Department of Commerce. At 11 A.M. the census clock in the lobby had reached the figure of 200 million Americans. A prevalent myth among businessmen is that the more people there are the better business is bound to be, since the babies will have to be clothed and fed and when they grow up provided with automobiles and split-level houses.

Pessimists have disputed this view, pointing out that babies have no purchasing power and a lot of parents have sadly little. Nevertheless, there was rejoicing on that November morn, and in fact the jubilation should have been even greater, for the population experts estimated that the clock was as much as 6 million lives behind the actual figure. And now, nearly three months later, we are presumably *kinderreich* (rich in children), to use Hitler's term, by another half-million or so.

But is all this fecundity really ground for national self-congratulation? On the great day when we achieved our 200 (or 206) million, a faculty-student group at Stanford University which calls itself COPE (Council on Population and Environment) published sardonic advertisements in campus newspapers at Stanford, Berkeley and San Francisco State. The ads ran: "Our children will be proud of us for . . . massive and expanding highways . . . a landscape covered with structures and power lines . . . a booming supersonic transport business . . . removing forests and grasslands, halting rivers and flooding bays." Also "for having lots of kids so that there will be plenty of heads to solve the world's problems of overcrowding, famine, war, and so that they will never be lonely!"

Dr. Sidney Liebes, Jr., of the Stanford Medical School's Genetics Department, and Professor of Biology Paul R. Ehrlich are co-chairmen of COPE. They maintain that Americans are feeling more crowded every day, that we are depleting the world's resources and living in a deteriorating environment. In this view, what we need is not an endlessly increasing population but a stabilized one which will live in harmony with nature. And the time for stabilization is now. At least de-escalation should be started, and the sooner the better.

Of course in some other countries the need for population restraint is even more urgent. Dr. Ehrlich foresees that an estimated 3.5 million people, mostly children, will starve to death this year. For years we have been warned of the impending famines of the seventies—in four or five years an estimated 500 million will be starving. We live on the same planet with these people, and such catastrophes will inevitably have drastic effects on us. Even the militarists, who have always been in favor of large families, should now be in favor of birth control. Modern war is mainly a matter of technology, not of sheer manpower. Ehrlich points out that we fought World War II with a population of less than 150 million, and Nazi Germany conquered most of Europe with less than half that number.

Ehrlich and his colleagues feel that population control should be a campaign issue. Politicians may find it still pays to kiss babies when canvassing, but they should advocate policies that will leave fewer babies for them to kiss in the next campaign. Increasing population will only add to our economic and social woes and lead to further erosion of our freedom.

Another Stanford Medical School faculty member, Dr. Sumner M. Kalman, a pharmacologist, makes the point that the large families which were so necessary in pioneering days because of the high infant mortality and the requirements of an agricultural economy are no longer needed—are in fact harmful to individual families in

many cases and to the nation as a whole. Dr. Kalman points out that in a relatively enlightened country like Japan abortion is legal, while the United States is disgraced with about 1 million illegal abortions annually. Since youth will inherit the problems caused by rampant population growth, such as high-pressure urbanization leading to "crime in the streets" and political instability, they should be taught all that we know about population trends, reproductive physiology and related subjects.

Whatever new problems this may raise are not likely to be as intractable as the ones we already face. COPE, and enlightened candidates for office, will find plenty of ammunition in the article in this issue by the distinguished ecologist Raymond F. Dasman; after reading it, they can go on to his *The Destruction of California*, a book that is relevant to every state in the Union.

Happening at Happening House

The San Francisco police have notoriously bad relations with the literary world of Baghdad-By-The-Bay. Last year there was the Ken Kesey affair and also the celebrated "Love Book" trial, in which a poetess was prosecuted for using "four-letter words" and other indelicacies related to the love act.

There has also been constant friction between the

police and the hippies, many of whom are, or claim to be, poets, artists and other creative types. And now a trial that is taking place has important implications on the matter of "contributing to the delinquency of minors." Leonard Wolf, a distinguished member of the English Department at San Francisco State College, is currently on trial because of the performance, in the nude, of a group of dancers at a conference he organized.

Wolf and a group of friends founded "Happening House" to serve as a liaison between the hippies and the academic community. This is a risky business, placing one between the police, who are apt to resent "meddling professors," and the hippies, whose actions are hard to foresee or control.

When a group of dancers—without warning—took off their clothes at the conclusion of the conference that Wolf held on runaways, he was arrested, though he was absent from the auditorium when the dance occurred and had no knowledge of the dancers' intentions. In a city that permits topless and bottomless dancers, whose streets "swarm" with prostitutes, it seems remarkable to bring an English professor to trial for an event he could not anticipate or control. It is due, in part, to a gulf that has historically separated the academic community from the police, a gulf that is leading to increasing conflict (one recalls the Leslie Fiedler affair in Buffalo or the recent events at the State University of New York, Stonybrook).

RUSSIA ON THE NILE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

A World War II experience of mine illustrates, I think, an important psychological aspect of Russia's success in the Arab world. In December, 1943, soon after the Teheran Conference, and while nothing very important was happening on the Russo-German front, I had the opportunity to get a free ride in an American Embassy plane from Moscow to Teheran, and then to Cairo. (For correspondents in wartime such lifts were a regular thing; I also got one from the British on my way back from Cairo to Moscow.) Cairo was then under British occupation; and King Farouk, who had been somewhat obstreperous during the previous year, when it seemed uncertain that the British could hold Cairo against the advancing Germans and Italians, had now been browbeaten into obedient, if sulky, silence by a strong British military demonstration—tanks and all—outside his palace. The atmosphere in Egypt was unpleasant; British soldiers and officers invariably referred to the Egyptians as "Wogs."

The contempt shown by the British on every occasion and at every level deeply offended the Egyptians, and the Russians were fully aware of it. The newly appointed Soviet Minister in Cairo, Mr. Nikolai Novikov (he was later the Ambassador in Washington), invited me to

lunch; several Egyptians were also guests, and I was struck by the extreme friendliness and courtesy with which the Soviet Minister treated them. During the same week, Mr. Novikov was received in audience by King Farouk. It is extremely doubtful that the Russians had any particular liking for the King, then little more than a lascivious fat boy of 23: but, on coming out of the palace after his meeting, Mr. Novikov declared to the crowd of Egyptian reporters who had gathered outside the gate that he had had a most satisfactory meeting with His Majesty and that, in his view, King Farouk was "a very great king." The Cairo evening papers, including those printed in French, came out with enormous banner headlines:

"LE ROI FAROUK EST UN TRES GRAND ROI"
déclare M. Novikov, Ministre de l'USSR en Egypte

Among Egyptians this made a tremendous impression. Whether they liked him or not, King Farouk was at that time a symbol of national Egyptian resistance to the British occupation authorities. Novikov had taken a clear "anti-colonialist" stand; the Egyptians fully understood this, and their feelings toward Stalin's Russia warmed accordingly. The British Embassy was, of course, furious with the Soviet Minister.

For a variety of reasons, this budding wartime friendship between Russia and Egypt did not burst into flower

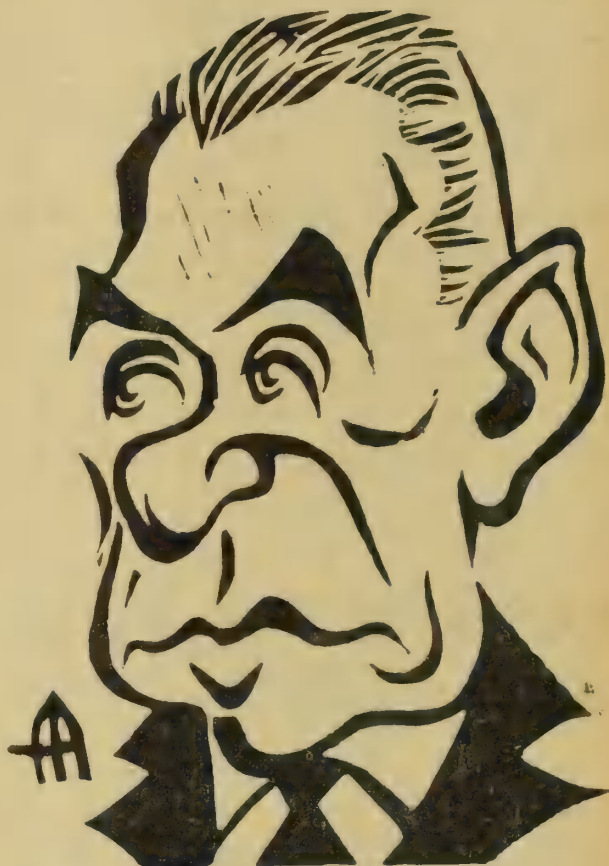
after the war. The Russians had an endless number of other problems on their hands; first, the gigantic task of restoring the war-paralyzed economy of the country; then the setting up of "friendly" governments in all the neighboring countries of Eastern and Central Europe; and then all the immensely complex problems that had arisen from President Truman's policy of hostility. Stalin did not entirely lose sight of the Moslem world but, obsessed as he was with Russian security, he was more interested in territories much closer than Egypt to the Soviet border, primarily (apart from Eastern Europe) Iran and Turkey. But both Stalin's move to secure a "sphere of influence" (complete with oil concessions) in northern Iran and his attempt to force Turkey to share control of the Black Sea Straits, with the help of a Russian air and naval base on the Bosphorus, came to nothing. Truman was bellicose on these points, and the Russians, having no atom bomb at the time, did not persist.

But despite Truman's sharp intervention in favor of Iran and Turkey, to the Russians the main villains in the Middle East were then still the British, rather than the Americans. Although the wartime flirtation between Russia and Egypt had helped to produce some strong progressive and even Socialist and near-Communist movements in the Arab countries, and particularly in Egypt, Stalin decided to concentrate on weakening the British hold on the Middle East in the manner least likely to please the Arabs—by making Russia the first power to extend *de jure* recognition to Israel. In June, 1947, at the United Nations, the Russians had proposed the creation of a Jewish-Arab state in Palestine as being the only fair solution to both peoples; but in November, 1947, Gromyko suddenly accepted the partition plan and the creation of a Jewish state. When, in May, 1948, Ben-Gurion proclaimed the state of Israel, Russia hastened to give it *de jure* recognition, while even the United States was still at the *de facto* stage.

The Russian Communists, starting with Lenin himself, had always been hostile to Zionism; if Stalin now overcame these "prejudices," it was because he saw in the Jews of Palestine the most determined enemies of British imperialism. The new state of Israel, with its wealth of talent, technical skill and dynamism, was also more likely than any other country in the Middle East to develop something in the nature of a "progressive" and "Socialist" state. The Arabs, on the other hand, seemed to the Russians still under the powerful influence of the British war lords, and of the American oil corporations. Stalin saw to it that the Haganah was well provided with arms, principally from Czechoslovakia. This Soviet patronage of Israel had, of course, a disastrous effect on the Egyptian "progressives" and Communists, who were subjected to the most violent persecution between 1948 and 1950. Since many of the Egyptian Communists were of Jewish origin, they were described as a "Jewish Fifth Column," and massacred. Paradoxically, this wholehearted Russian support of the new state coincided, in Russia, with the beginnings of the ferocious anti-Semitic drive that marked the last years of Stalin. But the two

policies were kept more or less distinct: help to Israel was intended to create great difficulties for "British imperialism"; the anti-Jewish, and particularly anti-Yiddish and anti-Zionist, campaign in Russia was one aspect of Stalin's struggle for monolithic conformism, not only inside the Soviet Union but, especially after the defection of Yugoslavia, inside the entire "Socialist bloc."

Then, in the early fifties, the calculations began to change. Israel became more and more identified in



Aleksei N. Kosygin

Russian eyes with no longer British but American imperialism, and all dreams of Israel as an "outpost of socialism" in the Middle East were gradually abandoned. At the trial of Rudolf Slansky in 1952, American and British imperialism and Zionism were all three denounced in the same breath, and the most damaging conclusions were drawn from Slansky's "contacts" (no doubt authorized by Stalin at the time of the arms shipments to Palestine in 1948-49) with the Israeli Zionists.

What brought about a sudden new *rapprochement* between Russia and Egypt was the Anglo-Franco-American declaration of 1950 for the preservation of the *status quo* in the Middle East. The Arabs saw in this an attempt to consolidate Israel within its new, 1949 frontiers, while the Russians resented being left out of this agreement among Washington, London and Paris. Egypt was then fighting the British on the Suez Canal, and in December,

1951, began negotiations for Russian arms. The overthrow of Farouk and the seizure of power by the officers under Naguib and Nasser interrupted these talks, the Russians strongly suspecting at first that the new Egyptian rulers were American stooges.

The Russians embraced Nasser when, following the Baghdad pact, from which Egypt was excluded, and which made Iraq—dangerously close to Russia—the real center of Anglo-American strategy in the Arab world, the new Egyptian leader attended the Bandung Conference. By doing so, Nasser openly declared himself an “anti-colonialist,” which also greatly raised his stock in Egypt itself. In July, 1955, Nasser received a visit from Dimitri Shepilov, the future Russian foreign minister; and, that same month, Mr. Solod, the Soviet Ambassador, casually informed him that Czechoslovakia would sell him arms. A few months later, Nasser made a dramatic announcement to that effect.

Needless to say, the mad Anglo-French Suez adventure a year later played into the hands of the Russians. Even if Nasser himself credited the calling off of the expedition

largely to Eisenhower, the view among the Arab masses, according to Jean Lacouture, the leading French authority on Egypt, was that a Khrushchev-Bulganin threat to obliterate London and Paris had been decisive.

But, in 1958, new complications arose between Egypt and Russia over the “Anschluss” of Syria, one of its purposes having been to stop the rapid progress of the Syrian Communists. This “union” of the two countries was followed by fierce persecutions of the Communists in both Egypt and Syria; the Syrian Communist leader, Khaled Bagdash, fled to Russia, where he undertook a violent campaign against Nasser whom he pictured as a militarist and chauvinist. Relations were for a time extremely strained between Cairo and Moscow; and yet, in 1960, and despite continued persecution of the Communists in both Syria and Egypt, the Russians availed themselves of the undreamed of opportunity, given them by the American refusal to cooperate, of subsidizing in a grand manner the Aswan High Dam. Khrushchev paid a triumphal visit to Egypt in 1964, when he conferred on Nasser and Amer the title of Hero of the Soviet Union—much to the dissatisfaction of his colleagues at home. There was much speculation at the time as to just why Khrushchev was making all these desperate attempts to please the Egyptians. To create a Cuba in the Middle East? To eliminate the danger of Anglo-American bases being set up in the Arab world? To “control” the Middle East oil supplies in emergencies? Or simply to “make friends and influence people?” All of these motives played their parts, but most important perhaps was the value of the Aswan Dam as propaganda for Soviet technology among the “developing” countries, and the creation of a whole new class of Egyptian engineers, technicians and skilled workers in connection with the dam.

The Castro-Nasser parallel scarcely holds water, since Castro is a real revolutionary and Nasser is not; nevertheless, Khrushchev, departing from Stalin’s stay-at-home caution, still liked to think he was pursuing a “Leninist” policy; at least, he did until he burned his fingers on Cuba. Significantly, Khrushchev’s successors are today more interested in Nasser than in Cuba. Cuba is “dangerous,” and Castro now reproaches the Russians for not being “revolutionary” enough, and for signing trade agreements with reactionary regimes in Latin America. The Arab world attracts them for the reasons mentioned above, and also for the very specific mission of “protecting” the hungry Arab masses from Chinese influence.

A special place in this strange tangle is held by Syria; both Moscow and Cairo were somewhat alarmed by the “Left adventurism” of its leaders; nevertheless, both capitals felt that it was impossible to abandon Syria to Israeli aggression. When, on April 7, 1967, the Israelis attacked Syria, destroying six “Migs” in the process, Moscow sharply warned Israel to forgo any further moves against that country. Since more attacks on Syria were nevertheless expected, Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba and demanded the withdrawal of UN troops from the Sinai desert, both steps being taken without consulting the Russians. If the Russians raised no serious objections to these moves, regarding them in Nasser’s



Gamal Abdel Nasser

terms as merely "a warning" to Israel, they grew extremely alarmed on June 2, and one of their diplomats rushed to see Nasser at 3 A.M. on June 3 to warn him against an Egyptian attack which, the Russians had learned, was to be launched against Israel that very day. A similar warning had been given to Israel by de Gaulle only a few hours earlier. After the Israeli blitzkrieg of June 5, the Russians screamed loudly about "Israeli aggression" at the UN, but still they did not oppose an unconditional cease-fire. Short of intervening in person—which might have brought on a direct clash with the United States—they had no alternative. They were, of course, furious with the Egyptians' lamentable military performance, which caused the destruction of a billion dollars' worth of Soviet equipment.

What has been happening since then is curious. Marshal Zakharov, the Soviet chief of staff, recently told me that he "had had to go to Cairo to get Nasser to fire hundreds of Egyptian officers and generals." He thought most of these officers "belonged to the old feudal class" and some were hoping to overthrow Nasser—even at the price of a defeat by Israel. As for the soldiers, they were illiterate and quite untrained for modern warfare. There are now believed to be at least 3,000 Russian experts in Egypt, and 3,000 more in the other Arab countries—and the Egyptian officers take "advice" from them more readily than they did before June, 1967. Many new army and air force personnel are being trained in the Soviet Union (together with North Vietnamese); in particular, they are taught to operate the new "Mig 23." The equipment destroyed in June, 1967, has been almost completely replaced by new Russian planes, tanks, etc. Mr. Vinogradov, the ablest of all Soviet diplomats, has been ambassador in Cairo since September, and sees Nasser several times a week.

There are now some thirty Soviet warships in the Eastern Mediterranean and, according to French intelligence reports, some of these ships are equipped to carry substantial numbers of Russian marines. The Russians are also building aircraft carriers, expected soon to enter the Mediterranean. The Russians believe that the presence of their navy is calculated to reassure the Arabs. (There is nothing new about this: Czars maintained Russian naval forces in the Mediterranean and, until their breach with Albania, the Russians had a submarine base there.)

On the face of it, the situation looks dangerous, with the Russians rearming Egypt, and the United States, after the Eshkol visit to President Johnson, intensifying the rearmament of Israel. But there is good reason to suppose that the Russians feel, in a sense, that they, not Israel, are the real victors of the short war last June. They disappointed the Egyptians by not intervening militarily; but, since the Western powers broke off relations with Egypt and most other Arab countries, these countries feel that Russia is their only friend. Vinogradov, by all reliable accounts, is *not* grooming Egypt for a resounding *revanche* but is, on the contrary, trying to soften Egyptian susceptibilities to the point where the Arabs (or, at any rate, the Egyptians) will agree to a "realistic" peace settlement. Special importance is attached by qualified observ-

ers to the particularly warm reception given in Moscow to Hussein, the "little feudal king of Jordan," of all people. The explanation is quite simple: Hussein stands for a "realistic peace" and for a "realistic settlement" of the Palestine problem. This would mean that Arabs and Jews would sit down and talk. One thing to which the Russians will not agree is the annexation by Israel of the occupied territories—unless any transfer of territories is made part of a "political settlement." The Russians do not want to risk a nuclear war over Egypt, any more than they want one over Vietnam. The rearmament of Egypt, the Russian navy in the Mediterranean, etc., are no more than weapons in a diplomatic game, the final purpose of which—in the Russian view—is a "realistic settlement," after which Russia may expect to find that Egypt, and some of the other Arab countries, will still see Moscow as their best friend and benefactor. The Egyptian intelligentsia is well aware of this. When John Foster Dulles handed the Aswan Dam over to Russia, he did not know that he was taking the first step toward turning a large part of the Arab world into a Russian sphere of influence, with Egypt as Russia's great show window of benevolence toward the Third World. As one Egyptian intellectual said: "We prefer the Aswan Dam treatment to the napalm treatment that the Vietnamese people are getting."

Not that the Russians have any revolutionary ambitions. They do not much believe (despite Vietnam) in "revolutionary wars"; Latin America is too far away for them to do anything about it. As for Africa, as one Russian told me last summer: "Most of those African rulers are so goddamn corrupt, we really can't afford to compete with the CIA." There is a big difference between Kosygin and Khrushchev: if Khrushchev, departing from Stalin's caution, liked to use revolutionary verbiage and patronized Castro (Cuba was his fatal mistake: "What we shall never forgive him is that he nearly landed us in a nuclear war with the United States" was the most common remark I heard in Russia), Kosygin is not carried away by any "revolutionary" Leninism. He distrusts both Castro and the firebrands in Syria, but he likes to deal with a "reasonable guy" like Nasser. It is by working through such reasonable guys that Russia helps to maintain "progressive" (though not Communist) regimes in the "developing" countries. It can do this more easily every year, as bigger and bigger export surpluses accumulate from its spectacular industrial development. Nevertheless, Russia does not like to give away too much for nothing—or for little. That is why a limited objective like Egypt is preferable to, say, India, where—it is argued in Moscow—nothing much can be done to establish a reasonable standard of living until some far-reaching transformations are made in the whole fabric of Indian society. Charity-begins-at-home moods are still understandably strong in Russia; it is only in the last few years that living conditions have begun to approach the West European level. And that may well be the chief reason why, as Isaac Deutscher remarked, Russia broke with China. To pool resources with China would have meant raising the Chinese, and lowering the Soviet, standard of living. In Egypt much bigger results can be achieved at much smaller cost.

THE RIDDLE OF PROGRESS

RAYMOND F. DASMANN

Mr. Dasmann is Director of Environmental Studies at the Conservation Foundation, Washington, D.C. He is the author of several books on conservation of which the most recent, A Different Kind of Country, will be published by Macmillan next month.

Once it was difficult to travel, but the journey led to places strange and new. Today travel is for all, but increasingly all roads lead to the same place. Technology and population growth work their changes. The unique and different become uniform, mass-produced and interchangeable. Suburban homes and high-rise apartments, highways and airports, hotels and restaurants are stamped from the same patterns from Seattle to San Diego, Miami to Honolulu, and on to once-foreign lands.

But all places have not yet been processed through the technological mill. There are places where change has not yet come, places by-passed by what we choose to call progress, places where nature still follows its old pathways, little disturbed by man. You must work harder to find them, but they exist. Whether they will still be there tomorrow depends on us.

To some, the natural areas of the world are worth saving just so that we may see the marvelous diversity of the world in which mankind evolved. To others, the wild areas are an essential part of our environment; we destroy them at the risk of our own destruction. To some, the old man-made patterns that still exist in our land are worth saving as a record of where we have been. To others, they are essential to the maintenance of human variety; they represent ways out of a technological trap. To all who are concerned, however, the question of how to save samples of the old America has no easy answer. As a nation we have been committed to quantitative measures of losses and gains. Wild values and human history do not readily quantify.

There are those who say we should not bother with these things now; the human problems of today are far too pressing. We have slums and ghettos, poverty and war, pestilence and hunger. These must command our attention. But others would look beyond tomorrow, to the day when the races no longer glare in hostility at one another, when poverty is overcome, when the slums are no more. When that day is reached and the slum dwellers emerge to their new life of security and leisure, what will the world be like? Will there be any place worth going to; any possibility of finding new ways of life in unfamiliar kinds of country? The answers to these questions must be found today.

How do we preserve diversity? How do we save wild areas and wild animal life, historical areas or different patterns for living? In the past we leaned heavily on government purchase of national parks, refuges, recreation areas, historical monuments and other reserves. But we can't afford to buy them all. At least we won't afford it now, and tomorrow will be too late. We have not

managed to buy even the lands that we think we have set aside in public parks. Much of the area inside Everglades National Park is still privately owned and subject to exploitation. Point Reyes National Seashore, Assateague and Fire Island still remain largely in private hands. And those areas we have purchased for preservation beyond tomorrow are not secure. The largest reserve is influenced by its surroundings. If we owned all of Everglades National Park, it would still be threatened by the water demands of agricultural and urban developments in the lands beyond the park.

Once I thought environmental planning was the answer; better planning for and control over land use. You can't preserve wilderness without attention to the cities; you can't save nature without provisions for people. Parks must be integrated into overall park and recreation plans, and these in turn into total environmental plans. With good regional land-use planning and a willingness to translate plans into action, we could save the wild places, the rare places, the historical patterns, and create a better world for people. Once that seemed to be the answer. Today I am not sure. Too often it appears that planning, whether regional, land use or city planning, seems to lead to conditions worse than those the plans were intended to correct.

The dangers of single-purpose planning have long been obvious. Our highway systems are planned, yet few engineering efforts have done more damage to the American environment, as freeways cut through parks and choice farm lands, block off urban water fronts, and destroy historical city centers. Our water developments have been planned, and yet have been the sites of the greatest environmental controversies, since every wild and scenic canyon appears to be threatened by one or another development plan.

But even the broadest kind of planning that is being carried out today can lead ultimately, if the plans are successful, to less satisfactory conditions for people. Examples could be chosen almost at random, but a recent illustration is provided by the year 2000 plan for Fairfax County, Va. Fairfax County, part of the Washington metropolitan area, contains Dulles International Airport and the new town of Reston, along with Alexandria, Falls Church, McLean and other communities that are already a part of urbanized Washington. Today, however, much of the county is pleasant, open land of interspersed forest and field, of farms and estates, where one can easily forget the presence of a big city. But today there are only 400,000 people in the county.

The planners assume that in the year 2000, 1.5 million people will live in Fairfax County. The plan is intended to accommodate them in the most rational manner, to provide sites for new urban communities, transportation networks, water, sewage systems and all the other adjuncts and necessities of urban development.

It is not my purpose to criticize the plan itself but

to question the planners' basic assumption that growth will occur, that it is inevitable, that it is somehow desirable, and that it must therefore be accommodated. If the accommodation requires the sacrifice of field and forest, then these must be sacrificed. If it brings increasing pollution and congestion to the total metropolitan region, then these must be endured. If it leads to the disappearance of Washington into a massive megalopolis, this must be accepted. Growth is taken as the determinant; all else must bend to it. I do not know if Fairfax County will be a better place to live when 1.5 million people dwell where 400,000 now exist. It bothers me that nobody asks the question. One hears the demographer's predictions, and one obeys.

The unfortunate consequence of planning for growth is that it makes growth almost inevitable. If the houses are built and the roads are put in; if the industries and other employing agencies arrive; if water, schools, sewage systems and other essentials are provided, people will come to fill the spaces allotted for them. They will be encouraged to come; they will be advertised for; lured to the area that has been planned for them. The home

builders, the road builders, the business leaders and the government officials all develop a stake in population growth. Once growth is planned for, its absence becomes disastrous. Growth must occur.

Is the answer, then, to abandon planning? Obviously not. Areas for which no overall plan exists, or in which none is adhered to, also grow. They grow in a more disruptive manner, blotting out natural environments, creating conflicts for water, creating hopeless transportation problems; spreading out into the "slurbs" of California, or the depressing developments of Florida. One sees too many examples in America of growth without plan.

Perhaps, however, the answer lies in a different kind of planning; one that takes growth as a variable that can be controlled. But planners alone cannot make such decisions. The resolve to control growth in any area is a policy decision that must be made by the government through the political process at every level, from national and state to county and city. The decision had best be made first at the top, at the federal level, since federal



Pierotti, New York Post

funds, subsidies and contracts have a major role in determining where people will go.

I cannot state in any detail what kind of planning must be done to control growth. Obviously America is not yet saturated with people, although it could be argued that we have already exceeded our optimum population. Obviously, also, some areas have reached a point of overcrowding, considering our present level of social and physical organization of human communities. One kind of planning, therefore, that holds out hope is planning for new cities. By new cities I do not mean new towns of the Columbia or Reston variety, since these are simply well-organized additions to already urbanized areas; but completely new cities of a quarter million or more people. The "experimental city" being planned at the University of Minnesota, under the leadership of Walter Vivrett, and with the assistance of Athelstan Spilhaus, Buckminster Fuller, Harrison Brown, William Wheaton and others, is an example. This project would attempt to bring into being a city of 250,000 to be located at least 100 miles from any existing metropolitan center. Such a city, by its new design, its bold approaches to architecture and urban function, could persuade people to move from existing centers of congestion. But only a major effort and expenditure of funds by federal and state governments can bring such new cities into being. Private enterprise cannot lead the way, since it cannot afford the risk involved in such huge schemes unless it enjoys full governmental support.

Planning for open-space preservation is a tool for controlling and channeling growth, but only if the values of open space are fully recognized and if the plans are supported by every level of government. Open space, whatever its purpose, is space removed from growth, reserved for posterity. Most commonly, however, open-space plans are the ones that are first set aside or ignored to make way for highways, reservoirs, subdivisions, new municipal buildings or other growth-oriented developments.

Open-space zoning is a step beyond planning, but zoning like planning has a way of being overridden at the local level of city or county government. Hawaii has taken a strong new step with its state-wide, land-use zoning. If this can hold up against the court cases being directed toward it, an example may be set for other states. For today at least, Hawaii's system has been successful. At the worst it will have accomplished a worth-while delaying action against misplaced growth.

It is essential in open-space planning or zoning that attention be given first to the "irreplaceable" areas—the unique natural spots, the habitats of rare or endangered wild species of plants or animals, the unusual areas that would qualify as national or state parks, the important historic sites. Secondly, protection must be extended to the choice agricultural soils from which our food must continue to come, to the forest and pasture lands on which we will depend for wood, fiber or meat. These are limited in supply and we have as yet no adequate substitutes. It is also important that care be given to areas of importance chiefly for their beauty, to the scenes that give a landscape definition and quality, that provide

the background against which aesthetically pleasing developments can take place.

But new cities, open-space planning and land-use zoning all represent delaying actions at best, not solutions to the problems of channeling and containing growth. The final answers must be sought in the development of population policies, national, state and local. In a series of seminars on population, held in 1966 at the University of North Carolina, it was pointed out that if it takes 100 hours to fill all the earth's available space with people, we are now in the ninety-ninth hour. There is not much time left to make decisions on where we shall continue to grow and how large.

Those who plan to accommodate more than 300 million Americans in the year 2000 seem to forget that there will also be a year 2001. If space is provided, at whatever cost, for the 300 million, growth will not thereby miraculously cease. Plans must then be instituted to provide space for 600 million in the year 2035 or 2040, and if this is accomplished for 1,200 million and 2,400 million. Planning for continued growth, to the extent that it is successful, reaches a point where it becomes madness, since there are limits and these will be reached. Must we wait until population growth is forced to halt because we have run out of resources or space? Is it not better to fight this battle now, while we still have something worth defending?

In the past five years our nation has come to realize that growth is not necessarily desirable, that the United States, as well as the underdeveloped world, has a population problem. The next step should be an inquiry to determine our policy on population, and the debate should now be under way in every community as well as in Washington. It is disturbing that no such debate is to be heard in Congress, in the state legislatures or in county councils.

In the absence of an attempt to define a population policy, what is the concerned citizen to do? One obvious answer is to educate and inform the public and the politician. But that is a slow process and meanwhile the battle to maintain a worth-while human environment is being lost. A second answer is to fight a delaying action at every level of government, using every legal, political and economic tool. If it is possible to prevent the growth of a new and unwanted subdivision by voting against the provision of city services, do so. One can vote against the new freeway and for the new park. One can campaign against the real estate candidate for the board of supervisors or the county council. A "do-nothing" policy at the government level is to be preferred to a policy that encourages "progress," where such progress is equated with growth and expansion. There are many ways to throw sand in the gears of "progress."

It is no small battle for no minor goal. At stake is the right to a rich and diversified American environment in which free people can choose their own ways of life. If the battle is lost to those who equate bigger with better, the America of tomorrow will be a technologically directed, totally regimented, completely homogenous land from which there can be no escape ever, since there will be no place left to go.

THE NEW MEN OF CUBA

JAMES HIGGINS

Mr. Higgins is assistant editor of the York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily.

Havana

I am told I am the first reporter from the United States to spend more than a day or two on the Isle of Youth, formerly the Isle of Pines, next to Cuba itself the largest of the almost 2,000 islands which form the Cuban archipelago. I returned to Havana on January 19 after six days on Isla de la Juventud, so renamed because it has been since June of 1966 the residence of an ever-increasing number of Cubans from the age of 12 on up to 27 or 28, if you include the supervising directors of the island project from the Communist Youth League.

In 1959 the total population of the island was about 8,000, I was told, consisting mostly of farmers and retainers who serviced the estates of the wealthy, many of them from the United States, some Cuban. It was much favored by U.S. nationals not only for its beauty—the area I toured in the north end of the island recalls Cape Cod and the San Joaquin Valley of California—but because it was a free trade zone, with no import or export duties.

Also, of course, it contained a prison population. The Isle of Pines, far back into the years of Spanish conquest and control, was the place of incarceration for both ordinary and political prisoners. The buildings still remain, but the great rotundas within whose walls were imbedded, honeycomb-style, ranks of small cells, are empty now, the doors of the cells removed, the bars gone from the windows. (Fidel Castro, who in the Batista era spent several years in the Isle of Pines prison, occupied, it interested me to see, a spacious two-room apartment with a bathroom equipped with shower. This was in a separate building and the idea, I was informed, was to keep Fidel completely remote from contact with other prisoners. But it is possible that, as an intellectual and upper-class Cuban, young Castro had connections of the sort that are not unknown to privileged prisoners in the United States.)

The administrative edifice of the former prison, an imposing stone structure, has been converted into a school, an institute of applied science, where several thousand young Cubans are studying modern agriculture and animal husbandry, as well as certain construction and industrial processes. The 27-year-old economist in charge of investigating and planning the economic development of the island told me that its first need is for skilled workers and technicians, "which are in short supply but we are doing our best to recruit and to train."

It was Hurricane Alma in the summer of 1966 which led to the abandonment of the prison and to the incursion of the youth. The ravages of the *Huracan* (the Tainan name for the God of Winds) were being repaired by about 2,000 prisoners, already well along the route to "readjustment to society," and thus permitted much freedom of

movement outside the prison grounds. But to their assistance came, from Cuba, hundreds of youths, a number of whom expressed the wish to remain indefinitely on the Isle of Pines and reconstruct it as a model place of the revolution.

The decision-making process in Cuba seems always to involve these elements: (1) A need or sentiment expressed, or perhaps as yet unarticulated, by a group of people; (2) a crisis, such as a hurricane, or maybe only an incident, which brings together the people and Fidel, who is always on the move around Cuba; (3) an illumination resulting from the interplay between the people and Fidel, each concentrated upon the particular concrete problem exposed by the crisis or incident; (4) a plan of action formulated generally by Fidel, who is a very spontaneous thinker and talker.

At this point, I would guess, the general objective or plan of action enunciated by Fidel is taken up by the high-level boards of the Communist Party of Cuba which, it is my impression based upon many conversations with Cubans, foreign correspondents and foreign scholars of the Cuban Revolution, is a creation of the revolutionary movement led by Fidel rather than the other way around. That is to say, the party, as well as the political philosophy of Fidel and those who have been close to him in or out of the Sierra Maestra since the late 1950s, developed from the experience of the successful guerrilla struggle and the consequent experience of administering the revolution.

The high-level boards to which I refer are the eight-member Political Bureau, headed by Fidel, and the party Central Committee of about 100 members. I gather that in these units the details of operation for any general plan are discussed and formulated, rediscussed and reformulated, on and on—a continuing and, to the Cubans, natural and essential revolutionary way of doing the business of social life. And of course all the groups involved from the beginning of whatever the scheme is, the people and Fidel, together with the party directors and the technical persons assigned to the work, keep a running conversation going as the days pass and things happen and change.

So it appears to have been with the Isle of Youth project in the past year and a half. No doubt the Communist Youth League helped to mobilize the first youngsters who went to the island to make good the land and material damaged by Hurricane Alma. It should be understood, by the way, that these mass mobilizations or recruitments are not campaigns of compulsion. They are voluntary responses to appeals for human help in vital work; and are similar to the response of people in the United States when disaster—a flood, for example, or a forest fire—occurs. There is also present in these mass mobilizations a patriotic revolutionary fervor, since the revolution is young and has, you might say, turned most Cubans on.

As the pioneers on the Isle of Pines got on with the

task of cleaning up the place, and began to dream of a future on the island; as Fidel caught the drift; and as the Young Communist League, the Central Committee and the Political Bureau (I am reconstructing from my imagination; no one person has described this to me) started to ponder the possibilities, an immediate problem appeared: the presence on the island of prisoners and a prison on the one hand, and, on the other, the young people. So Fidel closed down the prison. Prisoners who had conducted themselves in a manner approved by the authorities were free to remain at work on the island. The others were removed to the main island.

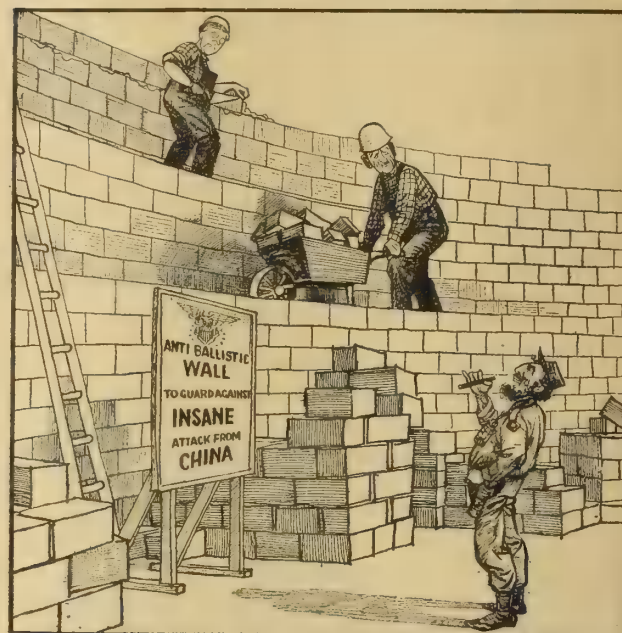
Between 1959 and 1966 the island population grew slowly; in 1967 it ascended sharply. The figure I was given for the present population is 40,000, divided into approximately 23,000 permanent residents, mostly adults; 5,000 students at the institute for applied science in the former prison, and 12,000 workers. If I am correct—translations were being made at the time I got these figures into English for me and French for a young Algerian reporter, and, besides, Cuba is a dizzying and complicated encounter for a stranger like myself—the 12,000 workers are mainly the new youth, who not only work but also attend school classes, as do many, perhaps most, of the Cuban people.

The projected population figures are, for 1970, 90,000; and for 1980, 120,000. If things turn out as planned, the increase will be composed of additional youth from Cuba and the growing families of the first youth settlers, although there is a present problem that must be solved before marriages and offspring can proceed on an even keel: the current ratio of boys to girls is about 15 to 1. "We are giving this unfortunate unbalance much attention," the Young Communist League secretary in charge told me. "But many girls, you know, for many reasons, including our Spanish traditions, are not accustomed to leave home and parents at an early age. So we must talk very seriously with them and their parents to overcome the reluctance." And if you cannot persuade them? I asked. "Well," he said, "then they do not come. They must make the decision to come or stay at home." And, I went on, supposing they come and then change their minds, as girls sometimes do, and wish to leave the island? "Then they go," he said. "You may ask any of them you meet if that is not the case."

I did ask the question. The answer was always as he had given it to me. But I think it is safe for me to conclude, on the basis of both interviews with a dozen or so girls and observation of hundreds of happy faces, that the percentage of girls who leave is very low. In fact, when I asked one girl what she did in Havana during the five days' leave each young person is permitted at the end of forty-five-day periods on the island, she told me she spent many hours telling her friends to join her on the Isle of Youth.

The youngsters live in what are called encampments—collective houses in barracks style, some of cinder-block construction with thatched palm roofing, some with tin roofs, some with corrugated tin siding. Most of the encampments are not coeducational but are like separate summer camps for boys and girls in the United States—

although the encampment facilities are primitive by U.S. standards and conceded to be primitive by any standards by the young party officials. Furthermore, the distances between them are considerable and transportation is hard to come by, since gasoline, rationed now in Cuba, is reserved for the most part for the tractors and trucks which chug and clatter all over the island. So although there is no prohibition, indeed there is a willingness, for girls and boys to get together to dance, sing, play games or whatever, "we face," the secretary said to me, "the transportation question which we are now studying firmly with the aim to improve the bus service to Nueva Gerona" (the island's largest of six small cities and a place that on a Saturday night bears at least a superficial resemblance to the East Village of New York or San Francisco's Haight-



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"How About Us Crazy Cubans?"

Ashbury). "Also," he continued, "to improve the supply of bicycles and motorcycles to reinforce the jeeps, cars and trucks."

The work done by girls on the Isle of Youth consists in the main of planting and cultivating coffee and fruit trees, oranges and grapefruit particularly, but sometimes a crossbreed of sour orange and grapefruit achieved by a grafting technique invented in Egypt (I was told by an Egyptian journalist) and perfected in Algeria (I was told by the young Algerian). Whatever the facts of that development, the 28-year-old "bachelor woman"—her description of her state—demonstrating the technique to me was a Cuban who at age 17 had been a courier between the underground in the city of Santiago de Cuba and Fidel's guerrillas in the nearby Sierra Maestra. She was using two tools, one a pair of excellent clippers, the other a neat sharp knife. I asked her where this equipment came from. The clippers from Spain; the knife from China.

The boys, as *vaqueros* (cowboys) and cowhands, work

the ranches where cattle are being bred (by artificial insemination) and pastured in sufficient quantity to supply the present and projected population with all necessary milk and meat. The horses they use for their work are handsome animals, descendants, I was told by a smiling Bulgarian veterinarian in command of one ranch, of the horses maintained for riding pleasure by the Yankees who nine years ago had bequeathed them, along with shoreline estates, to the revolution. "A bequest," he said, "not altogether of their own free will."

The Isle of Youth is to Cuba what Cuba considers itself to be to Latin America (and maybe to North America too): a laboratory for developing the human society of the days to come. Some weeks ago I read in a *New Statesman* article by K. S. Karol a startling remark made to Karol by Fidel, to the effect that the Cuban Revolution, through Communist distribution of the goods of life, would do away altogether with money and the money mentality. I resolved at the time that if ever I had the chance myself to converse with Fidel, I would ask him how he proposed to initiate the process of eliminating money from the scene. On my visit to the Isle of Youth I discovered that the process, if only in tentative and experimental form, has already begun—in the laboratory, as I say.

The objective of production on the island—production of coffee, fruit, beef, poultry, eggs, milk and vegetables—is to furnish these free to the island population as they are now furnished free to the worker-students. Also furnished free now to the youth are all the essentials of their existence: work clothes, tools, transportation (such as it is) on the isle and to and from Cuba on the periodic visits, medical and dental care, athletic equipment, textbooks, and so forth. For their work, 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. with a two-hour break for lunch, six days a week, they receive 80 pesos a month. What for? For, I was told, "Sunday clothes" to wear to town, for treats such as soft drinks, ice cream, perhaps cosmetics, for the movie house in Nueva Gerona which costs money although two other theatres on the island show free movies, for, in general, the kind of personal items and satisfactions on which U.S. teen-agers spend some of their allowances.

But the plan is to increase gradually the free things and to decrease in proportion the money paid in wages until it disappears altogether. This sounds both simple and complex and I am sure it is. The economist whom I have mentioned commented that he saw many difficulties in the program. "Still," he added, "perhaps I have studied economics to the degree that I do not see the matter as clearly as Fidel, whose mind is less encumbered."

What the future will bring to the Isle of Youth, and to Cuba, may be envisioned in the outlines of the planners and dreamers. But there are always revolutions in the revolution, always changes, always outside interferences, always such practical puzzles as to how the Isle of Youth will work out its economic and social relationship to Cuba, and Cuba its relationship to the world around. Where, for example, will the shirts and the underwear be made, and the radios, the phonograph records and such? How will these be transformed into "free items" for the smaller island as against the larger, for

Cuba as against a shrinking and uneasy but still strongly capitalistic world?

Perhaps a fundamental part of the answer does not lie in the formulated projections, in the contemplated mechanics of production and distribution, but rather in the nature of the basic crop that is being sown comprehensively on the Isle of Youth as a vanguard guerrilla campaign, entertaining for its objective the whole of Cuba and no doubt more besides: the new youth itself. Sugar has been the commodity by which Cuba has survived, but the revolution has generated a novel means of survival and example. "With clearly defined features," Che Guevara wrote in 1965, "there now appeared in the history of the Cuban Revolution a personage which will systematically repeat itself: the masses."

And on October 18, 1967, in his second speech confirming the murder of Che in Bolivia, Fidel proclaimed: "If we wish to say how we want our children to be educated, we must say without hesitation: 'We want them to be educated in Che's spirit!' . . . If we wish to express what we want our children to be, we must say from our heart as ardent revolutionaries: 'We want them to be like Che.'"

Perhaps it is still possible in the United States to discount the rhetoric of Fidel Castro as flamboyant bombast, screening a malevolent whimsy which has somehow, but only temporarily, bemused the Cuban people. I have always considered this judgment, in whatever variation it has been sounded, to be a dreadful mistake. It could be, as a matter of fact, that the real mistake, understandable in a culture whose ideology is "individualism," has been the overwhelming concentration on Fidel Castro himself, rather than on where and by whom the revolution is happening: the people of Cuba, what Che called the new Cuban personage, the masses, particularly the masses of children and youth. Let me give a very small sampling of what I think I mean. To do so, to be sure, I must present the sample in individual form. And yet it is to me an accurate sample of the personage of the young masses whom I observed in Cuba and on Cuba's Isle of Youth, a sample of Che's defined personage and of Fidel's unquestionable determination to educate the children and youth of Cuba to be "like Che."

We had driven, my interpreter and I, over a number of dusty, curving roads on the Isla de la Juventud, which certainly has a road as well as a transportation problem. Our jeep brought us to a lonely settlement of shacks and barracks, beyond which lay an expanse of water out of which a few palms here and there sprouted limply: the picture of a land devastated by flood which, indeed, turned out to be the fact, except that it was a planned flood. The "lake" had been created by a dam and was to serve as both water supply and swimming hole.

The encampment contained 250 boys late of the streets, the reformatories, the broken homes of Havana: delinquents, in short; troubled and troublemakers, some of them having been convicted of armed robbery or killings; dropouts from school, orphans, runaways and the like. They had not been dispatched to the encampment, no, they had been persuaded to give it a try. (So the story of the 26-year-old encampment director and his two political

education assistants went.) After a session with them, wherein I learned that the boys, ages 14 to 18, were being trained in the mornings to be citrus technicians and being instructed in classroom sessions by volunteer teachers from Havana in the afternoons, I stood on the porch of the shambly headquarters waiting to meet a boy whose acquaintance I had requested after being informed that there were two lads in the camp whose parents, sick of the revolution, had departed for the States.

At length Marquido appeared, in the company of several others. As I think back on the event I do not recall that the supervisors were in the vicinity when I conducted a brief interview, which attracted more and more boys, the word having gotten around, maybe, that a "Norte-americano" was on deck. There were possibly thirty or forty in the cluster as I finished receiving the information that Marquido was 14, that his father had been well off before the revolution and could not adjust to the change, that the boy had himself decided to remain in Cuba (I had no way of checking that part of his recital), that he was healthy and contented with his work and studies, that he liked the camp and how it was "helping us all to be responsible for ourselves and each other in good ways." (I had heard a few minutes before that petty theft was quite a problem at the camp, but no matter, Marquido had the floor.)

"May I now ask you a few questions?" he said, looking me square in the eyes. He was large for 14, with broad hefty shoulders, a generally stocky build, fair skinned and tow headed, unusual for a Cuban. He reminded me of a U.S. athlete type, the kind of boy who in 9th grade has the body development and easy stance which promises he will be a tackle or a blocking back. I told him, sure, he could ask me anything. He said: "Tell me, what do you think of the United States?"

"First of all," I said, "it is my country, you understand, just as Cuba is yours. And so I answer you from that foundation, that it is my country. It is also a country that was born in revolution; and from that revolution come many fine democratic principles, of freedom and equality, in which I have believed all my life, ever since I learned them at an early age in school."

"But is there now," he asked, "freedom and equality in your country all these years after your revolution?"

"No," I said. "Some have more freedom than others, some are more equal than others."

"Then your revolution has not succeeded."

I said that was true, it had not yet succeeded in realizing its principles, which was something that disappointed and disturbed me.

"But what do you do about it?" he asked. He was proceeding in his inquiry with the utmost courtesy but I was beginning to sweat a bit, nonetheless. Also I was getting the sensation of being interrogated by Che's "personage," for the voice of Marquido seemed to be emanating from the whole of the faces studying me.

"Well," I said, "I am an editor of a daily newspaper in the United States. I also speak to audiences from time to time. And in both my writing and speaking I express my belief in freedom and equality and I criticize directly the forces in my country which block their realization."

"Such as the economic system of monopoly and imperialism?"

"Yes," I said.

"And the social system which oppresses the black people?"

"That too."

"And the political system of your government which makes war on the Vietnamese people?"

I said, yes, the newspaper for which I wrote editorials expressed horror at what the United States was doing in Vietnam and took the position that it had no business there, that the Vietnamese should be let alone to determine their own destiny. I said that was my personal feeling as well as the policy of the newspaper.

"But why," he asked, "is your government killing people in Vietnam? What do you think? Why?"

"I think," I said, "because private economic interests in the United States, which have a powerful influence upon government, own or control possessions and resources in many parts of the world. As they once did in Cuba. And they wish to keep them. And they are trying to teach in Vietnam, by war, that people must not undertake revolutions which would repossess the resources now owned or controlled by U.S. private investors."

"Do you write such things in the newspaper?" he asked.

"Pretty much so."

"What is your paper's circulation?"

"A little less than 40,000."

"Is it read throughout the country?"

"No, just in a small section of Pennsylvania."

"And there, do many people agree with you and the newspaper about Vietnam and these other things?"

"Not too many," I said. "But possibly I am wrong. I think more and more people in my country are beginning to worry and to protest the war policy toward Vietnam."

"But do they understand," he asked, "that it is the system of imperialism which leads to such wars?"

"No," I said, "I think very few understand or believe that."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Are there many like you where you live?"

I laughed. "No," I said, "not many."

"Any?"

"Yes," I said. "But don't ask me to give you a number. I don't know."

"Tell me," said Marquido, "do you have in your country such places as this camp where boys are taught to live and work well and cooperate?"

"We have similar places," I said. "And many good people who are interested in projects like this."

"But are they successful?" he asked. "Do they have the backing of the government and the society? And how can your country try to help some boys and send other boys to kill Vietnamese boys and many be killed themselves?"

"My country," I said, "is full of contradictions, heart-breaking contradictions."

"Which only revolution can resolve," he said, his eyes dancing with mischief.

"Well," I said, "that's your story."

"Not mine," said Marquido, "Cuba's."

"What is Cuba?" I said. It was a silly question but he had had me on the ropes for too long.

"What is Cuba?" he repeated. "It's this." He waved a hand in a gesture to indicate the encampment. "It's us." And he indicated his comrades. "Come back again," he said. "Come back to Cuba and to here. Whenever you

come you will be welcome and you will see many improvements. Please now. Will you tell my parents in New Orleans that you saw me and I send them affection? Also that I'm fine. I will give you their address."

He did so and I will follow through on that for Marquido, new man in Cuba, age 14.

CREDIT CARDS

THE THIEF IN THE MAILBOX

EDWARD K. SHANAHAN

Mr. Shanahan is a Washington reporter who covers the activities of Congress.

It is unsettling to rip open what looks like another piece of junk mail and find two Shell Oil credit cards inside with your name printed on them. "What's this?" you ask. You hadn't sent away for any new credit cards. Noticing that the cards were sent to an address you had moved from nearly a year ago, your initial reaction is relief that the envelope was properly forwarded and didn't fall into someone else's hands.

But your next reaction is anger. Where does the Shell Oil Co. get off printing up credit cards with your name stamped on them, putting them in an envelope marked "contents valuable," and shipping them around the country with no guarantee that you will ever get them? The answer is simple: Shell Oil has that right because there is no law against it.

Furthermore, the card states that use or even retention of it constitutes acceptance of all Shell-dictated terms. The major condition is that you agree to pay for all purchases made by any person who presents the card, whether authorized to do so or not, until or unless the Shell Oil Co. has received written notice that the card is lost or stolen. So if you don't want the card, the best policy is to destroy it—by snipping it up into bits.

In 1968 more credit cards will be issued than the country's total adult population—or some 150 million. Further, it is estimated that more than a million cards

will be lost this year and another 300,000 stolen—many of them from mailboxes. There are no federal laws governing the distribution of credit cards and no agency charged with policing them, but a lot of people are beginning to get concerned and there are indications that credit card controls may develop into one of the major consumer-protection issues in the current session of Congress. Even late in 1967 there was some legislative activity in this area.

Early in November that old populist and long-time antagonist of the banking industry, Wright Patman (D., Tex.), chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, focused on bank credit cards. During hearings held by his committee, it was disclosed that at least 848 banks have some form of credit card plan and \$1,137 million of credit was outstanding under these plans as of early October. Last summer First National City Bank of New York sent out about a million unsolicited "Everything Cards" to customers who met certain credit requirements, and by the first of the year the bank had lost approximately \$100,000 from the use of these plastic keys to wealth by persons unauthorized and unknown. It had stopped issuing unsolicited cards in September. The specific legislation under study by Patman's committee would prohibit federally insured banks from issuing credit cards unless the recipients requested them and unless the amount of money available from them was specified, in writing, in agreements between the banks and the recipients.

Said Patman: "The widespread use of this new credit device by the banks raises serious legal and policy questions which must be answered by the Congress. Frankly, I am very concerned about the unregulated mailing of millions of unsolicited credit cards" by banks. He charged that many banks made no credit investigations before issuing the cards and in fact had no conception of the total liability of credit extended through the use of such cards.

A more cautious note was sounded by Andrew F. Brimmer, a member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System: "We doubt that the problems involved in guarding against unsafe or unsound practices in this area are so pressing as to require immediate legislative solutions."

Furthermore, he said, restricting unsolicited mailings would seriously hamper banks in launching new credit



card plans. That would give banks already in the field an unfair advantage.

Betty Furness, the President's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, said she strongly supported restrictions on bank credit cards. "I don't think credit should be handed out like candy at Christmas." One of her assistants later told a reporter that Miss Furness, not long ago, had herself been the recipient of an unsolicited credit card. "It's like someone is out there with your bank book," Miss Furness was quoted as saying. Her office reports that they get countless letters complaining about unwanted credit cards.

Patman will continue his inquiry into bank credit cards in 1968 but it is not known if he will or can broaden the scope of his investigation to cover all unsolicited credit cards. The most interesting consumer-oriented bill covering all kinds of credit cards is one worked out by Rep. Joseph E. Karth (D., Minn.) and co-sponsored by fifteen other House members. Under this bill, all unsolicited credit cards would have to be sent by registered mail and delivered only to the addressee. The envelope containing the cards would have to be plainly marked: "Unsolicited credit card—addressee may refuse." If the addressee did refuse to accept the card, the sender would have to pay the cost of return postage. It is estimated that it would cost about \$1.40 to send out each such card and a similar amount for the return trip if it was rejected. With what must have been tongue in cheek, Karth said of the bill: "It is in no way intended to limit the innovative practice of banks and other businesses who wish to offer the public credit."

But what the bill does, Karth went on, is "provide the consumer a choice of refusing or accepting unasked-for credit, and it will help to prevent credit instruments from falling into the hands of unauthorized, fraudulent users. I believe these are the minimum rights every American consumer should enjoy. Protection of one's credit rating

and good name and prevention of unjust debt is something I believe everyone is entitled to."

Karth's bill has been picked up by Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.) who has a good record on consumer legislation and a knack for generating publicity as well. In offering the bill in the Senate in December, Mondale said: "The convenience of credit cards is welcomed, but the harassment of unwanted cards is not." He said the proliferation of such cards has reached alarming proportions. In Chicago, he said, five banks sent out 5 million cards to people who had not asked for them. Many of these cards were stolen, some by postal workers, causing the banks to retract the cards, according to Mondale. Texaco, he said, recently distributed 2 million unsolicited cards in California. "Texaco's success—the mass issuance brought a sales jump—may very well tempt others to follow suit," the Senator warned.

In the present absence of controls, if an unsolicited card falls into the hands of an unauthorized person, the burden is on the person whose name the card bears to prove to the company that he lost the card or that it was stolen. While trying to establish his innocence, he is subjected to the dunning of the company's collection department, his credit rating is threatened, he is inconvenienced, and runs the risk of having possible expenses if legal help is needed.

A man wrote to Representative Karth recently about an experience involving credit cards. Soon after leaving Pennsylvania for a stay in the South, this man was sent to his Pennsylvania address a Humble credit card. The card was stolen from his mailbox and used for five months without his knowledge, the writer said. It was not until he moved back to Pennsylvania that he got a bill from Humble for charges in excess of \$100. "I am still fighting this purported past-due account," the man wrote. "I am highly embarrassed by it."

RACE AND SELF

TOLERANCE IN MILITANCY

GARY T. MARX

Mr. Marx is an assistant professor in the Department of Social Relations, Harvard, and an associate at the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies. He is the author of Protest and Prejudice (Harper & Row).

In the particular movement in which I am involved, hate doesn't have much function. Hope does . . . none of us really have time to hate. It's too all-consuming.

Civil rights worker, Cleveland

I did not join the movement because of love, but because of hate. I hate racism and am out to smash it.

Stokely Carmichael

Writing in the early 1920s Franklin Frazier noted that "if the masses of Negroes can save their self-respect and

remain free of hate, so much the better, but . . . I believe it would be better for the Negro's soul to be seared with hate than dwarfed by self-abasement." Since that time some radicals have assumed the importance of hate for racial protest as well as psychological well-being. And one tradition in social theory is that hatred of an out-group serves to strengthen identification with the causes of the in-group.

Yet analysis of the connection between protest attitudes and hatred of whites, carried out when the civil rights movement was at its peak, suggests that the opposite may well have been true. In late 1964, as part of a University of California study sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League, samples taken to be representative of the black population in New York City, Chicago, Atlanta and Birmingham were compiled. A national sample of Negroes

living in non-Southern urban areas was also prepared. Negro interviewers sought to determine each person's opinion on a wide range of civil rights issues, including attitudes toward whites.

Those questioned were asked about their own civil rights activity, and on the basis of eight questions an index of militancy was constructed. Built into this index were questions dealing with a number of dimensions of racial protest such as impatience with the speed of integration, opposition to discrimination in public facilities and the sale of property, perception of barriers to Negro advancement, support of civil rights demonstrations, and expressed willingness to demonstrate. A parallel set of questions was used to build an index of anti-white sentiment.

When the measure of militancy was matched with attitudes toward whites, it became evident that as militancy rose so did tolerance. Those in civil rights organizations were less anti-white than those not in such organizations, and when members of civil rights organizations also scored high on the militancy index (giving the militant response to six or more of the eight items) they proved to be the most tolerant Negroes in the sample. Almost half of this group expressed little or no generalized hostility toward whites and only one in ten was strongly anti-white. In marked contrast, the least tolerant were those uninvolved in civil rights organizations and seemingly unconcerned with the civil rights struggle. Three in ten of the unaffiliated conservatives (those giving nonmilitant responses to six or more of the eight items) expressed strong dislike for whites and only slightly more than one in ten were without such sentiments.

The ironic possibility emerges that, although the civil rights struggle obviously increased overt conflict between Negroes and whites, it may actually have reduced generalized intolerance of whites, particularly among those most determined to fight for their rights. While the comparisons are at best rough, it is worth noting that when data from the study of 1964 are compared with those made in 1959 and 1949, no increase in anti-white sentiment can be seen. Of course, the findings reported above say nothing about the intensity of hostility that some militants may have felt, nor do they imply that the protest movement has not lowered Negro inhibitions about publicly expressing anti-white sentiments.

A consideration of the social and psychological factors associated with concern for civil rights, as well as with tolerance, and the nature of the civil rights struggle at the time of the study, make the correlation understandable. Thus Negroes higher in social position and social participation, those raised in urban areas and in the North, and those considered to have a positive self-image, a high morale, and to be intellectually sophisticated, were the most likely to show civil rights concern. They were also the least likely to be anti-white.

Furthermore, and beyond these shared correlates, there was no doubt, for many, an ideological link between militancy and tolerance. Militancy may have increased sensitivity to the injustice and distortion of reality which arises from categorically labeling other human groups. The greater sophistication that comes with concern for racial justice may shatter the image of a monolithic racist white

society, and the inconsistency in attacking white racism from the perspective of the black racist may be realized. In addition, militants were much more tolerant of the civil liberties of religious dissenters and more accepting of diverse points of view. It seems likely that, for many, a relative tolerance for whites was part of a generally more tolerant world view.

It is true that the civil rights struggle drew upon profound frustration and discontent. However, in the case of the activist, frustration was mixed with hope, and was more likely to be caused by the situation of one's group than to be the deep personal frustration characterized by Eric Hoffer's True Believer. Those aroused by the civil rights struggle in 1964 were likely to have a high morale rather than the sense of despair and hopelessness which is often thought to lead to prejudice. In its beginning phase the civil rights movement was a mixture of very deep Negro anger and Christian principles of love and forgiveness. From not stooping to hate in a hate-filled society, people otherwise deprived gained feelings of self worth and moral superiority.

But what of today, when one American city after another explodes in racial violence and radical change has come about in the civil rights movement? The link between militancy and tolerance may not hold for black power advocates as it did for the followers of Dr. King. Indeed, reading the mass media might lead one to assume an inverse relationship between the two. A great many observers have been quick to label black power as "racism in reverse."

To be sure, anti-white sentiment exists within the black power segments of the civil rights struggle, just as it exists within the Negro community at large. For some black radicals any tolerance for whites smacks of Uncle Tom. Yet this is peripheral to the emergence of the black power movement. Anti-white prejudice is not something suddenly created by the black power movement and is not what the movement is about. The tie so often made between black militancy and hatred of whites stems more from the sensation-seeking bias of the mass media and the incipient racism of white society (which recognizes the legitimacy of white ethnic interest groups only) than it does from a careful consideration of the facts.

The emergence of something like the black power movement was to be anticipated; it is only surprising that it did not occur earlier. The dream Martin Luther King spoke of in his March on Washington speech and the idyllic vision held by early civil rights workers of a just interracial society have not materialized; in some respects things have gotten worse and continue to deteriorate. The relevant statistics are all too well known and need not be repeated.

As was the case with the Jews in Europe, the type of orientation dominant within an ethnic minority group at any one time is to an important extent dependent on the receptiveness of the dominant group. When the dominant group seems approachable, emphasis is placed on inclusion and assimilation. When the dominant group is not receptive, or its supposed receptiveness proves illusory, the minority group may increasingly turn inward and in a separatist direction. Other periods in American history show Negro protest movements going toward or away

from the dominant society. For example, the hopes raised by the Civil War and World War I led to an initial emphasis on inclusion; the shattering of those hopes led to the predominance of separatist leaders such as Booker T. Washington and Marcus Garvey. Other leaders, for example Paul Cuffee and Martin Robinson Delaney, like many of today's black power leaders, began strongly in favor of integration and then, overwhelmed by futility, took up separatist positions.

As represented by CORE and to a lesser extent by SNCC, the black power movement has been unduly labeled pro-violence and anti-white. To argue for the strengthening of Negro institutions is not to be anti-white, nor is it to support segregation. To pursue the ethnic interests of one's own group through organizations made up and led by members of that group need not mean the preaching of hatred toward outsiders. It can simply mean operating within the context of a pluralistic society that recognizes as legitimate the claims of various ethnic groups. To the extent that such a movement is conducive to the development of a positive self-image, it might even be expected to lessen negative attitudes toward outsiders. Psychoanalysts such as Karen Horney and Erich Fromm have stressed the connection between acceptance of oneself and of outsiders.

There is some evidence that an earlier SNCC definition of the problem along strictly racial lines is softening. SNCC now talks of human rights rather than civil rights. In a recent talk at Columbia University, H. Rap Brown stressed that "a revolution is not a black or a white thing." In an address to Harvard white students working in Negro areas, a SNCC leader suggested that whites would not be unwelcome in the ghetto provided they were discreet in snapping their fingers. In their recently published *Black Power*, which might be subtitled "Essays for the concerned middle-class white," and which, because it tries to be social science analysis as well as a black Communist manifesto, partly fails as each, Carmichael and Hamilton give slight evidence of categorical hatred of whites or of irrational anger. They suggest that concerned whites have a much needed role to play in the civil rights movement and look forward to an eventual coalition of poor blacks and poor whites "as the major internal instrument of change in the American society." Hamilton recently suggested that calls for violence were rhetorical and noted, "armed revolution is not feasible and will not become so. Blacks would lose a race war and it would break their spirit."

Carmichael has repeatedly stressed in his speeches that pro-black doesn't have to mean anti-white and that if whites fail to see this it is their hang-up, not his. In an earlier speech he suggested that the black man "wants to build something of his own . . . and that is not anti-white. When you build your own house, it doesn't mean you tear down the house across the street. It just means you're building your own house." However, it might be noted that failure to obtain the deserved resources to build one's own house is a powerful stimulus to tearing down someone else's.

One can observe thus far an important disjunction between the actions of black radicals and their statements.

An analysis of the themes and intensity of the anger expressed in such statements would not lead one to predict that in several years of urban violence almost the only people who have been killed are Negroes, and the only people doing the killing are policemen and National Guardsmen. Nor would it have led one to predict that a deep-lying and passionate hatred of whites per se has not been a defining characteristic of most urban uprisings. The integrated (or rather, racially parallel) character of some of the looting, the looting of Negro-owned stores and attacks on middle-class Negroes, the restrictions of the uprising to Negro areas, and the almost carnival-like atmosphere at times attest to this. For the more politically oriented participants, the uprisings were an attack on the white-dominated system and its representatives, while for others they were an effort to enjoy on the spot some of America's opulence that had been denied them.

In some cases extreme statements have been used to gain attention and to strengthen bargaining positions vis-à-vis the dominant society, or to gain power within the black community. In considering the variance between attitudes and action, Lee Rainwater suggests that Negro cultural emphasis on expressivity over instrumentality is relevant. He states: "A WASP riot under similar conditions would probably be a much more hard-nosed and certainly more bloody and violent event." But even when the makers of inflammatory statements mean what they say, it is important to remember that they are driven to their positions by the frustration of goals defined as legitimate by the state itself, and that they are "extremists" of a kind very unlike the K.K.K. or the American Nazi Party, with whom they are all too often wrongly compared. It is the partial realization of these sanctioned goals (nondiscriminatory treatment and greater dignity for Negroes) that drives white extremists to their positions. Most Negro "extremists" want to get the whites off their backs; they have no wish to deprive whites of the constitutional rights that apply to everyone.

The connection between tolerance and protest anger that held in 1964 would not hold for some segments of the civil rights movement today. Yet this does not mean that the relationship has yet been reversed, nor that there is any necessary reason why the intensity of black anger need be connected with categorical anti-white sentiment. And it may be true that the disorganized and hopeless are a greater threat to white society than are the organized. If the legacy of Malcolm X works to produce anger, it also channels it onto what is perceived as an oppressive system rather than onto whites per se. The changes in Malcolm X's perspective as a result of his trip to Mecca and break with the Muslims are understood by many of the more militant leaders.

The continued failure to improve measurably the average black man's situation may yet make the connection between militancy and tolerance noted for 1964 (and still at least hypothetically possible) an ironic footnote to a wildly escalating conflict. But while it would make slight difference to a person caught in the middle of a race war, the escalation is ultimately explainable by the inability of American society to change rather than by the internal requisites of Negro protest anger.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Some Versions of the Proletariat

THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION. Edited by Harvey Swados. Bobbs-Merrill. 521 pp. \$7.50.

YEARS OF PROTEST: A Collection of American Writings of the 1930's. Edited by Jack Salzman (with Barry Wallenstein). Pegasus. 488 pp. \$7.50.

MICHAEL B. FOLSOM

Mr. Folsom teaches literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is preparing the memoirs of Michael Gold for publication.

Some matters suffer anthologizing; others demand it. Though a collection of great passages from Shakespeare is an impertinence, selection of medieval lyrics is a necessity. We really want an anthology when the whole of a body of writings adds up to less than the sum of its best parts, when select parts can make a good whole. Perhaps no material is more demanding—and deserving—of the anthologist's hand than the literature of the American 1930s.

Marprelate and Hooker, Nashe and Harvey, Lyly and the host of sonneteers have little force in our most crucial definitions of the English 1590s. All that is background, absorbed in or overshadowed by far greater work. But in the American 1930s, background is foreground. The great works of the period—say, *U.S.A.*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Studs Lonigan*—seem oddly tangential to much that concerns us. They offer precious little insight into “proletarian literature,” Marxian literary arguments, or the excruciating problems of the ideologically committed writer. Much of that literature died of its own incompetence, most of those arguments of their own narrowness, and the problems, as formulated in that age, are not exactly relevant today. But something was alive then, something now newly troubling again, and we would understand it. Judicious collection in popular format of the prime and fugitive materials of that antique age in our literature is about the only way most of us will be able to approach that understanding.

The two anthologies at hand are welcome, not only because they dredge up a lot of old goodies which make it more difficult than ever to write off the 1930s as a literary wasteland but also because they provoke contrary speculations about what exactly did flourish

back then, and why. A good anthology, like any other work of art, selects drastically and imposes its own meaning, as well as its special order on the matter. In their contents and in their editorial commentary, these two offer rather different views of the same decade in our literature. Salzman's is the more useful and the more faithful. Swados' is, in many ways, the more interesting, coherent and challenging.

Years of Protest is more useful, first of all, because it is more dense. In startlingly hectic and cheap-jack fashion, its fewer pages are crammed with almost twice as many selections as Swados' handsome and leisurely volume. *Years of Protest* is more useful also because of the variety of its contents. Salzman points out that his is “an historical anthology rather than a critical one,” and he has selected material largely according to its esteem and significance in the 1930s. Swados has limited his choice to what his sensibility and his opinions tell him remains relevant and appealing.

Thus, for instance, *Years of Protest* includes a good sampling of literary squabbles—Gold versus Wilder, *Partisan Review* versus *New Masses*, Farrell versus the “Stalinist” critics. The worst of such documents embalm pea-brained, old-fashioned urgencies, indeed. Swados dismisses the lot as “wearisome.” But the best (like those Salzman reprints) record a verve which suggests how deeply the arguments mattered. And perhaps it is not so much the issues of those literary debates that are dated as it is their style. Just now the community of letters is rocked again by events into reconsidering its coquettish relation to the community of men. We have our own language in which to discuss what Robert Lowell is doing in Washington and LeRoi Jones in Newark, but we should be able to translate the manifestoes and backbiting of literary politics in the thirties, and we must recognize behind the rhetoric of that age a predicament to respect. At the very least we cannot know the period without a taste of its notorious public literary arguments.

Similarly Swados' taste cramps our view when, for instance, he explains his exclusion of Mike Gold and Clifford Odets on the ground that their styles are beneath contempt. One need feel no love for either man to acknowledge the central importance of *Jews Without Money* and *Waiting for Lefty* in the

literature of the decade. Swados observes that “Gold's *Jews Without Money* entered the language almost as *Babbitt* had.” Odets, he says, was one of the “younger ‘rebels,’ who were also taken seriously in their day. . . .” *Years of Protest* reprints a chapter of Gold's book, and Odets' play entire.

Salzman does not try to frame a coherent critical approach to the literature of the 1930s, but his controlling attitudes are obvious enough—for instance, in his chosen title. He is in essential sympathy with the radical political spirits of the time, and he suggests that the heart of this literature lies in its *protest*—against the men and institutions that made a national disaster out of greed, inertia and mendacity. He notes the differences within the Left and its real disasters, but his commentary is burdened with a minimum of refought squabbles and inherited sectarian bias.

Against the understanding that political enthusiasms garbled many a talent, he balances the understanding that precipitous and self-serving defection has not been pretty either. Commenting on a selection from Grace Lumpkin's strike novel, *To Make My Bread* (1932), he concludes:

In 1953, Miss Lumpkin testified to a congressional committee that the Communist propaganda in her early work was written under pressure. She has been described by Whittaker Chambers as “a devout woman whose days are filled with good works.”

And, characteristically, he reprints some of the “classics” of “proletarian” fiction which are notably lacking from Swados' collection—for instance, Albert Maltz's “The Happiest Man on Earth,” Ben Field's “Cow,” and Whittaker Chambers' “Can You Hear Their Voices?”

Swados' argument is much more conscientiously wrought. At its best, his long introduction has a humane and passionate tenor not really found in Salzman's introductory sketches. Swados sums up the very best he finds in the writers of the 1930s, the nature of their work and its relevance:

. . . They conceived the very act of creation as one of affirmation of the value of human life; and the relentlessness with which they pursued—wherever it was to take them—the truth not just about themselves but also about the American experience can very well

serve as a model for the apprentice artists and the questing students of another day.

Swados collects works which express his sense of "the true radicalism of the depression . . . this radicalism, this humanity, this searching not for absurdity but for meaningfulness, not for individual dissolution but for the profoundest kind of comradeship . . ." and his collection adds up to an admirable record of man's humanity to man. The James Agee of *Now Let Us Praise Famous Men* is the exemplar of this radicalism, the hero of Swados' anthology.

Swados' literary radicalism is essentially anti-political. He is not so much interested in protest as in *consciousness*—un-class consciousness. He sees the depression writers turning to ask, not "Who am I?" but "Who are we?"—and he finds them discovering that "America was a unified land, that its problems were national problems, that its misery was national, that solutions and resolutions would have to be national."

Such a view of social disaster leaves much more room for sympathy and concern—humane consciousness—than for an organized politics of opposition and protest. Swados' view of political radicalism in the thirties wavers between condescension and contempt. He is understandably troubled by the ineluctable drift of the American literary community toward the policies and programs of alien "Stalinism." The large soul of his humanism gives way to tortured apologetics and crabby polemics. He extenuates and explains, tells how numberless writers witlessly lost their souls to the Party, and how others helped save the honor of American men of letters by their prescient disaffection and anti-communism. Going the American Legion and HUAC one better, he discovers that:

. . . of the crimes usually attributed by professional patriots to Communists there is one which neither [patriots nor Communists?] has as yet truly comprehended: the perversion and betrayal of the idealistic dreams of a generation of writers and intellectuals who had confided their aspirations to the keeping of a clique of second-rate politicians.

In his struggle with old bugaboos, Swados loses the distance and balance of good sense. At the depths of his contempt, moral sense eludes him as well. He ranges a decade and more out of his "hacks and has-beens" of the Hollywood Left:

In keeping with what their employers unctuously termed "the American Way," the blacklisted screenwriters were convicted and duly released from prison—to find not ostracism, but

Oscars, not contempt but contracts. . . .

Duly released—all in good form. Not a word of outrage at the blacklist itself, not a note of concern for thousands of ruined careers, or the cop-out of a generation of "good Germans," quiet liberals who clung as doggedly to their jobs as the Hollywood Ten (whatever their talents) clung to their beliefs. Not a twit of understated displeasure at the unctuous Kazans and Dmytryks who co-operated. Also a dose of hyperbole about the subsequent commercial success of the blacklisted.

Anti-communism corrupts. It is especially sad to see it mess up such a humane intelligence, such an otherwise formidable sensibility as Swados'. I do not think we are going to get a really coherent understanding of the literary 1930s until a yet inchoate new generation of radicals sets to work, free equally of the compulsion to snicker at its heritage and the illusion of reincarnating it bodily. Certainly only the young and the radical can really grasp an age that was essentially young and radical—indeed, only they have any special need to. Salzman may or may not consider himself a radical (he is young), but he suggests the poise—equable, engaged and witty—which right critics will achieve. Perhaps we still have to wait for a time when the most vigorous and candid discussion of the old Left's incompetencies and bungles can be framed without seem-

ing a caricature of meretricious red-baiting, a time when the real contributions of the old Left to the building of the nation and its literature can be warmly and frankly appreciated without sounding like special pleading.

These two new anthologies make the attempt at a wide understanding of the literary 1930s all the more possible. Neither usurps the other's claim to our attention, for few of their selections overlap, and the solid particularity of vision in Swados' collection (as opposed to his less temperate editorial views) must be reckoned with and respected. Nor does either of these anthologies wholly supersede Louis Filler's earlier one (*The Anxious Years*, Capricorn, 1964), which has many virtues and some nasty vices of its own.

Then there is the daddy of them all, *Proletarian Literature in the United States* (1935), edited by Granville Hicks and other prominent literary radicals, with a long introduction to the subject by Joseph Freeman. Wholly partisan in its way, and covering only half the decade (the "proletarian" half), this anthology offers a view of the literary 1930s which none other can duplicate: it speaks with all the authority of the inside, with the special voice of the men we now try to understand—perhaps ultimately no more wise than any other, but a voice to which we must also hark. The book is long out of print, and it should not be.

More Than Stone Can Bear

IN A TIME OF TORMENT. By I. F. Stone. With a preface by Murray Kempton. Random House. 436 pp. \$7.95.

PATRICK MacFADDEN

Mr. MacFadden is a free-lance journalist.

In a Time of Torment gathers together some 100 essays, mostly reprinted from *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, one from *The New Republic*, ten from the *New York Review of Books*. They cover much of American political activity between the years 1961 and 1967. Hence the torment in the title.

A span of six years does not ordinarily lend itself to the long view. Yet this particular stretch deals with parts of two administrations at home, many more administrations and semi-administrations in Southeast Asia, and several invasions of one kind or another in various parts of the world. It has been an active time. In Mr. Stone's skillfully edited progress reports one may trace the peculiar elephantiasis contracted by the body politic (painful to beholder and sufferer alike), responsive neither to massive bloodlet-

ting nor ritual exorcism. Altogether it has been, to borrow a title from one of Mr. Stone's pieces, "more than steel and chrome can bear."

Nor has language itself entirely escaped the inflationary epidemic. Mr. Stone records several examples: Theodore White on the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts—"designed to be the most fantastic monument of man's spirit since Athens"; Prof. Allan Nevins on Ngo Dinh Diem—"one of the true statesmen of the new Asia"; even President Johnson, again on Diem—"the Churchill of Asia." Sometimes the epithets appear to have wandered in from a kind of politicized Ripley Believe-It-Or-Not: President Kennedy on the Bay of Pigs—"a struggle of Cuban patriots against a Cuban dictator," Secretary McNamara informing a bemused Congressional committee that there were, in South Vietnam, three times as many Catholics as Buddhists. A scoop, Stone remarks, "comparable to the discovery that Ireland is largely populated by Protestants."

With such a scenario, writ larger than

life, one can better understand current events, and even forecast future arrangements. Clearly, for example, domestic activities such as Presidential campaigns need no longer be confined to the restrictive boundaries of the Republic. And so it is proving to be. The known world henceforth may properly be thought a baseball diamond, of generous proportions, bases to be touched, however rudimentarily, in Canberra, Cambodia and Camranh Bay. Thus George Romney, breathless in Amman; thus too Richard Nixon, loose and running, among the startled burghers of Bonn. And humble among the Lords Temporal, even the Holy Father is summoned, to be photographed with the great ones of the earth and, on showing signs of becoming tiresome, summarily to be dismissed.

Murray Kempton's fulsome introductory tribute places Stone's historical imagination in high company: "Burke had it, Marx had it, and de Toqueville [sic] had it; today Walter Lippmann has it; Mr. Stone has an honorable place in just that small a company." However that may be, Kempton is surely right to recall to us the 18th century: consider Burke on the credibility gap of George III's administration:

They never had any kind of system, right or wrong; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted. And they were put to all these shifts and devices, full of meanness and full of mischief, in order to pilfer piecemeal a repeal of an Act which they had not the generous courage, when they found and felt their error, honourably and fairly to disclaim.

The analogies are seductive: amiable corruption at home, limited warfare abroad, the Monarch's oft-stated feeling of being in thrall to a demanding Providence. On this reading, President Ho crosses the Delaware, the Soviet Union and China serve as the rebel-aiding France and Spain. It would be precipitate, even impolitic, to see an erstwhile anti-monarchic younger Pitt in Senator Kennedy but, *mutatis mutandis*, may we not observe in Mr. Humphrey some of the features of the hapless Lord North? There comes a point, of course, when the parallel is less useful: in those days, the Secretary of State was answerable for his excesses in the courts.

Despite the melancholy proceedings they record, Stone's essays are something of a triumph. Not their least virtue is the sturdy avoidance of that opaque language encountered in political journalism—fair deal, less fortunate, equality of opportunity, head start—figures apparently drawn from race track and

gaming table, *homo ludens*, as it were, eternally in the saddle. But then Stone is not so much concerned with the techniques of social engineering as he is with the soul of the nation, the state of the collectivity. Living in peculiar times, he is forced to the thankless task of explaining the ways of man to God. "Acquiescence in sham," he writes, "is the price of membership in the nation's elite." And he is more interested in value than in price. That is to say, he is a deeply conservative man—significantly, many of his pieces are examinations of what con-

servatism might be—who looks to socialism as a means to conserve what has been morally best in the American experience. To the modern liberal's "does it work?" he opposes "will it do good?" His spiritual forerunner is that other great conservative, Tom Paine. The concern that holds his writings together, that gives shape and style to their characteristic angles and perspectives, is a moral concern, against which the art of politics, as currently practiced, is a confidence trick. It is for this preoccupation that we read him and are in his debt.

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Downhill for Socialism

THE DECLINE OF SOCIALISM IN AMERICA, 1912-1925. By James Weinstein. Monthly Review Press. 367 pp. \$10.

WILLIAM C. PRATT

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Everyone knows that socialism is irrelevant in the land of the free and the home of the brave. We don't need foreign "isms" and never did. We have had a few Socialist cranks, but no one has ever listened to them. At least no one has listened very much to them since 1912, so say Daniel Bell, Ira Kipnis, David Shannon and others who have written about the Socialist Party in the United States. Kipnis even entitled his book, *The American Socialist Movement, 1897-1912*. All the existing accounts agree that after 1912, it was downhill all the way for the S.P.

James Weinstein, in his *The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925*, however, demonstrates conclusively that instead of being destroyed by the World War I experience, as other accounts suggest, the party actually grew in strength in 1917 and 1918, and his substantial scholarship forces us to re-evaluate the S.P. in the 1912-19 era.

Up until now, the 1912 Presidential vote was always cited as "proving" that the S.P. vote reached its peak that year. Didn't Debs get 6 per cent of the vote? And didn't the S.P. vote fall off after that? Look at Benson's performance in 1916. Why, he got 400,000 fewer votes than Debs did four years before! Need any other proof? More than 1,200 Socialists were elected to public office in 1912. Since that figure was never again reached, 1912 must have been the peak year.

Weinstein traces S.P. voting strength from 1912 through 1920, and destroys the 1912 "peak" thesis. In many territories, the S.P. vote actually increased during that period. In 1912, twenty Socialists were elected to state legislatures; in 1914, thirty-three; in 1916, twenty-nine; and in 1918, when according to the earlier scholars the S.P. was falling apart, thirty-two Socialists were elected to such posts. Clearly, S.P. representation in state legislatures did not decrease after 1912. What did decrease, however, was the number of state legislatures in which the S.P. was represented.

No reader of *The Decline of Socialism in America* will ever again pass over the 1916 election as had been done previously. Benson, obviously not the strongest candidate, conducted a poor campaign and ran behind the S.P. ticket in almost every state, sometimes as much as 50 per

cent! The S.P. performance in the 1916 election was not nearly as bad as Benson's vote might suggest. By focusing almost entirely upon the showing of the national ticket to the exclusion of local S.P. efforts, the earlier studies frequently obscure the nature of the American Socialist experience.

Morris Hillquit's strong showing in the 1917 New York mayoralty race should have indicated to previous historians that the S.P. had considerable drawing power even after the entry of the United States into the war. Instead, they have explained it away by labeling it merely the anti-war and civil libertarian vote. According to this view, Hillquit benefited from the anti-war vote and from the reaction of liberals to the repressive measures that Wilson had applied against the Left. Weinstein, however, points out that the winner of the election had not declared himself in favor of the war until *after* he was elected. Actually, he probably drew away much of the anti-war vote from Hillquit. Wouldn't a good number of us vote for Robert Kennedy over Julian Bond in the hope that a vote for Kennedy might get us out of Vietnam, while a vote for Bond probably would elect Nixon?

Although the S.P. weathered the war storm, and even seemed to grow in voting strength, the repression of the war years took its toll. Socialist newspapers were denied the service of the mails; Socialist leaders were indicted and convicted under the Espionage Act, and local patriots did the rest. Socialist activity everywhere was disrupted, but west of the Mississippi it was almost completely destroyed. Weinstein overestimates the optimism of the party leaders in 1919. The disintegration of the S.P. which he locates in the 1919-21 period probably began during the war. With the party split of 1919, and the subsequent formation of the Communist and Communist Labor Parties, the S.P. was fatally disrupted as a national organization. After 1919, American radicalism was "marked [by] the disintegration of the Socialist Party as a truly national organization and the dispersal of organized radical forces." Weinstein's treatment after 1920 focuses upon the Communist and farmer-labor movement, discussing the interaction of the various groups on the Left until the 1925 collapse.

Weinstein's painstaking research sets the record straight on the voting strength of the S.P. after 1912 and clearly demonstrates the relevance of socialism as a political force in our society. In a few areas, however, this

work fails the reader. Weinstein simply neglects to tell us how the Socialists acted in public office. How did they run Schenectady and Milwaukee? What did Socialists do in state legislatures? The effectiveness of individual Socialists in public office undoubtedly played an important role in their eventual success or failure, yet this aspect of S.P. history Weinstein ignores.

Weinstein, stressing the internal factors for the S.P.'s decline, de-emphasizes the consequences of the wartime repression and the subsequent Red scare of 1919-20. One might argue that had not American democracy failed at certain crucial points, we might still have an effective Left. Had the mails really gone through during the war, and the Bill of Rights actually been maintained throughout the 1917-20 period, perhaps the story of American socialism would be different. Certainly, as Weinstein points out, the left wing of the S.P. completely misread American conditions in 1919. But wasn't it aided and abetted in this misreading by the climate of

repression that then prevailed in our society? Didn't Wilson and the Legionnaires help persuade it that socialism could not come about through the democratic process?

Weinstein seems to say that the conditions necessary for a revolution cannot be created simply by hoping for them. After World War I, the Russian Revolution could not be imported into the United States. The absolute failure of the left wing of the S.P. was a result of its refusal to study American conditions. Had the left wing not subordinated itself to foreign direction and example, and abandoned the democratic process, socialism would have had a better chance for success.

What Weinstein does not say, but his research suggests is: given the example of the successful Russian Revolution and the repressive atmosphere of 1917-20, it is understandable that many young committed radicals came to the conclusion that democracy did not work and that violent revolution was the only way in which socialism could be established.

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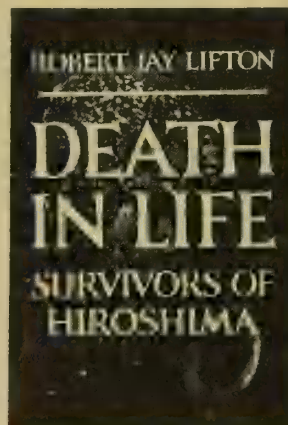
Ours is not the first civilization to be obsessed by road building; the Roman and Inca empires come immediately to mind. But their highways were simply connections between cities; by contrast, the amazing 41,000-mile U.S. Interstate Highway System is a self-contained network, along which cities may or may not be "plugged in." Expressways superimpose a new, geographic form and the curvilinear geometry of speed on the familiar grid pattern of cities. Their scale is commensurate with the vast spread of the modern metropolis, and where there are no strong topographic features, expressways could contribute an orientation and visual order. Instead, alas, they often compound existing confusion by bisecting established neighborhoods, crisscrossing capriciously and displaying other forms of design misdemeanor. In the process some cities became as entangled as Laocoön in the creeping growth of expressways.

Searching for the shortest and cheapest route, highway engineers often let their concrete pythons loose on parks and historic areas, and have become an apocalyptic menace to the habitat of minority groups and other low-income families. Such vandalism may be minimized in the future, since Section 138 of the new Federal Highway Law calls for "maximum effort to preserve parklands and historic areas" and requires that alternate routings be studied to avoid damage to the "beauty and historic


value" of sites. Also, the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, long a citadel of bulldozer-minded engineers, has been quietly absorbed by the newly created Department of Transportation, which is not only more sensitive to criticism of its programs but seems eager to have urban expressways used as the sinews of community renewal. Sensing the new wind from Washington, several cities are shaping their renewal programs around highway projects, among them Baltimore, Chicago and Seattle. The most imaginative and ambitious scheme so far is New York's "Linear City," first proposed by Mayor Lindsay in February, 1967, as a "dramatic new concept" aimed to derive maximal environmental improvements from the building of the Cross-Brooklyn Expressway. This segment of the Interstate System is regarded as a public facility creating the occasion and opportunity for urban development and as a device for obtaining federal highway funds to initiate overall community renewal.

An action plan for the full development of Linear City, prepared by the Baltimore firm of architects and planners, Rogers, Taliaferro, Kostritsky and Lamb, is now awaiting final approval by the New York City Planning Commission. The Baltimore firm was selected because it fathered the idea of the "Urban Concept Team," which Secretary of Transportation Alan T. Boyd has praised as the most promising innovation to deal

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with the problems of modern expressways. RTK&L achieved eminence in the profession by setting out to redefine the role of the architect in society. Rogers asserts that the responsibility of the modern architect goes "far beyond three-dimensional problem solving" and amounts to a commitment to improve the quality of urban life itself.

He first proposed applying the Concept Team idea to the design of urban expressways in Baltimore, arguing that the problems created by urban express-

ways are far too complex to be left to the engineers, and that a "multi-disciplinary group," headed by an urban designer, should be put in charge. This proposal infuriated many engineers entrenched in the Maryland Roads Commission, the Baltimore Highway Department and the Federal Bureau of Public Roads who fought the proposal as a threat to their professional status.

Nevertheless, Maryland Gov. Spiro T. Agnew turned to the idea when Baltimore's urban highway program came to a standstill amidst heated controversy about its threat to parks and residence areas. To avoid squabbles among local professionals, the Governor appointed San Francisco architect Nathaniel Owings to head the "Concept Team." Owings enjoys the enthusiastic support of newly elected Mayor d'Alessandro, but since his team is not empowered to change the proposed expressway corridors, its recommendations can only mitigate disruptive effects by deciding such questions as what should be built along or above it, and whether it should be placed in a cut or on stilts.

Ideally, a "concept team" should choose the optimal routing for an expressway on the basis of a cost-benefit analysis that would weigh psychological, aesthetic, historical and social factors against the engineers' pet criteria of minimal land cost, ease of construction, speed and safety. In spite of the limitations placed on the Owings team, the new approach stirred national interest when Secretary Boyd publicly endorsed the "Baltimore Concept" in his Boston address to the National League of Cities on July 31, 1967. At that time, Donald T. Elliott, chairman of the New York City Planning Commission, became aware of the possibilities of mating the Concept Team idea with the Linear City proposal and turned to RTK&L for consultants. It is rumored that Mayor Lindsay has applied for a \$10 million grant from federal highway funds for a more detailed feasibility study.

The routing of the Cross-Brooklyn expressway along the right-of-way of the Bay Ridge line of the Long Island Railroad was approved in 1966. The new expressway will connect the approaches of the Verazzano-Narrows bridge with expressways serving Kennedy Airport and Long Island. A branch will link the Cross-Brooklyn Expressway to the Triborough Bridge, bringing the total length of proposed new highway to 24.5 miles.

Linear City will stretch along and above the expressway in an arc of about 5 miles, originating in the area of Brooklyn College and ending for the time being at a point north of Linden Boulevard where a new community college will provide a temporary anchor for the

development. The railroad beneath the expressway and Linear City will operate during the construction and may in the future provide shuttle service to connect segments of Linear City. Above the expressways there will be ample areas for parking, and the roof of this parking level will provide the main platform on which will stand buildings of varying height and configurations, with a sequence of pleasant pedestrian spaces between them.

Unlike the single-standing towers of the Port Authority that straddle the Manhattan approaches to the George Washington bridge, the buildings of Linear City will be subordinated to an overall structural concept and planned to adjust to changing requirements of the future. The continuous form promises to reintegrate the city's manifold activities, a departure from pedantic zoning practice and the creation of neatly buffered islands for a single use or activity. At points, Linear City will be no wider than the railroad right-of-way; at others, its extensions will deeply penetrate adjacent areas: a Gulliver securely tied to the Lilliputian pattern of row houses in residential blocks.

The most important component of Linear City will be its system of educational facilities, which will provide a full range of services from preschool to adult education for the five mid-Brooklyn communities of Brownsville, Canarsie, Midwood-Flatlands, Flatbush and East New York. This solution derives from the complaints by Negro parents in Brownsville that the seven schools originally planned for that area would be "de facto" segregated. They had suggested instead an "educational park," drawing pupils from all sections of central Brooklyn. Opponents of the educational park deplore the impersonality of such large, centralized institutions, and point to the disadvantage of divorcing the schools from their neighborhoods where they can double as social centers in the evenings.

The proposal that has been made to locate a string of schools in Linear City combines some advantages of the neighborhood school with those of an educational park. The educational ideas were developed by Cyril G. Sargent, a professor at City College, who is a consultant to the Planning Commission. His system would include "primary centers" for preschool children, "special-interest centers" and "home center" equipped with clinics, libraries and recreational facilities. Oldtimers in the Board of Education reportedly detest Sargent's ideas, but in August, 1967, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., the State Commissioner for Education, directed the city to proceed with the construction of the schools in Linear City and to have them ready for occupancy

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no later than 1972. This would seem to imply a timetable for Linear City itself.

The entire project calls for an investment of \$1,300 million over a period of five to seven years. Of this, \$966 million will be siphoned from various public sources; \$322 million is expected from the private sector. Since the expressway component qualifies for the interstate program, 90 per cent of its cost will be provided by the federal government; \$350 million or 27 per cent of the total financing is assured from this source alone. Linear City itself requires an investment of \$900 million. In return, the city will gain school places for some 18,000 pupils, 10 million square feet of offices, retail and manufacturing space, and housing for 20,000 people. At first glance, one is struck by the high cost of the platform structure in contrast to the gain of 6,000 dwelling units of which a mere 2,000 are now designated as publicly aided housing for low-income groups. In the present urban crisis, a public undertaking of this scope should include a much higher percentage of housing for the disadvantaged. However, the proposal has various hidden economies and long-term benefits: the use of the railroad right-of-way minimizes the relocation problem, and the new housing will serve tenants at all levels of income and thus advance socio-economic integration.

The program envisages the creation of new employment opportunities and there is enthusiastic talk among the planners of moving a segment of the garment industry from Manhattan to Linear City, bringing the workshops into the home borough of most of the workers. The land cost of the development can be figured as the cost of the platform above the parking level, and the leasing of the air rights from the railroad. Including its movement systems and utilities, the platform structure of Linear City will cost up to \$430 million or 33 per cent of the total investment. Yet in combination with the relatively low cost of the air rights, the total may not be excessive

when measured against the expense of conventional land acquisition and clearance, and the delays due to relocation of the residents of a built-up area of similar size.

Linear City offers multiple use of land that would otherwise be assigned exclusively to the expressway. Many of the new structures will contribute directly to the city's tax base, while the schools and other tax-exempt institutions concentrated along the 5-mile strip will pay their way since, if they were placed elsewhere, they would reduce the acreage of the borough presently in taxable use. Further, the probable effect of these vast public improvements will be to enhance land values in adjacent areas, thus eventually raising the tax total. To these economic gains one should add some hard-to-calculate aesthetic and psychological benefits: instead of yet another physical barrier, Linear City will provide a humanly alive organizational spine, a unifying element that will bring a sense of excitement and adventure to the dreary borough—something for Brooklynites to boast about.

Every year almost \$1.5 billion are invested in construction in New York City. Of this, the municipality accounts for \$420 million, 28 per cent of the total. In 1966, "The Mayor's Task Force" pointed to these figures and asserted that the city could upgrade the quality of the urban environment simply by setting an example of bold thinking and good design in its own undertakings. Mayor Lindsay has clearly responded to this challenge and—moving from vest-pocket improvements to the grand experiment of Linear City—set out to regain for New York its long-lost leadership in urban innovation. This is no trivial goal: as Rogers puts it, "innovation per se is an objective that is self-validating in the light of the failure of the existing social and physical institutions to adjust to the volcanic forces rocking our society." Linear City provides an opening for this sort of ad-

justment, and if built will put to test ideas ranging from design to urban psychology. In this focus, the high design costs of this prototypical environment can more readily be justified; they will benefit future projects of similar scope across the country. In its scale and in its novel use of a transportation facility as the backbone of overall urban improvement, Linear City is the most exciting scheme that has been put forward in New York since William Wilgus proposed the development of Park Avenue in connection with the building of Grand Central Terminal. Luckily for us, Wilgus' contemporaries had the good sense and determination to turn the Grand Central-Park Avenue idea into reality. Perhaps our society will again respond to opportunity and bequeath Linear City to future New Yorkers.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

My past week of theatregoing has been a wandering among small things. But small things may also be good, and from poor things one must learn to pick out the plums. Otherwise how could a steady regimen of entertainment remain tolerable?

Your Own Thing (Orpheum Theatre) is "a new rock musical suggested by *Twelfth Night*" with book by Donald Driver, music and lyrics by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar. It is clever kid stuff. Like all programmatic nonconformity, one specimen of "rock," unless it be first rate, is usually indistinguishable from another. It becomes a paradigm of conformity.

Still, Donald Driver's direction—especially in the dance bits—has a promising degree of invention. Robert Guerra's setting is neat, and Michael Lunstead's slides and what they "say" are groovy. The text picks up the bisexual implications of Shakespeare's play: the hero thinks he has turned queer because he has fallen in love with the transvestite girl twin and tries to justify it to himself: and this *kills* the audience at 126 Second Avenue.

The "leads"—Leland Palmer and Rusty Thacker—display plenty of energy, and one laughs at an occasional line. The evening is mercifully brief and a good time may be had by all who care to attend the party. With a few martinis under one's belt one may also rejoice at being "in." Harmless.

I always enjoy seeing a "bill" at the New York City Ballet. It stimulates me to return: every fine ballet company

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does. Ballet is the best theatre in town. Balanchine's "Japanese" number *Bugaku*—some of it strikes me as exquisitely Hindu—has an insidiously fragile attractiveness what with David Hays's ascetically pretty set, Karinska's ineffably delicate and smiling costumes and the asymmetrical eroticism of the choreography by way of Suzanne Farrell's long-legged knowledgeable ability.

I find it difficult—as everyone should—to "judge," that is, to declare an opinion of a new ballet at a first view. One doesn't altogether grasp the design of the unfamiliar choreography or hear the surprising (if novel) score. But even without "seizing" either aspect of Balanchine's latest two-part piece of strange title *Metastaseis* and *Pithoprakta* (music by Xenakis), I was sufficiently taken with it to wish to see it again. One doesn't have to know immediately what one thinks of them or what they mean; they have a fascinating look and sound. Judgment, if at all necessary, should come later. The enigma is a pleasure. What amiable frauds some of our dance sages are!

I was amused by those at the opening performance of this ballet who hissed because either they didn't "get" it or because they failed to be ravished on the spot, as they expect to be when that dear devil Balanchine goes to work. I was also bemused by those whose decided opinions were instantly available as if the purpose of art were to furnish an exercise for their insight. The new ballet is a graph of "life" as it impresses a contemporary sensibility, but who can quickly decipher its exact nature or give it a name?

Seeing Jerome Robbins' *The Cage* for the third time—it is a ballet one can readily comprehend, and that may be what is wrong with it—I appreciated the subtle excitement of Stravinsky's String Concerto in D, probably neo-classic if you need a category, but all Stravinsky and irreducibly modern in its tension. Patricia McBride danced in place of the indisposed Melissa Hayden. Miss McBride doesn't "horrify" as the lady spider is supposed to do; she enchants. What a treat it would be, one feels, to be destroyed by her!

As for John Taras' new entry *Haydn Concerto*, I liked the scenery and costumes of Raoul Pène duBois very much: so serene and gracefully gay. As for the rest it didn't disturb me; I could take it or leave it. As someone much more expert than I in these matters remarked, "The Greek pieces are *avant-garde*, the Haydn is *derrière-garde*."

Israel Horowitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx*, a one-act play preceded by another, *It's Called the Sugar Plum*, from the same author, merits a

visit (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette Street). The two plays are ably directed by James Hammerstein and very well acted by Al Pacino and Matthew Cowles in the first named and by John Pleshette, nicely paired with Marsha Mason, in the second.

These plays have the ring of authenticity. *It's Called the Sugar Plum* begins well, goes on a bit too long in respect to its aim and tries to cover too much ground: a youthful fault. But it is a humorous and kindly observation of the grubby and foolish sexuality characteristic of the hip young, nurtured on a sophistication derived from total ignorance and which expresses itself in the verbiage of pop psychoanalysis. The general effect is of a penny-whistle idyll.

The Indian Wants the Bronx is sterner stuff. It is funny and terrifying. Two young fellows harass and mortify an innocent Hindu (they think at first that he might be a "Turk") while he waits for a bus on a deserted city street at night. (Why, one wonders, doesn't he run away?) The boys' malevolence is "play": a consequence of their idleness in an environment empty of any fulfilling contact or purpose. They are not evil: they are stinging bugs produced by the dry rot in the wide fringes of the social structure. They produce shivers because their menace and violence are part of the greater beastliness inherent in our society, which, because it does not inspire creative action based on humane thought and energy, turns to wanton and senseless destructiveness.

The actors in this play brilliantly reveal the incipient ferocity born of moral isolation that can be observed in persons who still possess some of the charming folly of untrammelled youth. In the opening play it is innocence coupled with schooled dumbness that the actor conveys with apt ease.

Horowitz's writing of *The Indian Wants the Bronx* demonstrates a perfect ear for the speech of his two punks. He is not slumming: he has made himself part of their spirit. But like other playwrights of his generation (those between 21 and 30), he should not dwell too long or too lovingly within that sphere; it is narrow and shallow for lack of a more complete understanding of the world outside it. That world may be equally ferocious, but it is nevertheless the world, and all of it must be explored to make art splendid and life worth the strife.

There are several ways in which one may regard Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang For My Father* (Longacre Theatre). One might say that it is another father-and-son play of which there are recent examples (O'Neill, Arthur Miller) more ambitious and extended in

connotation. Or one might judge it without comparison on its own unpretentious scale. I prefer to do the latter.

It is a play of decent sentiment. I was not deeply affected by it but I was affected, and many people will be much more so, if they are not primarily concerned with significant statements. The play's effect is salutary because, while it is not marked by the original articulation of an experience, it does represent an experience, a sincere setting down of what the author has lived through. That is always to be respected; it always touches off some intimate emotion in the spectator. It is not that he recognizes the equivalent personal situation in his own family but that he is reminded of the drama which in one way or another always exists between sons and fathers, be it one of love, of mutual resistance, of love's absence, or of a feeling akin to hatred. Something which has stirred the author awakens shadowy recollection of things which have stirred us. Whatever one thinks of Anderson's play as theatre or as writing, it was written because of something actually felt by him and I always find this honorable.

It is well cast and simply staged by

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Alan Schneider, though I wished the scenic simplifications employed were somewhat more interesting or agreeable to look at. Hal Holbrook, who unfortunately has to narrate or comment on some of the play's background, does so with relaxed directness and dignity. Later he rises to the parental climactic confrontation with a fine emotional honesty.

As the father, a recognizably irritating personality who nevertheless rarely becomes as dreadfully impossible as one might expect, Alan Webb is excellent in the economy and the intelligence of his performance, sufficiently "dry" to avoid both bathos or caricature.

TELEVISION JOHN HORN

That Edward R. Murrow who died three years ago was a man ahead of his time is demonstrated by the following excerpt from a lecture delivered at the Guildhall, London, in October, 1959, under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and Granada TV Network. Nine years later, Mr. Murrow's remarks are especially timely for Americans in their year of major political decision.

In a free society, politics essentially involves the resolution of conflict. It is part of television's duty to define, illuminate and illustrate the nature of the conflict—to supply the voter with the raw material upon which informed opinion may be based.

Thucydides said: "We both alike knew that into the discussion of human affairs the question of justice arises only where the pressure of necessity is equal; that the strong take what they can, and the weak grant what they must."

The true function of television in politics is to operate a market place in which ideas may compete on an equal footing.

It is true that the voter may elect to purchase the second-rate, shopworn or shoddy idea. He may mistake a mobile countenance for an agile mind. He may vote for profile rather than for principle. An unruly lock of hair may be more effective than a disciplined mind.

There is no way to guarantee that television will prevent the voter from being as wrong as he has been so often in the past.

Television offers no guarantee that demagogues can be kept from political power. It merely provides them with wider and more intimate, more immediate circulation.

I would suggest that the evidence so

far indicates that television can retard or accelerate a trend in public opinion, but it cannot reverse it. The hope so fondly held by enthusiasts a few years ago, the hope that television would make certain that the voter would sort out the phony from the statesman, is not proved.

I would doubt that under today's systems of communication a Lincoln or a Jefferson could be nominated or elected.

According to all reports, Jefferson had a most abrasive voice, and did not suffer fools gladly. While being interviewed on some panel program he might have told a particularly obnoxious questioner just what he thought of him, and that, of course, would have been fatal.

Mr. Lincoln did not move gracefully, was not a handsome man, had a wife who was no political asset, and he was a solitary man. In our present society he probably would have been examined at an early age by a psychiatrist, received an unfavorable report, have been told his attitude toward "togetherness" was altogether wrong, and advised to enter a trade school if he could gain admittance.

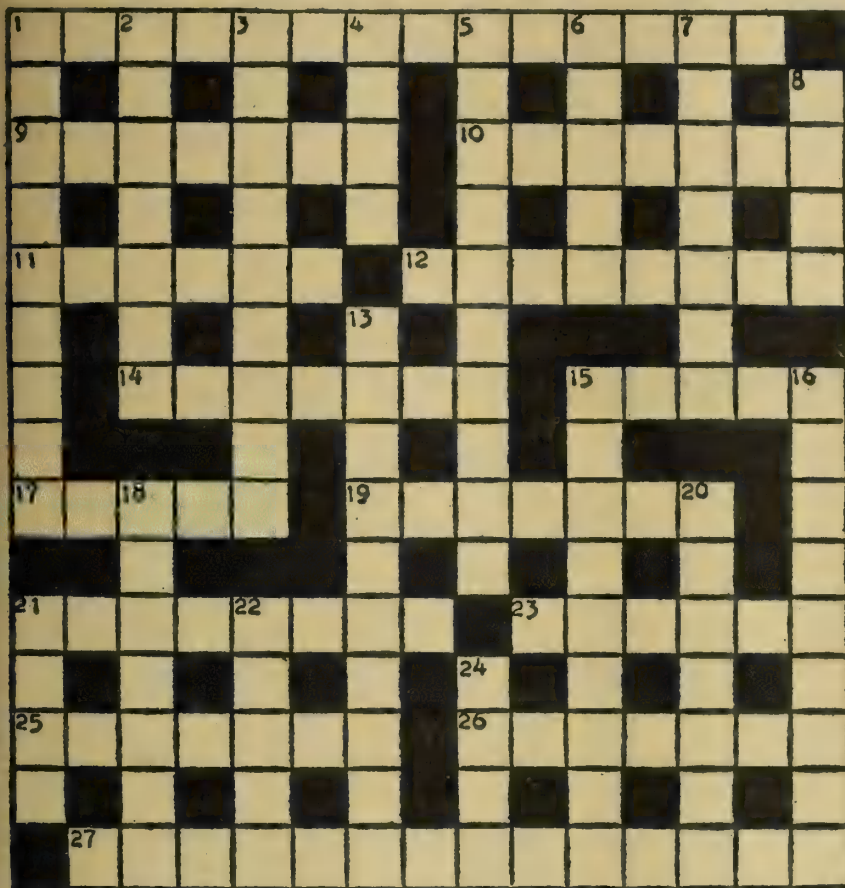
On the other hand, it is conceivable that Woodrow Wilson might have won his fight for the League of Nations, and thereby changed world history, had he been able to use the tools of television and radio. He was a rather pedantic persuader, and these instruments wouldn't have changed him, but they would have given his ideas wider circulation; and the efforts of those who attempted to distort those ideas might have had less success. It is part of television's brief history that circulation is directly related to controversy.

But it is well to bear in mind that no large section of the public demands more information or a better presentation of it. Public affairs is a form of specialization. It is *not* recreation. The public as such does not feel the call to specialize, even in its own good. On the whole it is unenterprising—it wants its fun. By the time most people turn on the television set the work of the day is over. There is a welcome break in drudgery. Most people, after working hours, prefer to be called away from reality, not made to face it. There is a limit upon the attention the public is willing to devote to politics. This would be true even if television fulfilled its functions to the utmost.

Television by itself does not usher in the democratic millennium, and its inability to do so is not its own peculiar failure. It is due to the unwillingness of men and women, even in the highly developed democracies of Britain and the United States, to take more trouble to govern themselves better.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1236

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Re-doubled such effort, and a problem would be associated with witches. (4,3,7)
- 9 Such a society is obviously for the birds. (7)
- 10 Does it have more ply than other compounds? (7)
- 11 Sounds like two letters might be too much! (6)
- 12 The others don't move, but it might be on the bus schedule. (4,4)
- 14 Secures fibers of wool, for example. (7)
- 15 Sponge. (5)
- 17 The battle of a specified amount in an undetermined number. (5)
- 19 One of these could be smoother, though they might spread easily. (7)
- 21 . . . at least if it's warm! (We helped Berlin with one of them.) (3,5)
- 23 A good score to secure in plasterwork.
- 25 and 8 down Do a little smooching, and cut it short! (More than one has fallen this way.) (4,3,4)
- 26 With a lot of sharp points, like a bone in the vertebrae? (7)
- 27 Backward writing for some? It has a peculiar twist. (7,7)

DOWN:

- 1 Makes an attempt when about 80 or so in some plays. (9)
- 2 Persuades one to look for Mussolini-like qualities so? (7)

- 3 A cub's made slightly upset by such an unexpected attack. (9)
- 4 and 22 down A dull color's silly for the castle! (9)
- 5 The pre-senior's rejection of painful memories, in a way. (10)
- 6 No match for such things, or just an application of it? (5)
- 7 Your British company is probably kept to a minimum. (7)
- 8 See 25 across
- 13 Such saws are no longer sharp. (10)
- 15 Making about a thousand, or doing what they did to Sam McGee? (9)
- 16 The day Mr. Fogg got back? (9)
- 18 Naturally it shouldn't happen! (7)
- 20 Conventional indication, alternatively one for "Two Gentlemen of Verona," for example. (7)
- 21 A relative of the tuna. (4)
- 22 See 4 down
- 24 Man? Wight, too. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1235

ACROSS: 1 Toulouse-Lautrec; 9 Rorqual; 10 Columbia; 11 Eleven; 12 Adjutant; 14 Obsecrates; 15 Hear; 17 Each; 19 Peroration; 22 Reaching; 23 Pavlov; 25 Accents; 26 Stirrer; 27 Yellowstone Lake. DOWN: 1 Three to get ready; 2 Unreels; 3 Opulence; 5 Lacedaemon; 6 Umlaut; 7 and 4 Rum-mage sale; 8 Chapter and verse; 13 Mare's-nests; 16 Paradise; 18 Chancel; 20 Illyria; 21 Shinto; 24 Oslo.

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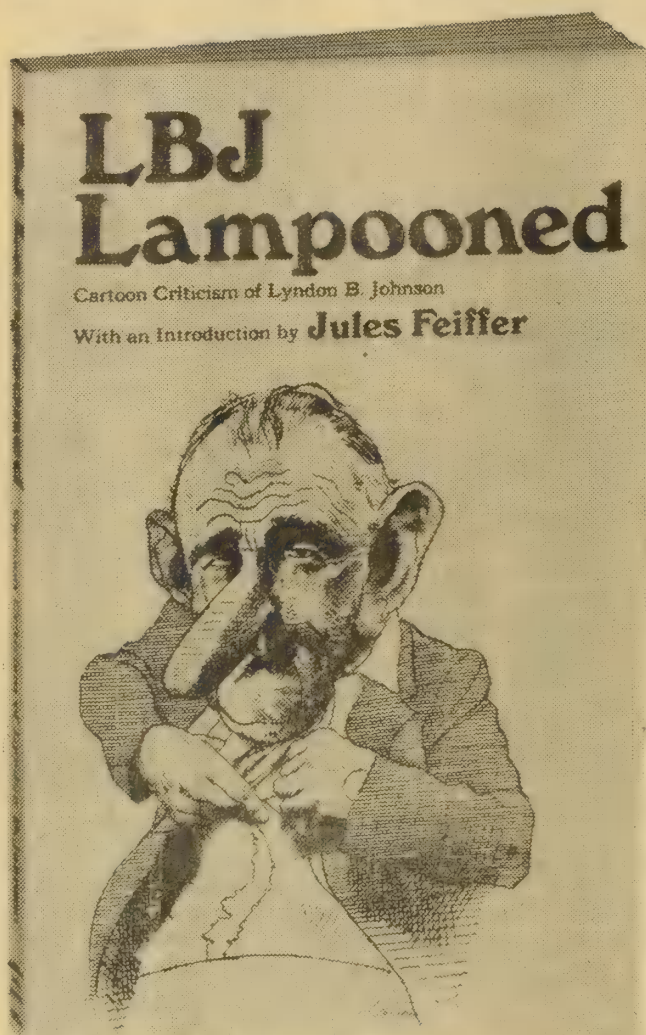
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LETTERS

Chicago's reputation

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Christopher Z. Hobson's letter [*The Nation*, Jan. 8] says the University of Chicago's "libertarian reputation is no longer deserved." Basis: the nonrenewing of Jesse Lemisch's contract after the trial three-year term (plus an extra year to give him more time to find a job); a claim that Staughton Lynd wasn't hired because of a statement made on Lemisch's behalf; remarks by three members of the faculty . . . and the temporary suspension of fifty-eight students for refusing to move their demonstration outside the Administration Building.

As to Lemisch, I wasn't part of the discussions, but I've heard the story of the other side, and it isn't Hobson's. . . . As to Lynd, I heard he'd been asked to discuss his interest in an appointment by the chairman of the Social Thought Committee after the man learned Lynd had been unjustly cut off from a job by a local college. Lynd was interested, the chairman went to ask people, found (1) there were no funds left (this was summertime and the appointment was for fall); and (2) the one or two historians around who'd read Lynd's stuff thought there were better people doing similar work. . . .

There's plenty wrong with Chicago, but of the twenty colleges and universities I've taught or studied at here and abroad, I think it's the openest, most free and best. (I receive no bonus for this and can't be fired short of murder.) I don't mean it shouldn't be criticized every day; just that it can be defended from any political quarter. Even Hobson's letter is useful: it reminds people in such institutions as this that they'd better spell decisions out clearly. . . .

Richard Stern

Department of English, University of Chicago

correction

The Nation regrets that changes in wording, introduced in cutting Christopher Z. Hobson's letter [Jan. 8] on Prof. Jesse Lemisch's firing from the University of Chicago, had the effect of altering Mr. Hobson's meaning. The final sentence as printed concludes: "Chicago's libertarian reputation is no longer deserved." Mr. Hobson wrote: "not now deserved, if indeed it ever was." *The Nation* notes that its rewording deletes Mr. Hobson's question as to the validity of Chicago's past libertarian reputation. Similarly, an earlier sentence, "Is a political firing alien to the spirit of the University of Chicago?" was changed to read: "alien to the present spirit." We regret that the published text conveys a meaning different from the one Mr. Hobson intended.

Editors

San Francisco State

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: *The Nation* has launched a veritable press campaign against San Francisco State's student radicals and their organizations (Movement Against Political Suspensions; Black Students' Union). In attempting to maintain SF State's liberal image, John Shover and Marshall Windmiller (Dec. 18) and David Swanston (Jan. 8) resort to larger-than-life descriptions, falsification and mystification of the issues. Shover persists in characterizing the campus war recruiting question as one of free speech (an argument that even Windmiller rejects). Moreover, Shover argues that the war crisis convocation provided

(Continued on page 250)

EDITORIALS

Thoughts in a Dry Season

The political situation could hardly be more desperate than at this moment it appears to be. The Democrats will almost certainly nominate Johnson (it is always possible that he may withdraw), the Republicans may well nominate Nixon, and this would probably mean that Johnson, with an assist from George Wallace, would be re-elected. All the same, *The Nation* has no intention of "copping out" on the 1968 election and therefore offers these modest suggestions.

As we see it, "dissenting" Democrats should by all means support Sen. Eugene McCarthy. To be sure, his name will appear in only a few primaries, but committees have been formed to aid his candidacy in other states and these committees could turn out to be both useful and important. True, he has declared no intention of carrying the fight beyond the convention, but it is unrealistic to expect an incumbent Senator to repudiate his party in advance of the convention. Some "dissenting" Democrats find fault with the Senator's style of campaigning; others would no doubt have preferred Sen. Robert Kennedy in the challenger's role. But Kennedy has taken himself out of consideration, and as to McCarthy's style it may have a wider appeal than his critics imagine. Writing in *The New York Times* from New Hampshire, Tom Wicker observes that McCarthy's methods of presenting a self rather than an image and of assuming that his audience will understand his points and respond sensibly to his ideas seem to work well for him among the New Englanders. The pros will continue to cry for hokum, but the pros have been confounded often enough by their professional bias for dismissing the public as fools. The case for McCarthy is quite simple: he is the one candidate, at the moment, who is opposed to the war. It is said that a low vote for him will aid Johnson, but that is surely the best reason for making that vote as large as possible, by giving Senator McCarthy the support he deserves and has every right to expect from those who oppose the war.

Unfortunately, some of the "anti-war" groups are running harder at the moment against McCarthy than they are against Johnson. A part of the New Left favors a boycott not merely of the election but of electoral politics as currently practiced. Another wing of the New Left has qualified a new party devoted to Peace and Freedom in California and there are somewhat similar movements elsewhere. The Negro militants are no doubt formulating their own plans, but to date they have shown little direct concern with the war in Vietnam. It is fine that some of these groups are looking ahead and planning for the future, but in the future we may all be dead. The immediate objective should be to impose the maximum restraint on Johnson, in the hope that his war policies can be modified or reversed after the election. Let each of the groups that oppose the war do their special "thing" but let all of them keep the immediate objective in mind. Peace and Freedom partisans in California, by re-registering in April, could vote for McCarthy in the Democratic

primary and still vote for the Peace and Freedom ticket in November. Psychologically this would be like voting against Johnson twice. And by November, many Democrats and Republicans may want to cast a protest vote.

McCarthy's candidacy does not stand alone. Democrats with a conscience will want to do everything in their power to help re-elect seven Democratic Senators who have opposed the war: Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, Nelson, McGovern, Church and Clark. Not to support these men would be base ingratitude; it would also be the stupidest kind of "anti-politics." Republicans who oppose the war should support Senators Morton, Aiken and Javits. Let them do what they can to prevent the nomination of Nixon. The limited logic of the two-party system—and it is very limited indeed at the moment—suggests that the best hope of terminating the war lies in a Republican victory (see: "Calculus for '68" by Eldon Kenworthy, *The Nation*, January 8). A Republican victory would mean a change of personnel, a pause, an opportunity to reconsider present policies. The Republicans have a responsibility for the war, but they do not have a vested interest in the disastrous policies of the Johnson Administration. It is doubtful, as Senator Aiken and others have suggested, that the Democrats can terminate this war; the Republicans might. Of course the GOP may yield to its quadrennial death wish and nominate Nixon, but the remarkable build-up for Rockefeller of recent weeks is an indication that the party may really want to win this election. Recent events in Vietnam, we are convinced, have whetted the national appetite for new leadership. At some point soon, we hope, Governor Rockefeller will make himself "available"—if only so that he will feel free to speak out on national issues. On balance he has made a good record as Governor (see articles p. 234) but the public wants to know what he thinks about the war.

Goliath Entrapped

The Vietnamese David may have to give up all the ground he gained in the Tet offensive, but the war will never be the same again. Goliath is in a state of shock—the nation-wide Vietcong assault has left Washington "numb, grim and off-balance." Goliath will recover, but only partially; a permanent trauma has been inflicted. (See "Saigon from a Rooftop" by Thomas W. Pew, Jr., in this issue.)

The explanations for what happened are as important as the things that happened, because the explanations are by their nature predictive. Not precisely the same mistakes will be made, but with the same people in charge mistakes which look different but are the same at bottom are a practical certainty. It is therefore interesting to compare the diagnoses of two writers, working for different papers, who were so far apart geographically that it is impossible to believe they had any communication. In *The Washington Post*, and writing in Washington, Ward Just says that most officials there view the past week "as a political disaster for the Allies." It was a week, he goes on to say, "in which the Johnson Administration more than ever resembled a Chinese court, with the mandarins assembled to tell the leadership what it wanted to hear." In *The Wall*

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THE NATION

Volume 206

No. 8

Street Journal (February 6) Robert Keatley, writing from Hong Kong, explains that at the operational level "... bureaucracies fall back on ways and clichés they know best. . . . They live in their little compounds and read their own propaganda and eventually they begin to believe that stuff." Keatley is quoting a military man from another country, but he probably agrees, and so does many another newsman in that part of the world.

While Goliath is tied into knots, what passes through the mind of Lyndon B. Johnson, who escalated from some 16,000 "advisers" in Vietnam to 500,000 support and combat troops, plus the Seventh Fleet? One wonders whose advice started him off on this fatal course. Evidently he expected a fairly easy victory at modest expense in lives and money, after which he would emerge as the victorious war President who accomplished with wisdom and resolution what his predecessors had failed to do. ~~Then, as the~~ going became tough, he embarked on the "credibility gap."

Jack Newfield in the *Village Voice*, not being subject to the inhibitions of a White House reporter, says that Johnson lies by instinct. This is somewhat wide of the mark. He lies only to the extent necessitated by his weird view of the world, and more often than not he believes what he is saying, or hopes it will come true before long. He probably envisions himself as a Franklin D. Roosevelt or Winston Churchill standing firm against "appeasers." He is himself the prisoner of twenty years of American cold-war myths, and there is no one left to disillusion him. His military advisers suffer from the same psychosis—not in the strict clinical sense, but by the nature of their occupation and the rigidity of their minds. The intelligent retired admirals and generals who could save him do not have his ear; at least have not had it up to now. If he would call together True, Shoup, Hughes, Gavin, Griffith and the dozen or so who have spoken out against the war, he would learn the truth, but acting on it politically would still be the problem.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Johnson is contemplating some such move. At a White House lunch of his regular advisers—Walt W. Rostow, Richard Helms, et al.—the photograph shows Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway (U.S.A. Ret.), former commander in Korea (after MacArthur) and a dissenter from the present Vietnamese policy. His jaw cupped in his fist, Mr. Johnson is gazing fixedly in the direction of General Ridgway, who returns the gaze with the expression of a man who has just uttered a mouthful and is ready with more. A transcript of the discussion would be enlightening to the citizens who are sending their sons and their taxes into the bottomless pit.

On Camera

In what one of his interrogators on *Meet the Press* called his "valedictory mood," Secretary McNamara quoted four lines from Eliot's "Little Gidding":

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

Never in public had the Secretary seemed more human,

as these lines helped him search for the innocence of good instincts and the expiation of errors which apparently he no longer wished to let stand unacknowledged. He specified but one of these, his sponsorship of the Cuban invasion which ended in the Bay of Pigs, and would perhaps have mentioned others but for the restraining influence of his immediate neighbor, the Secretary of State. Once he turned toward Mr. Rusk with a laughing comment; he met no answering smile. That famous egg-like surface permitted no departure from public impassivity (except perhaps for an eye gleam and tiny smile at a rapid put-down of Roger Hilsman).

One wondered about this impassivity. Is it only diplomatic cool? Does it mask a deep need for the quick, uniform, high-souled brutality which military action best supplies? Does it enforce the suppression of what might lead to the relaxed privileges his seat-neighbor was beginning to take? Asked by Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News* about South Vietnamese indifference to the government of President Thieu, Secretary Rusk responded that of course there were villagers in South Vietnam as elsewhere whose only concerns were crops, healthy babies and protection from marauders.

What connection was there between that answer and the poverty-stricken Georgia boy who threw coal at trains in the hope that firemen would throw enough coal back to heat the family home? How close were we to the adolescent who put on the military uniform which masked that poverty. The impassivity erased the distance, but in "Little Gidding" there were other guiding lines:

*There are three conditions which often look alike
Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow;
Attachment to self and to things and to persons,
detachment
From self and from things and from persons; and,
growing between them, indifference
Which resembles the others as death resembles life. . . .*

Did that famous face which somehow seemed its own death mask exemplify that lethal indifference, or was it only a fatigued exemplification of Lord Acton's terrible maxim on power?

RICHARD STERN

Key Man in the Complex

In the governmental-corporate elite of Washington, Clark Clifford has for many years been an astute, informed and influential figure quite without parallel. The lengthy summary of his clients and connections by Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* lists Time, Inc., E. I. du Pont de Nemours, General Electric, International Telephone and Telegraph, American Broadcasting Company, Hughes Tool, Phillips Petroleum and other oil companies, El Paso Natural Gas and various Wall Street mutual funds, pharmaceutical companies, sugar companies, railroads and what-not. His public confidants have included John F. Kennedy, whose personal lawyer he was before Kennedy became President, Lyndon B. Johnson and Lady Bird, Stuart Symington, Cabinet officers, Congressmen, minor White House advisers (he being the chief one himself)—in short, a considerable proportion of the Who's Who of the federal Establishment. And in whatever capacities

he functioned, Clifford has been, in effect, the principal liaison figure between big government and big business.

Therein lies the difficulty. A Charles E. Wilson or a Robert S. McNamara could sell his stock and cut himself off effectively enough from his former employer to satisfy the conflict-of-interests statutes, but how does a Clark Clifford go about such surgery? He did not practice law in the conventional sense. He did not lobby—such opportunisms were beneath him. He was never seen in the courtrooms and hearing chambers of Washington; such appearances, when necessary, he delegated to others. He confined himself to major problems, involving more often hundreds of millions rather than millions in small denominations: in the case of the divestiture of the controlling stock interest in General Motors by the du Ponts, he saved the family some \$2 billion in taxes.

Now, atop the Pentagon, how does he go about divesting himself of these corporate and private interests and erecting a wall between his Defense Department duties and his multitudinous prior activities? Harwood says that by his own account Clifford worked as a planner, adviser and interpreter of the ways of government to his clients and the ways of his clients to the government, the two groups being on roughly equal terms. Clifford's law firm has been described as "a kind of Central Intelligence Agency, collecting day after day the 'unwritten knowledge' of Washington on which great policy decisions are based." But many of these former clients of his, who acted on that unwritten knowledge, are major defense contractors—General Electric alone had defense orders in 1967 totaling nearly \$1.3 billion. Clifford must continue to do business with G.E.—only now he will be sitting on the other side of the table and bargaining at arm's length with these and scores of other contractors. And to make matters more complicated, he is a palpable hawk, like the President himself and the President's two other intimate advisers, Dean Acheson and Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas. It will be surprising if the military-industrial complex suffers any loss of that undue influence against which General Eisenhower warned us before repairing to the golf links.

Pictures To Remember

Time was when a great metropolitan newspaper, having done its bit to get the United States into a righteous war, hired a star reporter to tell the home folks about our victories in glowing prose. Some first-rate reporters are or have been in Vietnam, but a war so squalid cannot produce heroic writing. It is not true that a picture is worth ten thousand words, or even ten—everything depends on the picture and on the words—but it is a fact that in this war the photographers, both still and movie, have brought the war into the living room with a greater emotional impact than anything the printed media—excellent as much of the reporting has been—has been able to convey. And it is often a perilous assignment: while exposing film, the photographer may be exposed to enemy fire.

The first round of photographs that had world impact was the immolations of the Buddhist monks. The motion picture of the old man sitting quietly in the pyre, and

finally falling on his side in the still-glowing ashes, is perhaps the most horrible and unforgettable scene ever photographed.

The camera has brought the war into the home of every American. The Germans may claim that they knew nothing about the systematic murder of 6 million European Jews, and in some cases this may have been true—although one suspects that few civilians tried very hard to find out what was going on. But for us there can be no excuse. The photographers have shown us not only the battle scenes but the torture of Vietcong prisoners by Vietnamese government soldiers, while American officers stood by acquiescently. The latest exhibit did not involve torture, only cold-blooded murder. Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the South Vietnamese equivalent of Beria and the other Soviet secret police chiefs, executed a young Vietcong on a Saigon street. The photo sequence, taken by Eddie Adams of the Associated Press, shows the guardian of South Vietnamese liberties with his pistol held to the captive's head just before firing, and a moment later pocketing his gun as the body tumbles to the street. The VC is alleged to be a political officer in civilian clothes; he looks more like a schoolboy. The Thieu-Ky government was caught off guard in every possible way over the Tet holiday; these photographs, probably intended to show the Vietcong what was in store for them, were radioed all over the world and have made the government's position still more precarious.

If the American public is not moved to revulsion by the TV pictures of the war and by the stills printed in the newspapers, John Jay Chapman's observation is apposite: if you don't resist evil, he said, you lose your sensibility. You are no longer able to distinguish between good and evil. This may be true of many Americans but it is not true in regard to a large and growing minority. Nor is it true of our friends, or whilom friends, abroad. *MacLean's*, the Canadian equivalent of *Life* (but with a quite different political slant) devotes 12 pages of its February issue and 20,000 words of reportage to the Vietnamese War. Like it or not, *MacLean's* says, we are involved; Canada exports no arms to Vietnam, but last year it sold upward of \$500 million worth of military merchandise, mainly to the United States. "Questions of morality and decency," it says, "haunt the Western world." Some of the most gruesome photographs which have come out of Vietnam illustrate the text. A U.S. Naval Reserve flier doesn't need the pictures. "It turns out a lot like the Nazis, I guess," he concludes. "You do the job you're trained to do. If you let it get you down, if you go in there worrying about women and children, you can't do your job. It's a matter of survival, really—you've got to be able to fly that machine well all the time and you can't if you're up there haggling with your conscience."

The Vietnamese, those who are not in the pay of the Americans—or, what amounts to the same thing, in the pay of the Thieu-Ky regime—have no need for the pictures either. They see the real thing. The American general who declared that the Vietnamese hate the Vietcong needs either an ophthalmologist or a psychiatrist. The Vietnamese faces in the streets of Saigon or Hue show plainly whom they hate: It is the Americans.

SAIGON FROM A ROOFTOP

THOMAS W. PEW, JR.

Mr. Pew is editor and associate publisher of the Troy Daily News, Troy, Ohio.

Saigon

At the end of the fourth day, the Indian doorman at the Eden Roc Hotel raised the clattering metal shutters on the lobby and announced with an enormous grin and in his singsong English: "Fighting all stopped. VC all going away today."

During the siege it has been possible to guess just how things were going by his expression. When he looked dark and opened the shutter quickly to let us into the street and then banged it shut behind us we knew there was danger. When he smiled and stepped out of the stuffy lobby and onto the sidewalk we figured things were going well.

It's too bad the Eden Roc doorman couldn't be on the U.S. Army General Staff, or at least a doorman at the American Embassy. He no doubt knew, as did many of our Vietnamese friends, that nine battalions of Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars (around 2,500 men, according to Brig. Gen. Phil Davidson) had entered the city from all sides on the night of January 29. Perhaps he was even aware that they had slipped into the city in twos and threes and met at pre-selected rallying points where they were issued weapons and two days' rations.

Americans in Saigon have read with interest reports from Washington that President Johnson claimed the Vietcong's "general uprising" to have been a "complete failure" from a military standpoint. Apparently the Commander in Chief is not on the same wave length with his staff in Vietnam, because General Davidson, the Military Air Command J-2, otherwise known as General Westmoreland's intelligence man, says: "A follow-on attack of the same size is a daily potential with known divisions of men held in reserve."

Furthermore, General Davidson affirms that "the main enemy concentration has remained quiet." He refers to the two divisions of North Vietnamese troops around the Khe Sanh, and the two other divisions that are known to be in the area just south of the DMZ. These divisions, according to his estimate, have about 35,000 to 40,000 combat-ready men fully equipped with modern weapons, and have with them regiments of rocket launchers.

General Davidson also said there were bits of information to indicate the possibility that another North Vietnamese division (the famous 308th that spearheaded the attack on the French at Dienbienphu) was in the vicinity of the DMZ by the South China Sea. And he mentioned thousands of troops, over and above the combat-ready forces, that are presumably committed there.

But his estimation of the Vietcong strength is not limited to the vicinity of the DMZ. When General Davidson says that "we should realize the enemy has not yet realized his full capability," he is referring to a capability throughout South Vietnam. He affirms that the Vietcong "has the capability to launch the same type of attack, of equal scope, and he could go at almost any time."

Such an estimation of the enemy is a far cry from

Mr. Johnson's wishful thinking. Far from being a "complete failure," the attack was a skillfully executed and highly successful probe of the combined U.S. and ARVN strength. Its purpose was to confuse, disrupt and test the allied forces and, at the same time, to influence the people. To that extent, it was a complete success.

Indications that it was a probe and not a full-scale attack are to be found in the fact that not only were great forces withheld throughout the country, but Communist field commanders were apparently not at liberty to use certain powerful weapons at their disposal.

When this writer asked General Davidson why the big Tan Son Nhut air base just outside Saigon had not been hit with the same type of rockets that have brought such havoc to Danang on many occasions, he replied that we should wait and see about those rockets. He said, frankly, "We are in an on-going situation," and an "on-going situation" isn't, as the Commander in Chief labeled it to the American people, a "complete failure" from a military standpoint or any other standpoint.

The "on-going" situation has created a staggering 20,000 refugees in Saigon alone, and in the Mekong Delta area it has created another 125,000 refugees for the United States and the South Vietnamese to care for. The figures for the rest of the country are just as serious.

If this is not confusion and disruption on a grand scale, if it isn't "creating turmoil" (one of the Vietcong goals, according to General Davidson), then the meaning of those words has certainly changed. In fact, the only goal cited by General Davidson that the Communists didn't achieve was the fomenting of a general uprising, and it is anything but certain that they really expected it. As the Vietcong well knows, the average South Vietnamese is apathetic and incapable of an uprising.

It is true the Communist losses were heavy, but then it is true that they have never been ones to shrink from heavy losses—and there are always those 65,000 uncommitted troops to keep the on-going situation on-going. Furthermore, the incredibly well-coordinated attack on all quarters of the country at once tested and proved what must be one of the most highly developed communications systems in modern warfare—all the more fantastic since U.S. intelligence doesn't even know how it operates. The logistics accomplishment of supplying arms and ammunition and food to many thousands of men who are supposed to be operating in a hostile environment without open use of roads and without air power speaks for itself.

If one of the Vietcong's intentions, as is reported, was to impress the people, then the people most certainly have been impressed. And among those who have been most impressed are the many Americans who climbed to the roofs of their hotels in Saigon at all hours of the day and night to watch the battles below in a city they had believed secure.

The roof of the Eden Roc Hotel, on Tudo Street in the heart of the city but not far from the Saigon River, offered an ideal crow's-nest for spotting the course of the Com-

munist probe as it raged day and night in every quarter of the city. Some Americans would bring their evening cocktails to the roof and sip drinks and munch on cheese and crackers and Gibson onions as they pointed out particularly sensational aspects of the fire fights.

During the day it was possible to watch the jets peel out of formation, swoop down from the sky and deposit flaming balls of napalm on the outskirts of the city. A Norwegian correspondent wondered aloud how many women and children were burning up in the hell's inferno those bombs ignite. With nightfall, the mortar flares began going up into the sky over the city, creating strange little perverted suns that threw weird shadows among the buildings as they danced toward the ground on miniature parachutes.

When a VC force was definitely spotted in a section of the city, the helicopter gun ships would fly in and the Gatling-gun armed planes (Puff the Magic Dragon) would appear on the horizon. Flying over the target and sometimes firing two cannons, they belched out thousands of rounds of tracer bullets that cascaded from the sky in a liquid spray. Within an hour after dark for three days fires could be seen blazing all around the city, some of them started by the allies and some by the VC.

At the tailor shop just across the street from the Eden Roc a squad of White Mice, as the Vietnamese police are

called, appeared suddenly and quietly. Watching from the 8th floor we could see them fan out into position in the street just as football players are seen from the press box going into a well-practiced play.

One stood behind the jeep nervously fidgeting with his machine gun, another was behind the tree to the right of the door. One crouched behind a garbage can overflowing with accumulated trash and two deep flankers were down the street on the sidewalk pressed up against the building.

When they were all in formation, three raiders went up the middle. The metal shutter rattled to their knock and it was no more than cracked when they had forced their way inside. For a few moments all was quiet. Then one of the men appeared at the door and waved the jeep away. Within minutes the jeep returned, followed by a truck loaded with reinforcements.

Finally the two policemen who had remained in the shop reappeared in the doorway with a single man. He was quickly escorted to the jeep and within an instant both vehicles, the police and the suspect were gone into the night without a sound. The doorman appeared on the roof and announced: "Plastic charge: they find plastic charge." Later, we heard that it wasn't true, but that night the VC came to the doorman's house and killed one of his family. It was earlier that day that he had said they were all gone.

MIAMI DECLARES WAR

EPIDEMIC OF 'LAW AND ORDER'

GEORGE LARDNER, Jr.

Mr. Lardner, a reporter on The Washington Post, was formerly on the staff of The Miami Herald.

Miami

Walter Headley is a gruff, heavyset ex-cavalryman who still parts his hair down the middle and wears a Masonic pin in his lapel. He looks like a police commissioner from some movie of the 1930s.

Unlike the movies, Walter Headley has not faded. He is in his twentieth year as Miami's chief of police. Two scrappy mayors fought long and hard to have him removed. Both are in their graves. Headley, 62, is still riding horseback in Orange Bowl parades. Now, almost overnight, he has become the hero of the nation's law-and-order circuit.

The chief won his current eminence the day after Christmas when he "declared war" on lawbreakers in Miami's Negro districts. Angered by an outburst of violence during the Christmas weekend, he proclaimed the crackdown with a harsh, brusque rhetoric that sped across the country. According to Headley there had been fifty-eight robberies and strong-arm holdups, fifty-five of them committed by Negroes. Three of the victims were slain.

"We don't mind being accused of police brutality," Headley rumbled into the TV cameras. "They haven't seen anything yet. . . . We're going to use shotguns and dogs

to stop them from now on. . . . Felons will learn that they can't be bonded out of the morgue."

Turning to civil disorders that stem from discontent, the chief again vowed to meet violence with violence if necessary. "We haven't had any serious problems with civil uprisings and looting [in Miami]," he asserted, "because I've let the word filter down that when the looting starts, the shooting starts."

It is a measure of the national mood that Headley has been far more praised than condemned for his outburst. Some criticized his "inflammatory" talk; a state NAACP official called for his resignation; CORE's Floyd McKissick accused him of "setting up the first Fascist state of Miami." Yet the chief struck a chord that will not be easily quieted.

The oracle of law and order was Barry Goldwater. Now it is evident everywhere, from the newsletters of Herbert A. (I Led Three Lives) Philbrick's United States Anti-Communist Congress to President Johnson's State of the Union message. Republicans and Democrats alike are bidding for the law-and-order vote in election-year platforms and speeches. "Crime" has become a political shibboleth of reaction—reaction which deplores not only robbery and rape but Supreme Court decisions, draft-card burnings and, most of all, urban riots.

The message from Miami reflects it all. Headley's imme-



diary target was everyday street crime, but his underlying emphasis was, as it is elsewhere, on race and riots. "Ninety per cent of our Negro population is law-abiding and wants to eliminate our crime problem," Headley said. "But 10 per cent are hoodlums who have taken advantage of the civil rights campaign." To one reporter, he added: "I'm fed up with holding back. . . . When we pick them up, they throw civil rights in our faces. They know we can't do anything to them."

The police chief vowed to reverse the trend with stepped-up patrols bolstered by shotguns and dogs. His men were told to enforce Miami's "stop and frisk" ordinance on young gangs loitering on street corners and in bars and poolrooms.

"Community relations and all that sort of thing has failed," Headley complained, with the controversial flair that has become his trademark. "We have done everything we could, sending speakers out and meeting with Negro leaders, but it has amounted to nothing."

The chief's performance sent shivers through the ghettos, tensed to see how it might be translated by the men on the beat. The fact that not one of three who died in the violence was a Negro made many suspicious of the motives for the crackdown and it made the imminent confrontation the more dangerous.

The next night, members of Headley's newly formed tactical squad, carrying shotguns and carbines, tromped through Negro night spots, calling for IDs and checking for weapons. Even two off-duty deputies from the Dade County Sheriff's Department found themselves frisked. The police picked up fifteen knives, three guns and plenty

of resentment. It was duly reported by a third off-duty deputy, Marvin Wiley, who had stationed himself among the hundreds of patrons at the first night club Headley's men visited. Wiley is a full-time community relations service officer for the Sheriff's Department. (There is no such job in Headley's office.) "The people were teed off," he reported later. "They said things like, 'This ain't gonna cause nothin' but trouble.'" One Negro merchant and civil leader warned: "It wouldn't take much to touch off an insurrection."

The fears have solid foundation. A recent Brandeis University study of 218 racial outbreaks across the country shows that only five could be blamed on agitators while some seventy of them, or 30 per cent, were touched off by "confrontations between the police and the [Negro] community."

Since that first-night show of force, however, police have not again swept through the bars. The crackdown has become much less visible, the dogs and shotguns being kept in the patrol cars instead of out on street display. Many Negroes are convinced that Headley has "backed down."

The rumple-faced World War I cavalryman says he hasn't retreated an inch. It is the hoodlums, Headley declares, who have backed down. "Some say the criminals are just 'cooling it' until the heat's off," the chief says, "but the heat's never going to go off." Within a month of the crackdown, he adds, robberies and strong-arm holdups have dropped as much as 65 per cent.

Headley's critics say the statistics prove nothing. Dr. John O. Brown, local vice chairman of CORE, points out that shopping, with or without a gun, usually drops off after Christmas anyway. But what upsets the critics even more is the backhanded slap the chief has dealt to community relations, a cause about which it might be said that Walter Headley cares very little. When Negro leaders hastily called a meeting last June in the face of widespread rumors of riot, Sheriff Wilson E. Purdy listened for four hours; Headley sent a subordinate. The meeting was held outside Miami's city limits. "Why I should go out somewhere in the boondocks," Headley blustered, "I don't know."

It makes his support among many, usually older, Negroes all the more remarkable. Apparently, they have been without adequate police protection so long that they are in no mood to quibble. Shotguns and dogs? Says Rev. Thedford Johnson of St. John's Baptist Church: "They could justify machine guns and lions if that's what it took to wipe out crime in our streets."

No one denies that the crime rate in the slums of Miami or in any big city ghetto is far too high. Says Mrs. Athalie Range, Miami's only Negro city commissioner: "I would be the first to admit we must get tough if we are to survive." Headley says police statistics show that 85 per cent of the city's crimes of violence involve Negroes. But he prefers to describe his headaches in terms of "punks" and the restraints imposed by Supreme Court decisions. He waves off his critics as "do-gooders" and "bleeding hearts." "Don't those people know that most of the crimes in the Negro district are against Negroes?" he asks. "Everyone knows I'm not a racist."

Civil rights leaders respond that the distinction may be lost on the men in uniform. In any event, Headley himself has been attacked not so much on grounds of racism as for being "a police chief from another era" when precinct-station concepts of civil liberties, much less civil rights, were at best primitive. That era, some fear (and others hope), is itching to make a comeback—in the name of "law and order."

In the old days, even Headley concedes, police were apt to shrug off nighttime complaints from the Liberty City section of town as "just another nigger cutting." Now, compelled to deal with rising crime rates in ghettos that threaten to go up in flames, Headley and many of his colleagues profess to see no solution except to "get tough." In his public pronouncements, at least, Headley has come close to giving his officers a free hand. Up to now, he has said, the police "were more or less anticipating court decisions and perhaps holding off a little. Now we are going to start jailing them. Let the courts do what they will. If they turn them loose, we will pick them up again."

So far in Miami, however, it has been primarily psychological warfare. As the crackdown has become less obtrusive, so has the community's apprehension. A successful veteran of Miami's political wars, Headley has sought to sweeten his local image somewhat by agreeing that community relations has a value, and by denying any intention to impose a reign of terror. But Negro youths who continue to cluster on the sidewalks or venture into the poolrooms are still being stopped and frisked or even picked up and, according to some reports, they are growing increasingly resentful and bitter. Just this month, Headley was forced to drop one policeman and suspend another for allegedly stripping a 17-year-old Negro down

to his shorts and dangling him by his heels from a highway overpass. Underlying all this, the threatening rhetoric remains, ripe for nation-wide emulation.

"I don't regret a damn thing I've said," Headley declares. "I hope it's contagious."

That it is proving contagious can already be detected in city after city. Newark (N.J.) Mayor Frank Adonizio declares enthusiastically that Chief Headley "has acted as a catalyst for all police departments around the country." In Chicago, where the Democratic National Convention will be held, Mayor Richard Daley told the City Council: "The rioters aren't going to take over any convention or any street or any city—no matter how many or where they come from." Similar declarations have been made by officials in Jersey City, Philadelphia and North Little Rock, Ark. Law men from Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit are investing in armored cars. In Kansas City, Mo., police have been training private citizens in the use of firearms—on the ground that they ought to be taught how to handle the weapons they've already bought.

President Johnson struck the chord again in his State of the Union message. "The American people," he said, doubling the funds he hopes to get in his "safe streets" bill, "have had enough of rising crime and lawlessness." His denunciation of violence and those who preach it touched off the only spontaneous bursts of applause that his Congressional audience accorded the pedestrian fifty-one minute speech.

The GOP is pushing the theme even harder. It didn't work for Barry Goldwater in 1964, but as House Minority Leader Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) has said, Goldwater



"didn't have the ferment. The crime issue is much more dramatic now than it was in 1964."

Rep. Charles E. Goodell of New York, another influential House Republican, likens it to Vietnam in the anxieties it causes. "It's unsettling people, making them unhappy and frustrated," he says. "It's not a clear-cut issue. It's an accumulation of a whole variety of factors."

"Murder is epidemic; rape is commonplace," complained Rep. Richard H. Poff (R., Va.), chairman of the House GOP Task Force on Crime, in the Republicans' generally lackluster reply to the President's message. "Crime has grown six times as fast as population. . . . The American people want the 'enforcement' put back into law enforcement."

Plainly, crime attracts far more hawks than does Vietnam. In Miami, Headley says he has gotten 6,000 letters and telegrams of support—and only twenty-two criticizing him. "Most of these," he sneers, "didn't have the courage to sign their names." Meanwhile, his department has been

flooded with inquiries about joining the force—more in the past month than in the entire preceding ten years. Most of these came from policemen in other cities where, presumably, there are still some restraints on putting the "enforcement" into law enforcement.

The 6 ft. 3, 265-pound Headley insists that his is the only language the "punks" can understand. He recalls with relish how last fall "some do-gooder came into the office with two punks" his men had accosted in a pool-room. One of the youths began blurting out his complaints.

"He said, 'The cop did this, the cop did that, the cop did the other thing,'" Headley mimicked. "I told him to say 'policeman, not cop.' And he says, 'Oh, you don't like to be called 'cop,' huh?'"

Headley beamed for his punch line. "I said, 'Not any more than you like to be called nigger.'"

This is community relations, Miami style. Spread that across the country, then add a dash of black power. It takes no prophet to guess the consequences.

WAITING FOR ROCKY

Trials of a Non-Candidate

JAMES DESMOND

Mr. Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, is the author of Nelson Rockefeller: A Political Biography (Macmillan).

The peculiar political posture of Nelson A. Rockefeller in the 1968 Presidential election, which dismays his friends and foes alike, is certain to continue until March 22. That is the last day for filing declinations in the Oregon primary, and Rockefeller, despite a plethora of press-agent attempts to sweep the problem under the rug, is morally and politically committed to hold open his option to enter the contest as a last resort. He hasn't and can't shut the door.

Morally, the New York Governor, remembering his bitter experience in 1964 when the forces of Sen. Barry Goldwater sewed up the nomination long before the delegates knew it, is pledged to the concept that the delegates at the 1968 Miami convention will have a choice. An "open convention," he has insisted repeatedly, is essential if the Republican Party is to regain its force in American life. Politically, that means that the delegates must be offered an alternative to Richard M. Nixon, now shown by the polls to have a virtual lock on the nomination if he can sweep the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries against the faltering George Romney.

And Rockefeller, a far more sophisticated and practical politician than he was in his stabs at the nomination in 1960 and 1964, is realist enough to know that if Romney is walloped in the primaries, he himself is the only alternative in sight. The others mentioned, Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois and Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, have conspicuously failed to generate any national enthusiasm that would make them fitting stand-ins should Romney go

down. In fact, the very mention of Reagan sends shudders through the liberal wing of the Eastern Republican establishment, which this year is making overtures to Rockefeller, after spurning him in 1960 and 1964.

The box Rockefeller finds himself in is, of course, largely of his own making. His early commitment to Romney as the best hope to wrest control of the Republican Party from the Goldwaterites of 1964 has largely tied his hands. As Rockefeller has himself pointed out, he cannot declare himself on national and domestic affairs in this time of crisis in American life without seeming to inject himself into the nomination contest against Romney.

Yet Rockefeller, although he has scrupulously kept his promise to Romney, may be the instrument of the Michigan Governor's defeat. For if the unauthorized write-in campaign for the New Yorker in unpredictable New Hampshire should draw a significant number of votes, Romney would be the one most likely to suffer. How that campaign is going is impossible to assess. Political observers, made cautious by Henry Cabot Lodge's stunning defeat of Rockefeller and Goldwater in 1964, are unwilling even to guess. But Rockefeller was closing fast on Goldwater in the 1964 primary until Lodge joined the race, and presumably residual loyalties will channel a large bloc of votes to his non-candidate banner.

Rockefeller has said that the Romney campaign will get rolling if the Michigan Governor polls 35 per cent of the vote in the New Hampshire primary on March 12. But Romney's own campaign manager in Wisconsin, Wilbur Renk, insists that Romney must come to that state backed by 45 per cent of the New Hampshire vote, if he is to have a chance in Wisconsin's primary on April 2.

And between those two dates falls Rockefeller's moment of decision on March 22 in Oregon. For while the Oregon secretary of state, Clay Myers, a Republican, is vested with discretion to name primary candidates, he must by law include any prospective candidate "recognized in national news media" as a possible contender. And no one can doubt that the national news media recognize Rockefeller as a potential contender at the convention, if not in the primaries.

Oregon is a cruel pinch for Rockefeller. On the one hand, if he decides to let his name stand on the Oregon ballot before the Wisconsin test is recorded, he will lay himself open to the charge that he used Romney as a stalking-horse in New Hampshire (it is unlikely that the Michigan Governor will withdraw from the contest if he makes a poor showing in New Hampshire). On the other

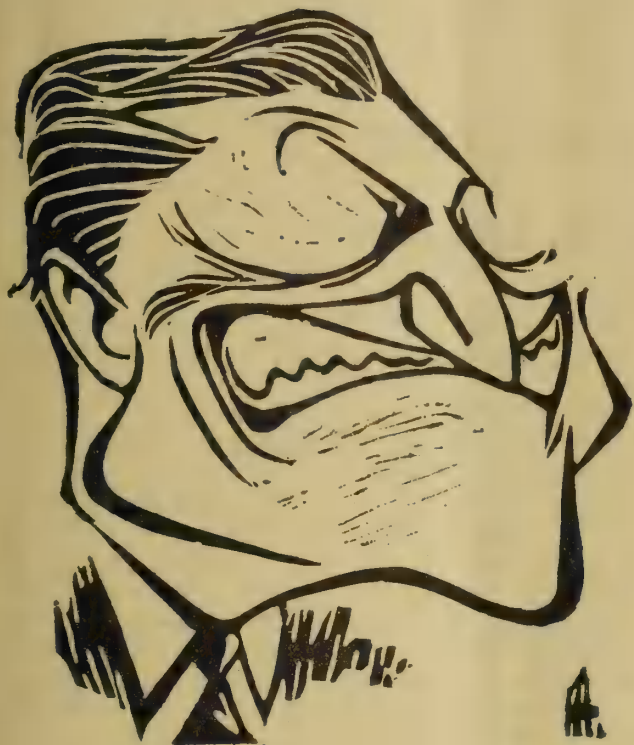
hand, Rockefeller's well-wishers in Oregon, who have an unofficial write-in campaign already going to cover the eventuality that he removes his name from the ballot, might well lose their enthusiasm if he declines. And there is a group in high Republican circles that believes that Rockefeller, who beat out Goldwater in 1964 largely on a campaign keyed to the chant, "I have come to Oregon" (something Goldwater neglected to do), must show himself to the people, if he seriously intends to put up a fight for an "open" convention.

Although Gov. Tom McCall is actively supporting Rockefeller in Oregon, and Sen. Mark O. Hatfield is said to be just about ready to enlist in the cause, there is a distinct pressure to persuade the New Yorker that a write-in, if Romney fades, is a chancy thing under the best of circumstances and that the circumstances may not be the best if Nixon makes a primary sweep.

All of which means that Rockefeller's options on his future are rapidly narrowing. How far he can go with Romney—unless the Michigan Governor's campaign shows signs of developing more power than has been apparent so far—is one of the big questions he must answer, and answer soon. Sticking too long with Romney could foreclose the contest and give Nixon, who shows up in the polls as the favorite of the Republican press, an uncontested nomination.

Rockefeller has one small opening available to him if he allows the Romney campaign to run its course. He has said that he will go to the convention as New York's favorite son if that is necessary to preserve unity in the state party. That could give him a tiny wedge to make a last-ditch fight at the convention itself. But it is viewed as foredoomed, because by August the states will have to commit themselves to Nixon, if he locks up the nomination, or face reprisals from the possible next President. That is a risk few pros like to take.

Meanwhile Rockefeller, unable at the moment to offer encouragement to his friends, has nevertheless kept himself out of range of foes who would like nothing better than to pin him down this far before Election Day on the pressing issues of the day—meaning specifically the Asian war crisis.



The Rockefeller Decade

JEROME L. WILSON

Mr. Wilson covers Albany as a legislative correspondent for WCBS-TV News. From 1962 to 1966 he was a New York State Senator and author of the new state divorce law.

Albany

If Nelson Rockefeller were to be elected President in 1968, he would have completed nine years as Governor of New York State. Since his election is at least possible, the manner in which Mr. Rockefeller has governed New York becomes a subject of national importance.

One first thinks of power when reviewing the guber-

natorial years of Nelson Rockefeller—the easy, unself-conscious exercise of the will of one over the state's 17 million. This exercise is most clearly manifest in an awesome assemblage of bricks and mortar. For perhaps no governor has altered the public physical environment of New York State as has Mr. Rockefeller. (Gov. DeWitt Clinton's building of the Erie Canal is the possible exception.)

In a way, therefore, it is easy to compile the record of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, because it consists of things—not tone, not concept. Since he took office in 1959, his administration has built enough new dormitories and aca-

demic facilities to accommodate more than 100,000 new full-time students at the State University. New York's highway system has been extended by 12,000 miles—"enough to stretch to Hawaii and back," the Governor's advertisements boasted during the 1966 re-election campaign. There are 50,000 new middle-income apartments; 120 new commuter cars, with hundreds more on the way. The state's mental patients have been provided with 11,000 new beds and the buildings to house them; by next year there will be 8,000 beds for narcotics patients, a controversial program, which the Governor started from scratch.

But this shopping list of construction may say less about the kind of public executive that Rockefeller has been than do what some consider the razzle-dazzle methods he has employed to finance it. Operations typical of his methods are the billion-dollar expansion of the State University (SUNY), and the new complex of state office buildings in Albany (South Mall), also to cost close to a billion dollars.

The straightforward way to raise \$1 billion is to have the state legislature appropriate the money, outright, by legislative act. But that is a big chunk for one legislative session to appropriate, and someone might be moved to suggest that taxes be raised to pay the bill. One can safely surmise that the Governor ruled out direct appropriation by the legislature as politically not feasible.

Another constitutionally acceptable route to money in New York is for the state to float bonds in the amount needed. But this method requires the approval of the people at a state-wide referendum, and the Governor evidently thought that this path, too, was politically treacherous. New Yorkers have been generally reluctant to approve multimillion-dollar bond issues, shying away from the string of zeros that must be printed right on the ballot. Furthermore, in the case of an expanded state university, a number of forces in the state have not been exactly seized by the idea of more *public* higher education.

Rockefeller's solution was to go around right end. First, he had the trustees of the State University raise student tuition fees to a uniform standard. Next (this was in 1962), he set up a State University Construction Fund, which has to date completed 418 individual projects, with an additional 323 under construction or on the drawing boards.

To provide the funds for this edificial extravaganza, Mr. Rockefeller had the State Housing Finance Agency and a newly created State Dormitory Authority float their own bonds. Meanwhile, he had pushed through the legislature a relaxation of the housing agency's original mandate which understandably had been limited to financing housing. That done, the Governor redirected the increased student tuition income and dormitory room rentals at the state colleges away from the state's general funds, using these moneys to pay the debt service on the bonds issued by the Housing Finance Agency and the Dormitory Authority.

The result of this agile footwork was to raise at last reckoning \$1.2 billion for new state university construction. Furthermore, the money for these projects was ob-

tained without requiring the approval of the people, or of the legislature except in separate and at times obscure pieces.

Democrats in the legislature who now say they oppose this method of financing make two admissions: At the time, "we didn't have brains enough to connect one bill with another"; and "he probably couldn't have built it otherwise."

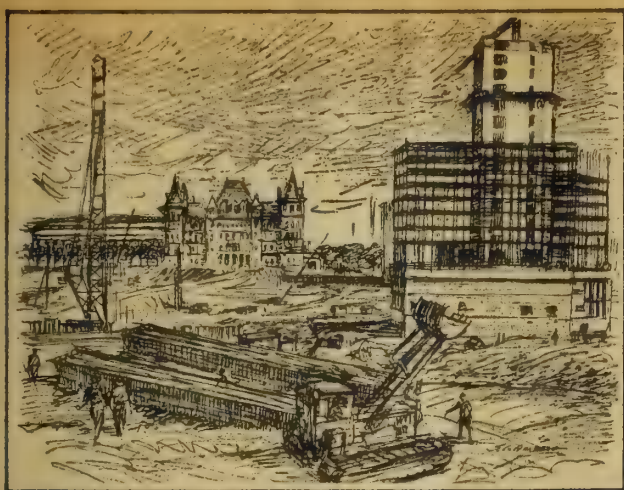
The state office building complex at the South Mall is being funded by even more sparkling legerdemain, and again shows Mr. Rockefeller as a master manipulator of funds for public building purposes. When he took office at Albany in 1959, the drive from the state capitol to the executive mansion some 10 blocks to the west was a disturbing experience. Substandard housing and grimy store-front businesses lined Eagle Street, which is the route for most of the way. Today Eagle Street is lined on each side by gaping holes, fresh foundations and growing structures which hint at what is to come. There will be new office buildings for the executive and legislative departments, a state museum and library, a huge half-moon piece of sculpture and a reflecting pool. To put it bluntly, Rockefeller would have had a fat chance of financing this colossal monument to administration if he had called for the approval of the people at a state-wide referendum. The bond issue could have been defeated on the single factor that the legislators' offices are slated to be air-conditioned.

At this point, the Governor's famous grandfather, who knew something about the art of manipulative finance, begins to smile. For, lo and behold, it is not the state but Albany County that is putting out the bonds to pay for the entire state facility. And because the county is issuing the bonds, and with them paying for construction and land acquisition costs, the county itself will actually own the completed buildings. Under this Rockefeller scheme, the state will be reduced, at least from a legal standpoint, to the status of a humble tenant in its own office buildings. Of necessity, the state will pay a generous rent: it must cover interest and amortization, plus a payment in lieu of the local property taxes lost by the construction.

But these are the mere bare bones of the arrangement. Approval by the legislature is crucial during the early stages of such a project, and while it has been said without exaggeration that the Governor "owns" the Republican State Committee, a number of Democratic members were getting wiser. So Rockefeller reached up his sleeve for an ace to get the Democrats.

Albany, both county and city, is firmly controlled by a Democratic machine. Soon the city's Democratic mayor and the Republican Governor had worked out the "*modus operandi*" outlined above, and the Democratic mayor became a staunch lobbyist among Democratic lawmakers. The result was that the project sailed through the legislature with substantial majorities. It was a help that the then current session had to approve only one year's payment of the compact, leaving it to the legislatures of the next fifty years to keep the arrangement going.

So well has this "lease-back" arrangement worked, that the Governor has undertaken similar state office building projects in a number of other cities. Also, repeating the device he used to finance the State University, the



View of South Mall

Nelson Rockefeller's Christmas Card in 1967

Governor has created the Mental Hygiene Facilities Improvement Authority, a body that receives diverted "responsible relative" fees and applies them to sustain the bonds needed for the construction of more mental health facilities.

The most telling argument against this method of funding, unless one cares to complain that it deprives the people of a portion of their sovereignty, is that these special authorities and even the counties themselves, cannot borrow money as cheaply as can the state. "The difference is about half a point," the Governor admits in his smiling, casual way. As a matter of fact the Governor has used the argument that, by building the projects now and even funding at higher interest, the people will save money eventually because of inflationary trends in the national economy.

But the Governor hasn't neglected the "straight" bond issue route, when he thought the project had enough popular appeal to win on the voting machines. He won approval of a \$1 billion pure waters bond issue early in his administration, and last November, after an energetic state-wide campaign, he persuaded New Yorkers to approve the largest bond issue in the state's history—\$2.5 billion—for transportation.

The transportation bond issue campaign was a happy one for the Governor. He went from community to community, telling the people what it would bring them. Some arithmeticians in Albany thought him a bit overgenerous in his promises. A ranking Republican legislator tallied the Governor's largess at \$50 billion rather than \$2.5 billion; he even purportedly promised a subway for Syracuse. But the bond issue passed by a 750,000 vote margin, and the dollar figure was clearly on the ballot.

Also, in a conventional manner the Governor has had to raise taxes to support increased state programs. During his years in office the state budget has climbed from \$2.03 billion in fiscal 1959-60 to a forecast of \$5.4 billion in 1968-69. When he was first elected, Rockefeller raised personal taxes and he has asked the legislature for another increase this year. In 1963, having made a cam-

paigned promise the previous November not to raise taxes, the Governor asked for increases in a host of state licensing "fees." In 1965, after moving in his Republican legislators to solve a Democratic leadership fight, he got the Democratic faction which the Republicans had supported to pass the state's first state-wide sales tax. It was probably one of the rare examples of coalition government in Statehouse politics.

Much of the new tax money has gone back to the localities. The Rockefeller administration has, for example, increased threefold state aid to local elementary and secondary schools. State aid to the autonomous City University of New York rose from \$8.3 million in 1959 to \$63.8 million in 1967. Before this aid was granted, it should be pointed out, the Governor attempted vigorously but vainly to have the state take over the City University. If there is a trend to city-state relationships during the Rockefeller administration it is the gradual assumption of city functions by state government. This shift of responsibility has accelerated as the Governor has increasingly turned his attention to the nation's urban dilemma.

Thus, on March 1 of this year, a date safely past the biannual January transit negotiations, the state of New York will assume full control of running the city's subway and bus system. In addition, the Governor has let it be known to legislative leaders that he favors a state takeover of the city's welfare services, and reportedly he has even considered a sanitation union suggestion that the state be responsible for cleaning New York City's streets. In December, he announced a proposal for six large state recreation areas to be built *within* the city's limits. Finally, the state's Public Employees Relations Board has become increasingly involved in the city's labor disputes with its municipal employees.

Of course, city-state relations haven't yet reached the stage, as in the early 19th century, where the mayor of New York City was an appointee of the governor at Albany, but Rockefeller clearly believes that the city, and for that matter its mayor, should be a creature of the state. Generally, the Governor is impatient with Mayor Lindsay, whom he looks upon as an amateur in the art of government.

One reason for the distance between the two men is that, whereas Rockefeller is at root a pragmatist, the Mayor is basically a "gut" liberal with an almost white-charger approach to problems. Lindsay has spoken of improving the tone of the city, of battling the "power brokers." Rockefeller deals in bricks and construction projects, unashamedly accepting the endorsement of the conservative construction unions in his election campaigns.

Rockefeller fails many of the liberal indicators, but the overall impact of his record can be judged progressive. As a case in point, he has wobbled on the drawing of a strict church-state line in the state constitution, and signed into law a large textbook aid program for parochial schools. At the same time, he has created almost from scratch a state public higher education system which in the long run could competitively surpass New York's religious and private universities.

In 1965 Rockefeller committed liberal heresy by vetoing the \$1.50 minimum wage bill and he has never shown

much enthusiasm for New York's abolition of capital punishment, although he did sign the bill. As for "one man, one vote" apportionment, he chose to ignore the concept until ordered to pay attention by the federal courts. When it was really tough for Lindsay and the liberals during New York City's fierce Civilian Review Board fight, Rockefeller stayed aloof, and he has since maintained a close friendship with the city's victorious Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. He recently supported the association's attempt to restore to the police the right to use their revolvers against "fleeing felons."

On the other hand, the Governor pushed hard to make New York the first state in the nation to prohibit discrimination in private housing, and not atypically he is putting up a large state office building in the heart of Harlem on 125th Street. Also, the Governor has been outstanding among the nation's political leaders in recognizing the health needs of the poor. New York's Medicaid program, establishing massive free medical care for those in need, would have been termed radical just a decade ago. Unfortunately, Mr. Rockefeller has had to propose

cutbacks in the program this year, primarily because of restrictive federal legislation. Of course, the Governor is soon to translate this concern for health into construction. He is reported to be contemplating the funding of a massive program for new hospitals under the aegis of the State Housing Finance Agency. "I don't think the people would approve another bond issue right now," he said recently, referring to the just completed transportation bond issue campaign.

Whether Governor Rockefeller's record in New York State forecasts a national administration of domestic affairs as broad as that conceived by Franklin Roosevelt no one can say. However, his performance in the state is on a scale that at least raises the question.

As for foreign affairs (the state of New York has no foreign policy), Rockefeller was for a period a hawk on Vietnam, saying that the country should support its President. Now, he says that he does not have the information to form a judgment. This "no position" on Vietnam is probably the wisest for an aspiring Presidential candidate. One can only surmise that Nelson Rockefeller knows it.

THE DOMINICAN FUSE

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Santo Domingo

As this troubled election year gets under way, it is appropriate to recall that, both at home and abroad, disenchantment with the Johnson Administration began not so much over Vietnam as over U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic in April, 1965. To be sure, escalation of the Vietnamese conflict during that summer quickly pushed Santo Domingo out of the headlines; but it may well be that the long-range implications of the Dominican intervention will be as important as those stemming from the war in Vietnam.

When the Dominican revolt broke out, President Johnson was still coining popularity out of his impressive accomplishments in the realm of domestic legislation and his sweeping victory over Barry Goldwater. The first Vietnam teach-in had just been held, but the promise of the "Great Society" seemed still feasible. Military intervention in the Dominican Republic destroyed this rosy picture. In May, 1965, the United States had almost as many troops in Santo Domingo as in Vietnam. Further, it was the Dominican fiasco that opened the "credibility gap," revealing for the first time within recent memory the gulf between the U.S. Government's actions and its words.

The Dominican crisis brought home the fact, only weakly perceived before, that the Alliance for Progress—as originally conceived—was dead and buried. The

Alliance had been suffering transformation before this time, but the Dominican intervention revealed that the United States had abandoned the early Kennedy goal of assisting a democratic social revolution in Latin America. Indeed, the case of the Dominican Republic is the best example we have that the United States will not permit a genuine social revolution to take place within what it considers its sphere of influence; that it will, on the contrary, pursue the "lesser evil doctrine," siding with the "safe" *status quo*-oriented oligarchs and generals to suppress such revolutions when they occur. In the process of change from the early Kennedy years to the present, the Alliance for Progress has become just another economic give-away program.

These trends are nowhere more apparent than in the eighteen-month-old regime of President Joaquín Balaguer. Balaguer, it will be recalled, was the former puppet President under Rafael Trujillo. He came back from exile and defeated, in the June 1, 1966, elections, another former President, the democratic-leftist Juan Bosch, who also had been at least titular leader of the "constitutionalist" forces in the 1965 revolution.

Any assessment of Balaguer's first year and a half in office is bound to be mixed. On the more positive side, there is little doubt that many things are booming or at least becoming more settled in Santo Domingo. The amount of building construction is both visibly and statistically impressive. Optimistically proclaimed by Balaguer as the "Year of Development," 1967 was the best year yet for Dominican tourism (a dubious blessing, as the Puerto Rico-like "coca-colonization" of the country continues). Water systems, road construction, electrical power ex-

pansion, school building are all going forward. Balaguer's strict austerity program has begun to have an effect, and a measure of confidence has been restored. By almost all indicators, 1967 was not an especially good year economically, but ground was gained.

The economic recovery is being accomplished in large part thanks to a huge influx of United States money, men and materials—seemingly to make amends for the disastrous military intervention of 1965. The number of U.S. Government personnel here (between 600 and 700, excluding the Peace Corps) is exceeded in this hemisphere only by the force in Brazil; in terms of density it is by far the largest in the Americas. The United States is backing an immense number of projects, and the amount of money being spent, now beginning to slack off because of the Vietnamese pinch, is also huge. The Dominican Republic is receiving more U.S. aid per capita than any other country in the world.

Most U.S. personnel are highly skilled and experienced technicians, military and civilian. They thus fit in nicely with the present nonpolitical, economic development orientation of the Alliance for Progress. The goal of promoting social change in the context of democratic political development has been abandoned. Thus the present U.S. effort, though often well-meaning and staffed by the best AID people available, is being carried out in a political vacuum; it therefore makes little real impact, and is bound ultimately to fail. It is meaningless to speak, as the U.S. team does, of apolitical agrarian reform, an apolitical labor movement, and apolitical armed forces in a country as highly politicized as the Dominican Republic. Indeed, almost all projects and proposals acquire a political connotation whether the United States wishes it or not. By trying to divorce economic growth from political modernization (or by adhering to a simplistic State Department definition of political development as meaning only "free" elections and a "loyal" opposition), the United States is being both unrealistic and ineffective.

It seems likely that Walt W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto* and his subsequent adaptation of the "stages" concept to considerations of foreign policy and assistance have had too much influence on official U.S. thinking and actions in recent years. Stemming from this work, as well as from that of sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, is the idea that if only the United States can raise the economic level of the underdeveloped nations by pouring in ever-greater amounts of dollars, political change will inevitably follow. As these societies develop economically, the argument runs (admittedly oversimplified): the middle class will grow, ideology will decline, politics will become more moderate and pragmatic, and eventually "they" will become "just like us." Most scholars of development now realize that such correlations do not necessarily hold and that the political variable is probably more important than the economic. Happily, the lag between social science findings and government action seems to be lessening, but meanwhile the United States plunges ever deeper into a program that is known to be based on false assumptions.

The very size of the United States mission in Santo

Domingo has important political implications. As C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* has pointed out (when speaking of Brazil), a very large number of U.S. personnel stationed in a country insures more and more meddling in affairs that should be—and as easily could be—left to the host nation. All the AID, MAAG, State Department, Defense Department, USIS, Peace Corps, etc., personnel in the Dominican Republic must justify their presence with ever more projects and activities. The inevitable result is an unjustifiable amount of meddling in all aspects of Dominican internal affairs.

From the Dominican point of view, the United States dominates Santo Domingo. The troops which came during the revolution have been pulled out, but U.S. advisers now operate with almost all Dominican military units. The people are convinced that the green berets, sometimes posing as Peace Corpsmen, and probably other special counterinsurgency forces are here, though the embassy denies it. The CIA continues to maintain a beefed-up staff, while AID representatives have been known to sit in on Cabinet meetings. The large American colony has made the housing shortage worse than ever, and rents and prices for many items have zoomed. Almost all Dominicans, whether they approve or not (it is usually the business and military elements who approve), believe that the United States, not President Balaguer, is running the country. It is clear to Dominicans of all political shades that their country has become if not a colony of the United States in many respects, then certainly a dependency.

Embassy political officers flatly deny that interpretation—and, curiously, their view is also correct. For while the United States exercises enormous influence in Dominican affairs, its power, paradoxically, is also extremely limited. Washington has found that it cannot compel a government to adopt a policy to which it is manifestly opposed or which it views in a different light—unless the United States is willing to take over that government completely. Thus, while the United States is practically sovereign in some areas (such as the Dominican Office of Community Development), it can do little more than make suggestions in others.

President Balaguer's position regarding the U.S. presence in his country is interesting. Though hardly a dramatic or *caudillo*-like leader, he is a remarkably able and realistic politician. Being a realist, he has acquiesced in the U.S. influence with few apparent misgivings. He is nationalistic in his public pronouncements, yet seems to offer no resistance whatsoever to the fact that some of the major decisions have been taken out of his hands. He may well believe that the best thing for the country, as well as for his own political future, is to "let the Yankees do it."

Balaguer has, furthermore, been very skillful in managing the political issues within his range of decision. He has juggled appointments with remarkable acumen. Extreme rightists and leftists alike have been effectively "exiled" to diplomatic posts abroad. In the first days of this year, for example, the vitriolic newspaper editor and radio commentator, Rafael Bonilla Aybar, who had

helped engineer the ouster of Juan Bosch's constitutional government in 1963, and who since the 1965 revolution had been refused readmittance to the country, was appointed Dominican consul in Puerto Rico. At the same time, the more able and moderate leftists and rightists have found a place in his government.

Balaguer's policies and programs have, in the same way, been designed to alienate as few as possible and satisfy as many as possible. His constitution offered something to the Left as well as to the Right, and remained silent on many of the issues that have proved controversial in earlier constitutions. Further, Balaguer has benefited from that fact that his is an elected government and therefore has a claim to constitutionalism and legitimacy. In what may be a significant development, however, the principal opposition group, Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), has recently stated that the government has forfeited its claim to constitutionality because terrorism and violation of human rights are rife in the country. The PRD once launched a revolution against an illegitimate and unconstitutional government, and some people are betting that it is thinking along those lines again.

Though Dominican nationalists are convinced that the United States is running this government (and though it may be true in an ultimate sense), my own impression is that at least on a day-to-day basis Balaguer is in most respects still his own man. Physically the parallel seems ludicrous, for Balaguer is a meek, thin-shouldered little man who looks the bookish historian that he once was, but politically one cannot avoid being reminded of Lyndon Johnson. Balaguer apparently eats, sleeps (he is a bachelor), and lives politics; the government does nothing without political calculation. As a political technocrat who knows his people and their motivations intimately, Balaguer has had no equal since Trujillo.

Balaguer's style is to talk softly, appear meek and defenseless, listen to everyone, take advice from no one, and make most of the major decisions alone. In some ways, he is downright cute. At the opening of Santo Domingo's impressive industrial exposition, he delivered a speech, designed to lure foreign capital and reassure Dominican entrepreneurs, in which he said that the United States simply would not permit a second Cuba or another Castro-like revolution in the Caribbean. The point here is not whether this statement is true (it is, of course) but that Balaguer should say such a thing publicly. The statement embarrassed the U.S. Embassy; it also severely shook the PRD, who fear that if this is indeed U.S. policy, the United States will again use the "Communist" issue to prevent, by force if necessary, any fundamental restructuring of this country.

Whatever social and political structure survived the disintegrative 1965 revolution is currently being destroyed or undermined. The person of Balaguer—fragile though he appears—is about all that holds this country together. If he should be assassinated (Balaguer himself has talked of it), or be overthrown by the military (always a possibility), the Dominican Republic would likely again disintegrate into revolution and civil war. There are no

groups or institutions that in a crisis could hold the country together. The armed forces are disinclined to govern and incapable of doing so. Balaguer has not built up his own political apparatus, the Partido Reformista; it remains wholly personalistic and would surely dissolve if he departed. The women governors whom Balaguer appointed in all twenty-six provinces are, as he well knew they would be, largely figureheads. Congress is wholly subservient to the President, while the Cabinet and other high government posts are staffed by representatives of many feuding political groups. The budget of the law courts has been severely cut and they are unable to act with complete independence; the President continues to harass the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo, which is now for the first time attempting to become a real university. The labor movement remains weak and highly divided. The Revolutionary Social Christian Party and its labor, student and peasant arms, which many view as the "party of the future," remains just that—and the future is probably distant.

Meanwhile the only well-organized political group in the country, the PRD, is itself disintegrating. It is being destroyed both from within (largely by Bosch himself) and from without (by constant and systematic oppression). The exiled Bosch has hurt the party by his disturbing writings—first the theme of "dictatorship with popular support," and now the idea of "Pentagonism as a Substitute for Imperialism." As ideas, these themes may have some validity but politically they would undoubtedly best be left unsaid. Bosch has never made up his mind whether he is a politician or an intellectual, but it is clear that he cannot be both at the same time. On the other hand, police oppression and intimidation of PRD leaders and followers, both in the countryside and in the cities, is systematically wiping out the party. Balaguer is either not able or not eager to curb police atrocities. The PRD may well become like the Apristas of Peru—a reform-oriented party permanently relegated to the opposition because neither the Dominican armed forces, the Church hierarchy, the ultra Rights in the business community, nor the U.S. Embassy will permit it to come to power. Bosch's "neo-Leninist" pronouncements and bitter factionalism within the party itself have not helped.

Similarly, Balaguer's own programs and policies have not helped to create the required national structure. Their motives are so political that the impetus to do something is lost in the tactics. The post-revolution "emergency plan," for instance, financed largely by the United States, did little except build beautiful boulevards and other "showcase" projects in the capital. The agrarian and other basic reforms are being managed by U.S. technicians who make ever more grandiose studies (more than \$1 million spent *just in studies*), with the result that the necessary social and political reforms continue to be indefinitely postponed. The Dominican people, however, are not willing to wait much longer. It must be emphasized that the U.S. intervention, the provisional Presidency of Héctor García Godoy, and the election of Balaguer represented only an interruption of the 1965 revolution; nothing was resolved.

It is discouraging to observe that the United States

seems condemned to repeat the same mistakes again and again. I have lived, worked and studied in this country: in 1962, during the post-Trujillo Council of State government, in 1964-65 during almost the entire Donald Reid Cabral-headed Triumvirate regime, in 1966 during the transition from García Godoy to Balaguer, and now again in 1967-68. I observe U.S. officials acting today in almost the same ways as they did in previous years. Agrarian reform, for example, a key aspect of social and political transformation, has gone ahead hardly at all during this entire period. Land surveys have covered the same ground time and again, and now a new and expensive aerial survey is being pushed by AID officials. The Dominican Republic does not need more land surveys and feasibility studies; it needs a *political* decision: to divide up the former Trujillo estates among the land-hungry peasants. Improved breeding techniques, agricultural extension services, elaborate credit unions, etc.—which this country can now ill afford—could easily wait.

The government of the Dominican Republic and the U.S. Embassy are largely standing still, while the Dominican people become ever more radical. They are no longer content with the *status quo*, but have acquired demands and wants of revolutionary proportions. Balaguer has not

been able to meet these demands; and in the eyes of increasing numbers of Dominicans it is the United States and its conservative Dominican allies which stand in the way of change. This may or may not be true; the important point is that Dominicans think it true. A revolution of very bloody proportions and of far-reaching implications, nurtured by continued squalor, frustration, disease, misery, oppression, bitterness and terror is building up; it could make the 1965 upheaval look like a Fourth of July celebration. The Dominican Republic is calm and peaceful on the surface and its people retain their affability, but a cauldron is boiling underneath—and with reason.

I stress again that the problems are more political than economic. U.S. policy and the Alliance for Progress, based on erroneous assumptions about the nature of the development process and underestimating the degree of revolutionary fervor sweeping the underdeveloped world, seem sterile, unimaginative, and probably self-defeating. However, the present orientation of U.S. policy is likely to prevail, at least into the foreseeable future; we have become virtual prisoners of our own myths. If this is disastrous for the Dominican Republic, it is no less so for the United States.

HAITI: PRISON COMPOUND

FRANCIS B. KENT

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Port-au-Prince

The civil servants at Haiti's François Duvalier Airport could not be more polite or accommodating. A \$2 tourist card gets you quickly past Immigration, and an affable inspector in the Customs section waves you on without bothering to look into your bags.

The occasional tourist or businessman can spend weeks in Haiti without seeing the slightest indication that President Duvalier has converted this little country into a prison compound. On the other hand, he could be introduced quickly to the facts of life. Not long ago, an American reporter arrived at Port-au-Prince, checked in at a well-known hotel, and went to bed thinking of his work schedule for the following day. Before dawn he was awakened by security agents, hustled from the hotel, and held under guard until he was put on board the morning plane for Miami. This represents perhaps the mildest form of official brutality in Haiti. Much more common is assassination—on the streets in full daylight, or in some dark lane in the hills above Port-au-Prince.

In the ten years since François "Papa Doc" Duvalier came to power, Haiti's 4 million wretched citizens have come to know fear as a constant companion. To provoke Duvalier or his henchmen is to invite torment, if not death. The enforcers are everywhere, roughly one to every

350 people. There are 5,000 soldiers in khaki, 7,000 militiamen in blue denim, and no one knows for sure how many thugs and informers in the Tonton Macoute, Duvalier's personal secret police force.

Members of the Tonton Macoute (the term comes from an old nursery tale and is best translated as bogey man) are found in the army and in the militia, but many wear no uniform except for the outsize sunglasses that have come to be associated with terror. Some work as bartenders, cab drivers, and at other jobs that bring them into contact with the public.

Nowhere, except in the most private of circumstances, does conversation go beyond trivia. When the talk turns to politics, the Haitian's face goes blank. He volunteers nothing and answers questions in guarded monosyllables. Only the most sophisticated, the European-educated elite, will discuss politics or economics, and then only after being assured that nothing is to be attributed to them.

Fear and violence have not come recently to Haiti. They have been commonplace since the African slaves rebelled and won their independence from France in 1804. Today, conditions are little better than at any time in Haiti's 164 years of independence. A great many of the country's best thinkers have fled abroad, and many who could not escape have sought asylum in one or another of the foreign embassies in Port-au-Prince.

Raw, unrelieved poverty is rampant. Beggars in filthy rags roam the streets looking for tourists who come in ever-dwindling numbers. Shoes are a luxury and children often wear no clothing at all. At every hand are the sick

and the dying, suffering with yaws, elephantiasis, hookworm, syphilis.

Statistics are spotty and frequently unreliable, but figures published by the Organization of American States put Haiti's per capita income at about \$70 a year. Even this figure may be misleading, for it is estimated that 95 per cent of the population lives wholly outside the money economy.

Unemployment is staggering. The available work force is reckoned at 2.5 million, but only 57,000 have jobs. Of those, more than half are on the government payroll. Semi-skilled labor is available at 35c a day.

The gross national product has declined steadily since 1962, along with investment both public and private, while external assistance has virtually dried up. U.S. aid, once an important factor in the Haitian economy, is now represented by a token contribution for malaria control.

Government revenues have dropped more than 20 per cent in the past five years, due primarily to the loss of tourist traffic. Government officials complain that the U.S. State Department persuades American tourists to steer clear of Haiti. It is more likely, according to a hotel owner in Port-au-Prince, that American travel agents hesitate to recommend Haiti for fear that a client will be caught in some unpleasantness.

The odds, however, are heavily against the tourist's meeting up with the Tonton Macoute. Haitians for the most part are gracious and charming, quick to smile and quick to serve. Accommodations are excellent and advance hotel reservations, at least at present, are completely unnecessary. It is a fine vacation spot for those not offended by tyranny and destitution.

"Papa Doc" Duvalier, the slight, harmless-looking former physician who oversees all this, is a difficult man to sort out. Those who have known him down the years say that as a young doctor he worked tirelessly to help the poor. Yet he seems to show no compunction when it comes to mistreating his enemies, either real or imagined. He is said to go often to the basement of the Presidential palace to look on as his thugs work over a prisoner.

He receives reporters from time to time, according to no discernible pattern. Early last year he seemed eager to be interviewed and was as accessible as a U.S. Congressman. At present, though, his door is closed; two reporters recently hung on for weeks in Port-au-Prince, awaiting word from the palace that never came.

Is Duvalier secure? Can he hold on until age and failing health catch up with him? The evidence weighs heavily in his favor, although like all men in his position he is threatened constantly. Despite a rash of rumors that his heart is weakening and that he complains of other physical ailments, he looks as healthy as the next man of 60. On ceremonial occasions he shows himself to the people, but otherwise he stays within the white, flood-lit walls of the palace, which is fenced with iron and closely guarded.

There is no formal opposition to Duvalier's Party of National Unity, and elections are meaningless. After municipal elections in 1964, Duvalier announced that the

In An Early Issue

Our foreign policy toward Japan has a long but largely unexplored history—perhaps because it has been so consistently unsuccessful. In "The Third Time Around," to be published here soon, Walter LaFeber suggests that we are about to commit, for the third time running, the basic mistake that has always scuttled our diplomacy with Japan. Mr. LaFeber, of Cornell's History Department, is the author of *The New Empire and America, Russia and the Cold War*. His article, "America's Long Dream in Asia" (*The Nation*, November 6, 1967), won wide and admiring attention.

results had given him an overwhelming mandate and he therefore decreed himself President for life. Still, occasional incidents must be unsettling to the old man. Just last December the second in command of his terrorist gang, one Elois Maitre, was publicly shot down at the airport. Maitre survived, as a hopeless cripple with a bullet lodged in his spine. A month earlier, five men held up the Royal Bank of Canada in Port-au-Prince, getting away with \$78,000 in Haitian currency. In what has been called a "bite-your-nails economy," \$78,000 is a substantial sum of money.

What makes these incidents particularly interesting is that the submachine gun figured in both, and automatic weapons are not commonly found in the hands of anyone but members of the army, the militia or the Tonton Macoute. If men authorized to be in possession of submachine guns were at work here, it suggests that Duvalier has problems within the palace guard; if either or both assaults were staged from outside the official household, the inference is that unfriendly elements have unsuspected firepower.

Another incident touched closer to home, and was not open to speculation as to the principals. Duvalier's son-in-law, Max Dominique, who was a lieutenant colonel in the army and had been named ambassador to Madrid, arrived in Spain last August but, even before presenting his credentials, was ordered back to Port-au-Prince and put on trial for treason. He had been plotting, according to reports in Haiti, with fellow officers, nineteen of whom were put against a wall and shot. Dominique and his family fled to Switzerland.

Scarcely a month later, trouble erupted on the North Coast, near Cap-Haïtien. The Cacos, as the mountaineers in the north are called, were demonstrating against deteriorating conditions brought on in part by the abandonment of sisal plantations and mills.

Duvalier dispatched several hundred militiamen to the area, then ordered in about 150 troops of the elite Presidential guard. The latter were promptly demobilized and ordered to their home villages. According to reports in Port-au-Prince, the dismissed guardsmen were all Cacos and regarded as untrustworthy.

If there is a pattern to all this, it surely makes a worrisome picture for Duvalier, who at times must think of the many Haitian leaders who in the past have come to violent death. One, Vilbrun Guillaume Sam, was dragged from under his bed and thrown to a mob that hacked him to pieces, then paraded his parts through Port-au-Prince. That was only fifty-three years ago.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Havana Cultural Congress

HELEN YGLESIAS

Quite in advance of its opening session on January 4, the Havana Cultural Congress, a meeting of intellectuals of the world on the problems of Asia, Africa and Latin America, was judged by our State Department to be a spurious propagandistic device and out of bounds for U.S. intellectuals. Though there was considerable interest here in attending the Congress, through a combination of Cuban inefficiency in getting the invitations out in time and State Department shenanigans, the presence of a number of prestigious U.S. intellectuals was effectively discouraged. In the end, those who were lucky enough to obtain both a Cuban invitation and State Department validation to travel to Cuba, were required to sign an affidavit promising that they would not "participate in any meeting, convention, conference or other function while in Cuba, as a public speaker, delegate or other participant."

Cuba's propaganda aim in calling the Congress was transparent enough: to win friends, to break through the frightening isolation in which it more and more finds itself, and to make direct contact with leftist theoreticians and artists in those countries (capitalist and Socialist) where its official ties are bad or worsening.

The U.S. State Department quarrel with the Congress (I am being deliberately disingenuous; another objection would surely have been found if other circumstances had prevailed) began with the Congress' theory that intellectuals are scientists, publishers, technicians, agronomists, educators, doctors, cameramen, public health workers, as well as artists, writers, dancers and film directors. (The State Department complained that the Cubans had invited far too many U.S. doctors, for example, though they were not better disposed to permit Robert Lowell, Andre Schiffrin or Oscar Lewis to attend either.) The official list of Congress delegates (incomplete and in some cases wildly misspelled) numbered 470 participants from sixty-five countries. Just a sprinkling of some of the names of the delegates should reveal the patent absurdity of the State Department ruling that the Havana Congress did not qualify as a bona fide cultural event.

Spain's delegates included poets Blas de Otero and Gabriel Celaya, publisher Carlos Barral, painter Antonio Saura, film makers Juan Antonio Bardem and

Jorge Semprún (*La Guerre Est Fini*).

France had sixty-six delegates, including economist André Gorz, lawyer Gisele Halimi, journalist K. S. Karol, physicist Jean Pierre Vigier, cartoonist Maurice Siné.

England's delegation of twenty-two included art critic Sir Herbert Read, ballet critic Arnold Haskell, historian Eric Hobsbawm, playwright Arnold Wesker.

Italy's delegation numbered twenty-five and included publishers Guilio Einaudi and Feltrinelli, novelist Luigi Nono.

From the Americas, among others were Andre Gunder Frank of Canada, Julio Cortázar (*Hopscotch*) of Argentina; sociologist Garmán Guzmán, novelist Gabriel García Márquez, whose novel *A Hundred Years of Loneliness* is a best-seller in Colombia; painter Roberto Matta of Chile; poet Aime Cesaire of Martinique. Mexico's delegation of twenty-four included muralist David Alfaro Siqueros and economist Edmundo Flores.

Hans Magnus Enzensberger, poet and critic, came from West Germany. Prince Norodom Renarddik, son of Sihanouk, came from Cambodia. There were delegations from the USSR, Laos, Korea, North Vietnam and the NLF of South Vietnam. China was notably absent, though an invitation had been sent.

The Congress listed twenty-one U.S. delegates, but there seemed to be no method or much accuracy to the listing. Some had come without U.S. permission and were participating as delegates; the SNCC group, an SDS group and four scientists, one of whom, Dr. Roy John, reported an earlier Cuban trip in *The Nation* of March 14 and 21, 1966. The official list included, among others, Jules Feiffer, cartoonist, writer and playwright; David Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and anti-war leader; Saul Landau and Richard Moore, film makers of the documentary on Cuba recently televised on N.E.T.; Tana de Gamez, whose novel *The Yoke and the Stars* is based on the story of the Cuban Revolution; Irwin Silber, editor of *Sing Out!*; Barbara Dane, folk singer; Jose Yglesias; Robert Scheer of *Ramparts*. There were other Americans in Havana as well. I ran into Saul Gottlieb of *Evergreen Review*, Tom Hayden, Harry Ring of *The Militant*, Ronald Steel.

The living, for foreigners, at the still lush Havana Libre (formerly the Hilton)

where we were taken, was easy indeed. There was an abundance of food, drinks, coffee, popular combos in the restaurants and bars of the hotel; and though we heard about the gas rationing, there were always cars or buses to take delegates for little side trips. We had a certain amount of free time every day and the scholarship students who served as guides were very encouraging about our visiting around as much as possible. Cuba sees itself as a revolutionary showcase for the world; nothing pleases Cubans more than a visitor who wants to see for himself. For me, it became a chance to see what changes had taken place since early 1961 when I was last there.

The city of Havana surprised me by being much more beautiful than it had been. It literally sparkled in a dazzlingly clean whiteness against the blue skies and water of the bay. The Malecon has been much improved; particularly from the Vedado section to old Havana, this broad, curving drive along the bay had a depressingly slummy look seven years ago. Though the old crowded buildings are still there, they have been repaired and painted, and the streets are much cleaner. The disturbing changes are in old Havana. Avenues of empty shop windows are a shock, no matter what preparation one has had for the sight. The special life of the old area of the city is altered too. There seemed to be fewer people in the streets; the many street vendors with their portable kitchens selling every conceivable variety of hand-eaten food are gone, and so are many of the sidewalk counters where one could get a 3c tiny cup of black coffee, everybody's radio filling the street with loud, popular Cuban music. Gas rationing has cleared from the narrow gutters of the city whatever cars were left, and it has also cut into the neon and street lighting. The result is a feeling of listlessness and darkness in the old city, an enormous contrast to the verve of 1960 and 1961. I recall that back then when I asked a passer-by for the time, he replied joyously, "Five o'clock, revolutionary time." I did not expect that sort of response now, not because "revolutionary time" has passed but because it has gone into a different phase.

A proof of the danger of generalizing on the basis of one occasion in Cuba, however, was the utterly changed character of the streets on the following

evening when Congress delegates were invited to attend a performance of the Cuban National Ballet in old Havana. We were applauded by crowds of pleased Cubans watching the foreign visitors arrive. The performance itself was a stunning surprise. It included the new ballet, *Carmen*, created by Aurelio Alonso and danced by his wife, Alicia Alonso. It is a work which merits inclusion in the programs of the best ballet companies of the world, and is already part of the Bolshoi repertory, danced by Plisetskaya.

There was still another occasion in old Havana at a concert given by Raimón, a young Catalán singer from Valencia who is banned from singing in Spain. The concert was free and the enormous marble hall was full of people who came and went as they pleased whenever a song ended. Many brought their children with them. In the discussion period which followed the concert a Cuban spoke: "I was born in Valencia and I studied at the Luis Vives Instituto. Tell me how it is with the proletarian struggle in Valencia and tell me about Puerto Sagunto where my father was assassinated."

The man's question made a connection with the Congress which jumped into place for me with his reference to the Spanish Civil War. Congresses are boring; microphones, mimeographed papers and formal speeches in three simultaneously translated languages seem to rob the most brilliant company of their wits; but this Congress had almost nothing in common with usual meetings of academics or artists. Its spirit was a reminder of the great conferences held during the struggle against fascism, when it was the belief among the best intellectuals that what they did was supposed to connect with what they said and wrote, and that both carried some importance for their struggling fellow men. It is an assumption which has long been unpopular in the United States and which is just beginning to be talked of again.

For an American, entering the world of the Congress and of Cuba is to step through a mirror, where all assumptions are reversed. During the first day, I found myself starting at the frequent use of words like "comrade" and "Communist," an indication of the tension for Americans surrounding even the terminology of socialism. But I became used to absorbing recurrent shocks to my American sensibilities. Some were delightful, like the sight of payless telephone booths. One was extremely painful, as when I shook hands with the smiling NLF delegate, eager to meet an American who would come to Cuba—the physical presence of "our enemy" making me want to shed my American skin. At the same time I suffered the most contrary and painful responses to the violent diatribes directed against U.S. im-

perialism. If the State Department had followed a wiser policy they would have allowed the presence there of thoughtful dissenting voices like those of Christopher Lasch, Noam Chomsky or Mary McCarthy, allowed to attend without a strangling affidavit. Or are we seriously being asked to stop all dialogue with the Socialist and Third World and just slug out our differences?

Of the five working commissions of the Congress, I spent most of my time at the one discussing the responsibility of intellectuals to the Third World, listening for echoes of my own concerns in the statements of other "Western" visitors. The Congress addressed itself to a very wide group of questions; if I concentrate on the anti-U.S. imperialist views given, it is because such views overwhelmed the Congress and are of greatest interest to those of us who live in the heart of what was being dissected and reviled. Sometimes the landscape was described most bleakly even by Westerners. Irwin Silber of the United States called us the "ultimate triumph of 'Western ideals,' the ultimate 'sanctuary of the free world,' the core of imperialism . . . a land of deep unhappiness today. . . . And the arts—the glittering, flamboyant, high-pressured, meaningless creative arts of the United States—have become terribly sad reflections of a living death or the terrifying overture to imperialism's final hymn."

Christine de Rochefort of France went further than I cared to be carried. Speaking of the destruction of conscience in the Western intellectual, she exhorted the Third World:

" . . . do not trust me. Do not trust my words, nor anything I have. I am ill. Contagious. The only sanity I have is that I know I am ill. And those who think they are not ill are the most seriously ill."

This was not the tack taken by Jean-Paul Sartre who would have been a Congress "star" if a severe attack of arthritis hadn't kept him from coming. He sent a message which was interesting, beyond its expression of open solidarity with revolutionary Cuba, for its plea to the Third World to find a use for what could be valuable in the despised (by them) alien culture of oppressor nations. He warned of possible mistakes made "in the zeal of the struggle," mistakes which would "impede the cultural development of freemen" because they might discard some useful tools of Western thinking.

Sir Herbert Read also sounded a warning:

"To preserve a balance between the personal and the universal, between the local and the national, between the national and the international, such is the problem of the artist in our society. The

danger is that we attempt to reverse the organic process in which the work of art originates; we begin with a social or 'mass' concept of art and try to impose it on the aberrant personality of the artist. . . ."

But the prevailing view was perhaps most eloquently expressed for the West in a message by Ernst Fischer of Austria:

"None of us from the Old World should pretend to teach you; we have grown up under other conditions. . . . In spite of that, we are united by a decisive bond: the confirmation of the world revolution, this long, incalculable, bloody and bloodless transit which reasserts itself through errors and knowledge . . . towards a world worthy of man; the conviction that the economic and military rulers of the United States have become the main enemy of the peoples, that the major task of every revolutionary strategy is to destroy its power, to prepare its collapse."

It was this view which culminated in the Havana Appeal, a special final resolution pressured for, interestingly enough, not by the Cubans but by Ralph Miliband of England. It called upon "writers, men of science, artists, teachers and students to join and intensify the fight against imperialism and to take up the part which is theirs in the struggles for the liberation of the peoples of the world. This commitment must begin with an unqualified rejection of the policy of cultural subjection of the United States, and this implies the *refusal of all invitations, scholarships, employment, and participation in programmes of cultural work and research, where their acceptance could entail collaboration with this policy.*" [Italics added.]

The appeal touches upon a nerve much exposed lately and particularly painful to Latin Americans. They have been quarreling among themselves about the right and wrong of Pablo Neruda's trip to the P.E.N. Congress held in New York in the summer of 1966 and his subsequent acceptance of a decoration from the President of Peru; and Cuban intellectuals have mounted a major campaign against *Mundo Nuevo*, a literary publication edited by Emir Rodríguez Monegal, sponsored by the U.S. Ford Foundation, and concentrating on winning to its pages Latin America's leading leftist writers. Lajpat Rai of India seized this question and shook it until it rattled another set of bones:

" . . . for such 'leftist' intellectuals in these days of peaceful coexistence, the doors of the Socialist world are also open to the same measure. They are at equidistance from Washington and Moscow; they are at equidistance from the Congress for Cultural Freedom on the one side and the Afro-Asian solidarity move-

CRISIS

"Love is sometimes revenge, n'est-ce pas?"

*You knew perfectly
what I meant
in the moment—
Yet you pretended
not to see,
that I might doubt
And explain again, get
stammering mad and
cry my self defense—
You stood injured and beautiful,
dead wrong, yet
certain in your woman's truth—
It began with Vietnam
and ended
with the blood of
My childhood on your hands.*

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

ment on the other. It is not uncommon in India for a 'leftist' intellectual to attend an economic seminar in Algeria or Moscow where U.S. imperialism is denounced as an enemy of the peoples of the Third World and a few weeks later to proceed to the United States with his family on a U.S. foundation scholarship to enjoy *la dolce vita* in the dollar land. Last year, twelve out of the thirty-five leftist scholars who had criticized the proposal for the Indo-U.S. Educational Foundation, themselves accepted research grants, professorships and fat scholarships from various U.S. agencies"

These were not the only struggles reflected at the Congress. In an ugly and amusing incident which created the topic for gossip for the following day, some French Trotskyists passionately upbraided Siquieros (apparently for his role in leading an armed attack on Trotsky's house long, long ago) and one young woman worked herself up sufficiently to kick the noted Mexican muralist as he stood on the steps of the art gallery waiting for the doors to open for the official reception. Closer to home, SNCC delegates made a point of dissociating themselves from U.S. whites. They accepted a drink, but then filed out one by one from the luncheon party to which all U.S. visitors were invited by the Minister of Education and president of the Congress, Jose Llanusa. Nor did they allow the camera to record their presence alongside U.S. whites at a reception for U.S. visitors given by the NLF Vietnamese delegates; they covered their faces by holding up open books, apparently brought for the purpose. And at one of the commissions, Latin American delegates lit into the reports of delegates from the USSR and Eastern European

Socialist countries as clear signs of their insufficiently revolutionary outlook.

There were, too, ripples of some discomfort with the ardent picture of the revolutionary intellectual as a guerrilla seeking death in the manner of a Che Guevara, in response to which Roberto Fernandez Retamar of Cuba quipped that he was impatient with those intellectuals who "when they hear the word gun, reach for their culture." In the final resolution, there was some modification of the very strongest concepts and the intellectual was called upon not necessarily to seek out death, only not to flinch from it should it come. (In response to a request from a group of Cuban cartoonists, Jules Feiffer portrayed "The Intellectual as Guerrilla Fighter" as a jaded, elegant man, seated at a pool-side dining table, enormous sunglasses pushed up on his forehead, languidly sipping a frozen daiquiri.) Still, there was no doubt as to the gripping appeal of the example of Che Guevara for most Congress delegates and for the people of Cuba.

Che Guevara's portrait is displayed throughout Havana, and at the plenary sessions of the Congress and at rallies, appropriate passages taken from Che's writings were the major slogans. That the portraits are beautiful and the slogans felicitous is part of Cuba's special style, a style which dominated the freedom, seriousness and revolutionary vigor of the conference and which flowed on out into the streets of the Rampa, on which the hotel is situated. The Rampa, a broad avenue which leads to the sea, is modern Havana's main drag. "Coppelia" enlivens one end of the street. It is an architecturally charming and playful ice cream parlor rivaling Howard Johnson in the number of flavors served. Neon lights hung in the center of the Rampa crossway indicate what's happening: an easel for the art exhibition, a tragic and comic mask for the theatre. Parisian-looking signposts point out the direction of restaurants, movies, night clubs, exhibitions. Every window along the street is utilized as an exhibit for crafts, books, propaganda; the electronic music, which makes up part of the extraordinary Pop art exhibit on imperialism and the Third World, fills the street with a holiday or fair sound. The content of the shows I saw was astonishingly sophisticated.

The art exhibit, housed in a building which was converted from Havana's former fashionable funeral parlor, contained nothing that could be remotely described as Socialist-realist. The works are free-wheeling in a variety of experimental styles; the gallery itself is something of an experiment, combining a café, art show, discothèque, book shop

and piped sound in a gay complex which the director insisted must not be called a gallery: "We want it to be a natural place, where nothing happens formally."

The Third World exhibit further down the Rampa combined film (an old Tarzan movie is run forward, then backward, for a hilarious comment on a popular Western concept of an underdeveloped country), comic strips, graphics, lights, sound and even live lions, giraffes and flamingos to stunning effect, culminating in a glorification of the guerrilla and Che Guevara. The building itself, which is a permanent installation for exhibits, makes brilliant use of closed and open space, drawing the viewer in from the street without effort—so that seeing the exhibit becomes an extension of the walk along the avenue. It is free to the public, and the crowds literally poured through. There was a good deal of discussion among Congress delegates about the exhibit, some finding it too harsh and direct in its anti-U.S. imperialist message, others wondering if it wasn't too subtle for the average Cuban to make *anything* of it.

This open, grasping experimentation is evident everywhere in Cuba. For Cuban artists, it is a natural result of their experiences. Many of them spent years in the United States, England or France. Alicia Alonso, Alejo Carpentier, Alfredo Lam, Edmundo Desnoes, Pablo Armando Fernandez are only a few of the names that come to mind. Combined now with a fierce nationalism and new revolutionary concepts, Cuban art is an explosive force, not confined to studies but put to the widest uses of the revolution. That Cuban propaganda should turn out to be a model of good design was one of its greatest surprises.

There have been struggles within Cuban arts to maintain an open approach, but at the moment the freest expression seems secure. The Congress displayed on its platforms not only Cuba's *avant-garde* artists but its politicians and old-line Communists Juan Marinello, Nicolás Guillén and Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, coexisting as Jorge Enrique Adoum of Ecuador said "in a new Cuban style . . . with only one limitation, expressed by Fidel Castro in 1961: 'Within the Revolution, everything; outside the Revolution, nothing'; and complying with Che's slogan: 'To serve the people presupposes quality; beauty does not clash with socialism.'"

What is so attractive in Cuba is the health a society generates when it is open to innovation and social experiment. It was the quality most admired, I think, by the Americans present and most puzzling to delegates from Socialist countries, who cannot reconcile Cuba's

revolutionary political stance with its relaxed cultural openness.

But Cuban independence is nothing new, even if it pays for it, as seems to be the case at the moment, with a position of total isolation. In his final address to the Congress, Fidel Castro conveyed a strong sense of Cuba's isolation. He thanked the delegates for coming and said that Cuba would never forget that men and women of prestige had come from all over the world to discuss the problems of the Third World. It seems to be more to the point to wonder how the men and women of prestige, once back home with their unfriendly governments, would remember Cuba. At the end of a long tiring day, one of the delegates got into a slight fuss with our 18-year-old guide, a political science major and Young Communist Party member who prided himself on his understanding and militancy. The delegate became impatient with the explanations of the guide and suggested to him that none of us

there needed these long political harangues; we understood the aims of the revolution. It angered the young Cuban. "Let's see what you write when you return," he said.

For a *Norteamericana*, a bad conscience about Cuba is unavoidable, given our joint histories, and it makes it difficult for us to realize that they care much less about us and our reactions than they do about their own independence. Cuba wants friends, of course, but it wants them without strings. The report that oil had been discovered on the beach outside Havana, while the Congress was in session, was greeted by my Cuban friends with a joy which had much more to do with the possibility of independence from the Soviet Union than with the prospect of being able to drive a private car again. What Cuba wants is the right to go on inventing itself; what it wants of others is even simpler—to keep their hands off.

In Moral Disarray

THE DISSENTING ACADEMY. Edited by Theodore Roszak. Pantheon Books. 304 pp. \$6.95.

THE MORALITY OF SCHOLARSHIP. By Northrop Frye, Stuart Hampshire and Conor Cruise O'Brien. Edited by Max Black. Cornell University Press. 88 pp. \$4.50.

NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

The term "dissenting academy" has an honorable history. After the Restoration of 1660, the great English schools and universities lapsed into a century and a half of relative intellectual torpor, a condition exacerbated by the Test Act (1672) which closed them to those unwilling to participate in the Anglican sacraments. As a result, various non-conformist sects established their own educational institutions. The curriculum at many of these dissenting academies was so superior to that followed at the establishment schools and universities that many enlightened members of the aristocracy sent their offspring there to be educated.

Three hundred years later the universities of North America are in danger of drifting into irrelevance as their English prototypes once did. For all their wealth and apparent influence, they are in a state of moral and intellectual disarray.

No one is excluded from them on religious grounds, of course (though heretical political views may invoke a degree of persecution), but cultural and educational deprivation effectively keeps out thousands. Those who do gain entrance find themselves caught up in a huge, impersonal and often meaningless process. Discontented students and teachers are expressing dissent from the academic establishment's view of both curriculum and conventional scholarship through teach-ins and "free universities."

However, the dissenting academy contemplated by Theodore Roszak and his contributors, in this first of a series of "anti-textbooks" to be published by Pantheon, is not some new kind of educational foundation but the existing intellectual community, liberated from paralyzing servitude to the political and cultural *status quo*. The book's eleven essays are devoted to critiques of the way in which the major humanistic subjects are taught at American universities. Their cumulative indictment of the profession of scholarship, as it is now practiced, is a heavy and dispiriting one, particularly to academics who, like me, were once inclined (privately) to congratulate themselves upon not being as other men are.

The essays on politically useful social sciences provide the greatest fund of horror stories. Marshall Windmiller reveals that in 1967, the executive director and treasurer of the American Political Science Association served concurrently as president and vice president

of the CIA-supported Operations and Policy Research, Inc. Kathleen Gough gives a detailed account of the distorting political circumstances under which anthropologists (many of them quite happily) have to do their work these days, and describes the weird perversity of "applied anthropology" and such exercises in "insurgency prophylaxis" as Project Camelot. According to Robert Engler, it is quite common for political scientists leaving government service (particularly RAND), and seeking university posts, to report to prospective employers that most of their "publications" are classified. M.I.T. has even awarded higher degrees on the basis of classified theses. As for Gordon C. Zahn's account of the vagaries of personal and intellectual freedom at some Catholic universities, it would pass for light relief if one could forget the victims' suffering and frustrations.

Noam Chomsky, whose celebrated essay on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals" is the last and best thing in the book, also wins the prize for the most hair-raising example of academic frightfulness. He quotes the testimony of Prof. David N. Rowe, Director of Graduate Studies in International Relations at Yale, before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs in 1966. Rowe suggested that the United States buy all surplus Canadian and Australian wheat so that there will be mass starvation in China: "Mind you, I am not talking about this as a weapon against the Chinese people. It will be. But that is only incidental. The weapon will be a weapon against the Government because the internal stability of that government cannot be sustained by an unfriendly Government in the face of general starvation." There speaks a humanitarian scholar in the great tradition inaugurated by the "author" of Swift's *Modest Proposal*!

If this book is a portent, we may be witnessing the end of the end of ideology. Both the heroic myth of the Olympian disinterested scholar and the more homely image of the multiversity as a kind of academic supermarket are roughly handled by all contributors. Taking a sideswipe at "the narcissistic obsession of modern literature for the self," Louis Kampf rather stridently abuses independent scholarship as "a mask for the commercial activities of the academic bureaucracy." Deprived of its roots in normative judgment, political science degenerates into mere system maintenance and adaptation, according to Christian Bay; in the limp jargon of value-free social science, even the revolutionary passions inspired by a Fanon or a Guevara can be neutralized and classified for the computer as the expression of "anomie interest groups." Sumner Rosen demonstrates how "commercial

Keynesianism," like Freudian revisionism, emasculates a seminal theory and neatly evades the necessity to consider painful realities.

As befits his discipline (philosophy), John Wilkinson contributes the most elegant, astringent and convincing of the essays on individual academic specialties. It is also the most depressing. Wilkinson shows how "the civilization of the dialogue," upon which democracy depends, is gradually being subverted as more and more research passes into the control of "mission-oriented" agencies, to the extent that (among other disasters) "nearly all the top twenty multiversities are arms factories which would have staggered the imagination of Herr Krupp or Sir Basil Zaharoff." Wilkinson's one glimmer of hope is the continued survival of such dialogue-oriented bodies as the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, of which he is a member.

The panaceas of other contributors inspire less confidence. Roszak himself is eloquent about the exemplary "humanitarian meddling" of the 18th-century *philosophes* and encyclopedists, but his attempt to translate their particular style into the terms of 20th-century academic life is not entirely convincing. Staughton Lynd's call for the historian to accept the existential role of prophet, creating scenarios not of what *will* but what *can* be, is a moving one, but this is certainly not a model of their primary task which even all radical historians would accept.

Though I was about as well disposed a reader as any author or publisher could wish when I began *The Dissenting Academy*, I must confess that the cumulative effect of many (not all) of the essays was to arouse fears that disillusion with orthodox scholarly methods is driving some academics close to a dangerous irrationalism—a mirror image of the aberration that brought us to this pass. Yet I had to agree with the critiques of the present mode of pseudo-objectivity.

Consequently, it was a relief to read the three lectures in *The Morality of Scholarship*, which confront exactly the same problem in a less polemical spirit than the Roszak essays. It seems to me that Northrop Frye comes close to resolving the apparent dilemma in his lecture on "The Knowledge of Good and Evil." He begins by asserting "the principle, which is also a moral principle, that every discipline must be as scientific as its subject matter will allow it to be, or abandon all claim to be taken seriously." After some cogent illustrations of this need for intellectual detachment, Frye goes on to argue that the virtue of impersonality becomes the vice of indifference as soon as its context becomes social rather than intellectual. Scholarship must be tempered and directed by "what we may call, with the

existentialists, concern . . . something which includes the sense of the importance of preserving the integrity of the total human community." Concern "has nothing directly to do with the content of knowledge, but . . . it establishes the human context into which the knowledge fits, and to that extent informs it."

To my mind, Frye's formula enables us to diagnose every intellectual disease described in *The Dissenting Academy* without jettisoning man's 2,500 painful years in pursuit of objectivity. It also offers an active and positive ethic for the scholar. In the last resort, however, concern is a civic rather than a purely academic virtue. A man's profession is only part of his life, and scholarship cannot by definition be a substitute for higher loyalties. Some great scholars have been very bad men. The last words of Frye's lecture may serve also as the last words of this review: "The scholar as man has all the moral dilemmas and confusions of other men, perhaps intensified by the particular kind of awareness that his calling gives him. But *qua* scholar what he is is what he offers to his society, which is his scholarship. If he understands both the worth of the gift and the worth of what it is given for, he needs, so far as he is a scholar, no other guide."

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has been said that Peter Nichols' *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre) is about the breakup of a marriage that has produced a spastic child. If this were all there was to it, I doubt that I should find the play interesting or even tolerable. It would be clinical and much too special.

The child, the sight of which we are more or less spared, serves as the play's fulcrum. But to confuse the device with the theme would be grossly to misunderstand it. Its value and fascination lie elsewhere.

The child's deformity (a stupidly callous doctor in the play speaks of it to its mother as a "vegetable") should be seen as the misfortune of a particular marriage. But many marriages are weighed down and sometimes destroyed by terrible burdens. In Camus' *The Plague* the epidemic which quarantines a town is employed as a symbol for all pervasive evil; its story consists of the various reactions to evil. In *Joe Egg* the child who plagues the marriage of Bri and Sheila is the peculiar burden they have to bear; the play's scheme drama-



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tizes the different kinds of adjustment the various characters make to it.

The situation is painful, but the play is a comedy: it provokes considerable laughter. It is an odd comedy: everything about it is wrong, its form is askew. It oughtn't to work. But it does. That is its originality.

The curtain is up as we enter the theatre, but instead of the stylization one might expect in that case, we see a fairly realistic setting. A musical combo ambles across the stage and disappears. Only the pianist remains visible throughout and, as the band's leader, repeatedly strikes up mild jazz riffs. Then Bri (short for Brian) appears, dresses down the audience as if it were a prep school class. Bri is a teacher. He then moves into the household setting and the play proceeds for a bit as a normal naturalistic piece.

Bri's address to the audience has set up a convention. From time to time, each of the characters (including the spastic girl) breaks away from the others and speaks about him or herself and the rest of them: for the most part, these monologues are quite funny. At the end of the play Bri, who has twice attempted to bring about the child's death, finally succeeds in doing so. He then abandons his unsuspecting wife.

Shocking or pathetic, you might suppose; not at all. One observes the play with eyes much more sardonic than tearful. But it is just in this, our impassivity, that the artistic victory lies. The method is not Brechtian. Brecht's soliloquies (usually songs) do not make any personal comments on the "story"—they stand apart from it—and function as the drama's oblique reflection. In Nichols' play the action would scarcely be intelligible if the characters did not explain their attitudes and behavior. For example, Bri tells us beforehand that he is going to leave his wife. Sometimes he and his wife enact past events necessary for exposition and then as actor-characters add further comment on what we have just seen happen, as if the whole episode and the play itself were a public demonstration.

Nichols intends the audience to take a cold, if you will a heartless, view of the matter. He demands no commiseration or identification with his characters: he wants you to regard them as phenomena—objects for the entertainment of your intelligence. He doesn't expect you to do anything about it: how can you? It's a show. Brecht wishes your understanding to rouse you to judicious steps of social consequence. Nichols might be following Coleridge's "law" which runs: "There ought never to be more pain than is compatible with co-existing pleasure, and to be amply repaid by thought."

Nichols' disposition is eminently contemporary and thoroughly English. It is at least as representative of England today as Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*. It is a new wrench to the proverbial British "stiff upper lip." In a larger sense *Joe Egg* makes a point about present middle-class life almost everywhere.

Bri is bright, he has a trace of talent as a Pop art painter, he has been coddled by his silly mother and by the mediocre comfort or middling discomfort of his run-of-the-mill circumstances. He has no feeling for his job. His nonchalance about his wife's premarital promiscuity derives as much from moral unconcern as from generosity of spirit. She has told him about her numerous affairs because they no longer count in her or anyone else's eyes. She's a nice enough person and she is good in bed: what more need he know or care?

Apart from their mutual worry about their sick child they share very little. What little leisure they have they hardly know what to do with except for the telly and the flicks, and he behaves as though he would be permissive if she had a little fling on the side. He has no real friends because he has no vital interests. The one thing he cannot endure is trouble. He isn't equipped to face up to life, which is always and everywhere centered in the puzzle and dilemma of suffering. He must run away.

We meet his mother: nondescript, proper, combining routine respectability with a built-in obtuseness in relation to life's "inconveniences." She is both niggling and correct with her "immoral" daughter-in-law. She dotes on her son, in fact he takes for granted and without gratification. Bri's friend is a tidy "Socialist" who wants to be helpful with mechanically rational advice while he mouths the clichés of the "advanced"; he thinks any situation can be taken care of by the perquisites of the welfare state. His semi-frigid wife is indifferent to everything but her own family's well-being.

It isn't British to complain. Like most of us today they have learned to snicker. They will not moralize: it is square to preach or to grow indignant. What Nichols implies but never declares is that the cream of this disastrous jest is that life is absurdly empty unless it is confronted and embraced in all its inherent anguish. Only in that way can living be good. But the rule of "common sense"—which the English are presumed to have in abundance—leads only to wretched farce.

The direction by Michael Blake—more and the performances are excellent. One cannot speak of "ensemble": the nature of the play's structure impedes the possibility of interplay. But as individual

figures all of the actors are admirable.

Albert Finney as Bri is almost too large and powerful a personality—there is something “epic” about him no matter what he does—for the tormented mite Nichols has written. Yet his very stature as man and player raises him above the intrinsic pettiness of his role, of which a more literal performance might create the impression of a dimly small play. Playing Sheila with nary a hint of sentimentality, Zena Walker conveys the whole environment. Joan Hickson as Bri's mother seems a comically effaced effigy on a memorial to home and hearth. John Carson is the unflappable Socialist to the bone. And Elizabeth Hubbard as his wife, the impeccably but bloodlessly sensible helpmate and housekeeper, is perfect.

A sharp and perceptive play, *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* makes a remarkably sobering evening in the theatre.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Kenneth Loach's *Poor Cow* is playing at three New York theatres: clearly it hits a responsive chord. What that may be is not easy to say, but I suspect that it is somehow connected with the quite erroneous supposition that the film is “real.” The claim to unflinching realism is made even before the title appears on the screen: a child is born, all wet and bloody, right out from between its mother's thighs. The virtue of such a scene, if it has any, rests on its actuality; we witness a moment of authentic human experience and, if we find that the onlooker role has been edifying, do not inquire into its artistic authenticity. But of course Carol White, who here plays the heroine, is not giving birth; it happened, sure enough, but it happened to someone else.

And so it goes with the whole picture. Nell Dunn, who wrote the novel from which it was made, and also *Up the Junction*, has a gift for documenting the underside of contemporary London. Her young whores and thieves and factory girls are dull, ignorant and squalid, shuffling through a routine so featureless, and suffering blows so catastrophic, that only numbness keeps them sane. Miss Dunn presents their speech and behavior with an appalling implacability that is the “art” of her work; she intensifies the meager content of her material by limiting the field. Erskine Caldwell pointed out years ago that the most banal scene takes on a kind of magic when viewed through a knothole. Miss Dunn knows the trick.

Mr. Loach does not. Instead of focusing down on the script, he tints it and fluffs it and fills its background with all kinds of “interesting” furniture and walk-on characters until it looks more like fashion photography than hard-core poverty. There is a rousing bout of cops and robbers (whereby the heroine loses her husband), a stern judicial scene (whereby she loses her lover), there is a hot embrace under a waterfall, there are sheep in a meadow, old women eating ice cream cones, a voyeurs' photography workshop (“Can we have it just a bit more off the shoulder, Miss?”), the sociology of the pub and the cunning habits of the sturdy boy whose first moments we stumbled in upon at the opening and who thrives surprisingly on a diet of fried potatoes and neglect.

These matters are sufficiently photographic in a travelogue sort of way, but what the film is about is the life of a slum girl who is too indolent to work and incapable of making the grade as a prostitute because she persists in giving away her stock in trade. Miss White, all spruce and quick and with a new hair style in almost every scene, is obviously not that girl.

It requires genius to make drama out of vacuity (you must be at least as talented as Beckett), and I doubt that there was ever much chance for the idea behind *Poor Cow*. But the worst possible way to go about it was to tart up the script with pop jollification and the attendant fashions of subtitles and direct address of the audience, pretending that the result is either theatre or life. This is not a movie; it is a waxworks.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

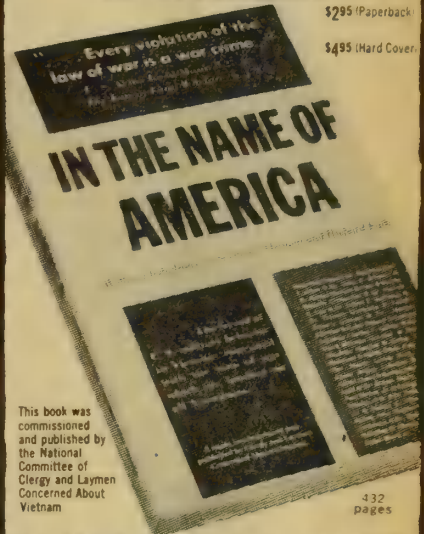
The A.B.C. television network has announced that it would not cover the national conventions this summer from gavel to gavel. Instead, A.B.C. plans to telecast ninety minutes of nightly highlights. It is the first time since 1952, the first year of network television, that any of the three commercial networks will not telecast the Presidential conventions from beginning to end.

The A.B.C. move was dictated by a major cutback in its news budget after the collapse of the company's planned merger with the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. A.B.C. will save an estimated \$3 million by curtailing convention coverage for which, at the time of announcement, it did not have a sponsor. A.B.C. is a poor third in the three-way network competition for both audience and advertisers. C.B.S., second since 1960, does not yet

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have its convention coverage fully sponsored; N.B.C., the front runner, does.

A.B.C.'s action means that this year's continuous live convention coverage may be television's last. These quadrennial shows have not been good journalism or good business; they reflect the anxiety of all three networks not to alienate either major political party. Now the gentlemen's agreement not to compete for the big audience during the conventions has been broken. If, as expected, A.B.C.'s regular or special early evening entertainment programs during the convention weeks run away with the major audience (local entertainment programs have always rated well against network political coverage), C.B.S. and N.B.C. will have to respond to the competition. Once a struggle for the big audience is started in what has been noncompetitive, public service time, the end is predictable.

There are those in television, journalism and politics who will not mourn the eventual commercial network abandonment of gavel-to-gavel convention coverage. Some argue that the networks

don't really provide such coverage anyway, most of the time being spent by correspondents talking with one another or to potential news makers off the convention floor. Others point out the enormous duplicative waste and lack of viewer choice in having three networks at the conventions from oyez to amen. More waste is cited when the three networks fully cover conventions of little news value. The in-the-bag Goldwater and Johnson nominations of 1964, for instance, hardly required full, on-the-spot coverage.

Still others maintain that how the networks cover the conventions is their own journalistic business, but that a television seat at the conventions should be provided the nation's voters. Full convention coverage is a public service, not a journalistic decision. Free enterprise did not create the situation of three-network coverage of conventions; a tacit understanding among the networks did.

A.B.C. has acted cautiously, conservatively and unimaginatively in this matter. Its decision to provide ninety minutes

of convention coverage nightly is a careful retrenchment designed not to offend the Democratic and Republican National Committees. If it had announced entertainment programming, interrupted by convention coverage when warranted by the news, it would have been professionally faultless, and would also have had better options. Some convention nights are so dull that a few minutes are all that are necessary.

The A.B.C. move does threaten to open again that family closet last unlocked by Fred W. Friendly when he resigned as C.B.S. news president two years ago because his network thought its interests better served by sponsored reruns of *I Love Lucy* than by unsponsored coverage of Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam. Perhaps the Congress will finally be stung into facing the question of whether such an attitude is adequate to the task of keeping the American people informed when it sees its national conventions relegated to routine coverage on regularly scheduled network news programs.

LETTERS (continued from page 226)

a catharsis, when in fact the Dec. 6 demonstration Swanston discusses reflected the total breakdown of communication and trust between radicals and administration. The student-Left charge that the convocation was co-optation Shover dismisses as a kind of block on the way to the convocation. But Windmiller stated in print that one reason for the convocation was the need to avoid a violent confrontation between military recruiters and student activists.

Windmiller most recently led the academic lynching of Prof. John Gerassi for participating in the Dec. 6 incident. Gerassi's action resulted in his being fired by President John Summerskill over the head of a faculty committee appointed by the executive committee of the academic senate. The faculty committee decision—it has been widely leaked throughout campus—was to reinstate Gerassi 3 to 1. Windmiller's *mystique* of the autonomous university is not only unhistorical but is shattered by the presence of the military-industrial complex on campus. In leading Gerassi's dismissal, Windmiller obviously attaches more importance to the military standards he condemns in his article—power, obedience, centralization of authority—than the academic values he advocates: truth, skepticism, tolerance and mental discipline. Unlike other less liberal institutions which have barred military recruiters from campus, at State, ROTC and war recruiting go their merry way, the administration relying on PR from sympathetic faculty for a veneer of freedom.

The title of David Swanston's article, "How to Wreck a Campus," is tendentious to begin with. What kind of urban campus is it that had 11 per cent black student enrollment three years ago, and now has 3 per cent? SF State handled the Experimental College as other universities have: finances it, uses it and then pulls its teeth. Furthermore, it remains to be seen whether campus activists work without mass student support, since Summerskill recently acted as State College system henchman by signing warrants for the arrest of eleven students and one faculty (Gerassi) who participated in the Dec. 6 protest. All those under

complaint are campus activists, out of over 300 involved in the demonstration. Swanston's description of what happened at State is simply blown out of proportion. He says that there are four versions of the *Gater* incident but earlier accepts *Gater's* own interpretation, whereas no one knows what happened in the newspaper office—a fact Swanston conveniently ignores, along with the presumption that accused are presumed innocent. If, Dec. 6 occurred as Swanston tells it, San Francisco police chief Cahill would have had to come on campus with uniformed police (plainclothes men and police photographers were ubiquitous that day). The quality of radical leadership at the college is very high; so high that radical organizations refuse any longer to be deceived by the administration. The split on campus is not between Left-Right but between the supporters and critics of Summerskill—i.e., between the advocates and opponents of liberal bureaucracy, exemplified by Windmiller's friend Summerskill attempting to sell his paternalistic methods of student council to the State College Board of Trustees. Summerskill pleaded before Reagan & Co. that his methods were more effective than other means of student control. He said he had worked to isolate radicals from other students by granting some demands and denying more substantial ones.

Common to all three whitewashes is the liberal myth of San Francisco State College as an island of freedom in an unclean world, personified by attentive President John Summerskill. If nothing else, the firing of John Gerassi and the signing of the twelve warrants indicate that SF State is not only in but of the world.

Richard Fitzgerald, History Department
Anatole Anton, Philosophy Department

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The Swanston piece on San Francisco State (where I teach) is the one really accurate piece of reporting and speculation I have seen. It is a fine and just report.

Kay Boyle

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Cambridge, England

DEAR SIR: I was gratified at the space you gave to Stephen Zoll's review of my book *Lost New York* [*The Nation*, December 25]. Then I was stunned to see Mr. Zoll go on for most of his piece discussing things remote from the book's central objective, which was the presentation of a record, some souvenirs of lost architecture. I'm tempted to claim that the polemical message he finds in the book is a complete surprise to me, but since he has read my words as well as looked at the pictures, that's probably as useless as a smuggler looking innocent when a load of watches are discovered in his traveler's bag. Mr. Zoll heard the ticking among my souvenirs, and I may as well come clean.

Well then, I *do* believe that the right way for change to occur in existing cities is by changing the weakest elements. I even suggested a means test for old buildings: usefulness, with use measured, ultimately, by an appraisal of relevance of the particular human endeavor to the uniqueness of the place (just to take matters beyond a strictly functionalist or economic rating). These are rather romantic-sounding phrases, clearly conservative (no politics implied) in their nature. But though I put them tentatively, relevance of endeavor and

uniqueness of place could well be the basis for some necessary community standards about fitness in urban building.

We can't pretend any concern about the man-made world and all the props and scenery of existence unless some values are asserted with respect for change—it is to be hoped that such values would also give their due to progress and enrichment, as well as protection against culture-shock. Behind this is my belief that continuity is not only expedient but essential in any existing city; all the long argument about what is or isn't useful then naturally follows. Continuity? Of course. And not only for nostalgia's sake. Re-uses of buildings aren't "against the logic of history," as Zoll says: for all its changing, New York—like most present cities—is predominantly a 19th-century city. Survival of so many old buildings in prosperous New York is at least circumstantial evidence of continuing vitality and good use. If the old-law tenements deny it, they always did—the brownstones, brick row houses and loft buildings affirm it. We haven't lost many of the old things we still can use. If we go on valuing them, why not identify and conserve them?

Le Corbusier in *When the Cathedrals Were White*, which I discussed and Zoll cites, found New York a nice place to visit because he was always surprised by the changes. From this Le Corbusier concluded that everything could and ought to be begun again: that the permanent condition of New York was

change. But, save the master, it's a disastrously incomplete canon. The permanent "condition" of any existing place is both continuity and change. Failure to see the continuity part of things is a terrible blind spot that we have been inheriting for several generations now. And, to digress only slightly, the blind spot is currently manifesting itself in fields of invention and production other than urban building. A writer in a recent issue of the British magazine *Design* says this:

What do we see if we take a bird's eye view of our efforts, as engineers, architects, planners and industrial designers, to influence the recent course of human evolution? Taking as examples such things as cars, trains, electric [appliances], houses, dishwashers and the like, we see a series of products, services and buildings that are well suited to their markets but ill suited to the conditions brought about by their use.

The writer goes on to cite commercially successful cars which cause congestion and delays and a growing number of deaths and injuries, new housing developments inhibiting social contacts and creating loneliness, dishwashers too noisy to use in open plan houses, electrical appliances causing power cuts if used simultaneously, and so on. He concludes that present design techniques deal well with the situation that exists before a product is launched, but fail to take account of the situation that is created by the "new thing."

This difficulty is analogous, if not identical, to the problem that has come up in cities. Somehow the notion has taken hold that change is the only thing worth our concern and effort, so we have enthusiastically developed a planning machinery that is rigidly bent on replacement, instead of one that is exploratory and flexible. Even when it is operating piecemeal, the result is often a conflict where the ongoing environment is chafed and stung by changes, and these exasperated sites in their weakness fall victim to further change. The whole current process is a good example of the British writer's point about designs that are well suited to the market, but ill suited to make the best of the new situation. And the new situation, of course, should come about while being thrifty of resources—material and human—if it is to have true value.

When I mention "planning," I mean not only the work done by a bunch of professionals with zoning maps and T-squares but the schemes for all kinds of urban development. In New York most of the city is at the disposal of private owners, no matter how much

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they are subtly influenced by government powers (back to that in a moment), and Zoll rightly devotes considerable attention to the economics of development. He views the increase of land value as the root cause of demolition. In my book I made an effort to consider all sorts of indications of potential change: neglect, fashions in land values, expendability, specialization, new technical and management requirements, changing cultural values. Barely half of my items are related to land appreciation, but I would gladly compliment Zoll's notion that this is the cause of present urban change if that was as far as he took it. (The proposition is at least arguable. Curiosity about this role of land appreciation in demolition has just led me to make a little content analysis on the buildings in *Lost New York*—buildings which I originally somewhat arbitrarily selected on the basis of ■ personal appraisal of merit or interest. I judged "land appreciation" as the main reason for demolition in sixty-six cases, with "any other reasons" accounting for sixty-one. Ten or more were in doubt. "Any other reasons" included all things that lost their uses most precisely due to factors other than, or in advance of, land appreciation, even if it could be claimed that land appreciation ultimately cleared the site. This seemed fair. "Land appreciation" was the overwhelming cause of replacement of houses and churches, but since a *new use for the land* almost always appeared first, this might be called the root cause. I favor mixed use, but to preserve mixture in the face of unequal economic power there could be a lesson here about the merits of *persistent use zoning*.)

Zoll goes much further, simplifying change as a classic conflict. He sees the buildings illustrated in *Lost New York* as "a heartbreaking list of casualties in the battle between the economic flux-mongers and the cultural order-doctrinaires." The orderlies in one camp at the doctrinaire flagpole are people interested in "imposing order," maintaining that "excellence should be immutable," concerned about the "morality of change." (I emphasize the categorical set-up words.) The other camp holds the fluxionaries, presumably a more progressive lot because while New York wantonly destroys itself it also (but as a result?) creates more jobs, a larger tax base and greater services for its citizens. The dichotomy is absurd, though I won't belabor it except to note that culture is not at all something you either opt for, or out of. Culture would prevail if either of Zoll's warring camps won. In New York especially, it is just safer to show concern rather than indifference. Culture is the meaning of Mumford's "in the city, time becomes

visible," which *doesn't* describe secondary characteristics.

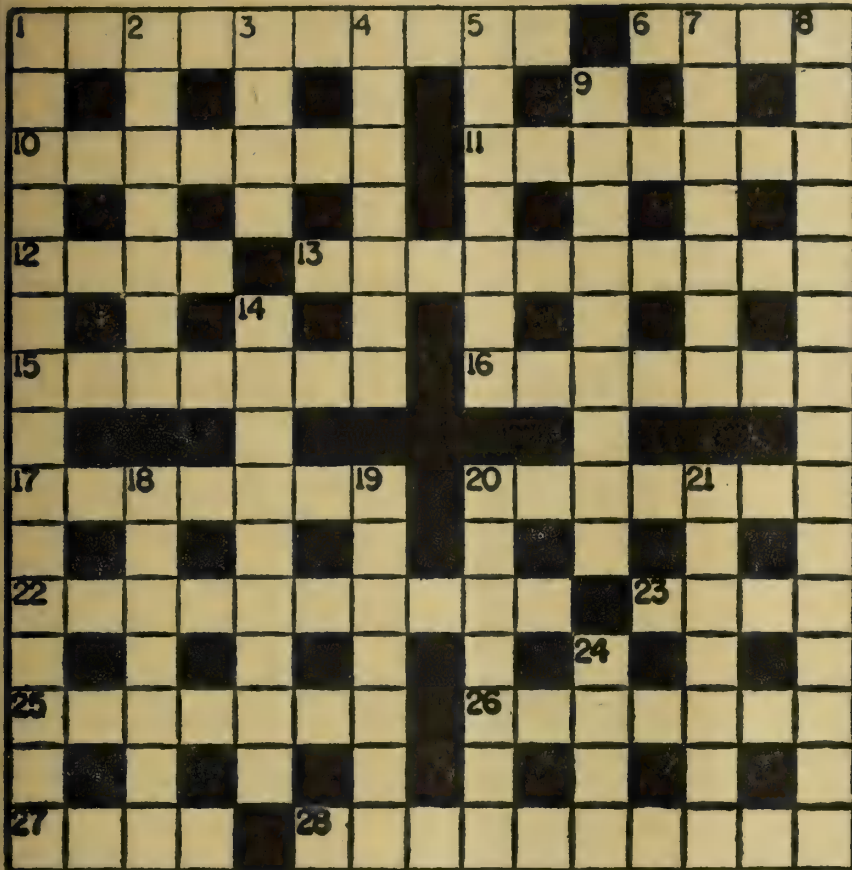
Developers do develop and Zoll equates their reflexes with progress, or at least justifies them by saying that "New York is a monument to money." Behind the progress equation lies the fallacy that continuity somehow obstructs change. His justification worries me even more. Economic growth has luckily been true for New York so far, though there are many signs that a shift is occurring and there are plenty of cities where growth has stopped. Financial incentive for development is no excuse for a laissez-faire attitude toward what sort of development takes place. At present (I quote myself), "government powers exist not only in overt planning, but covertly influence every property decision. . . . But proper application of powers is everything." Through our systems of zoning, taxes, building and fire and health regulations, rent control, planning and preservation laws, we already do indeed determine where land shall appreciate. The trouble is that the powers are contradictory where they could be uniformly in support of public policy.

There are plenty of historical examples of cities that prospered with intensive controls exercised over urban land. Medieval guilds imposed authority on vast urban tracts; London has resisted radical change partly because central land has been leased rather than sold. The merits or faults of these systems needn't concern us here: the point is that there have been and will yet be, many kinds of successful urban economic structures. To insist that an unregulated land market (if we could ever return to one!) would always be best for progress, economic advance or advantageous city form is about the same as saying that Victorian family life ought always to be the model for society.

Continuity and change, control and laissez-faire—my little marginal polemic in *Lost New York* boils down to a belief that individual goals and objectives in a city must not conflict with community goals and objectives, or else must be subordinated to them. I presented a case for some of those objectives; I think it's no good for Zoll to pretend that we haven't any community goals besides getting rich. If I read him wrongly about that, at least I wish he would have recognized the forces that do already manipulate urban land economics. We have them now. We might be able to rebuild the slums he mentions and obtain the mortgages he wants, harnessing economic enterprise in the bargain, solely by wielding those forces intelligently; at the moment it seems to me we are ignoring what they could do for us, and what they are doing to us.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1237

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Their early routes used to help sustain young America. (4,6)
- 6 The way of 24? (4)
- 10 Certainly not old wine for the Festival.
- 11 Beguile. (7)
- 12 The flag of the Irish? (4)
- 13 Spread them evenly, and with feeling.
- 15 Hazardous speculations during the late league's sessions. (7)
- 16 Did Southerners lack the main strength to lift one? (7)
- 17 Sharpened, or kept inside and given proper attention. (7)
- 20 During the musician's strike, it might sound rather wooden. (7)
- 22 It's possible to follow the thread in the air of such organs. (10)
- 23 Raised loaf, by the sound of it. (4)
- 25 From full to round? (7)
- 26 What it pertains to should be flowing wine. (7)
- 27 But he probably found his office less than paradise. (4)
- 28 We should go to the old city court to point such a seizure out. (10)

DOWN:

- 2 Doesn't sound as though it has high connections, but it happens every day! (3,4)

- 3 and 1 down It's just a question of responsibility! (4,7,3,5)
- 4 Contracts for crops? (7)
- 5 Not any place that is presently present.
- 7 The listener might give particular attention to the account. (7)
- 8 With 5, it might make the Navy tend to this occasionally. (5,3,3,4)
- 9 Acts traditionally elephantine? (9)
- 14 One of those we have read about turning unto a star. (9)
- 18 If one saw Hanoi so mendacious, inside wouldn't you find it offensive? (7)
- 19 Desired laughs, in a way, but not with encouragement. (7)
- 20 Less green. (7)
- 21 It should be spirited, perhaps with a twist of the market in one. (7)
- 24 Does the girl sound as though she's been on a Boston diet? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1236

ACROSS: 1 Toil and trouble; 9 Audubon; 10 Polymer; 11 Excess; 12 Rest stop; 14 Staples; 15 Cadge; 17 Somme; 19 Trowels; 21 Air lifts; 23 Parget; 25 and 8 Neck and crop; 26 Spinose; 27 Reverse English. DOWN: 1 Tragedies; 2 Induces; 3 Ambuscade; 4 and 22 Dunsinane; 5 Repression; 6 Unlit; 7 Limited; 13 Platitudes; 15 Cremating; 16 Eightieth; 18 Miracle; 20 Signori; 21 Aunt; 24 Isle.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.

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Jerome Wilson on Governor Rockefeller's Presidential potentials:

"As for foreign affairs—the State of New York of course has no foreign policy—for ■ period Mr. Rockefeller was a hawk on Vietnam, saying the nation should support its President. Now, he says that he does not have the information to form ■ judgment. This 'no position' on Vietnam is probably politically the wisest for an aspiring Presidential candidate. One can only surmise that this thought has occurred to Nelson Rockefeller."

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Other publications have lately become curious about why The NATION has given assignments to such talented TV newsmen as Desmond Smith (A.B.C.), Mike Wallace (C.B.S.), Gabe Pressman (N.B.C.), Ted Koppel (A.B.C.), and Jerome Wilson (C.B.S.) who, in this issue, gives our readers a searching appraisal of Governor Nelson Rockefeller's record in Albany. The answer is simple: we wanted to tap a new source of journalistic talent.

Why do these top TV newsmen write for The NATION? Is it perhaps because they must "moonlight"? Hardly. "What does The NATION pay, fifty bucks?" asked Mike Wallace when the WALL STREET JOURNAL inquired why he wrote for us (actually his stipend turned out to be a bit more than that). Obviously money isn't the motivation. As VARIETY ruefully observed, "It's clear that in many a case the motivation is the sheer itch to shake off the muzzles imposed by network news doctrine." But we think their motivation is a desire to talk to you, The NATION's readers. Newsmen like Mike Wallace and Ted Koppel and Jerry Wilson join the good fight in The NATION; but *you* are the real reason they're writing for us.

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LETTERS

counterfeit

New York City

DEAR SIR: Upon reading the State Department's captured Vietcong document detailing how the Communists will control a future coalition government, one is reminded of an incident related in Allen Dulles' *The Craft of Intelligence*. There the CIA had the problem of how to evaluate a document brought to it by escaped East European military officers. The agency rejected the intelligence information on the ground that it contained the phrase "slave labor," which only an anti-Communist would use. The same thing can be said of the purported Vietcong document which incorporates such words as "our agents," and "men and equipment are infiltrated." Apparently the State Department has bought itself a tainted document such as Allen Dulles was warning about.

Ezra Chall

something like censorship

Clayton, Mo.

DEAR SIR: It is well and good to commend the N.E.T. network ("Something Like Courage," editorial, *The Nation*, Feb. 5) for its condensed version of Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam*.

One should keep in mind, however, that the choice of whether or not the program was carried still remained with the individual station. For the 2 million people served by the St. Louis affiliate, there was no opportunity to view the program. This writer was assured by the station's executive director, Robert C. Glazier, that *NET Journal* had been dropped during January because of the dated topical nature of some of the repeat programs. This seemed strange in view of the fact that as a matter of course the station carries about 20 per cent of its entire evening schedule on a repeat basis. . . .

Gorden F. Andrus

card of identity

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: The lengthy letter by Tamaás Aczél, published in your issue of Jan. 15, deserves some comments just because it is so symptomatic of our times. Mr. Aczél comes out with unqualified praise for the Congress for Cultural Freedom and other conduit agencies of the CIA, and discerns "the best possible Agitprop tradition" in the activities of those who disagree with him on the merits of the literary patronage system of the CIA.

Indeed, Mr. Aczél must be familiar with the traditions of the Agitprop which he served for many years faithfully enough to receive one of those medals that the Hungarian Communist Party was wont to bestow on its dedicated minor party functionaries. Needless to say, an ex-Communist is entitled to express his opinion, but his opinion should be evaluated by us (the liberals who have never been Communists) with the necessary judiciousness. . . . It seems to be symptomatic: the ex-Communists supporting McCarthyism in the 1950s and the ex-Communists supporting the CIA conduit agencies at present.

John Kosa

correction

An error of transcription reversed the meaning in one sentence of Jonathan Mirsky's review of *The Village of Ben Suc* by Jonathan Schell (Jan. 8). The sentence should have read: "The man who takes most of the credit for the operation assured me, however, that Schell's account is accurate."

Editors

EDITORIALS

The Ice Jam Is Breaking

The Johnson Administration has managed to contain its opponents in a frozen, impotent attitude of protest which seemed to have little effect on public opinion. The result was confusion. The people were left with an uneasy feeling that somehow the country had been inveigled into a senseless war, but that being in it, we had to win. From the cumulative assurances of Johnson, Rusk, Westmoreland and countless press agents of high and low degree ringing in their ears, they were hopeful that victory might not be too far off.

The Vietcong offensive is now almost three weeks old, and fighting is still going on in the two most crucial sectors, Hue and Saigon. Not without reason, Max Frankel reports from Washington (*New York Times*, February 14) that "senior Administration officials are speaking in the most respectful tones of the strategy of the enemy commander, Gen. Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam Defense Minister."

What is more important than the military situation, however, is the political breakthrough in the United States, and the corresponding changes in Vietnam. The true situation in Vietnam is as yet unassessable, but some indications are already evident. The Saigon government has heretofore exerted only precarious control in some provincial areas, but, except for spasmodic Vietcong terrorism, has kept a fairly firm hold on the cities and provincial capitals. Now the government is secure in neither sector. The rural pacification teams have been called back to defend the cities against possible future attacks, and the effort to "win the hearts and minds" of the peasants has been given up for the time being, and maybe for good.

In the United States things are no better. When American troops are overseas, American politicians are always reluctant to criticize the handiwork of the Commander in Chief. They may squirm and grimace and otherwise make their distress plain enough, but words that could possibly be construed as casting doubt on the virtue and eventual triumph of our military endeavor stick in their throats; there is always another election.

The political disarray of the past two weeks is therefore the more remarkable. Sen. Edward Kennedy is back from Saigon with a tale of corruption that shocks even a young man brought up to face the political realities of Boston. Sens. Mike Mansfield and Thruston Morton have measurably raised the level of their protest, the latter notably referring to the "bland and probably inaccurate" statements of General Westmoreland (when a Senator sneers at a front-line general it may be said that the jig is very nearly up) and counting doves in the Senate. Senators Fulbright and Aiken, members of the Foreign Relations Committee and two of the most widely respected Americans in public life today, no longer even try to conceal their distrust of Secretary Rusk. Nor is the disillusion confined to events in Vietnam; the biting remarks of David G. Nes on the occasion of his retirement from the Foreign Service (political timidity in Washington, he said, blocked the taking of steps that could have prevented

the Arab-Israeli War) were sensational in their implications, and failed to gain full public attention only because of the greater blunders coming to a head in Vietnam.

The central event in the recent breakup of Washington's reluctant coalition was Sen. Robert Kennedy's speech of February 8. The time has come, Senator Kennedy said, to take a new look at the war. Granted that the Vietcong will probably be unable to hold what they seized, granted that they paid a high price in casualties, the fact remains that half a million American soldiers (with the Seventh Fleet lying offshore and bombing at will) and 700,000 of our South Vietnamese allies were unable to protect a single city from the assault of an enemy whose total strength in South Vietnam could not be more than 250,000. The more men we have poured into South Vietnam (and now we are rushing another 10,500 into combat to allay General Westmoreland's quite justified fears) the worse our situation has become.

Senator Kennedy raised nine basic points, one after another. Military victory is not in sight. The pursuit of such a victory is not in our national interest. The progress we have claimed is illusory. The people of South Vietnam are not with us. The current regime is a liability, not an effective ally. Political compromise is the only way to extricate ourselves. Escalation is reducing the faith of other peoples in our wisdom and aims. The way to end the casualties is to end the war. Ninth and last, the Johnson Administration must tell us the truth, grim though it may be.

It had better start now. Delay can only make things worse, and they are bad enough already.

When the Bomb?

"There's an awful lot of soul-searching going on up here," a senior Democratic leader remarked to a Washington reporter. There have been reasons enough for soul-searching for a good many years, but one of them has forced its way into the news only in the past week or two. It takes the form of a question: If the war drags on, when, how and under what pretext will the United States, unable to win by conventional means, resort to nuclear weapons? The bombs are ready—hundreds of them stored in the magazines of U.S. aircraft carriers cruising in the Sea of Japan and the Gulf of Tonkin, hundreds more aloft in U.S. aircraft all across the world and in Polaris submarines under the sea. Our finger is ever on the doomsday trigger.

On February 5, it became known among scientists and engineers in the New York metropolitan area that a number of civilian specialists in nuclear weaponry, high-energy physics and allied fields had suddenly been detached from their duties at universities and corporations and dispatched on a secret mission to South Vietnam. Among the colleagues of these experts there was naturally a certain amount of guarded speculation. One theory was that the use of low-yield nuclear weapons was contemplated at Khesanh. A week later, on February 12, *The New York Times* carried a story on this development by Walter Sullivan, the paper's science editor.

On February 9, George Christian, Mr. Johnson's press secretary, assured the White House press corps that the

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 9

President had not received any request from the Joint Chiefs of Staff for nuclear action. Charges to this effect, Mr. Christian assured the reporters, were false and unfair. The public will have to decide how much comfort it dares to take from this assertion, particularly in the light of a later statement from Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that he did "not think that nuclear weapons will be required to defend Khesanh." Sen. Joseph Clark was one of those not reassured by Mr. Christian's display of indignation. If North Vietnam gained the upper hand at Khesanh, he feared that the United States might be "tempted."

Are the surmises irresponsible? Hasn't this war been full of surprises, most of them unpleasant to the American side and damaging to such remnants of credibility as the Johnson Administration retains? Hasn't Mr. Nixon cried out at the disgrace of having a "fourth-rate power" "pirating" an American man-of-war? Doesn't the latest Gallup poll show that four Americans out of ten favor using force to get the *Pueblo* back, while only two favor further negotiation?

Now suppose that on top of all the frustrations and bedevilment the Johnson Administration has inflicted on the American people, and despite the written promises of victory by the Joint Chiefs, General Giap should pull something out of his hat, as he did in 1954? With U.S. air power in action it is scarcely likely that he can stage a full-fledged Dienbienphu, but he might cause a lot of trouble at Khesanh—or some other place where we least expect it. General Wheeler has given his technical opinion that Khesanh can be held without the use of nuclear weapons. But suppose he turns out to be wrong, as generals so often are? Will the Joint Chiefs who signed that paper, and Mr. Johnson who is running hellbent for that re-election, chivalrously refrain from using aught but TNT against an enemy guilty of the incredible atrocity of refusing to come to the negotiation table to surrender to Uncle Sam? Anyone who believes that could be sold Brooklyn Bridge.

Thar's Gold in Those Hills

Mineral King Valley is a 15,000-acre enclave of wilderness surrounded on three sides by the Sequoia National Park in the Sierra Nevada, halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The valley, ringed by peaks towering above its 7,800-foot elevation, is one of the most beautiful primitive areas remaining in California.

The 60,000-member Sierra Club and other conservation groups have fought to have Mineral King incorporated into the Sequoia reserve from which it was excluded in deference to pioneer gold and silver mining, long defunct. A narrow, winding, partly paved, partly dirt road provides the only access to the valley, which is a summer take-off point for pack trains and hikers into the high Sierras. All this will change. The Walt Disney Enterprises, with the enthusiastic cooperation of two federal agencies and the reluctant approval of another, plans to convert this natural paradise into an Alpine Disneyland.

For nine months, Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, opposed the development,

which he said would "violate" the valley and create water and air pollution problems, but he finally caved in under pressure from the U.S. Forest Service and the Budget Bureau. These agencies support the development as beneficial to the area and as a revenue-producing plan for the government. Walt Disney Enterprises has promised to invest \$35 million in the project and will rent the valley at an amount not yet determined. The Department of the Interior is preparing right-of-way agreements that will permit the state of California to build a 26-mile, two-lane, all-weather access highway, the key to unlocking the valley for commercial exploitation.

Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, which runs the Forest Service, insists that each phase of the development will be supervised to make certain that the aesthetic and ecological values of the valley are protected. The Sierra Club views such assurances with pessimism. It predicts that the development will draw as many as 16,000 visitors at one time into the narrow, 300-acre valley bottom, which would produce a population density greater than that of New York City.

The Sierra Club will ask Secretary Udall to reconsider his approval and may go to court in an attempt to stop the project. Success is not likely. Already land speculation has started in the little town of Three Rivers on state route 198 leading to the Mineral King road. The Disney operation, which has bipartisan political sanction, will mine more gold from the valley than was ever dreamed of by the pioneers. When big money is at stake, the natural heritage of future Americans always loses.

Arms for Latin America

We are engaged in a new and even more unconscionable wave of arms selling in Latin America. These are not the cast-off implements of World War II, or other second-hand goods, but modern, sophisticated jet fighters, tanks, communications equipment—everything needed for the most efficient mass-killing of military forces similarly equipped. Military aid has escalated almost exponentially in the past year. We are not alone in this deplorable enterprise; the French are competing vigorously.

The purpose behind all this hawking of military hardware is not obvious—few American operations in Latin America are. There has not been an authentic war between South American nations for more than a quarter of a century. Of course there is Fidel Castro, but he can just about manage to keep himself economically afloat with Soviet help, which seems to be doled out with increasing reluctance. Nor are such items as jet fighters serviceable for putting down guerrilla insurrections, which in any case are in a very enfeebled state in that part of the world. Such outbreaks as have occurred have totally failed to enlist popular support. The latest example was in Bolivia, a country about as poor and wretched as they come, but where Che Guevara, for all his charisma and military experience, went to his death in a hopeless fight against one of the weakest armies on the continent.

The fact seems to be that in Latin America, as elsewhere, we mainly seek *influence*—and always a particular kind of influence. We want to stand in with the well-

heeled minority and the armed forces that protect them and their possessions. We are counterrevolutionary by instinct, but rationalize our stand in the name of law and order. A recent State Department pronouncement puts it succinctly, though not convincingly:

"Basically we support the Alliance for Progress. But you can't separate the military from the far larger area of economic and social change and improvement. The economy of a nation and the welfare of its people cannot progress in a climate of civil disturbance."

But where is the improvement, where the progress? The military are there for the precise purpose of preventing anything of the sort. The aristocracy and the dictators bleed the peasants, while the United States, with some European competition, sells the generals arms which they don't need but which give them a feeling of power and something to do with their troops, who are given training in the use of the new weapons.

The officers get training too, under the pleasant conditions existing at American bases. Each year the U.S. Southern Command, with headquarters in the Panama Canal Zone, enrolls more than 2,000 Latin American officers in U.S. military courses, ranging all the way up to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth and the Inter-American Defense College in Washington. The School of the Americas at Fort Gulick in the Canal Zone has instructed more than 20,000 Latin military men, who take home with them the prestige of a village cop who has attended an FBI school on combating the nonexistent Reds of his neighborhood.

All this and much more has been documented by John M. Goshko of *The Washington Post* Foreign News Service, and inserted by Senators Fulbright and Morse in the *Congressional Record*. Prof. John J. Johnson, the Stanford historian and Latin American expert, says we are sticking with the ultimate losers—the top-dogs of today who will go down in the future social disturbances which American policy is breeding. This course has all the wisdom and foresight of an earlier policy established on the same premises: "*Après nous le déluge*."

AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION

THE AGING MEN OF PRINCIPLE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The threadbare but starched gentility of the Americans for Democratic Action hierarchy charmingly recalls those pukka British officers who insisted on ceremonial tiffin and cricket at their jungle outposts around the world as the Empire slipped away. The ADA's fading "empire" is that old coalition of New Deal alumni, independent liberals and labor leaders who were both frightened into defensive action by the Red Scare of the late 1940s and early 1950s and at the same time unwilling to desert the cause of liberalism for total safety. They took every precaution to avoid being called radicals, and nobody but

Humane Doctors: Inhumane Law

Medical research indicates that a woman who contracts German measles during the first three months of pregnancy runs a 50 per cent risk of giving birth to a deformed child. During an outbreak of the disease in 1965, nine San Francisco physicians performed a series of abortions, receiving approval in each case from a hospital staff committee (see "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes," *The Nation*, June 12, 1967). Under a California law enacted in 1872, the State Board of Medical Examiners brought charges of unprofessional conduct against the nine; after hearings, two of the doctors were publicly rebuked and a third was placed on probation for a year. This is the first time in the ninety-six-year history of the statute that action has been taken against physicians for openly terminating pregnancies in a hospital for therapeutic reasons.

The board acted with evident reluctance at the insistence of a Los Angeles physician who said: "I was interested from a legal standpoint. These doctors were saying they were above the law." Dr. Edmund W. Overstreet, vice chairman of obstetrics at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, expressed the majority medical view when he asserted that "violation of an archaic statute" is not unprofessional conduct. A survey last year of 748 California physicians revealed that 590 occasionally had performed such abortions. The nine physicians, torn between the law and modern, humane medical practice, are victims of a legal trap that defies both modern medicine and social reality. Last year, the California legislature liberalized the 1872 statute, which permitted abortions only to save the life of the mother. Among other grounds, the new law allows abortions when continued pregnancy would seriously endanger the mother's physical or mental health. The prospect of having a deformed child should certainly come within this category. However, the new law specifically omits German measles from the list of conditions that would make an abortion legal, Governor Reagan having said that he would not sign a bill in which the disease was included.

demagogues like Lyndon Johnson and James Eastland were so silly as to see them as such. It was an upper-middle-class, unimaginative, middle-of-the-road organization which, nevertheless, served as a useful rallying point in the fight against McCarthyism and for the leftover FDR-Truman ideas in the 1950s when the Democratic leadership in Congress was practically nonexistent. Survivors include. . . .

Why does one come away from the ADA Executive Board meetings held here over the February 10 weekend thinking in these retrospective, almost obituary terms? Because the ADA does seem almost dead—all the more so, curiously, because of this latest spasm of activity.

But give the ADAers their due. In a period that has established an almost permanent inconsistency between politics and principle, the ADA has (by a moderate majority) once again tried to combine the two via the candidacy of Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Forty-seven of the ADA board argued that the McCarthy candidacy is a waste of time, but sixty-five decided they would prefer to waste their time backing what the minority called a hopeless candidate than to support a hopeless war, even by indirection.

It was hardly an astonishing conclusion for a liberal organization to arrive at; and the tortured and ritualistic debate through which the ADA had to plod its weary way hardly testifies to much vitality of judgment. All day, the five-score delegates—high church liberals, all: Hans Morgenthau, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Rep. Don Edwards, Victor Reuther, Bayard Rustin and the like—harangued and exhorted one another to go in various directions, before voting on a resolution stating the most obvious of liberal positions (“We look with deep concern upon the effect of this [Vietnam] conflict on American policy elsewhere in the world,” etc., etc.), and endorsing a most orthodox and respectable candidate, Senator McCarthy.

There was a hang-up over “practical politics,” which in itself is a symptom of the ADA’s arterial condition, but this was eased slightly when, to the original resolution written by long-time ADA wheel horse Joseph Rauh, a tenderizing amendment was added by ADA president Kenneth Galbraith. I quote it in full because it tells everything there is to say, both good and bad, about the present condition of the ADA: “This position is taken in full recognition of the position of a part of our membership which does not agree. In their view, although it often involves deep disapproval of the Vietnam war, the greater danger to liberalism in our time is from the nomination and election of a reactionary Republican. Alternatively, as practical liberals they recognize the odds against a successful challenge to an incumbent President. These positions command our respect. Accordingly, the majority makes it explicitly clear that its action does not interfere with the liberty and conscience of those who dissent.”

That must have left LBJ tossing all night.

The opponents of the resolution mustered a wide variety of quibbles. Professor Emile Benoit advised that liberals should support the Vietnamese War because if we lost it with humiliation, a new wave of McCarthyism could come in its wake. Robert Nathan argued that passing the pro-McCarthy resolution now would only weaken the peace issue at the May ADA convention by inspiring the hawks to seek vengeance. Leon Keyserling, who later resigned, objected on a more basic principle: “A spoiled group of intellectuals who can claim less than 20,000 members nationally can be an effective force for pushing new ideas—200 or even 20 can do that—but it is silly for a group of that size to talk about dumping the President of 200 million people.” He wants the ADA to be a program machine rather than a political machine.

After the vote was taken, John Roche quit. Galbraith said this came as a surprise to him, but it came as a surprise to nobody else because Roche had been going around all day saying that if the pro-McCarthy

resolution passed he was through. What else could he do? He was one of the founders of the ADA and has held top offices in the organization, but he is on the White House payroll now as jester in residence, his job seeming mainly to invent insults—in the nasty manner of a left-wing Bill Buckley—aimed at his old colleagues. He delivered a couple of samples at the board meeting: “By May, McCarthy may have retired to a monastery. Or he may give up politics for Lent.” Another: “This won’t kill the ADA. It’s virtually impossible to kill an organization. There is probably somewhere in the U.S.A. a committee opposing the Spanish-American War that still has an office and still pays an executive secretary.”

The epigrammatic departure of Roche raised the question—which eventually proved to be academic—of what action Vice President Hubert Humphrey would take. Galbraith said he hoped Humphrey wouldn’t quit and spoke of the ADA’s “continuous affection” for Humphrey, one of the ADA’s founders and, for many years, the personification of ADA standards in American politics. But Monday’s *New York Times* carried a statement from Norman Sherman, the Vice President’s press secretary, that Mr. Humphrey had quit the ADA three years ago. Being a politician, he had done it in a political way: by ceasing to pay his dues and allowing his membership to lapse. Americans for Democratic Action does not keep its books with the rigor of the American Automobile Association; you are not struck from the rolls for a seeming absent mindedness as to dues, particularly you are not severed if you are also Vice President of the United States. It is little wonder that Galbraith was still figuratively throwing his arm around “Brother Hubert” three years after Humphrey’s exit on tiptoes.

There will always be a lamp in the window for Humphrey, who, old ADAers are convinced, just *can’t* mean to be a hawk. Not long ago, when Joe Rauh decided to work for McCarthy, he went to Humphrey and told him what he was going to do. “He did not try to dissuade me,” Rauh recalls. “What he did was make a firm talk about how the war is right and how he believes in the war. When he had finished, I said, ‘I know you believe in the war, but I believe that if you were President of the United States you would have us out of the war in 90 days.’ And he said, ‘But I just told you, I believe in everything the President is doing.’ I said, ‘I think you think that and I believe you honestly believe that, but you don’t have the kind of independent judgment about that that you would have if you were President and unrestricted by the views of anyone else.’ He denied it.” But of course Rauh still didn’t believe him.

How much of labor will stay with the ADA after the McCarthy resolution is still not known. There were twelve important union leaders on the ADA board, and as of this writing nine of them, including Walter Reuther, are sticking. I. W. Abel of the United Steelworkers, Louis Stulberg of the ILGWU and Joseph A. Beirne of the Communications Workers have quit; David Dubinsky, honorary president of the ILGWU, is keeping his position on the board. Jack Conway, who is ADA executive committee chairman, as well as director of the AFL-CIO’s Industrial Union Department, said he was staying in the ADA.

But the most talkative opponent of the resolution was Gus Tyler, vice president of the ILGWU, whom Rauh identified, with no supporting evidence, as "the White House's hatchet man." Since the board meeting was closed, newspaper reporters standing around outside were only too happy to listen to anyone who looked alive and Tyler took full advantage of this boredom, spending most of the day reciting his reasons for thinking McCarthy to be an "irrelevant candidate" who has made "America more hawkish than ever," has increased Lyndon Johnson's popularity, has "fractionalized the peace movement" and has "badly injured Kennedy." Tyler had asked the board, "Is it for this man that we lay our life on the line?" Furthermore, he said, McCarthy is "drifting from left to right," and he had statistics to show it—over the past nineteen years the Senator has had an average ADA legislative score of 92 per cent, but in 1967 it dropped to 62 per cent.

From 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Tyler had periodically popped out to reassert that a pro-McCarthy vote would "smash the coalition" by driving trade unionists representing 5 million members out of the ADA; but after the vote was in at 5:30, he changed his tune. His fiery threats had been made in the shadowy hallways; under the TV lights he seemed to melt. Asked on camera if the unions would withdraw, he said, "I do not know what the unions will do. I come in a purely personal capacity."

If anyone in the ADA can be called a strongman, it is probably Rauh, who is generally credited with supplying the shoulder that really got the organization moving toward the McCarthy showdown and with blocking a worse compromise than was finally agreed on. His purpose was higher than mere contention. He was making an effort to restore some life to this organization which he loves. The ADA is middle-aged (the average age of the delegates to this meeting must surely have been close to 50). It is obviously tired. It is even more obviously Establishmentarian, with many of its leaders operating either as cronies or official advisers to the men that have created the current governmental stalemate. And it ran out of ideas several years ago. Not long ago, in a moment

of rare candor, Humphrey remarked that the ADA had achieved all the goals it had been set up to achieve, leaving clear the impression that he felt it was no longer a significant organization. (If it is no longer significant, neither is he, because he rose in politics riding the same issues, vintage 1947, and he has offered few fresh ones since.) One reason for this decay has been the comparatively reactionary attitude of some of the member unions which, originally, supplied the money and the political savvy that the intellectual liberals badly needed.

If those old-line laborites wish to use the McCarthy fuss as an excuse to withdraw from the ADA, Rauh and his supporters will not much mind. He is fairly confident that peace organizations and other young-blood sources will supply replacements. Both Roche-wingers and Rauh-wingers agree that the McCarthy movement tends away from the national ADA cadre and toward the chapters, the rank-and-filers around the country. "If we don't pass this resolution," Galbraith said during the luncheon break, "we'll lose two-thirds of our members tomorrow." While the national cadre has a moderately high status, the chapters often have actual ward-level effectiveness. Some political observers believe that Stokes would not be mayor of Cleveland today except for the local ADA's support, and in Philadelphia, New York and other big urban centers the ADA organizational enthusiasm has been felt in local elections.

To gamble for new strength from the chapter rank-and-file may be wise, but it is also an act of desperation. The chapters are mercurial in their interests and energies. The dependable characters who have given the ADA its long-range appeal have been drawn from the intellectual elite that topped the national organization—a crowd that used to sound much like a bunch of old-school boys wearing the same ideological tie. With that unanimity now dissolved—in a 65 to 47 vote over something as basic as whether to support a peace or war candidate—the ADA no longer has either unity or an ideology at the national level. Reading the contested solution again, one cannot be sure what the ADA does have left.

The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed

GERALD D. BERREMAN

Mr Berreman is professor of anthropology at the University of California. His area of special interest is India. He lectured on that country to Peace Corps trainees at several universities, before dissociating himself from the Peace Corps in 1965 in protest against the war in Vietnam. Mr. Berreman is the author of Hindus of the Himalayas (University of California Press).

"The generation for which I speak has seen enough of warmongers, let our great role in history be that of peace-makers."

With these words President Kennedy seven years ago

introduced the Peace Corps, a program which fired the public imagination and which has been widely acknowledged to be among the most inspiring accomplishments of an inspiring President. Its aim was to promote world peace by working to eliminate the root causes of war: poverty, ignorance, hunger, despair and, perhaps above all, the disparity between standards of living within and between nations. It would accomplish this by sending to developing nations, at their request, skilled Americans trained in the languages and cultures of the host nations. This was to be a people-to-people program; the Americans would be volunteers, unpaid except for subsistence allow-

ances, expected to live insofar as possible as peers among those with whom they would work.

Today, the bright promise of the Peace Corps is badly corroded; the ringing phrases which introduced it have a distinctly hollow sound. True, 12,250 volunteers are working in fifty-eight nations, and nearly 15,000 others have completed their two years of service. But the signs of corrosion are many. The Peace Corps has been ejected from Pakistan, Guinea, Mauritania and Gabon. Demands for its ouster are proliferating, and its future is now doubtful in several nations, including Turkey where there were 590 Peace Corps Volunteers (PCVs) in 1965 and are now only 220. In the United States Peace Corps applications have declined precipitously. In 1967 they dropped 50 per cent at the University of California, Berkeley, which has been the largest contributor of applicants and trainees in every year since the founding of the Corps. Ray Holland, director of recruiting for the Peace Corps, reported in December that applications had declined 30 per cent nationally in 1967. Several important staff members have resigned recently, including Deputy Director Warren Wiggins and Associate Director Harris Wofford.

What happened? The Peace Corps began with high hopes and widespread good will. It attracted as volunteers some of the nation's most energetic and unselfish youth. They combined idealism and practicality to win the respect and affection of many of those among whom they worked, including some who had doubted their capabilities or motives. The Peace Corps appointed as regional representatives and staff members able and dedicated people from many walks of life, animated by the desire that this might be a successful moral alternative to war. Today such people are leaving or have left, and those who replace them are of a different mold. The directorship has passed from an imaginative New Frontiersman to a colorless cold warrior. The Peace Corps itself is worried about the high proportion of "bland" volunteers who, in the words of a *New York Times* report, "do not grasp the potential of such projects as community development."

The widespread disenchantment with the Peace Corps is not simply a phenomenon of that organization; it reflects the decline in public confidence at home and abroad in a government that pursues an unpopular and unjust war in Vietnam, supports every avowedly anti-Communist government that rears its head, regardless of what it does to or for its people, and is floundering in a deteriorating domestic situation closely linked to the international one. The most eloquent and convincing critiques of the Peace Corps have come from PCVs and returned PCVs themselves. Eight in Ecuador wrote recently a carefully reasoned "indictment of the Peace Corps," which was published in several newspapers. It began: "We joined the Peace Corps because we thought it would afford us a means of helping developing nations without imposing the United States' political and cultural values on them. . . . We were wrong. We now see that the Peace Corps is arrogant and colonialist in the same way as the government of which it is a part."

Recruiting director Holland acknowledged the problem

in an interview reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of December 13, 1967. Commenting on the drop in Peace Corps applications, he said that there is "an increasing reluctance on the part of young people to become associated with the U.S. Government, which they see waging a war they cannot support." He may have been led to this conclusion partly by the fact that six months earlier more than 800 ex-PCVs had signed a letter to President Johnson, stating that in the context of the war in Vietnam young Americans would "be reluctant to participate at all in overseas programs of the Government," and conveying their conviction that "American policy is seriously undermining the contribution America can make toward achieving" the kind of world envisioned by the Peace Corps.

There are at least four major reasons for disenchantment with the Peace Corps at home and abroad, three growing from the corruption of U.S. foreign policy and the deterioration of domestic policy, and the fourth from the bureaucratization of the Peace Corps itself.

One of these directs no criticism at the Peace Corps as such, but regards it as a relatively minor and benevolent expression of an Administration whose major expression—the war in Vietnam—is directly opposed to everything for which the Peace Corps stands. The same government which is helping peasants become more productive farmers in India is defoliating crops and killing peasants in Vietnam.

Last October, twenty-four PCVs in Brazil, petitioning for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam, wrote to *The New York Times* that "there is an inherent contradiction in representing a Government which is engaging in a war while serving that Government in the 'Peace Corps.'"

The attitude of many of those the Peace Corps now seeks to recruit parallels the reaction of an acquaintance who talked with government officials in Vietnam a couple of years ago about the burning of villages by U.S. Marines. He was told, "Yes, but there is another, untold side to the war. The Marine band performs for the Vietnamese orphanages." This led him to ask himself, "When should the piccolo player quit the band?" And he answered, "Now." Many who see nothing wrong with what the Peace Corps is doing—who even find it laudable—simply cannot stomach the hypocrisy. They have decided that they will not play the piccolo, even for orphans, in the employ of an Administration whose main business is burning villages and making orphans. That that is the main business is suggested in the position paper opposing the war published in *Ramparts* magazine (September, 1967) by the Committee of Returned Volunteers, and signed by 659 overseas volunteers, 520 of them PCVs. It notes that "every two days the equivalent of the annual Peace Corps budget is spent for the war in Vietnam." In this context the Peace Corps is at best a poignant gesture; at worst a cruel hoax.

Abroad, these inconsistencies are seen even more clearly than in the United States. Peace Corps Director Vaughn demonstrated monumental insensitivity when he wrote in the *Saturday Review* last January that "a volunteer who has worked hard in Brazil for two years need not feel that his work there has been undone by what is

going on in Vietnam, and I suspect that Brazilians feel there is virtually no relationship between what the volunteer has accomplished in Brazil and what is happening in Vietnam." The overwhelming evidence is to the contrary. Citizens of host nations as well as PCVs have increasingly pointed out the relationship—not just with the war in Vietnam, but with all U.S. foreign policy.

A second, related, ground for opposition to the Corps is the use made of it to divert attention from, or to excuse, less palatable aspects of U.S. foreign policy, notably the war. It is often held up to an outraged and fearful world as evidence of the peaceful intent of the United States. As a student commented, for this Administration to support and boast of the Peace Corps is as though Murder, Inc., were to sponsor an orphanage and point to this as extenuation for its other activities. In this view, the Peace Corps ceases to be merely an innocent concomitant of an insupportable foreign policy and becomes part of that policy. PCV Fred Lonidier (Philippines) drew attention to this when he wrote a letter to the *Manila Times* in November, 1966, asking "whether or not the Peace Corps is perhaps an expendable political gimmick kept in existence to give the lie to any challenges to Johnson's peaceful intentions."

There is hardly an official mention of the 1965 Dominican Republic uprising, in which U.S. Marines interfered heavily and brutally, that does not stress the benevolent role of a few courageous Peace Corps Volunteers who moved about on both sides of the fighting. Director Vaughn, summing up the first seven years of Peace Corps activity, describes that event as "perhaps their finest hour." Yet it was the Marines who prevailed. The Peace Corps thus serves as a sugar-coating, and a thin one at that, for the bitter pill of U.S. military policy.

It is clear that the Administration would like to divert domestic protest from the war and that it has attempted to use the Peace Corps as one means to do so. Vice President Humphrey, in October, 1965, said to the Peace Corps National Advisory Council that "Many of those who demonstrated [on Vietnam Day] are just sincere, idealistic youths whose idealism could well be channeled"; presumably away from the war, where their protest hurts, to more innocuous programs such as the Peace Corps where, thousands of miles away, they could devote their energies to helping peasants. This relationship between the Peace Corps and the war was made explicit by columnists Robert Allen and Paul Scott on October 14, 1965, when they informed their readers, approvingly, that former White House aide Richard Goodwin, at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Wesleyan in Connecticut, had a private mission from the Johnson Administration "to put a damper on the differences over U.S. Vietnam policy and channel this student protest effort into support for the administration's social programs," both at home and overseas.

The recurrent hostility of Peace Corps officials toward the peace movement is illuminating in this regard. Kirby Jones, desk officer for Ecuador, while recruiting on the West Coast in October, 1966, remarked that protest activity is "not really a genuine service. The Peace Corps offers active participation in things that are really hap-

pening," and he described the "electric climate" on the Berkeley campus as "phony, amateurish and superficial" as contrasted to the reality of the Peace Corps. Vaughn said in the *Saturday Review*: "... We are well advised to take a good long look at anything which arrogates unto itself the label of a peace movement by that or any other name. Is it studded with eminent signatures and famous personalities, long lists of names in fine print, and guest speakers? Having consigned most of my life to this cause, I know enough about the movement for peace—real peace—to say forget that approach." Vaughn, director of the Peace Corps since 1966, was described by Marshall Windmiller, associate professor of international relations at San Francisco State College, in a recent Pacifica Radio commentary as "a vigorous anti-Communist . . . who had helped to develop American counterinsurgency policy in Latin America," and was opposed for confirmation in his Peace Corps appointment by Sen. Wayne Morse who said "as Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs, in my judgment, he was grossly incompetent." Little wonder that enthusiasm for the Peace Corps has waned.

The recruiting literature is itself revealing, with its inept use of the rhetoric of protest—rhetoric which has admittedly failed to lure student activists to the Peace Corps. Terms such as "revolution," "agitation," "alienation," "free speech issue," have been much used, assuring the prospective volunteer that these terms have real meaning in the Peace Corps as contrasted to the sandbox of student protest. On the contrary, activist students have come to view the Peace Corps as a sandbox wherein the foreign policy they find abhorrent is tacitly or overtly endorsed and the *status quo* is perpetuated in the very societies where the Peace Corps does its allegedly revolutionary work.

This raises a third major source of disenchantment with the Peace Corps—the belief that it is neither an innocent adjunct to a corrupt U.S. foreign policy nor simply a diversion from that policy but that it is a direct agency of that policy. This conviction, originally expressed only in the anti-American press, has grown markedly in recent months even among PCVs themselves. It does not rest on the generally discredited allegations that the Peace Corps may be a cover for CIA activity. (Although Vietnamese journalist Tran Van Dinh, writing from Washington, asked pointedly in a recent column: "How, in an organized bureaucracy, does one agency not exchange information and ideas with another under the same command?") Rather, the conviction rests on pronouncements from within and without the Peace Corps about its aims. Charles J. Wertzel has pointed out that from the beginning Congress visualized it as a "weapon of American foreign policy against communism," and President Kennedy, in his speech outlining the Peace Corps program, spoke of the need for an antidote to the "missionaries of communism" abroad in the world. Hubert Humphrey, then a Senator, said bluntly in 1960: "This program is to be a part of the total foreign policy of the United States . . . to combat the virus of Communist totalitarianism." Director Vaughn noted in an address at Utah State University in December, 1966, that PCVs are "second

to no other Americans, including troops in Vietnam, in performing service for this nation."

When in June, 1967, the Peace Corps fired a PCV in Chile for publicly opposing the Vietnamese War, and warned ninety-two others there of possible disciplinary action growing out of an anti-war petition, five PCVs in Ecuador wrote to *The New York Times* that "we have been ordered to support the war in Vietnam—with our silence at least." They pointed out that "now the distinction between the Peace Corps and other agencies of the United States Government has become blurred," with a resultant loss of confidence among those the volunteers came to help.

Peace Corps spokesmen have consistently gloried in attacks or criticisms identifiable as coming from Communist sources. They have seen them as evidence of Peace Corps effectiveness and have exploited them heavily in their press releases. Under Vaughn, cold-war language has become increasingly familiar. This orientation has alienated a large section of potential volunteers for whom the cold war is at once irrelevant and reminiscent of the McCarthy era. The Committee of Returned Volunteers showed considerably more understanding than official Peace Corps spokesmen when they wrote of the war in Vietnam "that the anti-Communist rhetoric used to justify our actions there obscures the fact that the basic division in the world today is between rich and poor." That same rhetoric generates in host countries the kind of response which leads to demands for expulsion of PCVs.

Two years ago, Professor Windmiller endorsed the Peace Corps as an effective agency for constructive change in the world, and one with which war protesters could ally themselves. He saw it as a healthy element in the otherwise sickly landscape of U.S. policy, and therefore to be nurtured. On November 16, 1967, he reversed this stand as he traced the recent history of the Corps, its emergence as an overt agency of U.S. policy under President Johnson, and the special role it now plays: "Its mission is the same as that of the American armed forces in Vietnam. It is a highly political mission: to support the

governments that are friendly to us. . . . The Peace Corps therefore is not an instrument of change but an instrument of the *status quo*. Not a revolutionary organization but a counterrevolutionary organization. It is the advance guard of the Marines—counterinsurgency in a velvet glove."

The work of the Peace Corps is described in its own literature as constructive "social revolution" which "side-steps" conventional revolution to bring modernization to developing nations. Windmiller pointed out the inherent contradiction in this terminology. "Modernization in developing areas," he said, "is a political as well as an economic and social process. The Peace Corps never really confronted this difficult fact, and instead tried to be constructive without being political. It failed, and gradually became political; not political on the side of change but political on the side of stability and the maintenance of the *status quo*."

Conor Cruise O'Brien has described the position of the U.S. Government, and hence the Peace Corps, as being "in favor of social revolution, verbally, provided this takes place peacefully, and it exhorts parasitic ruling classes to inculcate social revolution, just as it exhorts Dr. Verwoerd to abandon apartheid. And with the same degree of success. Failing peaceful social revolution, it favors no revolution—combined with continued exhortation." The Mexican anthropologist, Guillermo Bonfil Batalla, has observed that "sometimes it looks as if those who work along the road of slow evolution intend to achieve only minimal changes, so that the situation continues to be substantially the same; this is, in other words, to *change what is necessary so that things remain the same*. Those who act according to such a point of view may honestly believe that their work is useful and transforming; however, they have in fact aligned themselves with the conservative elements who oppose the structural transformations that cannot be postponed in our [Latin American] countries." The Peace Corps is guided by that point of view.

This has not escaped PCVs. The position paper of the



Committee of Returned Volunteers included the statement: "Although its name indicates a goal of serving the forces of peaceful change, we wonder whether the Peace Corps' effect has not at times been to impede rather than accelerate the movement into a future of greater abundance and full political participation."

The anxiety of Peace Corps administrators, lest the implied appeal for change be taken literally, is reflected in their fence-straddling recruiting poster: "Why join the Peace Corps? Not to change the world, but not to leave it the same either."

The fourth major cause of disaffection comes from within the Corps itself. Its idealism is frequently said to have been lost as it has become increasingly bureaucratized and increasingly tied to other agencies of the government. As the Peace Corps has grown it has become more a creature of its administration and less an instrument of its volunteers. As one veteran Peace Corps trainer put it, "it is dominated by its middle and top level management—its own international jet-set. At one time it was 'people'; now it is 'Establishment.'"

Part of the change for the worse is attributable to change in administration; especially Director Sargent Shriver's replacement by Jack Hood Vaughn in February, 1966, with resultant closer ties to the Johnson Administration. Vaughn's record in the directorship and the continuity of that record with his pre-Peace Corps performance substantiate this interpretation, as do the defections of key Peace Corps staff members during his time in office.

Windmiller, commenting on the deterioration of the Peace Corps under Vaughn, quotes recruiting literature that has shifted its emphasis from social service and idealism, to self-interest and personal advancement. As a consequence of this, the typical PCV has changed from an individual who wants to improve the world to one who is "essentially a conformist," who will do what the Peace Corps tells him to do because it will help him find a job or otherwise advance himself. Windmiller points out the evident preference for volunteers who are what Peace Corps literature has called "quiet mouth" Americans, who do not express opinions and do not get into arguments. This inference is given credence by Vaughn's *Saturday Review* article where, attacking anti-war movements, he asserts that "peace is a quiet passion," wherein "you bite your tongue 100 times for every time you speak a word." Evidently this is true for words of protest only; certainly the Peace Corps cannot be accused of having conserved words in its own praise.

The eight volunteers from Ecuador, in their indictment of the Peace Corps said: "Nearly everyone in the Peace Corps is aware that the organization exists for the American public—not for the volunteers, and certainly not for the countries where it works. Whenever a problem comes up, the staff's first question is: will this hurt our image? . . . The image that the staff seeks to maintain conflicts, in practice, with the work the volunteers want to do." The preoccupation with image has led to a credibility gap within the Peace Corps analogous to the gap which Americans have come to identify with policy agencies of our

government. It includes suppression of political expression by PCVs, many of whom were recruited partly on the basis of their political awareness and with the promise that the Peace Corps would afford opportunity for its expression. At Berkeley, in 1966, Vaughn said the Peace Corps itself is "outside politics." "Asked if a PC volunteer would be relieved of his post if he spoke out against the war in Vietnam, he replied," according to the *Daily Californian*, "that PC volunteers are free to maintain any political position they care to." On June 30, 1967, the Peace Corps announced that Bruce Murray, teaching music in a university in Chile, was fired by the Peace Corps for identifying himself as a PCV in a letter protesting the war in Vietnam and published in a Chilean newspaper. Shortly thereafter, in a letter to *The New York Times*, ex-associate director of the Peace Corps, Harris Wofford, expressed his disagreement with the policy of curbing dissent in the Peace Corps. This policy has repelled potential volunteers eager to work for peace but unwilling to be muzzled in their statements or actions.

Political expressions by returnees are impossible to control, and even the views of those still within the Corps are proving difficult to curb, as the quotations in this article suggest. Francis Pollock made clear in "Peace Corps Returnees: The New World They See" [*The Nation*, July 3, 1967] that ex-PCVs are likely to become an increasingly irritating thorn in the side of the Establishment as they become increasingly organized. He quoted Vaughn's petulant comment on a letter to the President, criticizing the war and signed by 800 ex-PCVs (7 per cent of all returnees): "The letter was not spontaneous. I know it was done by outsiders." If ex-PCVs are that subject to manipulation, the Peace Corps is not nearly as successful as it claims to be in its selection and training programs.

A consequence of the greater concern with image than with effect in the Peace Corps has been what the dissenting Ecuador volunteers termed "a numbers game." "In this game, emphasis is placed on the quantity of volunteers, not their quality. A program for 100 volunteers is better than one for 50 even if only 25 are needed. As a result, the Peace Corps must recruit people with marginal skills to meet its quota and assign them where they are not requested or needed. The result of playing this game is obvious: waste of manpower and money."

The Ecuador volunteers described the ethnocentrism of the Peace Corps and many of its personnel as an "arrogance of power." "Semi-literate in its language, nearly ignorant of its culture, we still presume to teach Ecuadorians methods of thought and work that we have inherited from our North American past." The arrogance existed from the beginning. Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, advocating the Peace Corps in 1960, said "the people of the developing countries need economic assistance, but even more they can profit from exposure to the ideas of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln." But blatant ethnocentrism is not confined to the halls of Congress. Kirby Jones, Ecuador desk officer and program operations officer in the Latin American Division of the Peace Corps, himself a former PCV, wrote recently of the PCV's problems in the field: "Just as Americans are conditioned

to take initiative, to respect the law, and to believe almost naively in man's limitless possibilities, Latin Americans are conditioned to the opposite. They tend to be disrespectful of authority, fatalistic concerning their future, dubious of their ability to control their destinies, suspicious of neighbors, desirous of any power or status symbol of their own, reluctant to attempt anything new, and blindly hopeful that something or someone will pull them out of their situation." As the Ecuador volunteers said, "it is an arrogance that is hard to escape."

The arrogance is manifest in the fact that Peace Corps programs emanate almost wholly from its own offices, with little influence from the host country. The Ecuador volunteers noted that "North Americans—not local people—possess both administrative control and the authority to devise programs. Not only has this attitude communicated itself to the Ecuadorians and caused many of them to resent the Peace Corps; it has also proved to be remarkably inefficient. For it blinds the organization's programmers to local conditions they need to understand, and deafens them to the opinions local people set forth about the best way to work here."

One, alone, of the Congressionally defined aims of the Peace Corps seems to have been fulfilled to a significant extent over the years, namely "to help promote . . . a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people." Whether or not they have done much for those among whom they have worked, PCVs have learned much from them. PCVs have returned in increasing numbers to this country, bringing with them a new awareness of other people, other values and other ways of life. In the long run this may have a healthy leavening effect on American society, most of whose members have not experienced other societies on a people-to-people basis. A certain empathy may result from the experience, and may be communicated to others. If so, this will have been the greatest benefit of the program. It is a fringe benefit—the same which rationalizes the "junior year abroad" program, for example—but it is worth something. However, it is hardly what host countries were led to anticipate or could be expected to seek and enthusiastically support. Moreover, the Peace Corps is an extremely awkward way to achieve that end. An overt "two years abroad" program that could be devised without the overriding commitment to "image" and to directed change would have the advantages without the concomitant international repercussions of the Peace Corps.

The American dream which generated the Peace Corps has been betrayed in the past seven years by the drift of the nation ever more deeply into a war which is antithetic to everything for which the Peace Corps would have to stand if it were to have a chance for success. The betrayal of the idea of the Peace Corps in this period is, therefore, the betrayal of the American people who voted for Johnson and Humphrey in 1964 as peace candidates. The orphanage languishes when its sponsors are preoccupied with murder, and their intentions are justifiably suspect.

In a different context, the Peace Corps might have spoken for the most humanitarian impulses in American

foreign policy and idealism. In the context of war in Vietnam, the Peace Corps is unavoidably debased. Those young Americans who want peace and a better world have come increasingly to believe that their energies can be better used by seeking an end to the war than by joining the Peace Corps. For it is in Vietnam that the greatest human suffering is being experienced now, much of it at the hands of Americans, and it is there that the most suffering might be alleviated by American initiative.

Jack Hood Vaughn says in his *Saturday Review* article: "Some have suggested that the war is undercutting the work the Peace Corps is doing. But this is not so." He is almost alone in this opinion. As the war worsens, volunteers will continue to become scarcer and the Peace Corps will be evicted from more countries. What was advertised as a genuine alternative to imperialism will be more widely regarded as merely a euphemism for it. More and more people at home and abroad will regard the Peace Corps as a perversion of the original program. Its name will increasingly be identified with such grotesqueries of administrative newspeak as the "pacification" program in Vietnam.

Those who held high hopes for the Peace Corps must regret its failure to fulfill those hopes. In a very real sense they feel betrayed. It is not surprising that they are impelled to inquire into the reasons for that betrayal as I have done. But out of that analysis come a question and a conclusion more fundamental than the immediate causes of failure. The question is, could it have been otherwise? My conclusion is that the Peace Corps, as it was defined and structured, could never have succeeded; that it was never more than a dream.

The Peace Corps was foredoomed because it was based on a philosophy of moral imperialism which could not win the international trust and respect that success would have required. Ambivalence of purpose overlay this philosophy: ambivalence between a dream of the Peace Corps as a humanitarian agency of social and economic help for the needy, and the reality that, as a government agency, it was an adjunct to American cold-war policy. These goals were mutually exclusive. They were consistently confused in the minds of Peace Corps personnel and the American public. The war in Vietnam made their incompatibility clear; but it only emphasized and accelerated what power politics, international competition and the cold war would have accomplished in any case.

If a program of international social service and economic development is to have the confidence of host nations, and is to achieve even a fraction of the effect envisioned by those who originated and served in the Peace Corps, it must be an international undertaking from top to bottom—from administration, staffing, financing and policy making to implementation in the field. It will not be trusted or effective so long as it is an agency of a single national government, least of all a major power, for it will be identified with that government's self-interest. Inevitably, it will be heavily involved with its policies, unable to act without reference to them. This will assure its failure. The American experience with the Peace Corps and the war in Vietnam have made this conclusion inescapably clear.

THE VIETNAM DEAD

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronx People (Harcourt, Brace) and Castle Keep (Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.

The dead were placed in the rear of the chopper, the wounded in the middle, and I was up front with the walking wounded. The chopper tilts too much getting off and the wounded move too much and you know it hurts. The climb is so steep the blood runs down the channels in the floor. The wounded try to hang on. One goes down. I try to help him up. We all slide on the blood and end up with the dead. The dead seem comfortable. We are taking ground fire now and I hang on to the dead. I am protecting the dead. The dead are protecting me. The chopper levels off. I leave the dead and crowd through the wounded. The medic tells me two of the wounded are dead. He points to them. They do not belong here he says. They belong with the dead.

I have reached the port gunner. He points down. Our tail is dragging the tall bamboo. We cannot get any lift. The dead are pulling us down. There are too many dead. The rotors above us go whack whack whack whack. Just above the silent jungle, whack whack whack whack. Into the jungle, whack whack whack. No, we are still airborne. Whack whack whack whack, still touching through the jungle fog. We cannot see much. See many flame trees. Could grab one. Cannot gain altitude. Will crash. Moun-

tains ahead. Bank safely. Back to where we came from.

I look for landing zone. We had dropped cans of high explosives twenty minutes before to clear for landing. They were happy to get rid of the dead. They will not want the dead back. Whack whack whack whack.

There is a North Vietnamese soldier standing on ridge rock. Black beret, whitish uniform. We fire M-60. He fires a K-47 Chinese gun. Everybody fires. All happy to see one another. Bang bang bang bang, whackety whack whack whack. The chopper is still alive. The dead still dead. You do not worry about getting hit. Worry about the rotors getting hit. Whack whack whack whack.

We are back in our jungle LZ now. We begin to circle. I have the weird thought that our own troops will shoot at us if we try to land. We are supposed to take the wounded and the dead to the outside world. We are supposed to do our job. We are not supposed to take the wounded and the dead on a trip over the jungle. But we cannot get enough lift to get up and out of the valley. I remember a sign in the mess hall base camp: "The impossible is easy if you have someone else to do it for you." But on the ground they have done their job. The results of that job were in our chopper, the wounded and the dead. The LZ looks abandoned now. One of ours rises up from a camouflaged foxhole and waves us away. They don't want the dead back. No one wants the dead. The wounded could be patched up and maybe stand guard. The dead are dead. The dead keep us from getting



out of the valley with the live. The dead are a horror to their buddies, a problem to the generals, and tears in the States. The dead are not popular.

Now another American soldier rises up and warns us away. Now another and another. The unwanted dead. We could drop the dead down through the tree canopy jungle. The way the dead would slide gently it would not be a big plop, like dropping them into our cleared LZ. It would not be so rude. It would not reveal our failure. No one would see us. But the dead talk. They talk gently now, subdued in our chopper, quietly at the base in Chu Lai, Danang, Saigon, then home. Who will listen to the voices of the dead? We did. They told us

to drop them through the tree canopy jungle and escape with the living. The wounded man said: I am as good as dead. Get rid of us all and make it out. I said, we will all make it out. He said, the dead are lucky, they don't have to take any more shit. I said some encouraging platitude and he smiled a bent smile and touched me and I welcomed this communion with the dead and the medic put him in the rear with the others and we began to throw out all the shit, the ammo and the C-rations, the helmets and the guns. The M-16 breaks like a shotgun and we dropped one piece here, one there, something for everyone, and the ship picked up some altitude and we were up and out of the valley with the dead.

TEACHING THE 'PRE-BACCS'

HEADSTART FOR COLLEGE

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel.

The City College of New York Pre-Baccalaureate Program was begun in September, 1965, with 109 students taken directly from New York City's ghettos. In large part the creation of Dr. Leslie Berger, a clinical psychologist who had been with the college since 1961, and Dr. Bernard Levy, at that time director of the college's School of General Studies, the program is an experimental attempt to take young men and women who possess high school diplomas but who ordinarily would not be admitted to the college out of the ghetto, offer them financial help and psychological guidance as non-matriculated students, and then absorb those who are successful into the college's degree-granting program.

By September, 1967, City College's program had grown to include almost 500 students, not counting those who had already dropped out or had passed from the pre-baccalaureate to the baccalaureate stage (a point reached when a student possesses an average of B- or better after thirty credits, or C or better after sixty credits). Similar programs are now in operation at Hunter College in the Bronx, Brooklyn, York and Queens colleges, and others are being set up at the Baruch School of Business and the Park Avenue branch of Hunter. Dr. Berger himself is now at the 42nd Street headquarters of the City University of New York, in charge of the entire Pre-Bacc Program. The Alamac Hotel on Broadway and 71st Street has been taken over as a dormitory for some of the students and, beginning this term, will also be used for additional classrooms. At present, there are more than 2,000 students in the program and, according to Dr. Berger, by 1974 or 1975, the program should be capable of accepting 3,500 students a year, with a total pre-baccalaureate enrollment of 10,000.

I taught a freshman English course in the City College Pre-Bacc Program last semester. It was one of

the classes in the program especially designed for the Pre-Bacc students; in other cases they attend courses in the regular college curriculum. It had been three years since I last taught a section of freshman English (in the academic world, one measures success in terms of how far one can remove himself from freshmen—or, for that matter, from students in general). I was in the program at the request of a colleague, Leo Hamalian, who believes as I do that tenured members of the college English Department should teach in the program, especially those who believe that the future of City College is inextricably bound up with the future of the Harlem community.

I confess that I entered the program somewhat hesitantly. Not only was it the kind of teaching that carried no status within the department (a group of younger teachers had been hired to work exclusively with Pre-Bacc students); it was also the kind of teaching that would test my endurance, my patience and my talents as a teacher as nothing I had previously taught had done. Fortunately for me, and for my students, I found the Pre-Bacc teaching staff a remarkably dedicated and helpful group.

I learned a great deal in those early weeks. For instance, I now have a much better idea of what T. S. Eliot's Sweeney means when he says to Doris, "I gotta use words when I talk to you." For if to me the art of writing is no more than the formal organization of language into coherent sentences and the subsequent organization of coherent sentences into coherent paragraphs, to the majority of black and Puerto Rican students it is simply an additional confirmation of failure and ineptitude. For these students, language was far more of a threat than it was a promise, and this despite the richness of the language of the streets. From their point of view, my job was to teach them how to make the words drip with the fat of bureaucracy and to tie them together with the formal invisibility of structures designed to rigidify the soul.

I met my fourteen students (Pre-Bacc classes are

smaller than regular freshman English classes, which average twenty-four students) on September 14. Although I had been warned of what to expect by my colleagues in the program, I immediately set about the task of discovering what their problems were. I knew that most of my students had already passed a remedial non-credit course designed to eliminate the most glaring grammatical and syntactical errors.

In six years of teaching full time at the City College, I had never before taught a class with more than two black faces in it. But the class I now stood before had eight Negroes, four Puerto Ricans, one Mexican girl, and a young Jewish mother of two children. I introduced myself, spoke about what the course was designed to do and about our texts, and gave my students their first writing assignment. I then asked them to write a description of Canova's *Perseus Holding the Head of Medusa*, which had been unveiled at the Metropolitan a week earlier.

If my purpose really was to discover their problems, I succeeded far better than I had planned. To begin with, at least five of these students didn't know where the museum was—and most of them had been born and "educated" in New York. And so I was initiated into the educational box in which ghetto students find themselves. On the day on which the papers were due, a Puerto Rican boy entered my office with a remarkably ornate story of how he had been unable to get to the museum. It was with a shock that I realized that going to the museum frightened him. Not knowing how else to handle it, I told him to bring the paper in the next day or else not to bother coming to class. Fortunately, I hit the right key. He brought the paper in the next day and, by the end of the term, was the second best student in the class.

The night I spent reading that first batch of papers was probably the single most discouraging evening I have ever spent as a teacher. I had expected the grammatical errors and the errors in syntax. I had not expected the kind of paper which began, "When I see in this statue it is the white man holding the head of the Negroe." Virtually all of the papers contained, along with the mechanical errors, this kind of thing. Those that didn't were invariably banal.

About a week later, a 27-year-old former bricklayer in the class came to see me in my office. He wanted to speak about something troubling him. "I'm dropping history," he announced.

"Why?"

"I don't know enough." He shook his head, then shrugged. "Listen, I sit there and these kids. . . . Man, they talk about Freud and Marx and I sit here and I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I never heard of Freud before last week."

"Some of it's talk," I suggested. "It doesn't mean they've read Freud either. Look, I was an expert on Marx when I was 18. But I didn't read him until I was 21."

He shook his head again. "I feel so ignorant. You don't know what it feels like to sit there." We spoke for another fifteen minutes and I finally convinced him not to drop history (I suspect he had convinced himself and

merely came to me for confirmation). I suggested a few books he might read. And from that moment on, he became the class for me.

There is one student, in some classes two, to whom a teacher speaks. And he hopes that he can connect with the rest of the class through that student. I was now talking to Wiley Owens, and hoping that the other thirteen members of the class were listening. I wasn't sanguine about their prospects. After that first paper, I jotted down the names of those students I expected to fail. Eight out of fourteen; not very encouraging. During the next few weeks, I discovered that their chief problem was not grammar or syntax, formidable as such problems were; it was rather to permit themselves opinions. This was true of all the students. Poverty teaches one to tread carefully, and no one, certainly no white professor, was going to convince them in a few weeks that they were entitled to bring the quality of *their* experience and the amount of *their* information to bear upon the issues confronting them in *their* lives. Not, at least, in public.

I soon discovered also that not all the problems were theirs. Their teacher had a problem in accepting the idea that their goals weren't really different from those of their white peers. I suppose that what I wanted were students who were going to set about the job of remaking America. What I found were students who "want in." Almost without exception, these students wanted what their white contemporaries had—and they wanted it, significantly enough, at a time when so many white students are turning their backs on it.

For the first half of the term, at least, success was in the air. Curiosity was a luxury, and the civil service beckoned. Most of the girls in the class reminded me of girls with whom I had gone to college. "Teaching is a good job for a girl until she gets married." Few of them were disturbed about the presence of Dow Chemical on campus, which became an issue for the rest of the college. Unless issues could be framed in terms of race, they were, for the most part, indifferent or apathetic. "I want in" is a far more traditional American motivation than protest. Stereotypes can be turned on their heads, and it may just be that Lyndon Johnson knows this America better than any white radical does. In any case, we are not going to be saved by some updated version of a WPA *Spirit of Black America*, all muscle, bone and fire.

Of course, opinions may differ as to how one gets "in." The contrast hit me most markedly when I went to hear Nat Hentoff and Dan Watts, the editor of *The Liberator*, discuss the role of the black writer in an emerging revolution. At one point, a student asked, "What should a black student do in a white school?"

"Burn it down!" Watts answered. A few snickers from the audience, almost all of which was black. "Look, what black people in this country have to do is get a piece of the action. And the way you do that is to point a gun at Whitey's head until he gives. There's no other way."

Then I went home and took out my latest batch of papers. I had assigned an "open theme," and with Watts's rhetoric still ringing in my ears, I turned to my first

paper, the work of a rather pretty, shy young girl from Bedford-Stuyvesant. It began, "Of all the different ideas, I think that the very best, aside from Father's Day, is Mother's Day."

That was the first week in November, at a time when I was still discouraged. Grammar and syntax had improved, but most of my students were still writing terribly pedestrian papers. About a week later, their papers began to change in tone as well as style. Quite suddenly, they were students, interested in discovering what they could,



aware of Vietnam, the unrest on campus, aware now of a world filled with possibilities as well as threats. The young girl who had written so glowingly about the "idea" of Mother's Day came to me at the end of November to ask whether she could do her research paper on Malcolm X. "He used to embarrass me," she explained. "I used to hate him because I worried what people would think when he finished talking. But then, a few weeks ago, I read his *Autobiography*. And you know, Professor Kriegel, that man . . . he was beautiful."

On November 11, I drove up to Tarrytown to attend a staff and student workshop at the converted estate of a former tobacco magnate. There was something deliciously American, almost surreal, about these ghetto youngsters being ushered politely to their rooms with that meticulous cool possessed only by headwaiters and house managers. "Jesus, you ought to see the rooms,"

I heard one excited student say to a just arrived friend. It was a fine weekend—good food, ample drinks, a magnificently symbolic setting, some useful workshops for teachers in the program throughout the City University system, and just the proper spicing of revolutionary rhetoric.

The Saturday afternoon panel was especially interesting. Ten Pre-Bacc students from the college discussed their reaction to the program. Nervous at first, they began to open up about what they liked and disliked under the firm guidance of Addison Gayle, a young Negro writer who teaches in the program at City. As I sat in that audience, listening to these students, I had the very uncomfortable feeling that, however unconsciously, they were beginning to perform a collective role that had somehow been mapped out for them. For the most part, their barbs were reserved for the psychological counselors. Two students mentioned their sense of inferiority before the counselors. "You can't open up your heart to a man who you know is your enemy," said one young militant. "I want to be accepted as an individual," said a young girl.

I suppose that what disturbed me about the panel is what disturbed me about these two remarks—that they could have been voiced by any white student at the college. In fact, they could be voiced by almost all students, black and white, from Harvard to Harvey Mudd. Perhaps the indictment that struck me as most pathetic was one student's lament, "They don't care." Now the kind of counseling to which these students are exposed leaves me less than satisfied, and my own students were beginning to complain about it in private. But while I have my doubts about the efficacy of what is being done, it seems to me that the problem is that the counselors care too much. They identify with what they cannot really feel. One of my own students was later to complain, "I have problems with my work. I want help. For the first time in my life, I'm really beginning to read. And then, I go into the office with these two other students. I want to talk about what I'm doing. But we always wind up talking about that race business. Man, I know how real it is. Who knows better? But I have other problems, too."

"That race business," I knew, was on the mind of every one of my Pre-Bacc students. One of the reasons for the existence of the program, undoubtedly the major reason, is the militancy now seizing the ghetto communities of New York. But it takes an exceptional student to hold on to his sense of militancy and racial identity, on the one hand, and the demands made upon him by a system which he views with a mixture of suspicion and desire on the other. This is not an intellectual problem. If I learned nothing else during the semester, I learned that what Nat Hentoff had written about ghetto kids possessing "as much potential as middle-class children" remains miraculously true for many of them—even when they are adults.

But education is one thing, and fusing the demands made by a college curriculum to the demands made by ghetto street life is another. Wiley Owens was able to do it, but he had been out in the world. He had served in the army, he was married, he had worked as a bricklayer: he knew what it was like, he knew the prices he

had paid, and he had begun to discover what it was he wanted. But most of my other students, like most of the students on that panel, felt this conflict between their aspirations and their backgrounds. "I want to play the numbers as well as have the knowledge you have," said one student on that panel. It is a desire I believe I can understand, if for no other reason than that I can still remember how desperately I wanted to retain the shrill Jewish street life of Jerome Avenue and Keats's sonnets.

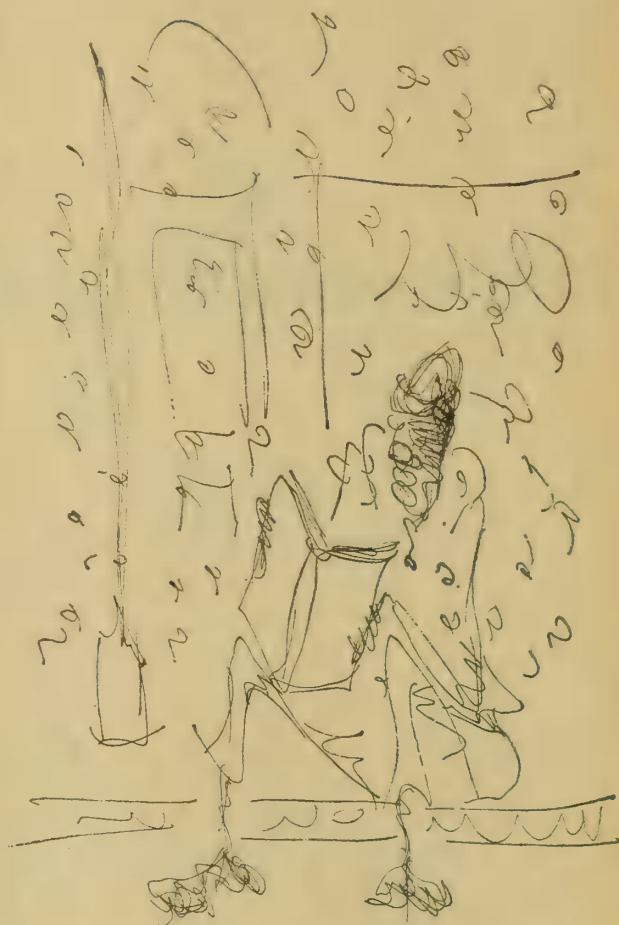
Unfortunately, the day comes when one has to choose, and it seems to me a lie to pretend otherwise. You can afford to be nostalgic about a ghetto only when you have left it. The fact that these students, especially the black ones, also had to choose between their militancy and their desire for "the knowledge you have" accounts for why a goodly number have already dropped out of the program. It is an extremely difficult problem to handle. America is a cruel country; it thrusts choices on us. And it seems highly unlikely that America will permit the fulfillment of aspiration and the retention of militancy and racial pride. It will permit the illusion, not the reality. The day may come when the student is going to find black ghetto life too drab, too dead, too meaningless for him. And if it does, he is going to be faced with the problem of breaking the umbilical cord or dropping out of the world of Whitey's culture.

Once they had begun to find a voice, I faced the problem of forcing my students away from abstractions. The function of the humanities is inevitably—and this is especially true at a time when humanism is facing the consequences of all its past compromises—to pull the individual back to a sense of self as well as a sense of other. "I know about you," said a pretty black student on that panel, as she stared out at this audience of teachers and administrators, more than half of them white. "My mother put the wax on your floors." It is, of course, just as simplistic for her to assume that she can create an abstraction out of white people because her mother waxed floors as it is for me to expect all black students to be politically conscious because their mothers, too, waxed floors. Possessed of my own very real working-class credentials, I know enough about hard physical labor to realize that it provides insight only into fatigue.

What I suspect existed in that student, and in most of the students on that panel, was as much the desire for rhetoric as it was the desire for revolution. And while rhetoric may lead to revolution, it may also—and in America such a possibility seems far more likely—absorb just those energies that would ordinarily be devoted to creating meaningful change. A number of students on that panel vehemently insisted on their right to define themselves in terms of color. But they were just as vehement in denying that they could be understood in terms of color. They object to the inherent racism in our society which enables a teacher of history at City College to begin the first class of the term by asking, "Will all of the Pre-Bacc students stand up?" And since nine out of ten Pre-Bacc students are black or Puerto Rican, they have become what one student accurately labeled "specimens rather than students."

Without pushing the Pre-Bacc Program out of proportion to its achievements or aims, it is one of the few hopeful signs in what is called "higher education" that I know of. Despite Berkeley, despite William Arrowsmith's perceptive and much needed indictment of the humanities, despite the condemnation of the corruption of the academy by the young and a few of their over-30 elders, the fact is that American colleges and universities have managed to remain remarkably unaffected by the cries in our midst.

The City College of New York, which built its reputation as one of the country's finest undergraduate institutions by serving residents of other ghettos, stands in the heart of Harlem. But it protects itself from Harlem with a wall built out of "academic standards." What is so hopeful about the Pre-Bacc Program is that it has already dented that wall. And it promises to break it down. I do not know what percentage of my students will



emerge with degrees from the college. I no longer particularly care. "You've got to understand," a student said to me just before the term ended. "When I came to this school, I figured that if I could get one year . . . just one year . . . of Whitey's college, I would be changed. And you know, I am. Man, they made me hungry. And it's not the money any more. I want it all. Even to be a poet. Man, I want that, too."

There are problems in the program, including certain

signs of tension between black and Puerto Rican students. The black students at the college, both Pre-Bacc and matriculated, have framed a sense of community which the Puerto Rican students do not yet possess. I sense, among many of the Puerto Rican students, a belief that they are at the periphery of the program. Another danger is that the program might become a mere siphon for ghetto frustration rather than a way of breaking through the barrier of "academic standards" which are neither academic nor truly representative of intellectual ability. This is something that ghetto residents will simply have to guard against in the future. One thing mitigating against it is that the chancellor of the City University, Albert Bowker, has wholeheartedly supported the Pre-Bacc Program from its inception.

Teaching in the program affected me in an area I had not at all expected. It taught me to affirm once again that very intellectual tradition I had begun to doubt. Shakespeare, Melville and Milton are mine once again, perhaps in a way that they never were before. Teaching freshman English with a group of students who began as semi-literates has given me more insight into that tradi-

tion than such academic plums as teaching in the honors program or in the graduate school. When the term ended, I went down to Cocoa Beach, Fla., where I saw my first black road gang. A few hundred yards down the road from where those prisoners were working there was a shopping center, its neon modernity structured, its cleanliness antiseptic. On the shopping center billboard, in bold green letters, I read: "See Stalin's Limousine—Help Crippled Kids—Thursday Friday Saturday." Ellison tells us that we are invisible to one another. Watts tells black students to burn the college down, and City College, we all realize, is no more than a momentary metaphor for this America. But metaphors are haunting: they sometimes turn into realities. Ellison knows the virus and I am beginning to think that Watts may really think he has found the cure. And so in desperation I seize upon a line from Melville who, despite the color of his skin, was one of their spiritual forebears, too. "Kings as clowns is codgers—who *ain't* a nobody?" Melville, I tell myself, knew how limited the choices are. With that in mind, I look forward to meeting again those twelve out of fourteen students who successfully completed the course

LETTER FROM LONDON

SOCIALISM'S CRISIS OF THEORY

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

We are now in the fourth year of Labour government in Britain; in the normal course, there are still three more years to go. This experience has taught us a good deal about the relations between capitalism, social democracy and socialism. For the Labour Party is still, on paper, the largest social democratic party in the world. Its narrow victory in 1964 and its substantial victory in 1966 were seen by many people, in Britain and elsewhere, as a major opportunity for democratic and Socialist reform. Given the fact that the only other major versions of socialism were occurring in very different historical circumstances—orthodox communism in Eastern Europe, revolutionary national liberation in the ex-colonial world—it was natural for many people in Western Europe and the United States to see in Labour's parliamentary victories their own kind of future. There are, of course, unique factors in the British situation, but the record is still one of general importance.

And then the first thing that must be said is that the Labour government is now deeply alienated from its own party. The degree of opposition, bewilderment and frustration inside the Labour movement could hardly be overestimated. At the national level, this appears in the parliamentary crisis, in which more than twenty Left MPs are being disciplined for abstaining on a vote of confidence. It appears also in the direct confrontations now taking place between the government and the largest trade unions, which are under Left leadership. These events make the

headlines, but behind them is the more serious and more long-term erosion of support, among party workers and members.

What kind of crisis is this? There are three main interpretations. First, the ordinary official line: Labour took over a bankrupt Britain, and the only way to carry through social reforms was to restore the economic position. The theory underlying this version goes back, essentially, to an argument in the 1950s, and the men associated with what was then seen as the revisionist line are now, after the latest government changes, in charge of economic affairs: the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Roy Jenkins, and the president of the Board of Trade, Anthony Crosland. The argument is that Britain is no longer a capitalist society; that the welfare state, the managerial revolution, and the acceptance of indicative economic planning have outdated traditional Socialist demands; that the business of a Labour government is to direct such an economy efficiently, and out of the resulting growth to improve education, to liberalize institutions, and to promote equality. If the choice then has to be made, in a crisis, between the growth and the social benefits, the solution seems obvious: the benefits can come only out of the growth; therefore a Socialist government puts the economic measures first—and must be bold in doing so, against the naive outcries of old-fashioned Socialists who want to create social benefits "out of nothing" (redistribution rather than growth).

The second interpretation is a variant of the first. It is associated with another leading member of the govern-

ment, Richard Crossman, who in the 1950s sometimes opposed the revisionist line. His argument has been that Labour inherited not only a bankrupt economy but a backlog of imperial and military commitments, from which withdrawal was bound to be slow but was necessary. The roots of the economic crisis were in this imperial hangover. The latest decisions, to withdraw from east of Suez and to reduce military expenditure, mark, he has argued, the beginning of a post-imperial phase in which Britain can find new goals. At the same time, government direction of the economy, including especially its prices and incomes policy, marks a stage in the inauguration of socialism: the economy is being planned and brought to public account. Since each of these transitions is painful, the government has lost support and confused the party, but now at last the direction is clear.

Before taking up the third interpretation, one should note the grounds on which the Left in the party has opposed the two former lines. There have been various stages of this, but opposition to military expenditure, especially east of Suez, and criticism of deflationary policies intended to maintain a fixed parity of the pound sterling have been notable. Now, with the east of Suez withdrawal announced for the seventies, and with the pound sterling devalued to a power parity, these points of opposition are compromised; they tie in quite readily with the Crossman version. The other bases of opposition—that the prices and incomes policy is just a mystifying name for control of wages, and that cutting social benefits is irrelevant to economic recovery—are of course incompatible with either version; it is on these points that the Left MPs are now sticking.

The confusion is obvious, and yet is understandable. The crisis has been of a kind that required from Socialists a new theoretical account of advanced capitalism, and of the British situation in the world. This was very difficult to achieve, and the weakness of the Left is directly related to its delay in doing so. We have all had to learn through the turns of a crisis that required short-term reactions, which then often became outdated. The disappointment, bewilderment and anger of Labour supporters needed no organization; it was quite spontaneous. But the Left is now learning that spontaneity is not salvation; the most likely result of the government's loss of support is, after all, the return of the Tories, and the indefinite postponement of Socialist advance of any kind. That, perhaps, is the real crisis of social democracy.

The only authentic theories were indeed of the Crosland or Crossman kind: that capitalism had been tamed, and could be finally outdated by gradual social reforms; that the imperialist phase was ending, and the only problem was to be rid of the hangover. When such versions were applied to the real world, the experience was bitter and harsh; but there was then a gap between the consciousness of continuing exploitation and violence, and any effective response in the social-democratic tradition. All that could be fought was a skirmish, moving from this point to that.

It is at this point that the third interpretation is beginning to establish itself. It is a point reached by many

Socialists, including myself; its main statement was the May Day Manifesto, which is being reissued in an expanded version by Penguin in a few months. Basically, it defines a new stage of capitalism and a new kind of imperialism; it relates the policies of the Labour government, and the confusions of its supporters, to the transitional character of these new social forms.

Take the case on new capitalism, as related to the British economic crisis. The argument of the third interpretation is based on the emergence, through technical change, of larger economic units, which need a new kind of control of both markets and labor. This requires a new kind of relationship with the state: the building of new institutions, both for indicative economic planning and



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth

for the control of labor and material costs. At this point, what is seen by Crosland and Crossman as a post-capitalist society, offering the opportunity for state participation in economic growth and reorganization, is seen by Socialists as a new stage of capitalism, into which social democracy can be assimilated. What are the crucial tests, in actual policy? That the larger economic units, formed through merger and take-over (now often promoted and assisted by the Labour government), are capitalist units can hardly be doubted. Though heavily dependent on the state for markets and finance, they are in private hands and are producing for private profit. The wages policy, actively pursued by the government, is now causing an actual reduction in the standard of living of wage earners. In that sense, any claim that this strategy is Socialist, in purpose or in detail, fails.

But the strategy can be understood only in an international context. Basically, it is related to the economic success of the much larger economic units of the United States corporations, and the more effective planning of markets by the European Economic Community. To compete in this capitalist world, the advanced capitalist option seemed inevitable in Britain, since competitive failures produced recurrent balance of payments crises, and eventually devaluation. Some years ago, an essential

strategy was adopted: to build larger capitalist units in Britain, and to join the Common Market. This meant breaking down certain old capitalist structures in Britain, and getting the trade union movement under control. As the competitive situation got worse, this policy became more and more open. At the same time, it was continually thwarted: by the de Gaulle veto; by union resistance, in very costly strikes; by the exposed position of an over-valued currency and the special vulnerability of sterling as an international banking and trading medium. The costs of the policy mounted, and the latest measures, which amount to a very severe deflation, marked a peak.

Meanwhile, the ideology which had supported them, of a tamed capitalism, also collapsed. What had been the distinctive social democratic elements—improvement of the welfare state, progressive social equality, full employment—had to go. We now have severe cuts in the health service; in the standard of living of the poorest 7 million; in education and in school construction, in housing, and the highest postwar level of unemployment. These are the costs of a capitalist solution by a backward economy, and the competitive position is such that we shall be unusually lucky if, even at this cost, the economic situation can be restored.

At this point, the military cuts become relevant. It is clear to everyone that the margin is so narrow that the projected increases in military expenditure cannot be afforded. Moreover, the essential strategy of withdrawal to Europe had already been decided on. In that sense, the east of Suez withdrawal was foreseen and inevitable. But Britain is still committed to participation in a military alliance led by the United States; its military expenditure in Europe and the Mediterranean is still heavy; commitment to NATO is reaffirmed. When the real figures are looked at, the cost to Britain of this military commitment will, by 1970, still be of the order now being borne. What is being cut will be balanced by the general escalation. And it remains probable that the commitment, as now redesigned, will, in the critical years ahead, still be an intolerable burden on an already desperate economy. The United States will probably have to choose again—as it has been choosing—between Britain as a less effective military partner and Britain as a collapsed economy.

There is an alternative Socialist policy: immediate reduction of the military commitment and nationalization of overseas private assets, which are in fact more than enough to liquidate Britain's crippling international debts. This is the real meaning of the crisis of social democracy, because either measure, and especially their combination, would provoke an international and internal conflict of major proportions. They would involve withdrawing from NATO, and the effective nationalization of the banking system; and both to be accomplished from a position not of strength but of weakness. Faced with this choice, the Labour government has decided to pay the costs of a capitalist solution, as the easier option. But in doing so, it has cut itself off from its own political base, and is in effect ending, under pressure, the moderate social democratic future on which it was built. As long as the social costs could be afforded, the compromise solution of

transforming capitalist society by cooperation and gradual reform was plausible. The hard fact now is that the social costs cannot be afforded, and so the basis for the Labour Party, as it has hitherto existed, is crumbling.

There is no immediate alternative of a Socialist kind. The Conservatives will in due course come back, and will pursue essentially similar policies without the same internal political difficulties. The crisis is already changing its shape. The crucial struggles will be between a government of either party and the trade union movement; for when the withdrawal to Europe and entry into the Common Market have eventually been achieved, this conflict will be the only remaining obstacle to effective stabilization as a second-rank capitalist power. It is a major obstacle. Twice already, in the strikes of the seamen and of the dockers, a single major dispute has been enough to provoke crisis in a knife-edge economic situation: the deflation of July, 1966, followed the seamen's strike; revaluation followed the docks strike. The unions are still strong and some of the most important are militant; moreover, they are getting neither their immediate demands in wage increases, nor their political demands in full employment, an improving welfare state, extended education. It will be a very tough struggle indeed.

I write as one who grew up in the social democratic tradition and as a Labour Party member and worker for most of my life. What I now see shaping up is the uncomfortable conclusion that social democracy, in its traditional forms, was the theory of a rich and protected society, which allowed room for serious social advance within its inheritance. As the inheritance disappears, and Britain is competitively weak and exposed, the theory and its forms begin to crumble. What Crossman says is a brilliant rationalization; a last optimistic kick. What Crossland says is a deeper rationalization, for in the increasing severity of the crisis the social objectives are in effect dropped (the postponements have been too many and too regular, and nobody now believes in the happy land of 1970).

An advanced capitalist solution is of course possible; the unions may be contained or defeated. But the society that would then emerge—of education redrafted as industrial training, of selective welfare services, of the acceptance of a margin of unskilled poor and unemployed, of membership in a capitalist trading community and a military alliance of the rich nations against the poor of the world—would not be salable as social democracy. It is already the active ideology of the British Conservative Party and its counterparts in the other lands of the advanced industrial West. It would not be stable, internally and especially internationally; any effective challenge to it would be more explicitly Socialist and revolutionary, and in the confusion of traditions would for some years be isolated.

That is the hard future some of us now foresee. Under pressure, and in the confusion of any society in which a major political tradition is ending, we are working to change ourselves and our organizations, so that our response and our struggle will be as hard as they need to be.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Warren Report & the Irreconcilables

SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS. By Josiah Thompson. Bernard Geis Associates. 323 pp. \$8.95.

ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT: The Warren Commission, The Authorities & The Report. By Sylvia Meagher. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 477 pp. \$8.50.

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many special articles for *The Nation*. His latest book is *The Plot Against the Patient, an exposé of hospital malpractices and overcharges* (Prentice-Hall).

Each new probing book into the assassination of President John F. Kennedy brings America a few steps closer to an inevitable moment of confrontation with the facts. The issue for the country is much larger than the personal tragedy of Dallas that prostrated so many Americans and still haunts the minds of men. For, to be charitable, the Warren Report is today almost universally regarded as something less than satisfying, but if its lone-assassin thesis is truly invalid, the alternative is shocking. In that event, we are brought face to face with the theory of a conspiracy—a conspiracy that succeeded and whose perpetrators are still at large.

These two new books by Josiah Thompson and Sylvia Meagher force even the reluctant (Max Lerner is an example) along the path that leads to the second conclusion. Vastly different in approach and method, they marshal an array of new and little known facts that make belief in the lone-assassin conclusion of the Warren Report virtually impossible. Mrs. Meagher is noted for her comprehensive knowledge of the huge mass of Warren Commission testimony, investigative reports and exhibits. Her first book comprised an index of this material, and in her second, *Accessories After the Fact*, her central thesis, which she demonstrates time and again in specific instances, is that the Warren Commission throughout its investigation employed a double standard: any detail, however specious, that supported the one-assassin theory was given the commission's official imprimatur as fact; any testimony, however seemingly credible, that conflicted with this conclusion was ignored or rationalized out of existence. Thompson, assistant professor of philosophy at Haverford College, takes a different approach. He concentrates on the deed itself, on the record of what actu-

ally happened in those six seconds in Dallas. He studies minutely all the photographic evidence, obviously the most factual evidence, and he endeavors by dispassionate, scientific analysis to relate all other evidence to this undeniable pictorial record. The result in both cases is hard to reconcile with the conclusions of the Warren Report.

Most readers will probably learn for the first time from Sylvia Meagher's book that the precise assassination method used in Dallas was spelled out in detail for authorities nearly two weeks in advance of the event. Before the trip to Dallas, President Kennedy had gone to Miami. Police there were worried about security, for an informer told them that, while attending meetings of extremist groups, he had heard repeated talk about an assassination attempt. On November 9, 1963, Miami police got their informer to inveigle a hard-core member of one of these extremist groups into a conversation that was tape recorded. According to the Miami police, he "said that a plan to kill the President was in the works. He said Kennedy would be shot with a high-powered rifle from an office building, and he said that the gun would be disassembled, taken into the building, assembled, and then used for murder." The tape recording contained this direct quote: "They will pick up somebody within hours afterwards . . . just to throw the public off."

This tape-recorded blueprint matched in virtually every detail what actually happened thirteen days later in Dallas. "To dismiss this extraordinary advance description and warning . . . as mere coincidence requires nothing less than a complete suspension of critical judgment," Mrs. Meagher writes.

The man who was picked up "within hours" after the assassination in Dallas was, of course, Lee Harvey Oswald. An Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, which Oswald had purchased from a Chicago mail order house, was found on the 6th floor of the Texas School Book Depository, where Oswald worked. Witnesses reported seeing a rifle protruding from a 6th-floor window, seeing the indistinct figure of a gunman there, hearing shots fired from there. Three shells from the Carcano were found on the floor near a 6th-floor window; President Kennedy had been wounded at least twice, Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., of Texas, at least once. It all seemed pat. Three shots, three shells, three wounds—and

Oswald the lone gunman. So Dallas police decided almost instantly, and the FBI and the Warren Commission went along with their verdict.

Yet Thompson points out that there was from the start very persuasive evidence that only two shots, not three, could have been fired from Oswald's gun. Two of the ejected shells bore markings that only could have "been produced by the chamber of Oswald's rifle," according to the FBI, but the third lacked any such identification. Furthermore, this third casing had a badly dented lip which would have prevented it from holding a cartridge. This dual evidence—the damaged casing, the lack of the kind of identifying marks left by Oswald's Carcano after actual firing—certainly indicates that Shell No. 3 was not loaded and fired on November 22. There is one further addendum. The handling of this evidence by Dallas police was most peculiar. The two casings that bore the appropriate firing marks were turned over to the FBI instantly—but not the third, black-sheep casing. It was not until November 28, after the FBI had specifically demanded it, that the Dallas police surrendered this most suspect of shells. The whole sequence strongly suggests that here, at the very beginning, was a flaw in what was to become the Warren Commission's case for the lone assassin. The commission simply had to account for three shots being fired—and here was evidence that only two shots could have come from Oswald's gun.

Contradictions multiply. The Warren Commission, in developing its lone-assassin case, ran headlong into the timing imperatives resulting from a movie film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder. The Zapruder film seemingly established this fact: if the shot that first wounded President Kennedy and the shot that struck Governor Connally were separate shots, there had to be at least two gunmen. The reason: the fastest trigger fingers the commission could find could not get off two shots in the time interval between the wounding of President Kennedy, as recorded on film, and the wounding of Governor Connally. So the commission concluded that Governor Connally, his wife and all other witnesses who testified that there were two separate hits were wrong, and to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable, it developed what became known as "the single-bullet theory." This postu-

lated the following sequence of events: the first shot hit the President in the upper back, came out his throat after passing through only soft tissues, rushed downward into Governor Connally's back, traversed his body, shattered a rib, fractured his right wrist and gashed his thigh. It has always been difficult to reconcile this construction, in which the Warren Commission puts its faith, with what one sees on the Zapruder film. This shows President Kennedy definitely reacting to his first wound at frame 224 (the frames are individual pictures on the rolling movie strip), and it shows Governor Connally turning his head, twisting his body and acting perfectly naturally for almost a full second afterward. The commission rationalized away this visual evidence by arguing that the Governor may have had a delayed reaction to his wound.

Thompson does great damage to this comforting theory. As a researcher, he had one great advantage. He happened to be employed as an adviser by *Life*, and *Life* possessed the original of the Zapruder film, which few persons have seen. The film in the National Archives in Washington, the one used by the FBI and the Warren Commission, is a copy of a copy—and so not nearly so clear and sharp as the original Thompson was privileged to study. Thompson found this: the Governor's mouth opens in what

appears to be an exclamation in frame 236. "Then, suddenly, in Z238 his cheeks puff and, in succeeding frames, his mouth opens wide—he gives the appearance of someone who has just had the wind knocked out of him." Thompson cites medical evidence to show that this reaction, the result of the compression of the chest wall and an involuntary opening of the epiglottis followed by a rush of expelled air, would take place within a quarter to half a second after impact. The logical conclusion that can be drawn is that the President and the Governor were hit by separate shots—and if they were, there had to be more than one assassin.

Now comes confusion. The autopsy performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the night of the assassination confused the situation it was supposed to clarify. The pathologists in charge were not specialists in forensic medicine; they had not dealt with hundreds of gunshot cases as have the medical examiners in our largest cities. Furthermore, they were not aware until after they had finished their autopsy that doctors at Parkland Hospital in Dallas had found a wound in the President's throat at the level of the Adam's apple, a wound that had been obliterated by the tracheotomy performed there. The result was that the autopsy failed to establish beyond ques-

tion the single most important thing it should have established—the trajectory of the first shot that hit the President.

The trajectory, as any police reporter knows, is all important in determining where a given shot was fired from, whether a suspect could have fired this shot or whether it would have had to be fired from another location by someone else. Not too much could be deduced from the fatal head wound because it was so massive, but the first shot through the body should have settled vital issues. It did not. As an FBI report later disclosed, the pathologists probed the President's back wound for a depth of about 2 inches, found it closed off, and concluded that the bullet had probably fallen out of the back during treatment at Parkland. Learning that a whole and remarkably undeformed bullet had indeed been found on a stretcher in Parkland, they decided that was it. But the next day they learned of the wound in the President's throat; they had already observed tissue damage that had seemingly been caused by a bullet's passage; and so they revised their findings, concluding that the bullet that had caused the back wound had passed out through the throat. The wound, however, was never probed in its entirety, establishing a trajectory, nor were the tissues dissected, the final and necessary procedure for the skilled forensic pathologist.

From all of this there has stemmed a mare's-nest of rumor, speculation and argument. Thompson adopts the thesis that the first bullet penetrated only a couple of inches and that this was indeed the nearly perfect bullet, known as commission's exhibit 399, that was found on a stretcher in Parkland. He explains the throat wound by theorizing that it was caused by a bone splinter from the final head shot, angling down and out the throat. The trouble with this thesis is that it conflicts with the photographic evidence on which Thompson bases his book. The Zapruder film does not show the President arching his back or slapping at a bee sting in his shoulder; it shows him raising his clenched hands, his elbows almost at shoulder level, as he appears to be trying to claw some strangling thing out of his throat. This reaction occurs some four seconds before the final head shot. Thompson tries to reconcile the conflict by arguing that we do not know precisely how a person would react to a 2-inch back wound, the kind of dubious rationalization to which the Warren Commission itself was so addicted.

Some of the confusion about this first shot stems from the small size of the throat wound. The appearance of this wound led Parkland doctors to believe that it was an entrance wound, not an exit wound; and, since there is usually a

LETTER

So they too lecture us on how to live and feel.

Well, they're right, I guess.

*My sickness, this halting monolith
of sullen dust I scrape and shave; today,
this face, these stalled eyes,
a mother could not make them weep.
The world passes a doomed face.*

*It is quite different here this time,
and not surprising, after everything.
Blind, angry, haunted, my windows call
and drench me in my chair; the air is dead
and deep, the breath of my own blessing falls.
These friendships die of love. Fired, we move again,
we move again, again. . . .*

*O now, there, about us, silent, innocent,
in their own sweet dreams I pray for them,
the leaves, our broken days, descend and gather.
O I'm tired, wife, my mind is late October in the ditch.
Forgive me, I will not call. Live, live,
while I'm away, and David, Paula, fair Daniel,
my father Arthur, my mother Elizabeth, take care;*

*and you, wife, you are a good woman,
you have nothing to be ashamed of, do you hear,
nothing to be ashamed of, no matter what I've said.*

MILTON KESSLER

difference between the two—entrance wounds are smaller and neater, exit wounds larger and more jagged—some critics have argued that the President was shot from the front, not the back. In an effort to clear up some of the confusion, I talked to Dr. Milton Helpern, the New York City medical examiner, who is nationally recognized as a foremost authority in his field. Dr. Helpern has been highly critical of the Bethesda autopsy and is inclined to believe that the President and Governor Connally were wounded by separate shots. But he is also impatient at some of the uninformed speculation.

"It's nonsense to draw any conclusions from the FBI report of what went on during the autopsy," he says. "You sometimes don't know where you are yourself during an examination and what you took for an exit hole may turn out to be an entrance wound. You cannot always tell. The pathologist himself, faced with a case in which there are multiple wounds, may be at sea for a time until he has followed the thing through and worked it out."

Dr. Helpern emphasizes that a bullet passing through a body has to leave a track—but not a tunnel. "It's not the same thing as drilling a cylindrical core," he says. "When a bullet passes through soft tissues and muscles, the track often collapses. It is not like a bullet hitting into skull, into hard bone, where it leaves a definite core that you can follow. When tissues collapse, you cannot always probe the wound. Sometimes you have to work and try to realign the muscles to get a probe through. If you can't, you have to do it by dissection, tracing the passage of the bullet through the tissues. Always you should verify by dissection."

It becomes apparent that there was no special significance in the Bethesda pathologists' finding that the back wound was closed off after a 2-inch penetration. Such closing of the bullet track is to be expected in soft tissues, and it does not rule out the possibility that the bullet did pass completely through the body and out the throat. The FBI's scientific analysis of the President's clothing leaves little doubt that this is what happened. Fibers in the back of the coat and shirt were bent in; those in the front of the shirt were thrust outward. Dr. Helpern believes, in addition, that other autopsy findings regarding the bruising and damage to tissues as the bullet passed fully support the conclusion that this was indeed the bullet track.

Since the best evidence establishes so much, where does this leave us in deciding the trajectory of this first shot? The Bethesda pathologists placed the back wound 14 centimeters (5½ inches) down

from the point of the mastoid bone and the same distance in from the point of the right shoulder. When one lines up this back entrance wound with the throat exit wound, one comes up with a bullet traveling in "almost a straight line, even perhaps a little upward," Dr. Helpern says. He adds quickly, however, that this would not rule out a shot from Oswald's window, traveling at a downward angle of more than 17 degrees, if the President were leaning forward when he was hit.

The trouble is that he was not leaning forward. The Zapruder film shows him sitting upright, waving to the crowd, and Thompson demonstrates, by analyzing other films taken from different angles, that the President was perfectly erect at the instant the shot was fired. The indisputable film evidence would seem to vitiate the leaning-forward hypothesis, which is the only way the angle of this first shot can be reconciled with the course of a bullet fired from Oswald's gun.

The finding is basic because the Warren Commission's whole lone-assassin case rests on the assumption that this first shot was fired on a downward trajectory, and this assumption became in turn the basis for the seemingly indisputable logic on which its single-shot theory was based. The logic was expressed in the question: If this bullet did not go on and hit Governor Connally, what happened to it? It was going downward, it was not found in the car; ergo, it must have hit the Governor. This was the reasoning that led C.B.S., in its reconstruction of the case last summer, to support the single-bullet theory. This shot, it argued, had to go somewhere.

True, but when one realizes that the President was sitting in the back seat of a limousine elevated several inches so that he could be better seen by the Dallas crowds, when one realizes that the trajectory of this first shot was on a level or even slightly rising plane, then it becomes apparent that this bullet, after wounding the President, did not have to touch anything else in the car. And it becomes apparent that the bullet was fired from a different location than Oswald's 6th-floor aerie.

In analyzing the final and fatal head shot, Thompson adopts a thesis that is being increasingly embraced by critics of the Warren Report. This is that the President was struck by two almost simultaneous head shots at Zapruder frames 312-313. The Warren Commission held that one shot struck the President in the rear of the head, fragmented and blew out the right side of his skull, causing a massive wound. The Zapruder film, however, raises doubts. It shows the President's head starting to move forward, apparently under the

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force of the shot from the rear, at frame 312. But then in the next and succeeding frames, this motion is reversed, and the President's head and the whole upper part of his body whips violently backward and to the left. Thompson has demonstrated more vividly than anyone else the startling conflict of forces visible here, and he concludes that the backward wrench could only have been caused by a second bullet striking almost simultaneously with the first—a bullet fired from the wooded knoll to the right and in front of the President.

Both Thompson and Mrs. Meagher add one other surprising discovery. They have found in the National Archives an autopsy face sheet not included in the Warren Report. Prepared by pathologists at the autopsy, this diagram shows the entrance hole in the back of the President's skull, and from this an arrow is drawn illustrating the course and thrust of the bullet. But this arrow goes, not to the right in accordance with the commission's theory that this shot blew out the right side of the skull, but to the left. And Thompson demonstrates by some close medical analysis that this charted course agrees perfectly with damage found inside the left part of the President's brain and skull. Such a reconstruction, of course, leaves unexplained the massive wound on the right side of the head.

Where does all this leave Oswald? If he was not the "lone assassin," he was certainly a figure in a plot. After all, his Carcano was found

hidden on the 6th floor of the depository and bullet fragments identified as having come from it were found in the front of the Presidential limousine. But was Oswald gunman or "patsy"? We may never know with absolute certainty.

There were witnesses who testified that they saw two men behind the 6th-floor windows of the depository just before the shots were fired. The Warren Commission decided they were all mistaken. But Thompson reproduces frames from an 8-millimeter movie film taken by one Bob Hughes. Hughes was looking directly at the front of the depository building as the motorcade swung into Elm Street below it; and, though he stopped taking pictures about five seconds before the first shot, the last 88 frames on his roll show what appears to be a human figure peering from the window next to the sniper's nest. Thompson demonstrates that the boxes of books stacked behind the window could not have created the appearance of the head-and-shoulders outline of a man because the boxes did not come up that high.

The indications of conspiracy multiply. The most startling single attention-calling incident is the Odio affair. Sylvia Odio, a 26-year-old Cuban *émigrée* who was active in anti-Castro movements, was living in Dallas in late September, 1963, when three men came calling. They told her they were members of the anti-Castro underground and claimed to be friends of her father, a political prisoner in Cuba. Two of the men appeared to be Cubans or Mexicans; the other was introduced as "Leon Oswald."

The day after this visit, Mrs. Odio testified, she received a telephone call from one of the visitors, a man who had called himself "Leopoldo." He told her that "Leon Oswald" was a former Marine; that he was a crack marksman; that "Oswald" felt President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs; and that "Oswald" was "loco" and the kind of man who would do anything.

Two months later, when Mrs. Odio heard of the assassination of President Kennedy, she fainted. When Oswald's picture was flashed on television, both she and her sister identified him positively as the "Leon Oswald" who had visited them in September with "Leopoldo." Investigation showed that Mrs. Odio had discussed the September visit with her doctor a few days after the event. There was also a letter from her father showing that she had written to him, inquiring whether he knew the three visiting men. And one of the counsels for the Warren Commission conceded that she had supplied details she could not possibly have known had the incident not happened.

How then could this occurrence, with

all its implications, be shoved under the rug? In late August, 1964, the Warren Commission asked the FBI to investigate the Odio affair more thoroughly. In a little more than two weeks, the FBI, which in months had produced nothing further on the matter, came up with a handy explanation. It reported, just as the commission was winding up its investigation, that it had located a man named Loran Eugene Hall who said that he and two companions were the men who visited Mrs. Odio. One of his associates, Hall said, was a William Seymour, who looked much like Oswald. Jumping to a rapid-fire conclusion, the commission labeled the whole episode as a case of mistaken identity. After the commission disbanded, the FBI located William Seymour. He denied that he had even been in Dallas in September, 1963; denied he had ever had any contact with Sylvia Odio. Subsequent FBI interviews with all the parties concerned resulted in the complete collapse of the "Hall-Seymour" version that had enabled the Warren Commission to avoid recognizing the telltale odor of plot.

If, then, there was a plot, just what did it involve? Mrs. Meagher's researches point strongly to an involvement by at least some elements of the Dallas police and to a shadowy Oswald connection with federal agencies. Dallas police insisted to the Warren Commission that right up to the moment of the assassination they had never heard of Lee Harvey Oswald. Yet in a memorandum drawn up by the detective division on the afternoon of the assassination, they had revealed knowledge of an old and obscure address of Oswald's. They listed him as living at 605 Elsbeth Street, an address that did not appear in any of the records of the Texas School Book Depository. In 1962 and early 1963, Oswald had lived at 602 Elsbeth Street, and instant police knowledge, not quite precise but close, of this old address would seem to indicate an awareness which the Dallas force had denied. Allen Dulles, former CIA chief and a member of the Warren Commission, evidently appreciated the significance of this detail and asked police to find out just how the Elsbeth Street address had crept into their records. This information, if it ever was supplied, cannot be found in the voluminous records in the National Archives, Mrs. Meagher reports.

The Dallas police involvement with Jack Ruby, the slayer of Oswald, is more suspicious. It has been well known from the start that Ruby was intimate with many members of the Dallas force, but Mrs. Meagher builds a startling case. She emphasizes that here was a man known for his brutal passions. He liked to beat up people, including girls who

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After Oswald had defected, after he had visited the American Embassy in Moscow, after he had denounced his country to American officials there and declared he meant to tell the Russians all he knew about the American radar system—after all this, Oswald was treated with a consideration and even a positive deference that seem incredible. State Department regulations provide that “lookout cards”—red warning flags—must be made out and kept on file in such cases. One Harvard professor whose patriotism has not been questioned, but whose views were considered wayward by the FBI and the State Department, was subjected to a close and constant check when he went abroad—but not Oswald, the self-proclaimed turncoat. Mrs. Meagher demonstrates that at three separate stages of Oswald's foreign Odyssey, “lookout” cards should have been filed against his name. In two of those instances, State Department regulations make the filing of such warning data mandatory. Yet not a single smudge was placed opposite Oswald's

Added to all this are the previously admitted facts concerning the FBI's contacts with Oswald in Dallas. Oswald was known to FBI agent James P. Hosty, Jr., whose name, car license plate number and unlisted telephone number, Oswald had jotted down in his notebook—a fact that the FBI initially concealed from the Warren Commission, as Edward Jay Epstein disclosed in *Inquest*. There was, too, a report that was given considerable credence by Texas officials, who passed it along to the Warren Commission, that Oswald was serving as a paid informer for the FBI. The report apparently originated with reporter Lonnie Hudkins, whose source was the Dallas sheriff, a man who was in a position to know. The Warren Commission circled around this item most gingerly, never questioning Hudkins or his source, and it finally accepted the word of the FBI and CIA that neither agency had ever employed Oswald. This implicit faith in the sanctity of official disclaimer does not dispel doubt. As Mrs. Meagher writes: "The possibility of a clandestine

It is a puzzle which continues to remain unresolved.

An "intellectual" resistance to Miller exists in certain circles. It sometimes reduces itself to a snobbism which seeks to deny him stature because he is not the equal of more or less acknowledged "masters." My position, as far as this goes, is that Miller, Williams or Albee do not have to be "as good as" supposedly or admittedly superior dramatists to be

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extremely valuable to us here and now. (Long ago I hazarded the opinion that though O'Neill's "mind" or literary skill was not to be compared with, let us say, Sartre's, the American was the far better playwright.) In his book *The New Music*, Aaron Copland makes a similar point: "... Although we do not have a Stravinsky or a Sibelius in our midst, we may still be developing composers who are destined to contribute something to the world's music. . . ."

A flaw more tellingly found in Miller's work is that his plot devices and characters do not measure up to the scope of his intentions: Willy Loman, for instance, cannot represent the American tragedy to which *Death of a Salesman* aspires. A parallel objection might easily be raised in regard to the New York cop and his brother, the successful "Park Avenue" surgeon, who are the antagonists of *The Price*. One thing that Miller's critics fail to take into account is that his plays nearly always strike a vital chord in the public conscience. Eminently indigenous in tone and attack, they affect large audiences not only here but abroad. I am not suggesting that popular appeal is the criterion of excellence, though it is a mistake to disregard it altogether. I am chiefly concerned with the reason for Miller's ability to move American and many foreign audiences; to discover the relation of this capacity to his message.

The Price is a compact play; its action is largely retrospective. It begins a little lamely—though direction at the outset may cause this impression—but, after a highly amusing but seemingly irrelevant interlude involving a Jewish secondhand furniture man, the play plunges to its core which entails a conflict in the two brothers' attitudes and patterns of behavior.

The minutiae in the practical argument between these two men are not particularly arresting or memorable. No matter: I was stirred and given food for reflection. I wanted to join the debate both on the issue raised and with Miller himself.

What is at stake are two modes of thought and action: crudely put, the idealistic and the pragmatic, or to put it in another way, the ethical and the efficient. The older brother, Victor (aged 50), has sacrificed the possibility of a lucrative career because he felt obliged to support his father, ruined by the depression, as much defeated in spirit as deprived of material goods. Victor becomes a policeman. His brother Walter abandoned both father and brother to pursue the medical career which has made him a rich man. When after seventeen years the brothers confront each other, the long-standing tension between them reveals itself. Victor is suspicious of Walter, and Walter's effort to assure his brother of his abiding affection soon ex-

plodes into resentment against him for refusing to accept either his tenders of fraternal feeling or his offers of monetary assistance, as well as more promising employment.

Walter, endowed with the sharper intelligence, finally blurts out the apparently crippling truth: Victor's years of sacrifice were futile; the father for whom he felt duty bound to give up his opportunities was not an admirable man. Worse still, there never had been any real love in the family. Victor has been a misguided fool and is now a failure. Any sustenance Victor may get from the notion that he is somehow more virtuous than Walter is nothing more than a loser's rationalization.

We are caught up in the struggle because a degree of its force comes from the fact that it is part of something that has seethed in the author's spirit: he is both men. But far more significantly it is part of our American tension. We have all been brought up to respect the religious and national ideals of brother love and devotion to parents, while we are daily shaped to selfishness, to self-aggrandizement, to Success.

Since the audience as well as Miller find themselves in this dilemma, the play strives for and achieves the balance called maturity. Both men appear to be right. Walter's clinching thrust resembles Bernard Shaw's admission that if in his youth his mother's poverty or illness had interfered with his writing he would have let her starve to death rather than discontinue it. (In this connection, it is worth remembering that though Shaw never professed any great love for his mother, he took generous care of her all her life.) Walter therefore is the "victor" in his own and perhaps in our eyes. But neither he nor we can fully accept this.

Each man makes some crucial choice in life and each pays the price of that choice. The bitterest failure lies in an unwillingness to pay. But in interpreting Miller's play it is not sufficient to conclude at this point. We should be able to view Victor as superior to Walter. Victor is unable to refute Walter's accusation of failure. What neither seems to understand is that men do not "do good" only for the other's sake but for their own. They are moved by their convictions, the stuff of their human fiber, *self-respect*, which demand satisfaction of their inner being. Morally speaking, it should be of secondary importance for the brothers that their father was probably undeserving of filial devotion; it matters a great deal that Victor acted as he did because the man was his father and needed his help. For the one who feels this impulse the action is a moral imperative. It is the best in us which declares it.

This is probably not rational and certainly not logical. Then so much the worse for reason and logic! If one denies the profound validity of Victor's ideals and sentiments, the result is chaos; anything goes, and there is no further use in declaring anything right or wrong.

All this, in the humblest terms of rather commonplace people, is what Miller implies at a time when most of us pretend to think of such convictions as "square." It is his persistence in uttering these sentiments when they have become "dated" that constitutes one of the chief sources of Miller's hold on audiences. For though they fly in the face of practice and the evidence of our daily human traffic, they are deeply rooted in us and only total annihilation will extirpate them.

The fact that many of our fundamental ideals (such as are contained in the Mosaic law or the Sermon on the Mount) are virtually impossible of fulfillment hardly diminishes their value. They are guides, beacons in the dark, disciplines by which we maintain our sanity, our spiritual health.

Victor, being less intelligent and less articulate than Walter, cannot say this in the play. Victor's wife, who quite understandably desires the advantages of Walter's world and is almost on the verge of a break with her husband because of his obstinacy (the fruits of which are obscurity), is the one to be "converted," to recognize and even take loving pride in her husband's character and course. This seems to happen near the final curtain when she tells Victor that he need not take off his uniform and put on a respectable suit as she had bid him to do earlier because she didn't believe he ought to "advertise his salary."

Miller doesn't want to press the point of the wife's change of heart; it might strike us as a "happy ending" or a facile preachment. Without delivering a "verdict," he has stated the issue and depicted its drama in strong bursts of feeling. He has perhaps done the wise thing. Still I regret that the challenge of the play which I have defined was not made a bit more explicit and inescapable. Without a full comprehension of both the issue and the dramatist's judgment, the audience may be left with not much more than a fond recollection of the Jewish furniture man, Gregory Solomon, who exemplifies a healthy accommodation to life without problems—the "average man" in his most pleasant aspects—both a nuance in and a diversion from the central theme. The play ends with his laughter: he has taken no sides, he is free of any moral burden, and we too may be so relieved.

The Price is Miller's most modest play—not as some will insist his "best"—but as such it stands far above many cleverer ones. But, the sophisticated may ask, does

the play offer something new? To this let me answer with Chekhov: "I come more and more to the conclusion that it is not a question of new forms and old forms, but that what matters is that a man should write without thinking of forms at all, write because it springs freely from his soul," a maxim which may mislead but it is nonetheless worth treasuring. So is Miller.

Pat Hingle as Victor, the play's most difficult part, the virtuous but by no means dumb goof, is entirely convincing. His is a solidly honest performance. Arthur Kennedy plays Walter, the rather more grateful part, with fiery

trenchancy. Kennedy is another of the fine actors our theatre has sacrificed to Hollywood. Kate Reid is altogether sound as Victor's wife—the least realized part in the play—though she tends to force a bit in *listening* as silent witness to her husband's and brother-in-law's duel. As Gregory Solomon, Harold Gary, with little rehearsal, avoids the "comic relief" aspect of his role: he does a good job.

A visible and important "performance" which may go unnoticed is that of Boris Aronson's setting. It consists of furniture sculpturally disarrayed; it speaks of a sturdy, old-fashioned, shattered and discarded, but somehow still impressive home.

MUSIC/ Benjamin Boretz

Music journalism survives through the continuous propagation of compositional "movements," endlessly contending in mutual exclusion and hostility for some ultimate "supremacy," the achievement of which creates, for a brief Hegelian moment, a new Establishment that is, in its turn, opposed and overthrown. In this, our journalists are the victims of their own dedication to hyperbole and generality; for they are left unable to describe a musical work except as a type, a pawn in an ideological conflict whose "outcome" is the only evident substantive issue. And since works are so regarded, they are described only in terms of their most immediate "typical" characteristics, whose significance apparently lies only in their contrast with some other, contending "school." Perhaps this tendency results also from the considerably greater ease of describing a composition in terms of what it is not than in terms of its unique realization of particular musical ideas.

But those aware of musical development at the level of the musical work itself are unable to understand the meaning or the possible implications in such a "political" view of their field. It seems, in particular, a confusion of the significance of a composition within the musical literature with its relation to the personal career of its composer. For it is otherwise impossible to imagine what it would mean for a work, as a work, to "oppose" some other work, to "replace" some previously composed music, to "rebel" against something in another body of music, or to "deny" the validity of some previously formulated concept of musical coherence. Of course, composers may—verbally—do those things, but all a composition can do is assert some musical data which taken together produce some particular relations of "events" and, ultimately a particular

musical entity. That the existence of some work in the literature invalidates some previous work in the literature is absurd on the face of it; indeed, it is hard to see what effect a new composition could have at all on something already composed. And why the idea that the function, historically, of a new composition is to extend, diversify and enrich the scope of the existing musical literature—which then "changes" only in its deepening of perspective and experience—why this idea seems less obvious or less attractive to the journalists than their perennially one-dimensional world of gladiatorial triumphs and humiliations is incomprehensible indeed.

The problems thus posed for the non-musician seriously interested in becoming musically informed and enlightened are particularly vicious, since the nature of the information conveyed to him by his local newspaper and national magazine—usually his only sources of musical awareness—not only tends to omit all the important aspects of the matter but actually tends to construct contexts for musical perception that are in effect permanent barriers to the infiltration of significant concepts.

To begin with, an immediate consequence of the journalist's inability to distinguish beyond the dichotomies of typicality and novelty is his bifurcation of almost all serious composition (which rarely manifests its uniqueness blatantly) into either supine "imitation" of one of his repertory of going "schools" (which come in every shade of *garde*) or mere incomprehensibility. In this context, originality emerges as a pure matter of presentation: a "new sound," an unprecedented mixture of media, an outrageous juxtaposition of musical contexts, familiar and/or unfamiliar, a program-note style, an unusual disposition of performers vis-à-vis one another or the audience,

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or some announced far-out means by which otherwise nondistinctive musical events have been selected by either composer or performers. Fundamentally, this situation seems to arise because our journalists have not been trained in the musical language and concepts of their time (if indeed in any), so that their actual discriminative abilities may largely depend on such extra-contextual clues. But in any case, the curious result is that music that has some verbally describable distinctiveness, or a "characteristic" idea of presentation that can be immediately perceived on a single hearing even without benefit of a score, becomes the immediate compositional foreground of the journalist's world, even where the musical differences observable among such pieces are negligible. And—by the same token—the image projected of the relative significance and influence of contemporary composers is often ludicrously at variance with the facts universally accepted in the profession.

It is precisely here, too, that the unsuspecting reader is most seriously victimized, most inexorably deprived of any hope of developing a reasonable awareness of his own. For the journalist's judgments and opinions, however in conflict with professional consensus, are customarily presented as facts in themselves; and since the criteria for their formulation—or even the notion that there are, can, or ought to be criteria—are never presented, the reader-listener can never grow beyond simple dependence on his expert's next set of opinions. Moreover, the journalists seem not to regard it as in any way part of their responsibility to offer their views in the perspective of professional opinions, or indeed to provide any informational link between their readers and the music profession. Whether or not they would, in their present state of musical education, be able to provide such a link is a moot point; but the

simple solicitation of guidance from the large pool of proximate professionals (particularly in the New York region) would at least obviate the factual gaffes that have become the most noteworthy characteristics, for musicians, of journalistic music criticism.

But an intense belief in the virtues of amateurism has always characterized, in particular, the music policies of *The New York Times* (the *Tribune*, on the other hand, from the days of Gilman, Thomson and Berger, to those of Rich and Salzman, was exceptional in its tradition of professionalism). The recent results, in simple categorical errors of musical description appearing regularly in the *Times*, have been almost beyond belief. As a particular example, the applications of the words "total organization" and "serialism" (especially "post-Webern serialism") have consistently lacked any connection with whatever minimal reality musicians can ascribe to such general categories. Thus we have been told that Elliott Carter's recent piano concerto was a typically twelve-tone work in the Schoenberg line (it is actually "serial" in a special sense, but not in the least "twelve-tone"), that Peter Westergaard's *Mr. and Mrs. Discobollos* was typical post-Webern serialism (even though its surface most resembles diatonic Stravinsky), that both Richard Rodney Bennett's new Symphony No. 2 (commissioned and played by the Philharmonic) and his opera *The Mines of Sulphur* were equally typical of the same "school" (even though the Symphony was most notable for its movie-music "Amerikanisch" surface, with big "twelve-tone tunes" much more characteristic of, say, Rieger than of Webern, while the opera was obviously Berg via Britten, with the *Wozzeck* and *Turn of the Screw* associations almost embarrassing). Further, Harold Schonberg declared in a recent Sunday column that "Nobody really cares much for totally organized serial music,"

which must stand more as Mr. Schonberg's definition of somebodiness than as a cognitive statement about the world, since it defines as "nobody" some musicians (e.g., Stravinsky, Krenek, Milhaud, Copland) not otherwise so identified.

Even more curious is the use here of the phrase "total organization" as though it were something special in recent music; for music has always been "totally organized" in that every pitch, dynamic, timbre and contour had a meaningful function; recent music has simply multiplied the independence and dimensionality of such function. In Mr. Schonberg's terms, one would have to assume that dynamics and instrumentation in, say, Mozart are disorganized or chaotic, or that coherence and rationality are musical evils. And finally, one read in a review by one of Schonberg's colleagues that a "post-Webern serial" work (Henry Weinberg's Second String Quartet, as post-Schoenbergian and Carterian as music could be) was composed in a way that was frequent "half a dozen years ago." Here, the pure misrepresentation of musical fact (made evident by the most cursory glance at contemporary compositional output) pales before the extraordinary implication of the antiquity of "style" involved: imagine Beethoven being criticized for writing the Ninth Symphony in the old tonal system that not only he had used six years earlier, in the Seventh, but that was essentially the same as that used by Bach as much as a hundred years earlier!

Yet it would have been almost trivially simple for these writers to have learned from the professional literature that the concept of "serialism" in no way predisposes music to any particular surface characteristic that can be perceived on first, or any casual, hearing; and that in its fundamental sense it is as meaningfully applied to Stravinsky's *Petrushka* as to his *Requiem*, to Scriabin and even Debussy as to Babbitt. But again, the professional literature offers no insights to these critics; characteristically, they read it *ad hominem*, as manifestations of attitude rather than as sources of cognitive insight and information. And the actual views of composers themselves are similarly represented only as trivial, contentious (and equivalently "valid") oppositions; Babbitt is never mentioned or quoted without being balanced by Cage, as the two sides of a slightly ridiculous conflict, and there is no concept of what either of them represents in himself except as the *contrafactum* of the other.

Under these conditions, it was perhaps inescapable that the journalists, having created a musical world-image to suit themselves, would begin to place themselves in it as protagonists, to take it upon themselves to legislate its future under the guise of reporting its development. The subtlest turn has come about

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in connection with some of the examples quoted above: first, the removal of cognitive content from "serialism" establishes it as an epithet; then, in an extraordinary metamorphosis of critical function, its demise as a compositional resource is predicted (particularly extraordinary for a predictor who never knew what it was in the first place); then, it is applied indiscriminately as a pejorative to anything disapproved of; and finally, its end is proclaimed in a burst of counterfactual triumph ("the way a lot of music was composed half a dozen years ago." . . . "Nobody really cares much for [it]").

But by far the most remarkable manifestation of this attempt at musical thought control, even from a purely journalistic point of view, has been the record of the *Times's* music department with regard to the coverage of new-music performance events in New York. For since the death of the *Tribune* (which was notably conscientious in this regard), musical events in New York have been defined, publicly, by what is reported in the *Times*. And in the absence of the possibly embarrassing corrective of the *Tribune*, the attrition has been astonishing. During a recent week, for example, while several minor recitals and the revival of an insignificant Verdi opera were covered, the third New York performance ever—and perhaps the best—of Elliott Carter's Double Concerto, a work not only of major significance but of unparalleled international *réclame* among recent American music (given at Juilliard by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble), was unmentioned. And during the current season, there have been no notices of such major new-music series as the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music, the Composers' Showcase, or the venerable Composers' Forum. The events omitted seem so clearly to contain works that would be labeled "serial" by the *Times* staff that it seems almost as though what was predicted by Mr. Schonberg—non-interest in serialism—is being made to appear to come true in the form of the disappearance of news of such activity from the paper.

Whatever the *Times's* purpose, its principal victims are its misinformed and uninformed readers; compositional activity, unlike conventional concert activity, has never derived either benefit or damage from newspaper publicity. And the few informational functions still served by the *Times* are being replaced by several independent publications sponsored by the musical community itself, notably the Newsletter of the American Society of University Composers and the Contemporary Music Newsletter being published by three metropolitan university music departments (Columbia, N.Y.U., Princeton). What remains to be provided is the awareness of what constitutes true

musical news; new compositions and new performances embodying unique and original imaginative ideas. Any further concerns over the camps in which they arise I leave to my speculative-philosophical newspaper colleagues; my next column will be devoted strictly to news.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Raucous, rude, hortatory, repetitious and largely formless, Peter Brook's *Tell Me Lies* resembles a benefit night, with performers of various celebrity doing their thing for the cause. The garish colors, mod styles and assertive camera angles ally the work to the current poster culture; the picture swings to a rock beat with memories of Brecht-Eisler. It is very up to date and very angry; the subject is Vietnam.

The basic cast of this experiment in indignation is a group of young (for the most part) members of the Royal Shakespeare Company (Mr. Brook has adapted it from his Royal Shakespeare production, *US*), but through it move a number of people, unidentified but appearing in their own person. Thus, the doctor who passes around an anti-personnel missile at a kitchen coffee gathering is indeed recently back from North Vietnam; that is Stokely Carmichael talking with sardonic bitterness above the hubbub of a frugging party, and the Establishment types sitting on a sofa and "weighing" the "alternatives" are in fact Establishmentarians—Ivor Richard, Tom Driberg, Kingsley Amis.

The talisman of the film is a news photograph of a burned child; its method is to mix vaudeville turns with news clips of demonstrations, tormented musings of cast members and extended conversations in search of "understanding." The effect is honest, high-minded (a little self-consciously high-minded), irrelevant and in the end irritating.

It is irritating because to American viewers the sense of guilt so eloquently expressed is entirely peripheral (guilt, like sorrow, can be "shared" only by equals). It is true that Mr. Wilson's government has "gone along," but that makes these young Britishers no more than passive accomplices of a passive accomplice. The crime of Vietnam is not committed in their name, they are not asked to do the killing or to pay the bill. There is a transposed quality about their agony of conscience: it becomes a luxury of profound concern. They have no draft cards to burn, they do not face the alternative of complicity in abomination or exile. It is unfair, of course (and the levels of villainy are scarcely comparable), but it is difficult not to wish that their dreams were haunted by Rhodesia.

If, by feeling responsible at some remove, the creators of *Tell Me Lies* had been able to generate some new strategy for understanding and resisting the Vietnamese War, their collaboration would have been welcome. But, quite understandably, they have nothing of the sort to offer; and their style of anger, driven to obscenity and scatology by the insultingly transparent hypocrisy of the Johnson Administration, seems as though copied from the outbursts on this side of the Atlantic.

Tell Me Lies is perhaps sent to support our resistance, but it does not have

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that effect. The absolute powerlessness of the opinion it represents in England to shorten the war by one hour (what long-time effect it may have on the name of the United States is another matter) merely emphasizes the sense of virtual powerlessness that weighs down the anti-war movement here at home. These performers look just like our resistant youth, they talk just like them, and clearly they make no difference at all to life and death in Southeast Asia. But here at home, a difference has somehow to be made, and the cause is not helped by the arrival of volunteers to the ranks of outraged impotence.

Say what you will against communism, it seems to be fertile soil for the cultivation of irony. Here in the West we do what is presumably our best with things like *How I Won the War* and *The Graduate*, but conditions are so per-

missive and resources so affluent that, in effect, we are boxing with pillows on our fists. Behind that curtain, they are in much tougher fighting trim, jabbing at the weak spots in the total society with such deft strategies as *Daisies* or the current *Love Affair*, by the young Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev. It is nervy work and I am not at all clear how they get away with it—perhaps by being too small and quick and witty for the monolith to get a square shot at them. Communist administrators are no more eager than their Western counterparts to make themselves publicly ridiculous.

That agility also makes a problem for anyone reviewing *Love Affair*. The scenario of this lighthearted shocker, subtitled "The Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," flows like mercury, but its structure is nevertheless complex, and the danger is that the spirit of the piece will be killed in the process of spelling it out.

We may start with a few premises, noting, however, that the generalizations apply by no means exclusively to Communist societies: (1) officialdom tends to be puritanical; (2) citizens of Peoples' Republics are subjected to a good deal of edifying instruction; (3) a sense of humor is a trait not conspicuous among bureaucrats. And overriding these is the supposition that, however stubbornly the theoreticians may cling to the doctrine that virtue resides in the state, the people (being people) know that the joys and sorrows of their own lives are what count.

Mr. Makavejev posits a love affair—between the aforementioned phone operator and a shy bachelor, a Stakhanovite among rat catchers. The girl is Hungarian—a statement which appears to produce in Yugoslavia an effect similar to what you might get by mentioning Copenhagen in the bar of the Yale Club. She is sexy, and says so with a frank smile. Thus her relationship prospers with the master rather, and is the more endearingly private for being interrupted from time to time by fragments of a popular lecture on the reproductive process, delivered by a zealous professor who discourses on copulation, plain and fancy, to the accompaniment of a weirdly pornographic slide collection and in a style of unemphatic enthusiasm that would be more normal, if not more suitable, for at talk on oral hygiene or the mothproofing of rugs.

Alas, the idyl is to end in homicide, so a second instructive intrusion on the main script is a guided tour of the metropolitan crime lab, including views of intimidating weapons and objects in bottles. And as the affair reaches its climax there appear, more and more insistently, the most disconcerting flash-

forwards. The contrast here is between the pathos of violence and the complacency of its detection. Finally, the girl's body, laid out on a stone drain board, with the instruments of her dissection neatly marshaled on her belly, becomes a counterpoint to that same warm and silken nakedness flung wantonly before the love-trapped exterminator. Mr. Makavejev is playing rigorous semantic tricks with words like "flesh" and "body"; *Love Story* is not a film that solicits hedonistic reverie.

But I think the purpose of the shock is to make certain that the audience stays thoroughly awake; the main thrust of the picture lies elsewhere. For example, the couple exchange their first embraces in full view of a television screen from which massed thousands brandish their banners and raise the thunder of their voices. They get, you might say, something worth cheering about. And for example the official photograph of the dedicated rat catcher, surrounded by the trophies of his skill and receiving the thanks of the sanitary top brass, gives an impression distinctly more two-dimensional than does the tender, solicitous, but (to a Hungarian girl) gratifyingly demanding lover we have come to know in his nonprofessional hours. And the tragedy of the film conjugates no moral relevant to the ethics of revolutionary selflessness. It is not a case of Socialist fidelity to honor and duty traduced by bourgeois (and foreign) revisionism; it is once more that damned pinch of human perversity whereby the most possessive men seem fated to give their hearts to the most indiscriminately generous girls. These lovers make a dreadful mess of their happiness, but the point is that the mess and the happiness are of their own making—and no thanks to the state, for all its benevolent didacticism and fatherly supervision. This impish, rather wicked comedy is one more assertion through art of the supremacy of the individual over the machinery of the state. The degree to which it is true is the measure of our freedom.

In addition to his narrative instincts, the director of *Love Story* is blessed with an elegant sense of cinema. His people uncover themselves with the defenseless simplicity (produced by most sophisticated guile) of home movies; his scenes have the sensuous charm of utterly mundane objects perfectly absorbed by their surroundings and their uses. Makavejev makes the installation of a bathroom shower an adventure in aesthetics, the workmanship is so deft, the use of space so gratifying. It is not a photographic style that calls much attention to itself, but in retrospect one appreciates the reliable toughness of its texture.

The girl is Eva Ras; the man, Slobodan Aligrudic.

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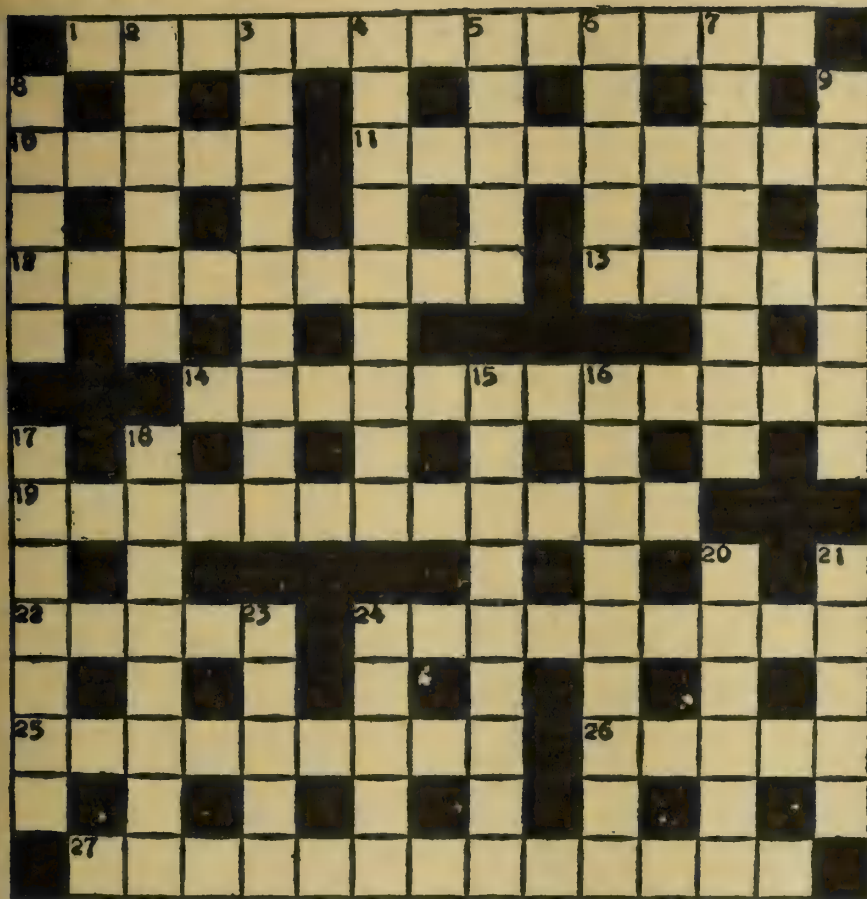
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1238

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Is the first aim a plea for the man of the house? (13)
- 10 General privilege given? (5)
- 11 Rare, rather rare. (9)
- 12 Exaggerates how certain utilities might argue with certain commissions. (9)
- 13 He's serious about starting to reveal the state of Germany. (5)
- 14 Even a simpleton with debts can be frugal. (12)
- 19 Shoots in scattered fashion on part of the golf course. (Probably not part of the regular course!) (5, 7)
- 22 Standards correlative to writing. (5)
- 24 Describing those who might not hear of the unusual feats done. (5-4)
- 25 Shakespeare or Petrarch? (9)
- 26 See 21 down.
- 27 The state of Europe without common defense? Not good form to describe it! (13)

DOWN:

- 2 Reduces what some players come to in rising waters. (6)
- 3 Have guests in harbor? (9)
- 4 A word of warning before a little drink? Promise? (9)
- 5 What the bird on Hallie's grave does.
- 6 The old doctor one clings to. (5)

- 7 Everybody has to have more than one, and can store the answer in it. (8)
- 8 Shining silver down here? (5)
- 9 Pass a short time with a certain amount of comfort. (7)
- 15 What sailors had to do running around the room? (9)
- 16 On wearing this, one is obviously European. (9)
- 17 This tag is on wrong, naming a kind of muscle. (7)
- 18 Digging in for hard times? Do this. (8)
- 20 Cuts off straggly beards. (6)
- 21 and 26 The descriptive writer might be, and sees it with a flash! (10)
- 23 They might be folded each night. (5)
- 24 For a while, at least, it should be charming. (5).

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1237

ACROSS: 1 Milk wagons; 6 Lane; 10 Newport; 11 Wheedle; 12 Iris; 13 Vehemently; 15 Guesses; 16 Embargo; 17 Honored; 20 Marimba; 22 Spinnerets; 23 Bred; 25 Rotund; 26 Rhenish; 27 Eden; 28 Usurpation. DOWN: 2 Low tide; 3 and 1 down Who's minding the store; 4 Gathers; 5 Nowhere; 7 Auditor; 8 Every now and then; 9 Remembers; 14 Astronaut; 18 Noisome; 19 Derides; 20 Maturer; 21 Martini; 24 Lena.

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The good fight as it's waged in The NATION: last week, this week, next week.

Last week in The NATION:

"Some Americans would bring their evening cocktails to the roof and sip drinks and munch on cheese and crackers and Gibson onions as they pointed out particularly sensational aspects of the fire fights. . . . A Norwegian correspondent wondered aloud how many women and children were burning up in the hell's inferno these bombs ignite."

—Thomas W. Pew, Jr. "Saigon from a Rooftop"

This week in The NATION:

"The ADA's fading 'empire' is that old coalition of New Deal Alumni, and independent liberals and labor leaders who were both frightened into defensive action by the Red Scare of the late 1940s and early 1950s and at the same time unwilling to desert the cause of liberalism for total safety. They took every pain to avoid being called radicals, and nobody but demagogues like Lyndon Johnson and James Eastland were so silly as to see them as such."

—Robert G. Sherrill

Next week in The NATION:

"According to the President, peace in Vietnam entirely depends not on the most powerful society of the world but on one of the smaller, weaker ones. . . . We may well find that we shall continue to drift: instead of a firm chorus of intellectual dissent there will be only isolated and conflicting squeaks which will cancel one another out. But in that case we must not be surprised if what is increasingly called anomic action, based simply on wholesale rejection of the present, continues to suppurate among the young, the poor, the underprivileged. What characterizes this action is lack of ideas."

—J. P. Nettl

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N 2-26

The good fight is not a confrontation of Lucifer and angelic hosts. It's not to be fought or won at a stroke. (Or by divine or diabolic design.)

Part of it is a group of American conquerors sipping cocktails on the roof of the Eden Roc while they watch the bombing of the suburbs of Saigon. (As the Argives, long ago, watched Troy burn, not knowing what awaited them at home.)

Part of it is the good men and true of Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) trying to sweeten the bitter pill of their endorsement of Eugene McCarthy for President so that Vice President Humphrey would not resign. (Humphrey later pointed out, through his secretary, that he'd already resigned from this traditional liberal group three years before.)

Part of it is also thinking men who know that it matters how the ball bounces, when that ball is this, our world. (And who know their thought must lead to more than protest.)

These concerns—the aggressive war fought by our country, the decay of liberal thought in our country, the death grip of failing ideas on our country's future—are illumined in the kind of reporting you'll find in The NATION—last week, this week, next week.

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EDITH ANDERSON on Bertolt Brecht

NEWSPAPER NEWS

LETTERS

Tokyo demonstrations

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Perhaps Albert Axelbank ["The Marchers of Tokyo," *The Nation*, Jan. 8] has been a bit too close to those 300 political demos he's observed in Japan. The Japanese political demonstration is well organized, like most things in Japan: the numbers are impressive, the noise is unified and the signs are as big as 10 feet wide. . . . But those demonstrations are considerably less effective than he makes them out to be. I wonder why liberals such as he . . . support the misconception, prevalent in America since the demonstrations in 1960 against Eisenhower, that the vocal Left is politically effective in Japan.

Let's start with 1960: Mr. Axelbank says that those demonstrations "did bring down a government." Rather they were a factor in an internal shift within the Conservative party which has been in power since the occupation. That has been the most the demonstrations have done The noisier demonstrations are mostly those of the students, and are recognized by most observers in Japan as little more than the transitory cries of university students before they join the conservative establishment. . . . The student demonstrators are indulged in Japan; they do not even get the reaction the American ones get. The fact is that in the face of these demonstrations the Conservative party has retained power and has given more and more support to the U.S.'s Asian policy

Demonstrations against America will continue in Japan, but nuclear submarines will continue to call **there**

Emanuel Schreiber

P.S. From December, 1965 until March, 1967, I served as a clinical psychology officer in a U.S. Army hospital outside of Tokyo. From April to September, 1967, I did psychological research with educated young adults in Tokyo. During that time I was involved in the organization and activities of Vietnam Summer-Japan, a protest group composed of foreigners.

Japan

Joplin, Mo.

DEAR SIR: I have read and reread W. Macmahon Ball's "Japan in Asia's Future" [*The Nation*, Jan. 15]. It is written out of thinking and not by dictation by our men in Washington.

W. A. Seiler

responsibility in science

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: The reference in your timely editorial "Scientists as Citizens" to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science [*The Nation*, Jan. 22] was gratifying—but not entirely correct in its implications. The SSRS has never, as an organization, spoken for any action, political or otherwise, beyond calling on individual scientists and engineers "to recognize a personal responsibility for the anticipated consequences to society of their work and to exercise their profession always for the benefit of humanity."

Esther Milner

correction

We regret that a line was inadvertently dropped from Michael B. Folsom's review, "Some Versions of the Proletariat" (Feb. 12). The sentence should have read: "He [Swados] ranges a decade and more out of his way to take one last swipe at the 'hacks and has-beens' of the Hollywood Left. . . ."

Editors

EDITORIALS

Violence

We derive much of our popular entertainment from it. Our pre-eminence in the world is based on it. We have so much of it that we can afford to export it and still make our streets and homes unsafe. And the peak market in violence is still ahead. By all indications, next summer will see "crime in the streets"—the Negro insurrection—put down with more brutality than in previous years.

Of course we have no monopoly on violence in its strictly military form; in this respect we could not compete with Imperial and Fascist Germany, for instance, in the 1866-1945 period, which began with the attack on Austria and ended with the execution of some of the more prominent Nazi war criminals. Nor could we compete in genocide, although in Southeast Asia we are beginning to acquire some modest proficiency in that art. Yet in our own way we are exponents of violence as the answer to a multitude of social problems.

How did we become so? There can be no simple answer, but an interesting suggestion is made in a review by Thomas Lask in the February 20 *New York Times* of Wesley Craven's *The Colonies in Transition 1660-1713* (Harper & Row). Professor Craven notes that every colonist was armed. He did not depend on a royal garrison for protection, but on his own musket and that of his neighbor. This may account, Lask suggests, "for the violent strain that runs through our society today"; it must be added that our immigrant population did nothing to dilute the propensity.

Whatever the origins, violence has now become our paramount national problem. It is both the easy way out and no way out at all. Very little is being done to *prevent* next summer's riots; the main emphasis is on putting them down with overwhelming force. (See "The Fact-Finding Charade" by Sherwood Ross, p.306.) At the same time, the politics of violence is to be exploited to the utmost. With unconvincing sorrow, the President predicts violence for many a summer, the next one being the most crucial for him. Properly nurtured and applied, violence can generate votes. Mr. Johnson can portray himself before the election as a peace-loving man who did his best to forestall violence, but with a heavy heart and heavy hand put it down without quarter when it came.

The international complications of our reliance on violence are approaching an asymptotic curve. In our issue of February 26 we referred editorially to our exports of the most modern and lethal weapons to Latin America. One result, in Guatemala, has been acute embarrassment—or worse—to a respected Catholic religious order, the Maryknoll Fathers, who are said to support more than 1,000 missionary priests and brothers in Central and South America from their headquarters in Ossining, N.Y. The role of the Church in the current Guatemalan civil war came to light when two U.S. military and naval attachés were murdered in January in broad daylight in an embassy car on a Guatemala City street. (See "Why They Shoot Americans" by Norman Diamond, *The Nation*,

February 5.) It then developed that this was only the latest of a series of retaliatory assassinations, with the Left seeing the American military as allies of the Right, which is certainly not far from the truth. Ever since the overthrow in 1954 of President Arbenz, who was regarded by the CIA as a Communist sympathizer, Guatemala has been an incipient Vietnam south of the Mexican border. It was asserted at the time that Arbenz had been ousted by a right-wing CIA-Catholic coalition; that is what the Maryknoll Fathers have now inherited.

According to the *National Catholic Reporter* (January 31 and other issues), two Maryknoll priests, the Rev. Thomas R. Melville and the Rev. Arthur Melville, brothers, and Sister Marian Peter, all in their 30s, were sent to Guatemala as missionaries; they then held nothing resembling revolutionary views. They found there a population three-fourths of which showed nutritional deficiencies, an illiteracy rate of 41 per cent in urban areas and 82 per cent in rural areas (96 per cent among Indian women); they found 2 per cent of Guatemalans at the top of the social pyramid living in luxury, and most of the others in squalor. And they found the natural concomitant—violence. As another Maryknoll priest, the Rev. Blase Bonpane put it, "Violence is institutionalized in Guatemala. We don't talk about whether there will be violence; there is violence. The life is violent. . . . The way the government relates to the people, and the way the army relates to the people, is violent." He added that the United States supports the ruling oligarchy because we do business with the 2 per cent elite, and because we are taken in "by the cry of anti-communism."

The testimony of Father Bonpane is important because he remains a Maryknoll priest in good standing. The two Melvilles and Sister Marian sided openly with the guerrillas. They were ordered back to the United States, came as far as Florida, then returned to Mexico and apparently to their Guatemalan guerrilla associations. To make matters more complicated, Father Thomas Melville reported his marriage to Sister Marian, whereby they are both automatically excommunicated.

As for Father Bonpane, he was sent to Hawaii by the Maryknoll headquarters and obeyed his orders. What he said en route can scarcely have been comforting to the heads of the order, however. "I see a pre-Vietnam [in Guatemala]. I see napalm. I see Green Berets, and I'll continue to scream about it. I am opposed to it. I am not infallible, but I will not sit by." He thinks the United States should "clear out" of Guatemala. "Then we'd see what a real people's revolution is. We have intervened too many places, too many times."

Which animated the dissident clergy more—social injustice or violence—must remain an open question for the moment. The rightist forces are organized in groups like La Mano Blanca, which are accused of killing at least 3,000 peasants suspected of collaborating with Communist-leaning guerrillas, such as the Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes (FAR). This is reported by James Nelson Goodsell, the Latin American correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* (February 8). In the mid-January wave of terrorism, more than fifty persons, including the U.S. military attachés, were killed. The FAR

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partisans say the violence was sparked by the brutal murder by right-wing terrorists of Rogelia Cruz Martinez, a former Guatemalan beauty queen who had long sympathized with Communist guerrilla groups.

Where it will all end, God knows. But one thing is certain: the Guatemalan violence which the United States initiated in 1954 has failed of its purpose—as violence has a way of doing. It has not put down social uprisings in the streets of Guatemala City, and will not put them down in the streets of Saigon, Santo Domingo, Newark or Detroit. Until we learn that lesson (and there is no sign that we are doing so), worse is to come, both at home and abroad.

International Bugging

Four weeks after the North Koreans seized the *Pueblo*, their reasons for doing so remain obscure. She was doing only what literally thousands of land stations, surface ships, submarines, aircraft, spacecraft (mostly Soviet and American but including also Canadian and other nationalities) do every minute of the 8,760 hours in the year, and almost always with impunity. Actually, on a petty scale, any civilian with a \$25 short-wave receiver can participate.

On a grand scale, the superpowers are spending billions of dollars annually for equipment and personnel to record every variety of visual/audio communication, whether in the air or in the vacuum of space, or in the form of water-borne sound. There are thought to be some thirty U.S. intelligence-gathering ships like the *Pueblo*; others, such as aircraft carriers and their escorting warships, conduct electronic and sonar surveillance as a sideline, though at times as a primary mission. The Russians match this effort with one as massive, but they employ mainly fishing trawlers, some of which actually catch and process fish. By common consent, neither side engages in "jamming" or transmission interference; they just listen and record. And secrecy has been virtually discarded, with no more nonsensical stories about a U-2 having strayed halfway across the Soviet Union on a weather mission, or an RB47 jet having got lost in the Barents Sea, with navigational equipment on board which could have fixed its position probably within less than a nautical mile.

Let no one imagine that this expensive bugging has reached the limits of its capability. Thousands of electronics experts in the government, private industry and think-tanks are pushing the state of the art outward and upward. Laser types of radar are coming along fast, together with other esoteric devices that it is inadvisable to speculate about, lest an astute guess should provoke a visit from the FBI. Only two things are certain—the expense will keep on going up and the experts will not agree on what it all portends.

In the *Pueblo* case it should be noted that the North Korean "pirates" were comparatively gentle with ship and crew. The much larger *Liberty*, operated by the Navy for NSA, was shot up by the friendly Israelis with the loss of thirty-four U.S. seamen and another seventy-five wounded. Apparently neither the *Pueblo* nor the boarding party did any shooting, and the dead crew member may have been

killed in an effort to demolish some of the ship's electronic equipment—which was probably no different from what the Russians (and the Japanese) can produce in substantially the same design.

The question remains why the North Koreans went to all this trouble, which after all entails some risk. The most likely theory is a combination of bravado and nervousness (which often go together). South Korea has 40,000 troops in South Vietnam while North Korea has none, a situation for which baiting Uncle Sam may compensate in some slight measure. North and South Korea are still at war, and if the South Koreans—as they claim—fear attack by the North Koreans, it would seem reasonable that the latter have as much cause for apprehension. South Korea has a population of 29 million against North Korea's 12.5 million; two American divisions stand at the ready with nuclear and missile equipment south of the truce line. The South Korean military oligarchy receives hundreds of millions of dollars for its prestige and protection.

The commando squad the North Koreans sent down to assassinate President-General Park Chung Hee has its counterparts in patrols which invade the North—and there are South Koreans who would not be sorry to see General Park done away with. Meanwhile, North Korean Maj. Gen. Pak Chung Kuk can sit across the table at Panmunjom figuratively thumbing his nose at U.S. Rear Admiral John V. Smith. Cyrus R. Vance has returned to Washington, leaving the South Koreans still in a state of high dudgeon. And LBJ can keep on racking his brains about how to rescue those eighty-two U.S. seamen.

The Failure of Intelligence

Aside from the complications introduced by the electrification of intelligence, as manifested most recently in the *Pueblo* affair, what has been happening in Vietnam points to a more fundamental weakness. It is not entirely new; by its nature military intelligence is a gamble in which each side hopes that the odds are in its favor. But since World War II there are indications of a general deterioration in the quality of U.S. intelligence gathering, evaluation and translation into action. The classic example is General MacArthur's reliance on General Willoughby's assurances that the Chinese would not counterattack as our forces approached the Yalu River. Through their Indian intermediaries the Chinese had plainly warned Truman and MacArthur, but fiction proved stronger than truth. The result was near-disaster.

We have been told again and again that we are winning the war in Vietnam. It is now abundantly clear that we are not winning and have no hope of winning. This is not to say that we can be driven out of South Vietnam by force; rather that we cannot impose our will on the enemy short of destroying everything we are supposedly fighting for. And until the Tet onslaught we did not even know how false our information was. Despite all that has been said and written, most of what we think we know about Vietnam and its people is an inversion of the truth.

Where does this leave General Westmoreland? We have said (and recent events confirm it) that he is in large measure a public relations type of general. So was Mac-

Arthur, with his florid prose, his contempt for danger and his executive stance. But MacArthur had in addition extraordinary personal intelligence and command of a certain kind of statesmanship, as he proved in Japan after the victory in World War II. Westmoreland is not in that class. Trying to defend him, the President said we had known for some time that such an offensive was planned by the enemy. But if we knew, why were we not prepared for it? Or are sections of ARVN actually a fifth column for Hanoi? If so, how has that situation escaped us?

Two basic troubles stand out. One is that we have very little reliable contact with the Vietnamese people. The Saigon government, which is supposed to supply that liaison, cannot do so because it is an imposed, puppet government of military adventurers. The other weakness is that intelligence work against a guerrilla-type enemy requires techniques for which we are unprepared. The enemy's disposition of forces, and the other formal parameters of intelligence, are less important than his political state of mind and the intentions based on his political assessments. About these elements we know little or nothing.

The result is that we are now driven to the supreme folly of destroying the cities and towns of South Vietnam, as well as those of the North, by our superior artillery and air power. If this latest method of winning the hearts and minds of the people is successful, it will prove that the Vietnamese are as crazy as we are—but that is an assumption so perilous that one would think even President Johnson would draw back from it in dismay. Perhaps he is actually saying one thing and feeling something quite different: some of his recent photographs suggest it.

Trouble at the State University

Last fall Evan R. Collins, president of the State University of New York campus at Albany, assured the faculty: "This university will not tolerate any interference with academic freedom, either from outside or within the scholarly community." But a little later forty faculty members formed an *ad hoc* Teachers Committee for Draft Counseling (TCDC). "As teachers and responsible members of the academic community," they concluded, "we must help . . . young men obtain information on all alternatives, to the end that they arrive at a rational and emotionally satisfactory decision about their role, if any, in the Vietnam war." Twenty-seven teachers volunteered to provide counseling in an informal manner, eschewing any active advice to the students on what their course of conduct should be.

But the only legal alternative to being drafted is application for conscientious objector status. All other options, such as emigration to Canada, are either clearly illegal or, from an orthodox patriotic standpoint, of dubious legality and morally reprehensible besides. There must have been some faculty-student discussion of such matters, for soon charges of "disloyalty, treason and subsidizing subversion" began to resound on the floor of the State Assembly. Conservative Assemblymen demanded that the school administration crack down on the TCDC. Assemblymen Neil W. Kelleher of Troy and Elwyn Mason of

Hobart, both Republicans, were especially vehement, with only Democrat Joseph Kottler of Brooklyn counseling moderation. Mason declared this was tantamount to "creating and perpetuating cancer in our university under the guise of academic freedom."

President Collins, though rumored to be unhappy about TCDC (wouldn't you be if you were in his shoes?) has so far refused to interfere. For their part, the TCDC members aver that "if history should judge our efforts in Vietnam to have been wrong [we teachers] want future generations to know who the 'good Germans' were. Until Congress provides some acceptable substitute for military service, we can expect groups like the Albany Committee to proliferate on campuses all over the country." *The Nation* hopes their numbers, and their fortitude, will increase. The latter will be needed as much as the former.

Cities in Distress

Recently *The New York Times* devoted a two-column lead on the front page to a \$10,000 grant which the tax-exempt Twentieth Century Fund made to the City of New York, "in lieu," it said, of taxes.

The Fund's contribution does more than it may have had in mind to emphasize the highly privileged position of the foundations. The Fund said that the \$10,000 represented the sum it would expect to pay in property taxes (if it paid them) on its building. Leaving aside the novelty of self-assessed real property taxation, it should be noted that the City of New York also imposes a municipal income tax, not to mention the state and federal income taxes. The point, however, is not the adequacy of the "in lieu" contribution. The Twentieth Century Fund is only one of an estimated 18,000 foundations, and—with only \$27 million in assets—is not one of the really big ones. Total assets of U.S. foundations now exceed \$20 billion, with more than one-third of that concentrated in the hands of about a dozen giants.

By any reckoning, this means a substantial loss of tax revenue at all levels. No one questions the social value of the contributions made by the foundations, and the principle of tax exemption is important and should be safeguarded. But about one-sixth of New York City's real property, the *Times* tells us, is now held in tax-exempt ownership. City revenues have increased, but expenditures continue to outpace income. Much of the cost of social change now falls directly on the cities. The demand for services steadily increases and so does the cost. Certain services are imperative, yet no one has suggested how cities can meet the steadily escalating costs of collective bargaining agreements with large and powerful unions of municipal employees. The need for a reshifting of tax revenue is evident, and the longer it is delayed the greater the likelihood that the principle of tax-exemption will have to be re-examined. All the more reason, therefore, why foundations and other tax-exempt institutions should offer "in lieu" contributions to the cities. But a glance at the comments which the *Times* obtained from foundation spokesmen is enough to indicate that there will be no stampede on the part of other foundations to follow Twentieth Century's example.

FORMOSA: 'Solidarity of Gloom'

MARILYN BLATT YOUNG

Mrs. Young is a student of Sino-American relations and author of a forthcoming book on American China policy at the turn of the century.

Vietnam so totally absorbs us that unless forcibly brought to our attention, as in the recent *Pueblo* crisis, other monuments to America's relentless pursuit of the cold war in the Pacific tend to be forgotten. Thus 50,000 American troops remain in South Korea (a "token" force we are told, though almost equal in size to the estimate of North Vietnamese troops fighting in the South), Japan has its share of U.S. bases, Okinawa is a colony of the Department of the Army in disregard of the sentiments of its inhabitants, and Formosa, our "floating fortress," preserves, as in amber, the Chinese civil war.

The Kennedy years provided so many major crises that it is hard to remember that Formosa, with its appendages, Quemoy and Matsu, was a key debating point in the 1960 campaign. Our commitment to defend those tiny outposts, should an attack on them presage an attack on Formosa (and how will it be possible to determine that at the time?), remains. Indeed the whole intractable problem of Formosa waits for us when we shall have done with Vietnam—or worse, while we are still mired there.

Few people talk about the island, few seem concerned with it. In the paradoxical effort to contain but not isolate China, some public figures (most recently, Governor Romney) espouse a two-China solution which would combine flexibility toward Peking with a determination to retain Nationalist China's UN seat. This formulation is rejected not merely by the Peking and Taipei governments but by the 11 million native Formosans—an overwhelming majority of the population of the island.

The goal of the State Department, insofar as its representatives see fit to confide in American citizens, is simple: don't rock the boat; support the heir apparent to Chiang's power, his son Ching-kuo; keep a weather eye out for "trouble" from the Formosans and guide visiting American Congressmen, students and teachers to a heartfelt enthusiasm for signs of economic progress.

Should a visitor happen upon the many evidences of a harsh police state, he is reminded that he is a guest of the country and that anyway the Chinese have never shown much aptitude for political democracy. If, rarely enough, contact is made with dissident Formosans, one is advised on how few they are in number, how questionable in purpose, how ultimately doomed by the growing unity between Formosan and mainlander, due to the open education system. Change is seen as both undesirable and unlikely. America's goal in Formosa is short-term stability in the frozen, mad logic of the cold war. Little is said of long-term stability. Indeed in the event of the death of Chiang Ching-kuo (and he is reportedly in bad health) the United States is without any policy whatsoever.

Formosa is a repressive police state in which, at last, Chiang Kai-shek has found an area small enough to

rule with relative efficiency. Not that corruption is absent. It is all-pervasive, but it too is an instrument of control. The readiness to engage in corrupt activities would seem to be a necessary condition for power and a symbol of loyalty to Chiang. It is also a useful weapon should Chiang at any time wish to rid himself of a former ally. Denouncing a man for corruption serves the dual purpose of appearing virtuous and maintaining control. In addition, Chiang has at his disposal the secret police and a huge (some estimate 10 per cent of the population) system of minor informers. In large measure the people police themselves, convinced—by frequent and arbitrary arrests, executions and censorship—that silence is safest. But repression, though it may be a cause, is not the most salient characteristic of the island. Rather one is struck by a kind of heavy unhappiness just this side of despair. *Everyone* is unhappy. Mainlanders because they can't go home again and cannot accept Formosa as their new land; Formosans because they cannot rule what is their land. Nor, of course, are mainlanders encouraged to look on Formosa as theirs: all future expectations are supposed to lie in recovery of the mainland.

These divisions are not total and the regime's propaganda about growing harmony between the two groups might begin to approximate the truth were it not for the hard work done by the regime to perpetuate differences. Mainlanders suffer equally with Formosans the corrupt, authoritarian rule of the Kuomintang (KMT) party. Many, perhaps most, have resigned themselves, however miserably, to dying on Formosa. An alliance between disaffected mainlanders and the majority population would mean instantaneous collapse of the Nationalist government. For that reason, the regime does all in its power to prevent such an event, to maintain the mainlanders, as one Formosan put it, in their "solidarity of gloom."

When Henry Kao, as a Formosan and an independent, was elected mayor of Taipei in 1964, it was discovered that he ran ahead of the KMT candidate in mainlander neighborhoods. The threat of a united, anti-KMT constituency was obviously great. As a result, Taipei has lost the right to elect its own mayor; it is now a "special municipality," a dubious privilege shared by Nanking and several other cities unvisited by Nationalist politicians in almost two decades. Mr. Kao has been appointed mayor. He can be dismissed at the whim of the central government, he has lost his constituency and rumors are spread that he has joined the KMT. If that is believed, it will cost him the backing of virtually all Formosans.

Henry Kao's coalition was temporary in any case, produced for a specific election, because he led no party which could secure and hold voters to him. However, efforts to form an opposition party have been made—and smashed. The most notable case was that of Lei Chen, former editor of the banned journal *Free China Fortnightly*, who in 1960 attempted to organize an opposition party based on cooperation between liberal mainlanders like himself and Formosans. Lei was sentenced to ten

years for his efforts, and few doubt the sentence would have been far harsher if his influential foreign friends had not intervened.

Formosans, who hold not one ambassadorship, whose chances of travel abroad are limited, and whose contacts with foreigners are hampered by linguistic difficulties (most Americans wish to learn Mandarin, the official language of both China and Nationalist-ruled Formosa; many Formosans speak it indifferently or not at all), are likely to fare much worse. It is difficult to discover *who* has been arrested, much less why. Arrests are rumored to have been made recently at the National University of Taiwan, but even to admit knowledge of this fact is to attract attention from the police. Therefore, silence is kept.

The government does not attempt complete repression. As in any police state, cautious discussion among intimates cannot be suppressed. What is forbidden absolutely is public communication about serious issues of any kind. Underground student publications appear now and then, but they are quickly seized and harsh penalties exacted of their authors, if they can be found. Moreover, the boundary between sedition and permissible criticism is deliberately kept obscure. As Chen and Lasswell point out in *Formosa, China and the United Nations*, "In undertaking a political activity, one has no rational way of estimating the probable consequences in terms of indulgence or deprivation." Indeed the arbitrariness of the law affects everyone, from the sidewalk vendor of black-market goods, uncertain if the protection money he pays the police will operate today as it did yesterday, to the university intellectual whose uncertainty about penalties induces apathy and silence. The one aspect of past Japanese rule universally mourned by Formosans is the dependable system of law, however harsh, it established and enforced.

Distrust is sown by planting informers, part time or professional, everywhere, so that no group feels safe in discussing any but the most innocuous topics. A professor relates how a concerned student humbly requested that he speak less openly in class. The student did not want to report the professor, but if he did not do so, someone else would—and report the student's lack of zeal for good measure.

Without the sustaining myth of return to the mainland, Chiang and the KMT would have no legitimacy whatsoever. The central government in exile allots to Formosa the number of posts and seats in the government the island would be entitled to in a unified China. Today, for example, Formosa is entitled to a mere eighteen out of 1,521 seats in the National Assembly. The KMT dominates the Provincial Assembly, which is in any case powerless, and the governor is appointed. Should it be admitted in any way that return to the mainland is a lost dream, the slim fabric of reason by which Chiang rules would be permanently rent. Thus the main enemies of the government are those who discuss the possibility of Formosan independence. This, even more than the "two-China" formula, is most feared by the regime.

Attempting, by an act of open courage, to break out of the impotence created by combined self and govern-

ment censorship, a well-known Formosan political scientist, P'eng Ming-min, and two students drafted a cool and reasoned brief for Formosan independence in 1965. P'eng hoped that his statement could be circulated to friends and colleagues, mainland and Formosan. He knew the risks he ran, but felt that silence was death and that the plea for free and open debate among men of good will might galvanize the weak and unite the strong. The document, and its authors, were seized before even one copy could be distributed. The contents of the statement were



Macpherson, Toronto Star

distorted beyond recognition, and disseminated. One otherwise sympathetic mainlander insisted that the statement (which he had never read) was a violently inflammatory appeal to Formosans to massacre all mainlanders, to "push us into the sea."

Again, through the efforts of foreign friends and such groups as Amnesty International, P'eng's sentence was relatively light: eight years in prison. One student was likewise sentenced to eight years, the other to ten. Perhaps as a result of further pressure, the government amnestied P'eng in November of 1965, but kept his students in jail. In the summer of 1966 their sentences were reduced by half. Although the government released P'eng it hoped to destroy him as a possible rallying figure for future political action by keeping his students in jail and handing out a story to the newspapers that he had confessed his guilt and thrown himself upon Chiang's infinite mercy. The confession story was a lie, and the effort to discredit P'eng has had only limited success. But many young mainlanders who consider themselves liberals believe the confession story and have written P'eng off. Perhaps they would have done so in any event; the sentiment for Formosan independence, in contrast to anti-KMT feelings, is slight among mainlanders of any age. On the other hand, the general suspicion in which the government is held by Formosans has worked among them to protect P'eng's reputation. He is, however, powerless. He lives in a state of semi-house arrest, his visitors are followed, he is for-

bidden to teach. Punishment extends to other members of his family, an old and prominent one in Formosa, who have found it difficult to get credit at banks and are often harassed in other ways.

The vulnerability of the government to foreign pressure is apparent from the two important political cases of Lei and P'eng, whose sentences were reduced by pressure from abroad. A government which lives by myth is obviously half a public relations venture. Thus, with luck, even relatively obscure people can be saved. In the summer of 1966, for example, Huang Ch'i-ming, a Formosan graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, paid a brief visit to his family in Taipei. He was arrested and convicted on the charge of having attended meetings in Madison where "the problem of Formosa" was discussed. (In the Nationalist mythology Formosa, as such, cannot be a problem.) A story about Huang appeared in *The New York Times*. Pressure from some American universities and possibly from other officialdom followed, and Huang was retried (though an appeal had been rejected earlier). In a face-saving move, Huang received a three-year suspended sentence. In a sense it was a life sentence, for Huang will probably never be allowed to leave Formosa again.

The recent, and distressing, forced return to Formosa from Japan of a Formosan independence worker may be a sign of new trials and prosecutions. Some rumors now coming out of the island indicate that large-scale arrests are imminent.

For Chiang, the Chinese civil war is both a political necessity and a military fact. An estimated 25 per cent of his 600,000-man army lives in vast underground bunkers on Quemoy and Matsu. On alternate days propaganda shells are exchanged with the mainland—less than 2 miles away at its closest point. Americans are encouraged to visit Quemoy for a day of expense-free entertainment: briefings, a tour of the small museum, the opportunity to send one's very own propaganda balloon to China. From here and, presumably, other points the Nationalists stage their raids on the mainland, concentrating on sabotage and brief terrorist attacks by frogmen whose brave deeds are openly lauded in the press. Using American equipment and shielded by the Seventh Fleet, Chiang takes frequent occasion to demonstrate to Mao that he has not yet lost all hope.

While Formosans may fear that Chiang's desire to return to the mainland will involve them in a disastrous war, they realize how unlikely this is except in the event of a larger conflict between China and America. A more immediate anxiety is that, upon the death of his father, Chiang Ching-kuo will negotiate some kind of deal with Peking which would indeed return Formosa to the mainland, on Peking's terms. It is hard to find a Formosan who does not firmly believe that Chiang's son has already met with Communist officials. They dismiss the notion that this is merely an effort to blackmail America into firmer displays of support for the Nationalists. "He is a mainlander, after all," they insist. "He will never accept the permanent separation of Formosa from China." Nor would such a deal be inconceivable. As recently as 1965, China's Foreign Minister Ch'en Yi declared that coopera-

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tion with Chiang Kai-shek and his son was entirely possible, provided only that they "break away from U.S. imperialist control and be loyal to the motherland."

What of the other alternative, an independent Formosa with its own seat in the UN? Peking could then assume its rightful place in that body and on the Security Council. It will at once be protested that neither Taipei nor Peking would allow such a resolution. Taipei's wishes in this matter are, perhaps, irrelevant. The United States need not permanently enslave itself to every tyrant it has had the misfortune to support in the past. Peking's protest, and the form it might take, are more disturbing considerations. Yet it would seem that a friendly, nonaligned Formosa might please the Communists better than the present situation. In terms of world opinion, it would look very bad indeed for Peking to oppose by force the self-determination of the people of Formosa, provided this could be determined in a truly free and open way. A deal with Chiang Ching-kuo could possibly be made, though it is uncertain that the United States would ever allow it to be consummated.

The best case for such an arrangement is made by Lung-chu Chen and Harold Lasswell in their book. They approach the problem from every possible angle. Since Lasswell is no Sinophile, he is not oversensitive to Chinese convictions concerning the inviolable unity of their country, defined as conterminous with Chinese culture. Lung-chu Chen is Formosan, and his loyalties are clear. Formosa, they argue, has all the requirements for independence. Like the black ghettos in America it is already, in fact, separate. What is needed is to acknowledge that separation. They conclude that the "one China, one Formosa" policy, as distinguished from the "two-Chinas" formula, is the solution offering the greatest promise of clarifying and serving the common interest of the UN, the people of Formosa, the United States, and ultimately the people of mainland China."

At present the overwhelming majority of people on Formosa are being taxed without representation; they watch helplessly as 80 per cent of their government's budget is devoted to the continuation of a civil war in which they have never played any part, and in whose outcome, except as it affects their island, they have no interest. In the words of one Formosan leader, the Nationalist government amounts to no more than a "gigantic hoax . . . detrimental to the world order in general and Far Eastern stability in particular. Domestically . . . the government is no more than a cynical artifice" whose only function is to prolong the "dominance of the KMT minority over the 11 million Formosans." Should Formosa

assume its place as an independent nation, it would make an "explicit declaration of *de facto* and *de jure* severance from past Chinese internal conflicts" and look toward the establishment of a "sort of non-hostile, if not friendly, relationship [with China], without which the life of Formosa as an independent political entity would be one of chronic precariousness. . . ."

The United States is, in large measure, responsible for the situation Formosans find themselves in today. It brought the KMT administration to Formosa after the

war and has supported it militarily, financially and politically ever since—with a brief interruption in 1949-50. We have the power to effect a change, to support, for once, a politically oppressed majority *before* it attempts to gain its rights by slaughter. In the interests of long-term stability in the Far East, for a China policy that has some hope of success, American support for self-determination on Formosa would seem imperative. But America has ignored imperatives before. It is, unhappily, more than likely that we shall do so once more.

LITTLE WATCHDOG OF THE DOLLAR WARRIORS

SANFORD WATZMAN

Mr. Watzman is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Washington

The Renegotiation Board, an already crippled agency that polices war profiteering, will die on June 30 unless Congress renews its license to live. Though it will probably win another reprieve with less supplication than has been necessary in former years, because now more than ever it is needed as an adornment for the war budget, the issue is not merely whether this five-member independent board should survive but whether its former powers should be restored to it, so that it can really keep track of all the riches flowing from where the action is today.

The board is a small beast in the bureaucratic jungle, with low visibility on Capitol Hill, where it has few good friends and has frequently been ambushed by its enemies. A pariah of sorts, it can't roar for attention as other agencies do because (a) its absurdly small budget of \$2.5 million a year does not afford a press agent or, to use the euphemism, a public information officer; and (b) like the Internal Revenue Service, it must take a vow of silence about the corporations it duns on behalf of the U.S. Treasury.

The board is sequestered in its own little office building, in a remote corner of downtown Washington. It was discovered there by its current champion, low-ranking Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez, a liberal Democrat from San Antonio, after a chance reference was made to it at a committee hearing on another topic. Gonzalez has since confessed to the House: "At the time, I knew nothing about the board. I have been pained to discover that the same is true of most of my colleagues."

The fact is that the agency is better known to lobbyists than to legislators. The former and their defense contractor clients, whose sales exceed \$125 million a day, have felt the board's bite; they fear it still, even though the board has had many teeth pulled and been shrunk drastically in size.

In the wake of Korean War spending, the agency was

recovering excess profits at the rate of more than \$150 million a year; the figure for the last fiscal year was \$15.9 million. Recurring amendments to the Renegotiation Act of 1951 have opened large loopholes in the law, and the board, violating all the laws of bureaucratic respectability, has been withering away. It had 558 employees in 1952 and 742 in 1953. It sank to 639 employees in 1954, 550 in 1955, 466 in 1956 and then by steady decline to 178 in 1967. These are total personnel figures, including board members, not the staffs only of the Washington headquarters but of the two regional offices as well.

On December 31, the agency published its annual Blue Book—a report to Congress which hardly anyone reads. It is terse enough, but the prose is hardly as stimulating as—and of course less comprehensible than—the latest communiqués out of Vietnam. Yet this particular Blue Book would have been especially meaty for the press agent which the Renegotiation Board lacks. For in it the agency, whose reporting runs two years behind because of the time it takes to receive and process contractors' filings, begins to lift the curtain on the costs of stepped-up procurement of Vietnam war materiel. The book is full of indicators that the profitability of defense contracts is escalating, with excess profits also surging.

What is meant by "excess profits"? In a free enterprise economy, the question is often asked and one would expect constant quibbling over it, especially since the renegotiation law is deliberately vague and flexible on the point. But the U.S. tax court has had no trouble with the term. It asserted bluntly in one case: "The word 'excessive' has a generally understood meaning. . . . It means more than is reasonable." And even the contractors, in their quiet and private dealings with the board, appear to have no trouble understanding the phrase. For the record shows that when the board has decided there was profiteering, the corporations agreed nine times out of ten (89.9 per cent of the time, to be exact), to refund money to the U.S. Treasury. There have been 3,375 such cases since the board was established during the Korean War; only 142 cases have been appealed to the tax court. The board

has won seventy-one of these lawsuits, the court decreased the board's billings in forty others and the rest are pending. One case was that of the Boeing Airplane Co., which stormed into court protesting a finding of excess profits amounting to \$9.8 million and slunk out owing \$13 million—because the court took a closer look than had the board. (Only those cases that reach the court become known to the public.)

When the board asked Congress in 1966 for a new lease on life, ultimately winning a two-year extension, the House Ways and Means Committee publicly announced it "would be pleased to receive written comments from any interested individuals or organizations." But only foes of the board replied, including such powerful lobbies as the Aerospace Industries Association, National Association of Manufacturers, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Electronic Industry Association, National Security Industrial Association, American Institute of Certified Public Accountants and Machinery and Allied Products Institute. They insisted that the board serves no legitimate purpose and that it be abolished or further weakened. One reason that an independent agency is not needed to watch for profiteering, they added, is that the Defense Department was already doing this very thing itself as a consequence of the 1962 Truth in Negotiating Act.

This reasoning by the contractors is noteworthy because many of them had opposed a strong "Truth" Act, and because a series of Congressional hearings in 1967, notably those held by Sen. William Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee, disclosed that the Defense Department had never adequately enforced that law. For instance, it took five years for the Pentagon to agree last October, under fire from Proxmire and others, to implement the audit provisions of the "Truth" Act. It is understandable, thus, that defense contractors would rather deal exclusively with the Pentagon (the military half of the military-industrial complex), which had overlooked padded prices totaling countless millions of dollars, than suffer the curiosity of an independent Renegotiation Board.

But as the Vietnamese War was then heating up, the lobbyists deemed it prudent not to press too hard. A *modus vivendi* was reached when they tacitly agreed that the board be allowed to carry on for two more years at its existing level of limited operations. The consideration was that a study would be undertaken by the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to determine, among other things, whether "this ancient and antiquated [board] meets today's needs"—a question posed by Rep. Charles S. Gubser (R., Calif.). The same joint committee had published an innocuous study on the subject only four years before. This is the background against which the impending debate will be held.

Corporations are required to file annually with the board if they hold defense or space contracts or deal with certain agencies such as the Atomic Energy Commission—unless the companies qualify for one of the numerous exemptions that have punctured the law in recent years. The filing is a report on that portion of the year's business with the government that remains covered by the Act. It

resembles the corporation's income tax return, to which the board legally has access. In this sense, it differs from the accounting that a company is supposed to make under the Truth in Negotiating Act, which is enforced (when it is) on a contract-by-contract rather than on a broad annual basis.

The Renegotiation Act sets forth standards for determining excess profits; it is more liberal than the "Truth" Act in allowing costs to the contractor. Some of the criteria are (1) reasonableness of the profits netted on defense contracts, assessed against the normal earnings of the company; (2) the extent of financial risk assumed by the corporation and the inventiveness of its product; and (3) government assistance to the company in developing the product.

The board's finding of \$15.9 million in excess profits in fiscal 1967 was down from \$24.5 million the previous year. But the latest Blue Book warns that this comparison could be misleading. It asserts: "Because of the normal time lag between award of a contract . . . and the time required for processing a renegotiation case, the effect of accelerated Vietnam procurement is not reflected [by the \$15.9 million]." The annual report also contains indicators which are more current and that point to fat in many Vietnam contracts. For instance:

Corporate filings are screened at board headquarters in Washington, where an overwhelming majority win quick clearance. But when profiteering is suspected, the filing is bounced back to a regional board for renegotiation of profits between the company and board officials. The Blue Book says on this point: "In fiscal 1967, 635 filings were thus assigned, as against 444 in fiscal 1966, an increase of 43 percent. Most of the increase occurred in the last quarter of the fiscal year, when the first filings reflecting the surge of Vietnam procurement were processed. This sharp increase indicated the beginning of an upward trend in the Board's workload."

Also suggestive was the fact that corporations reported \$30.3 million in voluntary refunds and price reductions to the board, against \$23.2 million in the previous fiscal year. Since these cases were not run through the bureaucratic mill, the contractor having elected to take a short cut, the voluntary figures are regarded as more current and a better reflector of Vietnam spending than the lagging official determinations of the board. Representative Gonzalez and other advocates of a rearmed Renegotiation Board see the voluntary refunds as a crucial element. This money flows back, they contend, because it looks better when the companies cough it up themselves than when they get caught with it later by the board. In fact, Chairman Lawrence E. Hartwig, chosen by the last four Presidents of the United States to sit on the five-member panel, views the agency as a strong inducement to corporate honesty. Though he has no idea how much money is saved by fear of the board, he says that the figure—if known—would dwarf the dollar amounts officially recovered.

The Blue Book shows more companies (20.7 per cent more) reporting profits and fewer companies (20.3 per cent less) claiming losses than in the previous year. Average profit margin of the moneymakers was 4.99 per cent, compared with 4.62 per cent in fiscal 1966. When the

"loss" companies are figured in, these percentages drop to 3.53 and 3.02. Although this portion of the board's statistics points to only a slight upward trend in profits, the figures are regarded with a great deal of skepticism by the agency. Profit figures, it is argued, are deflated by the many exemptions and allowances in the renegotiation law. Besides, generalizations about the highly diversified defense industry are said to be hazardous. Where there is a monopoly or oligopoly on a sorely needed military item, the deck is stacked in favor of high profits. On the other hand, corporations are generally willing to take a loss for a few years in order to develop a monopoly item, such as a new weapons system.

Representative Gonzalez was perhaps not the first Congressman to discover the Renegotiation Board and its significance for the Vietnamese War, but he was the first to find something to say about it. Last March, he introduced a bill that seeks to return the board to its Korean War strength. Despite a number of speeches on the House floor, he had a difficult time winning attention to his cause until a series of articles appeared last January in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. It was this newspaper which first exposed the Pentagon's "comprehensive lack of compliance" with the Truth in Negotiating Act—a conclusion reached by the Joint Economic Committee—and which has since taken an interest generally in the subject of war profiteering. After the articles appeared Gonzalez won an important ally in Rep. Charles A. Vanik (D., O.), who joined him as a co-sponsor of the bill. Vanik is a member of the Ways and Means Committee; Gonzalez is not. Other Ohioans, including Reps. William E. Minshall of the defense appropriations subcommittee and Jackson E. Betts of Ways and Means (both are Republicans), have been aroused.

The Gonzalez-Vanik legislation has two major provisions to bring more Defense Department purchasing under the jurisdiction of the board. It would require any corporation holding at least \$250,000 in renegotiable government contracts to file annually with the agency. This, the Korean War figure, was subsequently raised to \$500,000 and then \$1 million. (Some lobbyists speak of boosting the exemption again—to \$5 million.) The bill also would repeal the so-called standard commercial article exemption that after the Korean War drained away much of the authority the board could have exercised despite the raising of the floor. This dispensation excuses from renegotiation proceedings the purchase of certain products when it can be shown that the contractor sells at least 35 per cent of the item to customers other than the government.

The legislation also would make the board a permanent agency. No longer would it have to implore Congress periodically for authority to survive, for one or two more years, with the lobbyists sharpening their knives in advance. Even should the Vietnamese War end, Gonzalez and Vanik argue, unsettled world conditions and competition in the cold war will sustain a high level of defense and space buying. They cite the impending anti-missile race with Russia as an example.

Even today, the agency has enough staff and other re-

sources to strike at the giants, like Boeing. Measured in terms of large dollar amounts, it is among the top defense contractors that most of the excess profits have been found. But when the number of separate cases is recorded, more instances of profiteering turn up in the less exclusive group just below the giants, where prices may be proportionately just as bloated.

In fiscal 1967 the board examined sales totaling \$33.1 billion. The new legislation would permit the board to thumb through an additional \$6 billion to \$7 billion a year in defense and space contracts. The bill also would triple the number of contractors that come under the board's scrutiny, the figure then shooting up to 11,300 annually. A large share of the board's new "customers" would be subcontractors, now enjoying a boom with the escalation of the war in Vietnam. Because subcontractors, especially on the lower tiers, do not deal directly with Pentagon procurement officers, their pricing policies are not open to the Defense Department, but they would become visible to the board.

Business protests that such legislation would make an octopus of the board, giving it tentacles that would choke what the corporation spokesmen are pleased to refer to as "small business." At a time when the government should be encouraging more competition for defense contracts, the smaller corporations would become strangled by red tape flowing out of costly and pointless confrontations with the Renegotiation Board.

An answer to this argument was given as far back as 1948, when a special Senate investigating committee headed by the late Sen. Owen Brewster (R., Me.) confessed an "error" on its part. It had recommended boosting the filing floor from \$100,000 to \$500,000 and its proposal was adopted in 1943. "The committee now feels in view of our wartime experience in the administration of the renegotiation laws that this recommendation was a mistake," the panel reported. It explained that most of the complaints received about profiteering during the war were directed at contractors with less than \$500,000 worth of contracts, adding: "It was damaging to war morale. . . . It frequently happened that contractors about whom complaints were received were located in small communities where it soon became common knowledge that the contractor was profiting excessively."

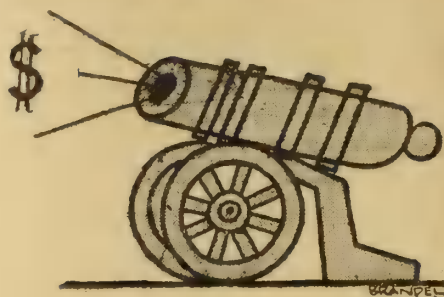
Chairman Hartwig told a House appropriations subcommittee last year: "There have been instances where the board has found salaries unreasonable. Our statute ties in with the Internal Revenue Code. We must allow those costs which are good tax deductions. Internal Revenue, of course, can disallow excessive salaries. And so we have on occasion disallowed salaries." Hartwig also warned about the need for keeping track of satellite corporations. He asserted: "Otherwise, an individual could organize four or five companies, each with less than \$1 million in renegotiable business (the present minimum required for board review), and escape renegotiation. . . . Chasing down affiliates and subsidiaries is not an easy task, and certainly requires the staff we have. We are down to the bare bones with only twenty-two people in that office."

Congress last year gave the agency the budget request-

ed for it by President Johnson. The President and Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) are the two persons most likely to determine the board's future. Representative Gonzalez sometimes hitches a ride when Mr. Johnson flies to his ranch in Texas. Should the President side with Gonzalez and Vanik, he would find himself in the company not only of some liberals but even a few conservatives—such as hawkish Chairman L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), of the House Armed Services Committee. Defending the board's sniffing on the trail of Defense Department purchases, Rivers once advised the House that the renegotiation agency doesn't "deal in chicken-feed."

"The contractors and subcontractors are big men," he said. "They hire the smartest people on earth to come down here to Washington to sit across the table with some

little colonel . . . who may not know exactly everything about a computer. These people can steal you blind, if they want to. That is a fact of life. I know what I am talking about, because I have a subcommittee that looks into this."



ARE INTELLECTUALS OBSOLETE?

J. P. NETTL

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The question has been asked before—in fact it is asked whenever the literate and politically involved community is at loggerheads with the powers that be. Either those in power don't listen, whereupon the intellectual community decamps from Washington, back into the comforts of contemporary academic salaries where available. Such an exodus has taken place since Johnson succeeded Kennedy; a steady, consistent trickle, it is true, rather than a concerted rush, but effective nonetheless. Like all refugees these intellectuals, from Hilsman to Schlesinger, spend their time and brain power telling us how much better things were then than they are now, and how they all left of their own volition when conscience dictated. Or, alternatively, the model of democracy (which at best is always much more a model than a reality) is found wanting. The public, besotted with television and consumer goods, refuses to heed the warnings of the intellectuals. We get gloomy prognostications about the decay of culture and the hedonism of the age.

In both cases, the issue is one of influence. Intellectuals are not bureaucrats; their *raison d'être* is to influence people, to bring about consciously directed change. They tend to dissent when they are not serving the government; cyclically, a new government often sweeps yesterday's dissenters into the positions of influence. Even when a more radical, even total, opposition to existing policies is called for, as with the Vietnamese War, those like Noam Chomsky who address themselves specifically to the conscience of their colleagues have little doubt as to whom they have in mind when they talk about intellectuals: all those who exercise in-

fluence over people's minds, who market preferences and choices. Though social scientists have made various attempts over the last hundred years to define the nature and quality of an intellectual, these have usually proved barren conceptual exercises, primarily of interest to other social scientists. We know what a worker or a capitalist is, an academic, a writer, a political activist; but an intellectual is in a way only an occasional phenomenon, not a permanent part of the social scene—something between an ascription of mental excellence and a caricature of impracticability.

Two years ago R. A. Nisbet produced the most recent sociological definition in *Commentary* (December, 1965)—a disinterested pursuer of knowledge, a scholar—and Nisbet contrasted him with academic bureaucrats and wheeler-dealers "who have so profound a distaste for the classroom and for the pains of *genuine scholarship or creative thought* that they will seize upon anything . . . to exempt themselves respectably from each." Intellectuals at least reckon to have no difficulty in recognizing one another as a self-conscious community—and as long as they recognize one another the main purpose of definition is served. As with the Jews, it is self-recognition and mutual recognition that properly establish the community, not the outside opinion of gentiles. This last is anyhow likely to crystallize only in case of hostility. Most of the argument with and among intellectuals concerns attitudes, not the membership of the community. Hardly anyone really questions the existence or relevance of intellectuals, any more than in the past.

I think we should, though. The problem of the intellectual in contemporary America and in other highly industrial and technological societies no longer relates to his position, status and influence but to his very existence. It may be that the intense, even raucous concern of intellectuals with the present state of affairs, in the United States as much as in the Soviet Union, is not

primarily dissent from particular policies but dissent from a society which is pushing them into the margin of irrelevance, and eroding the very basis of what intellectuals are and do. For one of the most significant factors of the present situation is that intellectuals have no alternative to propose. They are "alienated"—unhappy word that increasingly comes to carry connotations of mental illness instead of the original Marxist meaning of separation leading to failures of perception. As Raymond Aron, a prominent critic of the intellectual masquerading as a critic of *ideology*, puts it: "Radical criticism has abandoned the attempt to rethink the world or to change it. It is simply content to condemn." The point is that this reduction of function is not the fault of intellectuals (the usual accusation); it occurs because certain types of society, among them the modern technological variant, cannot accommodate that complex of roles and attitudes that constitute an intellectual. In this view, an intellectual is no longer to be defined by what he does or even by any psychological disposition toward ideological or utopian modes of thought but by a particular social role which is being destroyed in a modern society.

One can of course simply define intellectuals as those who work with their brains. It is interesting that Soviet and American definitions over the last two or three decades converge in that direction, providing us with an intelligentsia, the existence and extent of which is directly related to education. By transposing intellectuals into intelligentsia, the problem of social role, function or attitude is wiped away; they are simply people with certain qualifications and engaged in given professions, and never mind about their views. It is true that in certain societies of the past the intelligentsia were intellectuals. In czarist Russia, as well as Imperial China, there was a close identification between the intelligentsia as an objective social group and the intellectuals as a subjective community distinguished by its critical views and attitudes; but as the educated strata became bigger and society more complex, this identification disappeared. In America and in the Soviet Union today the intelligentsia are by no means necessarily intellectuals, and the intellectuals are sometimes not to be found among the intelligentsia at all.

There are three main components to the definition of an intellectual. In the first place, his concerns tend to be universal. He is not a specialist but one for whom any specialist activity always relates to a whole. He thus necessarily trades in generalizations—at least his views and statements are always intended to be capable of generalization. Here the idea of the intellectual as the conscience of society becomes relevant, for conscience is always universal, does not tolerate contradiction, and lives badly with the qualification of "ifs" and "buts." Second, his concern, and therefore the validation of his activities in the eyes of others, is cultural. He is concerned with the *quality* of life. This is particularly important in specifying the audience he addresses and their reaction to him. As a rule, people will not accept cultural statements by bureaucrats, lawyers, engineers, or even politicians as

authoritative, but they will accept them from "intellectuals"—including, if necessary, such scientists, engineers, lawyers and even politicians as qualify for intellectual status. Most don't, a few do.

Finally, an intellectual is always strongly concerned with social and political matters; better, his is a socio-political role. This again has only in part to do with himself as a person, and much more with the expectation of others (that is what defines a role). In some societies intellectuals are prominent and important simply because writers and poets as well as politicians and journalists are understood to be involved with political matters quite irrespective of whether or not they specifically intend to address themselves to such matters. In Russia and China the whole context of poetry is traditionally political—which explains the puzzling preoccupation on the part of the authorities with the real meaning of what to outsiders appear perfectly harmless historical allegories or references, as well as the incessant bad habit of putting writers on trial. In England, the opposite is true. Since the English don't have intellectuals (they have the type of *person* but not the *role*) they tend not to recognize them when they see them, or to see intellectuals when they aren't really there. On its gossip back page, that pseudo-intellectual broadsheet for the Sunday literate, *The Observer*, wrote in December, 1967, about Walt W. Rostow, "an intellectual to his fingertips (he was visiting professor at both Oxford and Cambridge) . . . the nearest equivalent to Dick Crossman in American political life. . . . Johnson now calls him 'my type of intellectual' . . . a shrewd comment by a State Department colleague [states] Walt to be 'an intellectual who desperately needs to prove he has hair on his chest' . . . he's been called the Rasputin of the latest world empire." No wonder that even the most determined political intention on the part of writers such as Arnold Wesker still does not insure him the slightest political influence. England appears to be one of the societies traditionally inimical to intellectuals, at least since the 18th century—which is why there has been hardly any discussion of the problem of intellectuals or even awareness that there is a problem.

Intellectuals cannot accordingly be defined by any particular professions, attitudes or positions. In some societies poets are intellectuals while politicians are not (the present Soviet Union). In others, both poets and politicians can be intellectuals (the early Soviet Union and France). In yet other cases intellectuals form a distinct and cohesive social group with generally similar political attitudes, as in the United States. In America it is senseless to speak of any professions or activities as qualifying automatically for intellectual status; we have some poets as well as scientists who are intellectuals, others who are not.

Being an intellectual is a composite role, or rather a complex of individual roles. His concern with universality is directly opposed to the solid boundaries of professionalization in modern societies, where it is more and more accepted that no one can speak with authority on any subject other than his own—and must present impersonal evidence of qualification to boot. In modern industrial

society culture itself is no longer a total entity accessible to all those who matter but has been subdivided into high, middle and low cultures, each with its own values and autonomous means of supply and gratification. Hence the intellectual must necessarily lose the cultural validation his role requires. Above all the professionalization of politics, with democracy coming to mean little more than a process of formulating different group interests and eventually adjudicating among them, severely inhibits the intellectual's influence in that area. Who cares about universal generalities when the whole is merely an abstraction summarizing the different parts? The word "ought" has little meaning nowadays except when backed by powerfully organized demands.

It is a sociological rule that complexity of social or economic organization is reflected by differentiation of roles and functions and that this in turn leads to specialization. Sociologists as far back as Comte and Durkheim predicted that societies would become "modern" in the sense of existing in the abstract view of the observer rather than in the consciousness of the members themselves. For the well-known shift from community to society implies a less well-known shift in consciousness: from a sense of common identity with a perceived whole to an impersonal bond tying individuals to an abstraction, membership in which has increasingly to be specified by laws and asserted by symbols like Thanksgiving Day or flag-waving week. In Europe this march of abstract modernity still struggles against the deeply embedded tradition of cultural homogeneity and social continuity with the past, a continuity and a homogeneity that have not been lessened by periods of severe political and social conflict.

But in America there is no such tradition to struggle against; even many of the conflicts of American history had and have an air of random collision in a vacuum. Every large-scale political unit in America is an artifact, defined primarily by its laws and its government, rather than by cultural cohesion or community; not least the United States itself. American society is an abstraction. That is why the American intellectual has had to create a group or community of intellectuals for himself if he is to survive at all in the absence of a valid cultural community within which to exercise his persuasive talents. And that is why only in America does a situation arise in which intellectuals as a group are either with (or in) the Administration or against and outside it. Bureaucratization is as great a threat for intellectuals in America as it was in the Soviet Union, though for very different reasons. In the Soviet Union, the party even today must still do battle against a deeply embedded tradition of intellectual influence. It bureaucratizes the intellectuals with a mixture of rewards and threats. In the United States the absorption process has been much easier. For bureaucratization always means particularization, the destruction of universality and utopia, the substitution of power for influence. In the words of Lionel Trilling, "In the American metaphysic, reality is always material. It is always material reality. It is hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable and unpleasant. And that mind alone is felt to be trustworthy

which most resembles this reality by most nearly reproducing the sensations it affords."

The dilemma of the intellectual is simple but complete. He can accept integration as some kind of specialist into a society too complex to be explained, understood or predicted as a whole. He may be taken in and used as some kind of professional—scientist, writer, poet or whatever—or even as an intellectual. In that last capacity modern society expects him self-consciously to deal with cultural minutiae and to have access, whether academic or via the mass media, to limited, high-culture audiences (the Third Programme in England serves precisely this function of "taking in" intellectuals *qua* intellectuals). Or if that solution does not attract, he can reject modern society as a whole without necessarily being able to posit an alternative. This means rejecting not one community for another, one policy for a different policy, one ideology for a counter-ideology, but denying the validity of modern scientific and technological society altogether. With the first alternative the intellectual accepts the reduction or melting down of his role to something much humbler, smaller and more precise: membership in the intelligentsia pure and simple. If he chooses the second, he puts himself outside the mainstream of modern development and makes himself appear eccentric. Above all he risks becoming isolated and irrelevant.

These two alternatives approximately describe the plight of American as well as Russian intellectuals today. The situation of the last three decades or more in the United States, when intellectuals on the whole supported and worked for Democratic administrations, while opposing and withdrawing from Republican ones, now no longer applies. A much more profound cleavage has opened up between intellectuals and modern society. The Vietnamese War has been an effective but not essential factor in this process of polarization; it would have happened anyway, albeit less dramatically or suddenly. Whether intellectuals are situated in universities, edit journals, or even run scientific laboratories, the choice is between dissenting from or supporting modernity as mirrored—give or take a little either way—by contemporary American society and its extension into Europe and elsewhere. What makes it so hard is the fact that in either case the decision is "anti-intellectual" in that it melts down the vital combination of the intellectual's role, the very basis of his social existence. Silence is a possible alternative, but silence for how long? A silent intellectual is a loser in any case.

The fact that a modern society critically poses the question of the intellectual's very existence can be demonstrated by reference to two areas in which he has always been intensely concerned. The first is that of social analysis. It has always been the intellectual's task graphically to characterize the society in which he lives, to separate essentials from trivia, and to arrange these essentials in some kind of meaningful order. To dissent one needs to know what to dissent from and why. Even at a time when specialization in the economy was growing apace (and the idea of it certainly dates back to Adam Smith in the 18th century, if not beyond), the analysis

of society was still primarily the task of intellectuals seeking universal explanations. It is significant that modern, particularly American, society has created a substitute to fill this *locus classicus* of intellectual activity—sociology. The peculiar American contribution to sociology was to transform an essentially critical approach with strictly universal reference, as practiced in Europe, into a pragmatic and above all professionally specialist discipline that seeks to measure itself, not with the great philosophers of the past but with the methodologically qualified professions of the natural sciences a block away in the same university.

By grasping the traditional subject matter of intellectual concern and making of it yet another professional specialization, sociology offers a direct challenge to the intellectual. Its claim to be “value-free” is interesting, not so much because it succeeds or fails but because it is the only road to legitimation as a science. Much sociology is of course frankly parochial and concerned with minuscule phenomena. But even its more wide-ranging theoretical perspectives are increasingly based on the reinterpretation of reality in scientific or systematic terms. The fundamental nature of modern reality is less and less in dispute, and attempts or claims on the part of sociology to change it do not even arise. Prediction in modern sociology has no longer anything to do with the counterposing of alternatives which might be attained by conscious action, but consists merely of extrapolating existing trends on the assumption that the future is simply more of the present. American sociology is thus exceedingly supportive of the here-and-now, which it characterizes as modernity. The fact that it deals in abstract societies rather than real communities, in abstract functions rather than real actions, in variables rather than alternatives, and in structures rather than relationships, demonstrates that the modern reality which sociology underpins is itself abstract rather than tangible, scientific instead of desirable, but no less effective for all that. Modern society and its scientific handmaiden sociology state their own terms of reference to such an extent that arguments can be discussed only in the context of their own abstractions; to reject them and return to older, more ethical methods of discourse is to be accused of rejecting modernity itself.

There is much critical debate within sociology as to whether it should be so directly supportive of modern bureaucratic control, whether it should not seek major changes by emphasizing dissatisfactions, strains and conflicts in modern society. But in spite of these considerable differences within the profession, the area of possible dissent has become substantially narrower than it was before social scientists began to replace intellectuals as social analysts and critics. For one thing, all discussion of the future—the very heart of intellectual concerns—is based on an immediate future rather than a distant one, pragmatism rather than utopia. For another, continuing technological change and scientific advance are accepted by all sociologists as inevitable and irreversible; the better a sociological analysis can accommodate the impact of technology and science on society, the more seriously it will be taken. Thus the problem of choice in

sociology has been greatly reduced. Whether critics or supporters of given policies or administrations, social scientists in any case put themselves forward as the direct heirs of the intellectual tradition; indeed they often tend to regard themselves as today's intellectuals. As Edward Shils has stated (“The Intellectuals and the Future,” *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, October, 1967):

The critical and solicitous care for the whole in the proximate future must be the charge which American intellectuals take on themselves, if American society is not to become the victim of the parochial preoccupations of specialized technological experts. If academic social scientists and free-lance publicists or amateur social scientists are not critics on behalf of the whole society over the reasonably foreseeable future, no one else will be.

Social scientists have become institutionalized (hence bureaucratized) to an extent that makes effective dissent quite difficult. In Europe this institutionalization was itself traditional (i.e., “pre-modern”) and did not coincide with the boundaries of influence of the universities. A German professor might lose his job through political deviance but there was usually a political group to accommodate him instead, while in France the academic establishment has traditionally almost been reserved to the political opposition, over the last forty years specifically to the Communists. In any case the European combination of cultural community and conflict-ridden unintegrated society over the last hundred years did not entail any contradiction between academic attainment and the strongest political and social dissent. Exile—the traditional refuge of the dissenting European intellectual—did not inhibit opposition but facilitated it.

In the all-embracing cosmos of a modern society, on an American or Russian scale, exile is virtually impossible and politics no longer a viable alternative to academic position. The very institutional autonomy of American universities within society modifies and decreases the effectiveness of dissenting academics. What happens within universities does not spill over into society at large as easily as in Europe, where academic institutions are far more directly controlled and integrated. Besides, it is quite difficult to dissent fundamentally in the present liberal atmosphere of American universities, on a high salary and with easy access to research funds which gush from the rich earth like oil. The restrictions seem painless: say what you like, write what you like, but don't be fool enough to try to roll back modernity. No wonder intellectuals accept the honorable pension of specialization as scientists and institutionalization as professors, and quickly turn against the students when these move on from denouncing Washington to criticizing curricula and faculty authority. “At this point,” says Nathan Glazer, “the university brings nothing of its own to the discussion and understanding of our problems. Students merely become propagandists and recruiters.”

But the future does not look wholly bleak for these intellectuals turned social scientists. In the United States sociologists are beginning to voice demands to participate in the setting of goals as well as the selection of means, in the processing of information and not only the humble gathering of data. As the history of Project Camelot

showed, the stirrings of conscience (and they are only stirrings at present) about the sponsorship of research is very much part and parcel of a concern over the use of, and control over, the interpretation of research findings. Of course this demand to participate takes place well within the framework of an unquestioned, fully internalized modernity. Even though intellectuals are being replaced by social scientists in the role of authoritative analysts of society, this role change does not in itself prevent the individual intellectual from *becoming* a social scientist—providing he accepts the thinning out and limiting of his role. What he may lose in the process, however, is the respect of the embattled community of surviving intellectuals, fighting its rear-guard action to uphold intellectual standards like the Byzantines against the Turks; no profession is held in as much contempt among intellectuals as sociology.

The other area of traditional intellectual concern is social action. Here the intellectual is being outflanked, if not indeed directly replaced. I have long believed that the distinction between men of intellect and men of action is almost certainly false; Christ and Lenin between them have disproved it over a span of nearly 2,000 years. The chances of effective action by intellectuals depend more on circumstances and social situation than on any natural predisposition or psychological make-up. In most revolutionary situations intellectuals have been prominent; even when, like Robespierre, they have not themselves been activists, they have prescribed the parameters of action. The real difference is between intellectuals and bureaucrats, between men of ideas and men of hierarchical power.

But in a situation in which dissent tends to become the negation of abstract modernity, of modern society as such, without any alternative, action loses its remedial purpose, becomes a means without an end. Instead of the clash of ideological alternatives, we now have limited social or political action directed to particular demands and issues—which hardly merit the name of intellectual dissent—or else we have action *per se*. And though there has recently been a good deal of action *per se* in the United States and Germany (to mention only two societies) it has significantly not been accompanied by any intellectual expression or support. It is action without benefit of ideology, without any detailed exposition of a case, based on antipathy alone. D. G. MacRae, a well-known if entirely self-appointed interpreter of intellectual attitudes in England (also, incidentally, wedded to the misconception that an intellectual must be a “neutral” scholar and preferably a sociologist) laments the retreat from “the written word” by those who no longer “wish to learn what economics, political science, etc., genuinely have to give” and “repudiate them for passionate commitments.”

Even those few who speak for the rejectors of modern society do so without offering alternatives:

In many ways the situation (but not the political theory) of the Russian anarchists at the turn of the century prefigures the contemporary situation. Then the world of Russia *seemed* like the whole world but there was, strictly speaking, an alternative beyond the borders

of Russia . . . today there is no alternative. The world is a single unit and it has become intolerable.

The writer is John Berger, and his thoughts were triggered off by reflections on the death of Che Guevara. The only form of dissociation from the intolerable modern world, Berger suggests, is the deliberate risk of death—with your eyes open:

His envisaged death is no longer the measure of a servant's loyalty, nor the inevitable end of an heroic tragedy. The eye of death's needle has been closed—there is nothing to thread through it, not even a future (unknown) historical judgment. Provided that he makes no transcendental appeal and provided that he acts out of the maximum possible consciousness of what is knowable to him, his envisaged death has become the measure of the parity which can now exist between the self and the world; it is the measure of his total commitment and his total independence.

The intellectual is reduced, not only to action *per se* but to the attainment of independence only by such an individual commitment to self-liberation. And how few intellectuals can take this particular path.

This is a curious irony. Those who for the last ten years have triumphantly proclaimed the end of ideology have really deduced a disinterest in revolution from the absence of valid revolutionary ideologies; the end of ideology is essentially a quietist doctrine of popular satisfaction. Though these prophets may have been correct as regards ideology, they have been wrong as regards action. There may be quietism but there is little or no quiet. But not only these supportive sociologists were wrong; the intellectuals were left way behind. A recent commentator on Germany has firmly chastised the intellectuals for their inability to cope with the current activist scene:

What we are faced with today [in Germany] is not communism but revolution. . . . It was not the writers who narrowed the alternative down to such an extreme . . . it was not the writers but the students who first faced up to the alternative and who bear its scars. In the Berlin police pogroms in the summer of this year [1967] the first nuclei of a revolutionary-minded opposition were formed, and it is the students who have begun to build up a political underground press. . . . As for the intellectuals, who for the past twenty years have felt themselves to be the exponents of a radical opposition, the majority of them have a long way to go before they realize the extent either of their defeat or of the political demands which will be made on them in years to come.

In the United States one finds the same widening gap between intellectuals and activists. Neither student protest in American universities nor the militant movement among the urban Negroes is capable of “intellectualization” in the classical sense. It appears that these movements do not seek intellectual support or articulation; that is why the exponents of black power or the student leaders are so difficult to argue with—though the latter at any rate still claim to be seeking verbal confrontation. To refer to them merely as alienated, however, makes no sense either, since to be meaningful alienation posits a notion of eventual and significant reinterpretation. The question should rather be whether the non- or even anti-intellectualism of these phenomena is due to the nature

of the movements (as most conservative and Pop sociologists claim), or to the failure or inability of intellectuals to carry out their function of articulating dissent. If the latter, is this a personal failure on the part of a particular generation of intellectuals (as so much liberal intellectual self-criticism suggests), or is it a deeper generic problem connected with the nature of modern society, as I believe? In any case it would seem that the action component of traditional intellectual dissent is being filched away from intellectuals, as also their function of social analysis. The students who flourish Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* carry, not a thoroughly up-to-date version of Marxism but a technical handbook on how to win (or not to win) guerrilla warfare in the South American jungle. What they ask for is not a blueprint for an American utopia but an equivalent handbook for urban North America—at least for purposes of discussion and study.

Everything changes over time: there is no reason why we should necessarily lament the passing of a social type or role in a changing society. The all-purpose intellectual as the conscience of society may have come to the end of his historic role; a complex abstraction does not possess a conscience. Dissent concerned with individual issues and group interests will of course continue; protest, disagreement, competition and demands will not grow less in quantity. But can modern society continue to bring forth dissent based on universal perspectives which carries conviction and has popular appeal whether or not it can be accommodated to existing parties and translated into going social terms? Above all can such dissent be related to action?

The first of these questions is the crucial one. If the classic intellectual type, with his essentially humanistic background, ceases to be socially meaningful in an increasingly scientific or technological society, may we not expect a new generation of critics to emerge from within the scientific community itself? Science has its own universalities; a scientific revolution, like a social or political revolution, consists of the overthrow and replacement of established systems. Hence there is a possibility—to put it no higher—that a scientific society will produce its fundamental scientific dissenters. This is no mere tautology. Hardly any of our politicians, writers or intellectuals—nor even social scientists, for that matter—have the slightest idea what science is about. They all criticize and discuss it from without. But this solution would produce its own problems. We know that economics, the most scientific of the social sciences, is called dismal precisely because its “iron” laws subordinate people and their wishes or needs to the eternal acquisition of scarce values. On the other hand, we also know that some of the most unregenerately and determined humanistic perspectives, like those of Marx, have arisen from within economics, by taking its laws at face value and going on from there. It may well be that some of the social and political dissatisfactions expressed from time to time by scientists indicate not a retreat from scientific perspectives but a nascent impatience with the unscientific or pseudo-scientific application of science and technology to and within society.

Sociology may have a crucial role to play here. The fact that at present the scientific status of sociology is directly related to its support of what is as though it could be no different, may be merely a sign of its immaturity as a discipline. When (and if) we reach a genuinely transformative sociology, a universal critique of existing society may become possible for sociologists. It will have to be based on an understanding of both science and technology—not as dark presences before which to bow like primitive worshipers of lightning and water but as manipulable variables capable of control in various directions. The level of choices would then be upped from small and particular decisions to great and universal ones; societies must be shown to be capable of fundamental reordering in terms of their existing and future technology. Above all, the abstract society will have to be retransformed into a new form of cultural community to which people belong by virtue of a feeling or perception of participation, instead of the present residual membership which consists of holding a passport and reading about oneself in sociological analyses as some kind of social unit.

Translating the dissent of such neo-intellectuals into effective action will require changes in our political and social processes, the nature of which it is quite beyond me to predict. At the moment politics in modern societies are drifting among the exigencies of external and internal demands, with no indication of purpose or direction. It seems to be part of the modern political condition that our rulers prefer to exaggerate the sense of helplessness, thus making legitimate the inexorable demands which the objective situation forces on us, rather than to face the need for disagreeable choice. According to President Johnson, peace in Vietnam entirely depends not on the most powerful society of the world but on one of the smaller, weaker ones. The logic of modernity in that case implies that the weaker one is, the more choices one apparently has—for one has less to lose. But I suspect that political and social processes can always be found to express existing needs, given sufficient pressure. We need a replacement for the almost extinct role of the humanist intellectuals before we need to worry about their means of making their influence effective. Even if they fail in this, their very existence will pose a continuing threat to their society as it has always done in the past.

Of course none of this *need* happen. We may well continue to drift; instead of a firm chorus of intellectual dissent there will be only isolated and conflicting squeaks which will cancel one another. But in that case we must not be surprised if what is increasingly called anomic action, based on wholesale rejection of the present, continues to suppurate among the young, the poor, the underprivileged. What characterizes this action is lack of ideas. The recommendation to be constructive, with which so-called decent and reasonable people are forever bludgeoning the dissenters, the protesters, the sitters-down and the brandishers of torches, may buy off the intellectuals, but it will not buy off the activists. Hence the liberal canon of more of what we have at present cannot solve their problem.

THE FACT-FINDING CHARADE

SHERWOOD ROSS

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Washington

On the night of July 27—at the height of last summer's tragic urban rioting—President Johnson gravely informed the television audience: "We have endured a week such as no nation should live through: a time of violence and tragedy." Then, to "prevent or contain" future disasters, he named his eleven-member bipartisan President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

In terms of "containment," Mr. Johnson also instructed Defense Secretary McNamara to post new riot-control training standards to the National Guard, whose performance in Newark was needlessly brutal. And, to strengthen prevention, he set aside the following Sunday as a national day of worship.

The President's concerns were well founded. From Newark to Watts, the ghettos were ablaze—and more fires were to come—107 outbursts of varying intensity in just one summer. Detroit, portions of which resembled bombed-out Berlin, contained \$1 billion worth of charred, ruined property, and the dead numbered forty-three. In Newark, twenty-six died, 1,200 were injured, 1,300 arrested and property damage amounted to \$10 million.

To head his panel, (promptly dubbed the "riot commission") the President picked the loyal, amiable Democratic Governor of Illinois, Otto Kerner. New York's Republican Mayor John Lindsay was named vice chairman; four other members were drawn from Congress, and one each from labor, business, state government, law enforcement and the civil rights movement. Two of the group, Sen. Edward Brooke (R., Mass.) and NAACP Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins are Negro moderates.

Even before it went to work, the commission was attacked by responsible Negro leaders who grumbled that the White House already knew the "why" and "how" of riots and had only to invest its treasure on an unprecedented scale. (As early as 1963, the National Urban League had appealed for a domestic Marshall Plan to remake "seething ghetto cauldrons" into habitable communities. This prophetic warning of unrest went unheeded, as did later appeals by A. Philip Randolph for a "Freedom Budget" and two like requests made at the June, 1966, White House Conference on Civil Rights by CORE's Floyd McKissick and NAACP's Herbert Hill.)

It was the White House conference, widely scorned as a semantic exercise, that produced the first public disenchantment of black leaders with the Administration's sluggish anti-poverty pace. Their suspicion that the new riot panel would be another do-nothing body was increased by a *New York Times* report alleging that Mr. Johnson had tried to talk Mayor Lindsay and Pittsburgh's Mayor Barr out of convening the first "Urban Coalition" meeting

in Washington, lest it take the play from the Presidential board. The mayors denied the tale but, as one NEA dispatch noted, Negro leaders felt the President's "institutionalized efforts to deal with racial turbulence, through first the White House Conference and now the Commission, are designed mainly to take some of the political heat out of the issue."

Even though President Johnson told his panel, "this matter is far, far too important for politics," the business press early raised cries of "manipulation." *The Wall Street Journal* hinted that Governor Kerner did not operate unguided by Chicago's powerful Mayor Richard J. Daley, and quoted one Kerner detractor who branded him "a namby-pamby cream puff." Other voices, overlooking the appointment of sociologists to do commission staff work, criticized the White House for failing to name a sociologist to the board, calling it too inexperienced, too unresponsive and incapable of a blue-ribbon in-depth investigation."

Ignoring these slurs, the commission set up shop. David Ginsburg, a liberal attorney with good marks as a Johnson booster, was made executive director. By September, his hastily assembled staff of ninety-eight professionals and half as many office helpers was packed into a narrow government building just up 16th Street from the White House. Difficulties quickly beset it, some deriving from instructions given it to present an interim report by March 1, 1968, and a final report by July 29.

These deadlines did not allow time for careful selection of personnel. Black and brown faces were noticeably absent from policy-making jobs. Ginsburg and his deputy, Victor H. Palmieri, worked hard "but they just don't know Negroes," one veteran government observer mourned. On one occasion, Palmieri (on leave from the presidency of a land development company) told a California Tomorrow conference that Negroes should be resettled in "new black suburban towns." This *gaffe*, which might have come from the editorial page of *Muhammad Speaks*, was slapped down by another panelist, Negro Assemblyman Willie Brown, who said he preferred San Francisco, thank you.

Lack of time was also reflected in the quality of staff work. A six-man team spent just three days in Dayton quizzing city officials. After spending ninety minutes with the group, Mayor Dave Hall remarked, "They're just groping for answers as we are." Persistent reports say staff investigators got nowhere in their talks with militants, who dubbed it "the fink commission." Instead of using the findings of the FBI, Ginsburg's staff recklessly ate up time and money retracing old ground.

Obviously unaware of these goings-on, Katherine Peden, Kentucky Commerce Commissioner and a member of the President's commission, told an audience in her state, "the commission feels no need for additional research," but would take what had "already been done to provide a program of action." About the same time,

Lindsay pledged that the staff would use "every research device known to man." And, even though J. Edgar Hoover last August 1 scotched rumors that a nation-wide conspiracy underlay the riots, Kerner hired CIA veteran Milan C. Miskovsky "to supervise inquiries into whether planning or conspiracy was involved." Not only did Ginsburg's gumshoes, by Kerner's admission, fail to find any plotting but their main contribution as to causes was the same tired record of "jobs, housing and education." This prompted Kerner on September 25 to tell the *Chicago Tribune*: "I've listened a lot and not heard anything new."

The manner of its funding was a third brake on commission performance. Lacking a budget of its own, it got a \$100,000 dole from the President's Emergency Fund and contributions of \$150,000 each from six federal agencies. This was hardly "all the support and cooperation" which the White House had led it to believe it would get.

In mid-December, morale was rocked by the firing of nineteen academicians who had thought they were retained for a year. Simultaneously, forty other staffers were told that their services would be terminated February 1. Commission press officer Alan Spivak put out the word that the dismissals were routine "administrative phasing out," but it was a fact that Ginsburg, struggling to pare costs, did not have to request a supplemental appropriation.

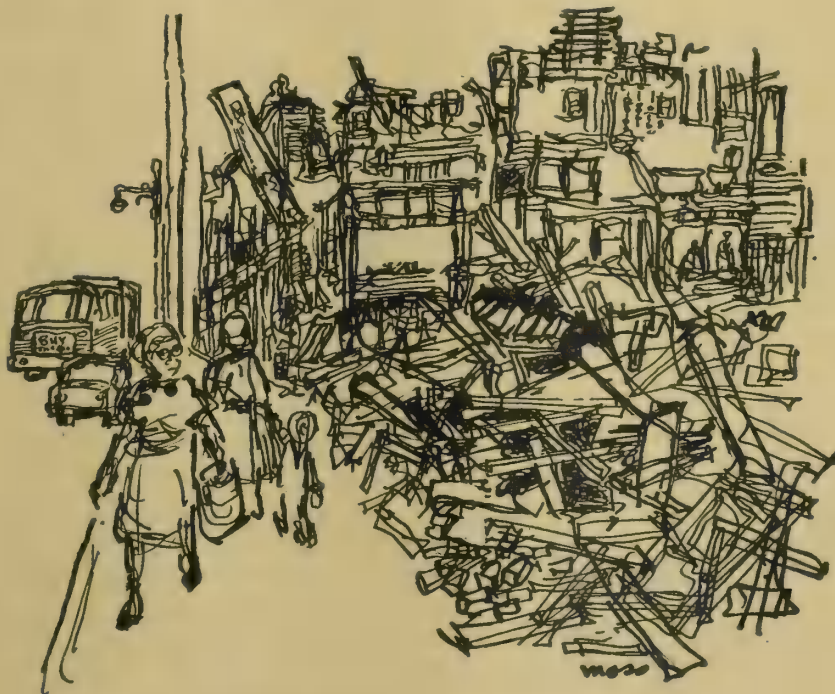
Some of those dropped claimed that Ginsburg had swung the ax because of their political views, not from budgetary concerns. Precisely what happened is the subject of some dispute, but the best information is that those cut had favored a strong condemnation of white racism and had urged sweeping and costly proposals to rectify ghetto ills, including a guaranteed annual wage. Such views were set forth in a 180-page staff paper,

"Harvest of Racism," by Harvard sociologist Gary T. Marx and others. It conceded that riots had a positive aspect if all legitimate channels of expression were clogged by racism and if the violence goaded municipalities into overdue reforms.

To reporters' suggestions that Ginsburg had suppressed "Harvest of Racism" on White House orders, Kerner bristled, "I don't know how the White House could ask us to tone it up or down—they haven't seen it." But the *New York Post* reported that his staff had checked in with White House Press Secretary George Christian and special aide Joseph A. Califano, Jr. Scoring the Administration for "phasing out the panel before its work is completed," Rep. William F. Ryan (D., N.Y.) insisted:

The commission's staff has reached the conclusion that vast sums of money must be expended to even make a dent on our impacted urban problem, and that this is viewed as politically inopportune. . . . The expenditure of \$30 billion a year on war has created a climate where a Presidential commission must be muffled, lest it recommend a national effort of equal importance.

If far-reaching solutions to the riots seemed to be foundering, the commission early made public two recommendations of the "crime in the streets" variety: it urged the desegregation and beefed-up training of National Guard units, and a series of high-level parleys on riot control for city officials, particularly police chiefs, conducted by the Justice Department. Ghetto dwellers began to feel they were getting the message and soon branded the "riot commission" anti-Negro. Thus, when Mayor Lindsay and Senator Harris arranged to meet fifteen Black Nationalists in a top-secret session in a Midwestern slum, their conferees arrived dressed in African shirts, togas and neck amulets, refused to shake hands, and accused the two commissioners of "wasting our time." Predicting that the next riots would spawn guerrilla



raids on public utilities and urban expressways, the group stalked out.

To improve their grasp of the urban crisis, the commission heard in closed session no fewer than 130 witnesses and amassed a pile of testimony higher than a tenement roof, much of it painfully familiar to sociologists. Illustrations: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., pleads for \$20 billion a year for twenty years from Washington; Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty dubs federal grants "the quickest way to avert urban disorders"; historian Lerone Bennett accuses America of "a double standard of justice"; Mayor Thomas Whelan of Jersey City pins the riots on "agitators"; University of Michigan sociologist Albert Reiss says Northern slum cops can be bigots; Omaha black militant Ernie Chambers says the cop is "a paid and hired murderer"; AFL-CIO President George Meany calls for a million federal jobs (but bristles when counsel Merle McCurdy asks him about Jim Crow in the building trades); Father James Groppi says Milwaukee federal aid should be cut as long as racist housing persists; and Mayor Maier, who knows sacrilege when he hears it, labels Groppi a "grandstander."

From the closed hearings, reporters were leaked the hardly sensational tale that "the unresponsiveness of city governments," not conspiracy, had triggered the riots. Though Spivak branded the leaks "speculative" and "premature," the panel, willy-nilly, pinned the tail on the municipal donkey. (Newark is "a dead city," one newsman was told; but Kerner's ally, the Mayor of Chicago, was hailed for "a first-rate job" of getting block captains to hear grievances.) Incidentally, few will bet that the commission's March 1 report will come down as hard on the "unresponsiveness of the federal government." Instead, the Administration's shortcomings are apt to be passed off with Kerner's cliché about "making federal aid more effective." *New York Times* correspondent Tom Wicker summed up the "leak" neatly:

The commission's inquiries have left no doubt that the Negro ghetto is at the end of the line in every respect. Its garbage is collected least efficiently and often, snow remains longer on its streets, the police are less solicitous of its residents and their security, much less their civil rights and liberties, its schools are the worst and its housing is abominable.

Armed with this belated intelligence, the commissioners could not agree on meaningful corrective steps. However, Kerner disclosed that owing to the "urgency" of the urban crisis, the commission would combine the "interim report" and the final report (it had been planned for release in May) into one combined effort to be issued March 1, "ahead of schedule."

Skeptics charge that, issued in March, the "final" report will come too late to influence the Presidential budget for fiscal 1969—splattered as it is with red ink for Vietnam. They say the March date comes early enough to shower cooling promises of relief on ghetto dwellers, but fear that such pledges are unlikely to carry price tags that might upset white taxpayers in an election year.

Just how far the commissioners will go toward the shaping of concrete, dollars-and-cents proposals remains conjecture. Reportedly, they split along liberal-conserva-

tive lines over whether (1) the government should become the employer of last resort; (2) money should be put directly into the hands of the poor; (3) ghetto public schools should be decentralized; (4) "community corporations" should be set up to let ghetto dwellers govern themselves; and (5) the white suburban housing noose should be loosened by federal edict.

These items are being worked on at the eleventh hour to avoid a minority report. Spokesmen for the Congressmen on the panel vigorously affirm their freedom to act without Presidential constraint, and one booster of Mayor Lindsay, who has led the liberal wing in the deliberations, has said: "He isn't in anybody's pocket. He'll say what he likes." However, under the direction of consultant Kermit Gordon, president of the Brookings Institution and a "Johnson Fellow," the final draft is said to have been watered down to a dilution acceptable to conservatives Peden, McCullough and Thornton.

Washington observers believe that whatever its philosophic view and educational value, the panel will have little, if any, immediate effect on riots. They say the nation requires more than the "education" which staffers claim the report will provide. The hot summer, they note, has already dawned—three students were killed and thirty-four other persons injured during February riots sparked by attempts to integrate a bowling alley snack bar in Orangeburg, S.C.

Moreover, the commission failed to denounce the elaborate preparations under way in many police departments to suppress new riots with armed cars and guns that fire explosive bullets.

In the hope of warding off such violence, which the President on February 12 conceded is unavoidable ("all we can do is the best we can with the resources we have"), Dr. King is mapping a massive, nonviolent crusade to tie up Washington next April. King's goal is to win for the anti-poverty war the critical sums which the advisory panel is liable to overlook. He sees his drive as the last chance to douse smoldering rebellions through affirmative steps. If the Presidential panel prescribes such remedies, and Congress swiftly implements them, fewer clashes might erupt this summer. But it is a slender hope that the commission will recommend a massive plan of action. As columnist Clayton Fritchey observed, the commission's real purpose has been "to stall while giving the appearance of doing something." If that was what the President wanted, he has succeeded admirably. Added to the heaps of recommendations left over from the White House conference of 1966 will be the slapdash multi-phased generalizations of the riot commission of 1968—President Johnson's \$1-million charade.

Coming Next Week

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

The third round
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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Portrait of the Artist in Middle Age

GIACOMO JOYCE. By James Joyce. Edited by Richard Ellmann. The Viking Press. 64 pp. 4 full-scale facsimilies, 12 reduced facsimilies. Limited edition. \$10.

ANTHONY BURGESS

Mr. Burgess is an English critic, novelist and author of many books of which the latest published in the United States is *The Novel Now*. He is also the author of *Re Joyce*, a study of James Joyce (both W. W. Norton.)

To Joyce a name was always a kind of hat—the soft kind a low comedian might wear, to be pulled down over the ears, bashed, battered, karate-dented, feather-duster-plumed, inverted, colandered with bullet holes. In *Ulysses*, Bloom becomes Boom, Stoom, Bloohoom and a whole paragraph of anagrams. In *Finnegans Wake*, Shem the Penman (the author himself) is everything from Shun the Punman to Shame's Voice. When, in his Trieste days, James temporarily became Giacomo, it was no mere chameleon-assimilation to his background: there was always a comic point to the onomastic madhatterdom. Ever since Giacomo Casanova, a Giacomo has been an extravagant or pretentious lover. In the middle of the road of his life, the expatriate Irishman, proved author but not yet famous, pseudo-husband and genuine father, teacher, toper and ragged dandy, conceived a sad passion for a pretty girl. It was a passion not to be discharged in the respectable Trieste of 1914: its only catharsis was a literary one. Hence this tiny book.

It is late in being published, but we cannot complain. It is not really a part of the serious Joyce oeuvre—an essay in private onanism, rather, and at the same time one of those portals of discovery that Stephen Dedalus talked about, ten years earlier, in the Dublin National Library. It is no mere scrapbook, however: Joyce wrote it out fair, and the meticulous holograph is reproduced in this volume. He evidently saw much merit in it, but not enough to save it from his own pillaging. Its literary, as opposed to biographical, interest lies in its being the source of some of the ironical fine writing in *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*. Richard Ellmann, who has edited it and given it a perceptive, though certainly overlaudatory, introduction, shows in his notes how far Joyce drew on it for his great public literature. This was the middle of one road, but it was the start

of another. Giacomo Joyce is indeed the "discovery of a new form of imaginative expression."

In his superb biography of Joyce, Ellmann gave us a few fragments of this small work, together with a considerably full account of the palpitations which occasioned it. Joyce earned his living in Trieste by teaching English, and the unattainable beloved was one of his pupils. He went to her house on the Via San Michele to give her lessons, and any shy man who has worked as private tutor to an attractive girl will know the special tantalizings of such a relationship—the nearness and farness, the opportunities for hopeless physical contemplation, the piquancy of desires which are near incestuous, the intimacy which touches everything except the erotic. *Experto crede*.

Joyce describes her, and his own feelings, in hot, quick gushes of poetic prose, separated by ample blank spaces which suggest the languor of recovery after self-indulgence. "Who? A pale face surrounded by heavy odorous furs. Her movements are shy and nervous. She uses quizzing-glasses." She is Jewish. "Rounded and ripened: rounded by the lathe of intermarriage and ripened in the forcing-house of the seclusion of her race." The preoccupation with Jewesses, exotic, mysterious, promising a voluptu-

ousness far beyond the meager bestowings of suburban Catholic colleens—this is a theme that goes back to "A Little Cloud" in *Dubliners* and achieves a reconciliation with availability in Molly Bloom, who is both exotic and home grown. Joyce's observation has a kind of delirious acuity: "The long eyelids beat and lift: a burning needleprick stings and quivers in the velvet iris." But fancy supervenes (the fancy of Bloom in *Nighttown*) in "Papa and the girls sliding downhill, astride of a toboggan: the Grand Turk and his harem." The reality of desire is purged in mock romanticism, even in mock Wardour Street: "There is one below would speak with your ladyship . . . Hillo! Ostler! Hilloho! . . . Nay, nay, be not afraid!"

Is the mockery of middle-aged lust sufficient? Hardly. Its enclosure by the gentle derision of the title and the Dedalus sneer of the *envoi*—"Love me, love my umbrella"—is not appropriate to the *mezzo del cammin*; they are, in fact, relevant only to the awkward, arrogant young man of ten years earlier. Nearly all the pillagings are for him. Meeting his beloved's father, Giacomo says: "Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!" and so does Stephen in the National Library. Trieste "wakes rawly" and "Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife" only to become, and

KEEPING THE LIGHT OUT

When lines went down we camped in the kitchen,
nailed blankets to the walls and doors;
bedding down on the frozen floor
was cave dwelling: woodstove for heat and light;
red things that flickered on the walls
were real shapes rampant every night.

The storm went on hissing, snow hungry
over windows upstairs, a dangerous country:
toilet bowls cracking apart, banking snow
sifting through plaster and board and we heard
every night white shapes moving in overhead
and each day we sank deeper underground.

When neighbors broke in they found
us shy, suspicious, a small tribe
blinking, packed in the closed dark.
They told of a hot sun that burned for days,
how the land for miles was glazed
thick over lakes of snow outside.

DOUGLAS LAWDER

be transferred to. Stephen's Paris of 1903. Bloom and Stephen come together only in a rapture of sensuous disgust—"sour reek of armpits, nozzled oranges, melting breast ointments"—which proclaims that both are sexual adolescents. Blazes Boylan, who buys "shamefaced peaches" for Molly, streaks across in "shameful peaches with torn leaves." And the reconciliation of adolescent and mature man is effected in scraps of poetry which, used in *Pomes Penyeach*, could as well have been used in *Chamber Music*: "A flower given by her to my daughter. Frail gift, frail giver, frail blue-veined child."

What James Joyce was learning as Giacomo was a prose technique suitable for the Stephen of *Ulysses*. This Stephen is in many ways younger than the mature voyager of the final pages of *A Portrait*. He has learning ("Che coltura!" cries the beloved's classmate, hearing Giacomo hold forth on Stephen's favorite authors

—from Swedenborg to Joachim Abbas), but he is emotionally upset. He has lost a mother and disowned a father, and a Jew called (like Giacomo's beloved's father) Leopold must come along and, as the "new womanly man," supply the office of both parents.

Giacomo, in his 30s, no longer feels an orphan, so he must fabricate a new kind of loss. He pretends to be too old (and him only 31) to pay court to a buxom, shortsighted Jewess: what follows is romantically extravagant enough for a young poet with a floppy tie and a Hamlet hat. At the same time he looks forward to his ultimate hero, Earwicker—genuinely married, genuinely middle-aged, and genuinely dreaming of incest. What is that scraping noise? It is the sound of sharpening pencils. The index cards are being shuffled, the next load of theses aches to be realized. This very slim volume is going to have a lot to answer for.

since discarded as incurably evil; there could only be education for a future in which the word "I" would be replaced by "we."

Primarily a thinker and teacher, Brecht demanded that the writer entertain while he instructs. Ewen, also a born teacher, has enthrallingly carried out this dictum, and without any of the embroidery or gossip that so many biographers consider indispensable. By themselves, the public facts of Brecht's odyssey, as Ewen presents them, make one feel that he has come into a fortune. As remarkable as his scholarship is the modest manner with which he conjures it out of sight, enabling us to enjoy quite effortlessly the distillation of his years of study and reflection.

In a few masterly pages at the beginning he describes the German universe of the mind in which Brecht's meteor appeared. He does this so simply, yet so vividly, that all at once connections appear between phenomena that may have seemed only adventitiously associated. A veil is lifted: the constellations of the last century—political, philosophical and literary—gave rise in their shifting orbits to the basic mental attitudes that underlay fascism and anti-fascism. The contradictory role of Nietzsche here is fascinating, for he was an ancestor of both. Brecht's contemporary, the poet Gottfried Benn, found his way, Ewen tells us, straight from a Wilhelmian "heroic" nihilism to the somewhat less heroic nihilism of Hitler. "He fused Nietzsche, the macabre elements of Baudelaire, and the anti-rationalism that ran like some mysterious underground stream throughout German thought."

There is a startling similarity between Benn's much quoted, "Oh, that we were our first ancestors, a lump of slime in a warm swamp!" and Brecht's cry in *Baal*: "O you, who have been driven both from heaven and hell—you murderers, whom great ill has befallen, why did you not stay in your mothers' wombs where it was quiet, and one slept, and was?" The difference is that Brecht wrote his "hymn to dissolution" (as Ewen calls it) when he was 20; at 28 he was studying *Das Kapital*; whereas the mature Benn's quest for Nirvana "was not to be satisfied until he heard the call of blood and soil, and could bury his weary head in the bosom of National Socialism."

One of the many virtues of this biography is a choice of quotations so felicitous that a lazy reader might easily imagine he now knew all about Brecht and could dispense with the actual works. Another reader, encountering such samples as this dialogue from *The Visions of Simone Machard*, will be restless until he has got his hands on a complete edition of Brecht. (A play of the French

The Restoration of Brecht

BERTOLT BRECHT, HIS LIFE, HIS ART, AND HIS TIMES. By Frederic Ewen. The Citadel Press. 573 pp. \$10.

EDITH ANDERSON

Miss Anderson lived for many years in both parts of Germany, and was until recently Berlin correspondent for the National Guardian.

Ever since 1956 when, being dead, Brecht could no longer defend himself, two extremist groups of disciples have been presuming to immortalize him in their own image. The ferocity of their academic tug of war brings to mind Aesop's fable of the man with two wives, a young one who pulled out each new gray hair as soon as she espied it, and an old one who jealously snatched out the remaining black ones.

Was Brecht's true self the wild, nihilistic youth with piercing eyes whose rebellion against society, as expressed in his first play *Baal*, took the form, to quote Frederic Ewen, of a "fecal and erotic anti-humanism"?

Or was the real Brecht the mature Marxist who in his last years made Socialist Germany his headquarters and attempted to rework his early plays in the spirit of his later convictions? Was the political Brecht thereby doing violence to the Olympian Brecht who, with Shakespeare, would transcend the judgment of his times? When some of his plays were sharply criticized by the Socialist Unity Party, did Brecht regret having elected to live in the German Democratic Republic instead of in Switzerland or Aus-

tria (West Germany, with its unreconstructed Nazis being obviously impossible)?

The great thing about Frederic Ewen's luminous biography is that it gently frees Brecht from the bear hugs of the bigots and restores him to us as a whole man, his youth contained in his age, his age in his youth, as is the case with all of us. "Don't goggle so romantically," said the placards he had posted in the Munich theatre where his second play *Drums in the Night* was put on. There had never been a starry-eyed Brecht who could crash to disillusionment, but only—as early as *Drums in the Night*, when he was 24—the realist who aimed to dispel emotional fogs and stimulate revolutionary thinking through a dramatic method he called *Verfremdung*, variously translated as "alienation," "estrangement" (Ewen's word), and "de-familiarization" (used by Brecht's co-worker Elizabeth Hauptmann).

True, Brecht had hoped on returning from exile to make his theatre a bridge between the two Germanys, but in the total political cleavage that followed World War II he soon recognized that such a hope had become illusory. Undeniably he had his heartaches and was impatient, as Ewen writes, "with the survival of so much of the old in the new state . . . Again and again, he returns to his favorite exhortation: Teachers, learn from your pupils! Leaders, learn from the people! Do not strain the truth too greatly, and listen while you are speaking." For Brecht there could be no return to a capitalism he had long

Resistance little known in the United States, *Simone Machard* is the story of a deformed young girl, slavey in an inn, who fancies herself as the Maid of Orleans and tries to save her town from the Germans).

SIMONE (to the Angel). Shall we still fight on when the enemy has already won?

ANGEL. Will the wind blow in the night?

SIMONE. Yes.

ANGEL. Is there a tree in the yard?

SIMONE. Yes. A poplar.

ANGEL. Do the leaves rustle in the wind?

SIMONE. Yes, distinctly.

ANGEL. Then one must fight on, even if the enemy has won.

Does this sound like *Verfremdung*? Scarcely. On the question of the master's frequent neglect of his own dramatic theories, Ewen has much to say that is new and refreshing. His appreciation of Brecht's "epic" theatre and style of "estrangement" does not prevent his considering the Stanislavski method equally valid, although Brecht rejected it outright. He quotes Brecht himself as saying, "The devil take it! Naturally we must have on the stage of a realistic theatre live, rounded, contradictory people, with all their passions, their direct expressions, and actions. The stage is no herbarium or a zoological museum with stuffed animals."

In his chapter about the epic theatre Ewen also introduces some insights of his own on tragedy, which compel him to find a new category for Brecht's plays. Tragedy in the classic sense, seeing man as "caught up in an ineluctable struggle with transcendent forces," is generally alleged to be defunct today. Ewen would redefine it as that form of dramatic art that displays the frustrated search for freedom in an unfree world." On the other hand, the German philosopher Ernst Bloch has written that pity and terror are replaced today by defiance and hope, and by an element of "joyfulness" in the discovery of the new, the creative, the socially useful, no matter what the cost. In this light, Ewen feels that none of Brecht's plays can be regarded as tragedies; he prefers to define even the most devastating ones, such as *Mother Courage*, as "serious comedies."

Ewen has a way of presenting happenings that were young decades ago so that we relate to them in a flash, feeling them in their historical context as we feel (because they are *we*) the happenings of our own day—which is, after all, only a later and more agonized stage of Brecht's. Here is an evening in Augsburg on the banks of the Lech, when Brecht was young, described by his friend, H. O. Münsterer:

orange, and finally violet. Below us, We sat on the ground, Bert, Otto Müller and I. The sky is high up, wide and gorgeously blue, slowly turning the glass-like, white-spumed river and far away the dark silhouette of the city with its towers and gables. The grass is wet with dew. Brecht sang.

"There they sat, dreaming of the Ganges," Ewen adds quietly, and says no more about it. Without belaboring the point, Ewen has made us visualize our

Princess of the Underground

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN. Edited and with an Introduction by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World and The Swallow Press jointly. Vol. I: 368 pp. Vol. II: 357 pp. \$6.95 each.

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is *After the War* (Putnam). His new novel, *The Suicide Academy*, will be published in the fall by McGraw-Hill.

The main problems of modern art have not changed since the 19th century. Realism or some form of anti-realism—this is still the question at the center of the artist's choice of method. From Zola to William Burroughs, how to deal with an experience grown increasingly monstrous and fantastic remains the heart of the matter.

One way to seduce ourselves into a method is to deify Experience. If the twenties exalted the imagination and the unconscious there is no doubt that in the fifties and sixties we elevate raw Experience. This is what happened, we say, not what has been merely imagined. Reality not fantasy. We have learned to distrust inventions, artificial constructs, artistic conclusions drawn from experience rendered as if it were fact when the reader and the writer both know it is a fiction—therefore false.

This has led contemporary writing into a double dead end. On the one hand there has been a flowering of nonfiction that has spilled over into fictional art, giving us the so-called "nonfiction novel." On the other hand there are the new Grotesques—books that have a close kinship with the surreal writing of the twenties. Here reality (experience) is acknowledged as simply untenable and is replaced by a landscape as imaginary as an early Chirico painting. (I am ignoring the overlay of what has been called Black Humor—because that is about as new as Gargantua and Pantagruel or Tyl Eulenspiegel.)

Such problems are as classic as the problem of the adjustment of human

own long-haired young friends poring over Indian philosophy, sitting at the feet of Ravi Shankar and Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, dreaming with kaleidoscope eyes of love in a world of hate. Perhaps with the help of this biography some of them may wonder whether the Ganges is really where it's at; for if anyone closed the generation gap it was Brecht, who never ceased to be a rebel, even against his own pronouncements.

personality. Every child must choose how much reality and how much fantasy to use in his sense of the world—and in his attempts to overcome it by work, art, love and/or neurosis: in short by his life style.

The history of style in art has similar roots. I suggest that the easy out of the nonfiction novel and the self-indulgence of latter-day Surrealism are both false solutions in today's terms. A unique demonstration of this is to be found in the artistic and spiritual journey of

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Anaïs Nin, whose recently published *Diaries* (Vols. I and II) are landmarks in the century's struggle to deal with its experience and with its art.

From the early thirties all the way through the fifties Anaïs Nin was the Princess of the Underground long before there was such a glamorous and dubious cultural stratum. Her five-volume novel *Cities of the Interior* is a prose/poetry dream; a lyrical celebration of the inner life and the images it evokes. Springing from the roots of the experimentalism of the twenties they are tender, lyrical and possessed of a feminine vision raised to the highest power. Once, in conversation, Miss Nin said to a friend: "In my books I have built a wall between the reader and myself. In the *Diaries* I have broken that wall down." This is a modern statement. Breaking those walls down is, after all, what so much of modern writing is all about.

Another reason why the impossible word "modern" applies is that these *Diaries* are involved with that most modern of drives: obsession. But the obsession is not a matter of describing obsessive material. The obsession is the *Diaries* themselves. For most of her life, starting when she was 8, Miss Nin carried these *Diaries* with her everywhere—her other self. At first, as with all addictions, it was pleasant and harmless. But by the time she was living in Paris and enjoying a very special *vie de bohème* of the early thirties with such pals as Henry Miller, the Freudian rebel Otto Rank, the mad genius of the modern theatre, Antonin Artaud, the *Diaries* had

swelled to thousands of pages—and were struggling with her other "artistic" work for her attention. For—some of her friends believed—her very soul.

At the end of Volume I we read: "This *Diary* is my kief, Hashish and opium pipe. This is my drug and my vice. . . . I can turn away from reality and into the reflections and dreams it projects, and this driving, impelling fever which keeps me tense and wide-awake during the day is dissolved in improvisations, in contemplations. I must relive my life in the dream. The dream is my only life. . . . Otherwise life shows its deformities and homeliness becomes rust. My drug. Covering all things with a mist of smoke, deforming and transforming as the night does. . . ."

The conflict is always between reality and the dream—between the ice-clear day and the mists of night. But one of the great charms of reading these *Diaries* is the discovery that the artist has made another choice than she thinks. While adoring the night and its special magics she has created the clarity of time (from 1931 to 1939), the lyrical but utterly specific poetics of place (Paris, New York, Louveciennes, the French suburb where she made her home, Tangier—The Villa Seurat where she found an apartment for Henry Miller—the Seine houseboat on which she made her home in the late thirties), and best of all she has created one of the most magnificent sets of characters to appear in any contemporary work of art.

None of these is presented with the distortions, the derangements of sense that characterize the "night works" of the surreal. Yet she has undoubtedly "created" Henry Miller, in her reading a kind of latter-day François Villon who steals razor blades and cares only about writing and his first wife, June—who, in Miss Nin's delineation is worth a book all to herself: mercurial, beautiful, allergic to truth, insistent on being loved. (Her presence and absence dominates the first volume as the presence and absence of Albertine dominates those transformed *Diaries* of Proust.) There is Otto Rank and Dr. Allendy, the tormented analyst she consulted and who, like the others, tried to wean her from her obsession with the *Diary*. All of them—time, place, character—are presented in a supple and evocative prose. Both volumes are sprinkled with superb set pieces. Even a minor encounter is treated with style and illuminates. As, for example, the author's visit with Zadkine, the sculptor of wood figures:

We went to his little house behind an apartment house in the Rue d'Assas. There are two small houses with a garden between them. In one he lives with his Russian wife; in the other are his sculptures. . . . The different qualities of the woods, the grains show-

ing, the various tones, weights, make one feel there is much of the tree left in them. . . . Women carved out of bamboo . . . faces cut in two by the sculptor's knife, showing two sides forever separate, eternally two-faced. Truncated undecagonal figures, in veined and vulnerable woods, fragments of bodies . . . armless and headless. . . . In the center of these figures, Zadkine, small, rosy-skinned, with a round face like a boy, hair tousled, always laughing, joking, mischievous.

His small, quick gestures, his ironic expression, his red cheeks, give him something of a handsome clown, a handsome monkey. His humor and joy are so strong, tinted with philosophy, he says gaily such profound things, his sculptures so ponderous and haunting, that one seeks in vain for the affiliation between his carving and his delight . . . he carves prisons yet he himself laughs within them as if they were part of a game.

Thus a portrait of a man and a Portrait of the Artist. In fact, Miss Nin is so much the novelist that the "others" in her *Diary* are as real as the "I"—a rare occurrence in such documents. Antonin Artaud, the original theoretician of the Theater of Cruelty, with whom Miss Nin had one of the strangest love affairs possible: her father, the pianist and composer who deserted her and her mother and returned, years later: subtle portrait of the Artist as Peacock—of a man who was never meant to be a father struggling with belated fatherhood. All of them have the density of fully imagined characters—none of the thinness of "mere" life. The artist has here tampered with reality; and reality has been the beneficiary.

Throughout both volumes there is the struggle of two styles. Night versus day; inner versus outer. She even turns Henry Miller onto a new dream style which he eagerly takes up. And there are numerous entries that are loose and lyrical in the pejorative sense in which the word "feminine" is sometimes used. But these are always balanced by a taut sense of reality—and an elegance of diction which never allows her to become sentimental. The inner and the outer, the day and the nighttime style of living and of feeling are, at Miss Nin's best, merged. And her best is characteristic of most of the *Diaries*. In them she has solved some of the most pressing problems of the modern artist. How real must reality be—how does one deal with the dark side, the surreal side of living (which is present as much in Homer as it is in Norman Mailer)? After a brilliant scene in which she and a friend observe a psychiatrist questioning recently admitted lunatics, the author and her friend stroll away from the Palais de Justice and she muses: "Would human beings ever learn the

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meaning of symbolism? Poets and dreamers and madmen, using a language that was clear, clear. . . . A language necessary to the life below our consciousness."

In her life work, these Diaries (15,000 pages long in their entirety, from which these 700 or so pages have been culled), Anaïs Nin has answered that question of long ago. It is a question, by the way, that in 1937 seemed very much ■■ urgent, contemporary one. And, after something of a respite in the forties and fifties it is again being considered as central.

What these Diaries teach us is that the way to the subterranean caverns of the spirit may be approached by the artistic manipulation of our daytime language. Reality is never as real as we think. Nor is dislocated language necessarily illuminative. (On the contrary, the road opened by *Ulysses* is still wide open while *Finnegans Wake* was never anything but a magnificent

dead end.) There is something to be learned as well as enjoyed in reading this *Odyssey* of a young Spanish Catholic girl whose father deserted her and who went on to ■ richly textured life as ■ writer, a psychoanalyst, as well as companion and spiritual midwife to some of the finest artists of the century.

We learn that the world of the grotesque and that of the proportionate may meet in the medium of elegant and accessible language. We learn, too (as perhaps the author learned), that magic happens while coffee is being drunk; that the dream is coeval with the bright sun at noontime; that an obsession with recording reality need not be at odds with the creation of other worlds; that we need give up neither reality nor fantasy in our lives nor in our art—if our imagination has enough of the necessary courage. It is precisely that imaginative courage that shines through the artistic achievement of these monumental Diaries.

Hitchcocks." Truffaut objected, "That's not what I was getting at. I hoped you might defend the picture." "Impossible," Hitchcock remarked. "I don't feel that strongly about it."

These conversations provide ■ lively exposition of the filmic art. We share a problem with Hitchcock and Truffaut, consider how it might be solved, remember how Hitchcock solved it, and wonder whether he was right. We might disagree with his answers, especially if we have seen them on the screen, but will surely find pleasure in seeing how he jigsawed a movie into a coherent unit.

According to Truffaut, Hitchcock has created a film form that is also his film content. While his cinema is not necessarily "exalting," Truffaut notes, "it invariably enriches us" through "the terrifying lucidity with which it denounces man's desecrations of beauty and purity." More than likely, however, what Hitchcock does is supposed to justify itself because he does it so well so much of the time.

Through Hitchcock's good-natured candor in responding to Truffaut's inquiries, we become aware of the imaginative precision that a director needs in rendering a mood concrete. Little touches are vital. To make a supposedly poisoned glass of milk become the focus of audience attention, he highlights the drink with a bulb hidden inside the glass. To warn us that a train is bringing a murderer home to his unsuspecting relatives, he arranges for heavy, devilishly black smoke to pour from the locomotive and engulf the station. To climax a passionate moment between the hero and heroine in the sleeping car of another train, he uses the train as a "most impudent" phallic symbol rushing into a tunnel.

Opposed to motion pictures that are "photographs of people talking," Hitchcock believes that a movie is a failure if a dramatic weakness can be overcome

The Shriek & the Sheik

HITCHCOCK. By François Truffaut (in collaboration with Helen G. Scott). Simon & Schuster. 258 pp. \$10.

VALENTINO. By Irving Shulman. Trident Press. 499 pp. \$6.95.

JACK LEAVITT

Mr. Leavitt is a practicing attorney in the San Francisco Bay Area and a member of the Mystery Writers of America.

In the same year that Alfred Hitchcock converted a Jack the Ripper novel into his first "true Hitchcock" film, Rudolph Valentino's business associates were perfecting a more specialized art form, that of transforming the corpse of the once vibrant sheik into box-office bullion. Ever since that year (1926), Valentino's ghost and Hitchcock's victims have remained in the public eye. Needless to say, the eye is a receptacle for motes as well as beams. The ballyhoo about these men often has no relationship to their achievements.

With *Hitchcock*, we have the printed record of a dialogue between two renowned film directors—Truffaut and Hitchcock—who are both critical admirers of Hitchcock's work. Culled from a tape-recorded interview that lasted for fifty hours over several days, the text deals incisively with each of Hitchcock's fifty-six directorial efforts. Anecdotes are plentiful—and pointed—as the pair describe the circumstances under which the films were conceived, the directorial problems offered by the productions, the preparation and structure of the screen-

plays and Hitchcock's assessment of how the commercial and artistic results matched his initial expectations. Supplementing the narrative are approximately 300 black-and-white photographs, taken chiefly from the films under scrutiny to illustrate moments of action.

As a moviegoer who has been bored with many Hitchcock films, I wondered how the two professionals would avoid or excuse the cinematic failures that were bound to intrude into their questions and answers—more properly, their comments and countercomments. Their technique was simple. When, for example, Hitchcock finished a stern analysis of a work that "wasn't my kind of picture," he shrugged, "Well, let's file *The Wrong Man* among the indifferent

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only by dialogue. Claiming to be unconcerned with "plausibility," Hitchcock has said, "Some films are slices of life. Mine are slices of cake." With such an attitude, he delights in "pure" cinema much as Marie Antoinette must have delighted in pure monarchy. Each tried to minimize a limitation by exalting it.

To reach his goals of heightened emotion, Hitchcock uses two major tools—the manipulation of time on the screen and the contrapuntal juxtaposition of dialogue and visual images. Time can be controlled because a motion picture is a mosaic of celluloid strips, each representing some five to fifteen seconds of screen action, which are pieced together to unfold ninety minutes or more of continuous entertainment. (An average of 600 sequences is used in a ninety minute film; for *The Birds*, Hitchcock used 1,360 sequences; for *Rope*, he used sequences that took ten minutes each, approximately nine shots for the entire film.) Hitchcock can create and intensify suspense by raising a fear in our minds that something will happen and then delaying the actual event for a perilously long time. Once he has established a reason for a woman to hate her husband, he projects a frame of the woman carrying a platter of vegetables to the table. From the platter he focuses on a carving knife lying on the table. Then, with precise framing, on her hand, her eyes, her hand, her eyes, her hand, her eyes, her husband absently chewing his food, and finally her hand and the knife in the same frame.

With similar shifting of perspective, a director can establish a conflict between words and images. At a table set for three, for example, an elderly husband will be saying grace over the meal Providence has granted to himself, his young wife and a handsome stranger. As the old man gives thanks, the eyes of the wife and the stranger meet. She glances down at a newspaper on the table and sees his photograph. He is wanted for murder. Their eyes meet again. The husband continues to say grace.

This strength of Hitchcock's is also his weakness. When I reviewed *The Man Who Knew Too Much* in 1956, I noted that the minor ingredients were served up with such a grand show that the main theme became "merely another corn flake in the cereal bowl." So pleased with his selectivity, Hitchcock overburdens his films. His main theme is too often a trivial one, regardless of its life or death implications, to keep us from wandering into the byroads of engrossing trivia. Along toward the end of his conversations with Truffaut, Hitchcock summarized his goals by announcing:

My main satisfaction is that the film had an effect on the audiences, and I

consider that very important. I don't care about the subject matter; I don't care about the acting; but I do care about the pieces of film and the photography and the sound track and all of the technical ingredients that made the audience scream. I feel it's tremendously satisfying for us to be able to use the cinematic art to achieve something of a mass emotion.

How noteworthy it is to find the intellectual efforts of Truffaut-Hitchcock more appealing than Hitchcock's synthetic emotional effects.

With Irving Shulman's *Valentino*, we encounter a biography written in five acts, forty scenes and a few asides. Dull in conception and execution, the work originated in Shulman's concern with the Italian film star as "an authentic socio-cultural phenomenon." This sentiment was endorsed with dignity by his publishers, who footnoted the book's academic virtues in full-page advertisements: Valentino's arrest and indictment during a white slave investigation; Valentino's bizarre marriages, when wife number one locked him out of their bridal chamber on their wedding night and wife number two shared him with his leading lady during a lavish European holiday; Valentino's first theatrical job as a gigolo for rich, unescorted women in the titillating cabarets of Manhattan.

With some 12,000 books published each year, the odds are fair that a discerning reader can avoid *Valentino*. The book, however, does have an indirect and unintentional impact that should be noted here. Bothered by today's head-

lines and frightened by what may appear in tomorrow's special editions, we should be uncomfortable to realize that New York City streets once were battle fronts in a bloody testimonial to Hollywood myth making. Spurred on by a press agent who once had the Statue of Liberty scrubbed clean with Bon Ami soap powder, thousands of Valentino's admirers determined to see the actor as he lay in state:

Shrieking defiance, they pressed in against the police, who stood with arms locked and clubs at the horizontal to ward off the first shock of contact. As the mob struggled to break through the police line, a troop of mounted policemen rode out of the side streets to take the crowd from the flanks and rear.

Men, women and children scattered, for they were neither prepared nor organized to resist such cavalry maneuvers. Thrown into panic, the crowd broke and raced across Broadway. . . . There they were repulsed by another double line of police officers, who engaged them as the mounted officers rode in to scatter the disorganized forces.

Men are mad enough to riot over dead actors, over live actors (as in the Astor Place riots, where thirty-one were killed), over cartridges greased with animal fat, over tolerance for Catholics, over closed shops, over open shops, over farm prices, over taxes on tea, over taxes on whiskey, over war, over peace, over the right to riot. We all seem to be capable of finding something to cherish as an excuse for destroying everything else.

Nation Book Marks

IN THE BALANCE. By M. E. White. Harper & Row. 218 pp. \$4.95.

THE EDGE. By Page Stegner. The Dial Press. 250 pp. \$4.95.

SHEEPER. By Irving Rosenthal. Grove Press. 304 pp. \$5.95.

SARA BLACKBURN

Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a freelance writer.

Two of these three first novels are about falling apart in California, and it would be nice to think that Miss White's, a jarringly good one by a new writer who matters very much, will get a proper share of attention. For various reasons—including the degree of attention being given to each by their respective publishers—it will probably be Mr. Stegner's which gets noticed. Like any plate of

leftovers, it is familiar enough not to be dangerous.

In *the Balance* is about Baylor Irish, a college girl-actress who is flipping out, losing or gaining her mind, around the time of her graduation. Continual flashbacks to her earlier life parallel these current events and give the novel a circular form, so that by the time it ends we are up to date, and convinced, through a kind of nightmare logic, that Baylor's mind is exactly where it has to be—blown, and in a state of utter isolation. To put it another way, Baylor would have to be crazy not to go crazy. Many of the scenes in Miss White's book—Baylor's experiences with a maniacal "underground" movie troupe run by a famous Hollywood type, her relationship with her superficially hip but really not-there family, her desperate high school encounters with the drag-race in-crowd—are terribly funny, but they are

funny in a brutal way that keeps the reader constantly on the brink of real tears. In accomplishing this, Miss White uses a lot of surrealism, but, like many other devices here, it blends so absolutely into the novel as a whole that it is, as any successful technique should be, barely noticeable.

Readers who find the book masochistic (Baylor, looking for 'contact, is engaged in systematically letting herself be punished and isolated into that worst of no-contact oblivions) might find it exasperating, but this seems unlikely; the point is that Baylor is wide awake, and saner in her own brand of madness than those locked into the more conventional/acceptable forms of madness which pass as the everyday world. (I know of at least two New York psychiatrists who have been troubled recently by the fact that certain of their patients are "over-excited" about the continuation of the war in Vietnam. Who's crazy?)

I can't remember reading another book that conveys with such piercing accuracy the sense of beauty and ruin of growing up in turned-on, middle-class America. Miss White writes so well that it is eerie. And, reprint publishers please note, if ever there was a novel to be read avidly by people under and over 30, it's this one. *In the Balance* is a shocking, beautiful and important new novel.

Page Stegner is the same age as M. E. White (about 30), and his hero reminds me of the rich Hollywood dropout in her book who is excitedly producing underground movies. *The Edge* uses a lot of hip references and what used to be called "experimental" techniques in becoming just another very conventional American novel, a warmed-over version of earlier books by other writers.

What is most annoying here is that occasional sections are good enough to make us wonder why the rest is so pre-tentiously bad or, simply, so predictable. Mr. Stegner's protagonist is also flipping out; his name is Ryan, and he has (through a series of betrayals and irresponsibilities that come from not knowing how to love anybody) ruined his marriage and his academic career, and is responsible for the death of his small son (who falls off a cliff while Ryan is making love to someone he doesn't care about). The novel is generally about how Ryan got that way, but it is almost as if Mr. Stegner doesn't want it to work. This is probably because Ryan, a kind of perennial adolescent who spoils every relationship he touches, specializing in the last-minute letdown, just isn't interesting or substantial enough to be concerned about; one feels vaguely throughout that he rather deserves what he gets and that, at bottom, Stegner him-

self so dislikes him that's he's stacking his prose against him. There is something petulant about the book and reading it is a little like watching a good trial lawyer defend a client about whose case he is obviously skeptical and slightly embarrassed.

Irving Rosenthal's novel is, as they say, something else. *Sheeper* is more or less an explanation of what it's like to be an elaborately disguised novelist named Sheeper, writing *Sheeper*. "There is nothing I want this memoir to resemble more than a skin disease," is a fairly typical Sheeper-statement, and a very accurate example of the novel's flavor. Rosenthal wants his reader to react with all the annoyance and distaste that such a nasty and precious assault provokes, but then he wants to show him color-slide blow-ups of the skin disease and, surprise! the scales look like webs of lace that are somehow alive, and the scabs and welts are of dazzling colors and wild shapes. This method is applied in *Sheeper* to things like writing, taking drugs, making love (*men* making love to one another; Sheeper hates women most of the time, doesn't want them to read his book, keeps telling them not to), the pain of not making love, and remembering a grotesque childhood.

About writing: "The sentence must be clanked. You have to start with a sentence and clank it."

"All this is Ancient History to poets, and any prose writer who has ever been exposed to an Eisenstein montage and still hacks out Story ought to be hacked into the bits of hamburger I am supposed to sprinkle on the fruit salad I feed my lizard."

"Words glow because of the underlay of sex. . . . Do you like this book enough to press it to your crotch or breast? Kiss me."

Most of the characters in *Sheeper* are writers and junkies (they overlap), and most go about in the novel under their own names, which gives Sheeper's journal-novel a gossip-column quality; no effect in this "memoir" is uncalculated. The novel is a record of Sheeper's thoughts as he grows up as an American writer and homosexual whose sense of perfection as an artist and whose pride as a lover make his life in both roles agonizingly difficult and lonely. It is also a brilliant lecture on style by a crotchety and demanding teacher who loves his eccentricities. *Sheeper* is a novel to be delighted, moved or maddened by, and even readers who fall squarely into the last bag will have to agree that its cumulative effect is weirdly beautiful. So is the book's physical appearance; the design, by Dave Haselwood, and the paper and binding are rare phenomena indeed in the current American publishing scene.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

The possessor of considerable pictorial talents, a representative of the heroic Abstract-Expressionist period in American art, Adolph Gottlieb nevertheless elicits certain qualms or aesthetic resistance, which his current Guggenheim Museum retrospective does not work to overcome. Something vital has always seemed to be missing from the creative make-up of this well-known painter, an absence that has little to do with his measurable contributions, or the respect to which his historical position entitles him. I might make a stab at locating this failing by saying that it appears to arise in a contradiction between his rationalistic procedure and the emotive framework of his art, between an appeal to primitive sensation, even ancient memories, and a complacent execution. Yet, if Gottlieb falls short of his self-projected stature, he does so impressively, and not always. The equivocal nature of his vision can neither quite be indicted nor quite dismissed. It is worth serious consideration, even as it is the subject of some regret—regret over the presence of enough potential for one to see that it has not been realized.

To be brisk about it, I could summarize my objections by quoting those of a colleague, Sidney Tillim, (*Arts*; November, 1962) on Gottlieb's then current show at the Janis Gallery:

Frankly, Gottlieb had long seemed to me an artist who was no more than ■

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engaging satellite of the generation that includes Rothko and Pollock, whose presences, along with others, are felt in his work. In my student years his pictographic style was part of the then exhilarating mosaic of the avant-garde, and when he entered his period of Miróish suns and moons contrasted with frowsy puffs and dripping abstract calligraphy, I marked him off as another of those pilgrims who had transferred their twentieth century worship of the archaic to the Far East, where one could vegetate in evocative atmospheres that did the work of the imagination and which invoke space by calling up associations with Japonized Chinese art, having its "look" rather than a substance.

The most accurate word for me, here, is "look." Gottlieb arrived sufficiently "on time" to participate authentically in the revival of primitive graphic signs in American World War II art; was close enough to their source to be an original exponent of the big scale and the flat plane, and he even early accomplished the switch to a color field, or rather, image painting by the late fifties, thus falling in step with the chromatic developments of the sixties. But in every instance, his intimate accord with such phenomena did not prevent him from purveying an infinitely stronger rendition of their "look" than a sense that they were genuinely propulsive agents in his art. With Gottlieb, the innovational spark and the assimilative faculty are, through some unexplainable process, made to seem the same thing. Though a first-generation artist, he tackles his problems with all the generalizing ease permitted only to the second. As a result, he often appears to be an idea consumer rather than a producer. Paradoxically, however, the force, or better the color, of his personality is so vivid that everything he does is unmistakably Gottlieb—has his flair, his style. Under the circumstances, this has made him an isolated, even "homeless" artist, more than it has granted him the status of a unique figure.

In the beginning, however, his eclecticism was on a par with that generally prevailing among his ambitious fellow artists during the forties. In Baziotes, Stamos, Motherwell, Pollock and Rothko, there was a sign language—half biomorphic Surrealist, half African or South West Indian—comparable to Gottlieb's more tabular, and hence more overtly Cubist, arrangement of the same imagery. Insisting on its pictographic character, compartmentalizing it in staggered grids formed by a white, linear scaffolding, Gottlieb created his niche. If, for his contemporaries, these mythic squiggles and mandrill faces augured an imminent release into a pre-rational gesturing with paint, or hemless effusions of steamy

chroma, for Gottlieb they were the pegs upon which to construct a piquant decorative scheme.

To be sure, there is a forties' looseness—if not outright brushiness—to the pictographs at the Guggenheim. Their surfaces are politely scored, glazed, smeared, scumbled, lightly or heavily touched. Their archaic scrawls and oscillating spaces, when tautened by a play between large arabesques and dotted punctuations, can come off effectively ("Recurrent Apparitions," 1946, "Man Looking at a Woman," 1949). But largely these pictures are burdened by two flaws, easy to perceive, if harder to articulate.

The first is that Gottlieb's expressive paraphernalia has an only approximate relationship to his imagery. One feels about his surfaces that they are a "good guess" at, rather than an intuitively felt revelation of, the tactile and emotional load that his processing should bear. It is as if he knew enough to be "interesting," but was incapable of making that interest an organic vehicle of form, that is, a self-justifying, rather than merely a sensuously appealing enterprise. Concomitant with this, is another dilemma. Signs, in Gottlieb, become heralds of shapes in such a manner that the former lose their meaning, while the latter are inhibited too restrictively in extension and behavior. The resulting hybrid is the effect, not of willful ambiguity but of an unintended irresolution in the function and syntax of his elements. Had he given himself over to the discovery of shape, he might have become an "action" painter; had he conserved the sign character of his forms, he might have presaged the emblems of the sixties. As it was, Gottlieb opted for a pared-down symbolism, a kind of earth-sky, and then later, sun and burst typology, writ large, elemental and fulsome, to which he has remained more or less loyal to the present day.

The immediate trouble with this idiom is its contrived dramaturgy. With their jagged, swabbed and spattered edges, these flat "bursts" (Whitney) are not only programmatically contrasted with the sun or moon shape above them but are the opposite of that spontaneity implied by their form. Both shapes are put into relief on the basis of their assigned roles of containment and explosion, near and far, Apollonian and Dionysiac. Yet this iconic arrangement is neither obsessively nor structurally keyed—but rather an archetypal format, almost a trademark, whose overly explicit metaphysical assertions are not to be taken seriously.

What is to be so taken, on the other hand, is Gottlieb's attempt to shore up the increased vulnerability of the new work in the area of color. In the Guggenheim paintings, the upstaged graphic system shunted color into the secondary

but adequate role of a pastel addendum. Later, in the bursts, graphism is beside the point, and the many of their number executed in black and white—or sometimes a red sun—look only half-baked. But by 1959, Gottlieb in "Aureole" and "Una" achieves such a warmth of transparency and vibration of hue that they constitute a blossoming of his art. The first picture, all varying shades of ochre cut by a sharp alizarin sun; the second, a vast façade of light blue barely opened by a lone gray moon, indicate an unprecedented dynamic in his work. For one thing, the dialogue between images

AS I READ MY GOOD FRIEND'S BOOK

*his words make choochoo trains that
derail themselves on
each other. My eyes vaguely*

*go searching for corpses in
the wreckage: same old
cadavers: you can hardly*

tell them from the wooden ties.

*I must gather my
thoughts—I look at them sticking*

*to my fingers lying in
a puddle of brain
damage. I wish my friend well*

*and close his book. It will not
lie flat; it shudders
under my touch. The Red Cross*

*hands out stale crackers to the
survivors. In a
caboose on page 48*

*a palsied conductor plies
the wireless: the
S.O.S. blitters out from*

*between stanzas, strophes. I
pretend not to hear.*

On the shelf my friend's thin book

*staggers the row, throws covers
into upheavals.*

I pretend not to notice.

*I think of him at home, his
thoughts oozing out his
ear, my words steaming on the*

*tracks before him. I think of
shaking his scars as
he shakes mine next time we meet,*

*our clasp sticky, our glances
sliding in and out
of each-other's kindly eyes.*

LEWIS TURCO

and ground is amplified by the internal space generated through sheer sensory effect; for another, the close or sudden color changes redetermine the pictorial scenario, the result of surprising jumps of temperature, immaterial color baths or shock-welded optical contrast. It was put very well by Tillim who noted with pleasure in the same 1962 article that

"Expanding" sets ■ large puff of powder blue slightly above a calculated splotch of burnt orange and by color tensions anneals them to ■ green ground which has more yellow in it than blue. The powder blue is close in value to the green, and so loses its contour provocatively while the orangeish splotch is like an opaque fist clutching the green aggressively. . . .

It is all the more pity that Gottlieb realized so few comparable pictures in the spiritlessly capering, safe, decorative acreage he has produced since then. For a brief instant he seemed, and was, larger than we thought.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

As far as I am concerned, Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite* (Plymouth Theatre) is not the author's evening (deft as he may be) nor Mike Nichols' (adroit though he is), but Maureen Stapleton's. The three short plays, the action in each case being situated in the Plaza Hotel, all belong to that remarkable actress.

The first play—and the only one that can appropriately be so designated, the other two being "sketches"—is about a failing marriage which reveals itself dramatically in that light a day before its twenty-third anniversary. Karen Nash is a wife of childlike devotion to her husband, a woman of good will, romantically attached to the illusions of her past, maturing with a sense of the hardening arteries of her husband's affection, and slowly developing a humorous but nonetheless substantial resentment against his male torpor. Her husband, a successful businessman, (well played by George C. Scott), seems chiefly interested in keeping his waistline to the required athletic club measurement. He has become an efficient mechanism of the American way of life whose only tremor of sensibility reveals itself in a banal affair with his secretary and an uncertainty as to the meaning of anything he does or his eventual behavior.

In the usual Neil Simon prescription, this design is rendered as hilarious as possible; but whatever success he achieves in this respect is far less important than the warm poignancy of Miss Stapleton's

acting. She brings to everything she does an unforced comic charm which is not so much a technical gift as the expression of an innocence, a human helplessness, and an honest realization withal that her limitations are part of an endearing femininity which **nothing** she can or ever desires to do will mitigate. Every word Miss Stapleton utters, every move she makes in this, the opening panel of the evening's entertainment, is **fresh, funny, lovable**. If there is a more genuinely and profoundly rich womanhood or ■ more *natural* actress on our stage I cannot think who she might be.

In the second bit, Miss Stapleton plays a silly little housewife who answers the call of her school days' beau, now become a hot-shot Hollywood producer on a brief visit to New York. By plying her with liquor, confessions of unhappiness over the emptiness of his career and the mesmerizing use of great movie names who are his intimates he seduces the goose.

Here Miss Stapleton's characterization is somewhat more stressed in its wide-eyed and tremulous candor. Her performance in this scene gives clear evidence of Mike Nichols' helping hand. The directorial key in this and the following piece is reminiscent of the shrewd Nichols-May spoofs of yesteryear.

Miss Stapleton's final appearance in a masterpiece of a hat occurs in untrammelled farce about a couple's efforts to get their bride daughter out of the bathroom into which she has locked herself, and from which she refuses to emerge, while all the wedding guests wait for her to come down to the marriage ceremony.

This slice of cute hokum is brilliantly

served by Miss Stapleton's wonderful discombobulation which once again communicates a complete absence of guile or malice. She is never anything but unself-consciously adorable. George Scott's extravagant exasperation as her husband has the quality of the wild and somehow appealing absurdity which makes one recall the old-time ham actor. (Mr. Scott might make a dazzling Svengali in either a straight or burlesque *Trilby*: with very little difference between the two.) From the moment when the husband tests his strength by trying to break down the bathroom door, and finds that he can only come near to breaking his arm, Mr. Scott does his best acting of the show.

Neil Simon upholds a great tradition: he writes sure-fire comedies for the big audiences everywhere in the United States—our national Broadway. His insights are conventional—they match the audience's preconceptions—and his comedy technique is firmly set in the theatrical line of which he is the one steadily practicing heir. His writing covers the structure of his slight plots with a bright patina of canny wisecracks which invariably produce the expected laughs, although one can hardly remember them shortly after they have exploded. The formula is a pillar of show business.

There is health and youthful buoyancy in *The Grand Music Hall of Israel* now at the Palace. The show, in Hebrew, Yiddish and momentary English, is extremely simple in song and dance with nice taste and delicately varied color in the costumes. Even the admixture of night-club jazziness very much in ■ Tel-Aviv vein (suitable to an

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Ed Sullivan show) is sweetened by the basic Israeli friendliness and good nature. The men are men, the voices generally agreeable, and the girls exceptionally pretty.

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Jacques Brel's songs in English devised by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, neatly arranged for the stage by Moni Yakim, accompanied by a pleasing musical combo.

The original songs were usually delivered by the composer-writer alone; they are now presented by four sympathetically committed performer-singers—Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield. Brel's music has a different sound from that which we associate with ordinary French popular tunes; but then he is Belgian. Social themes are strikingly prominent and are voiced in harsh rather than sentimental tones. Nearly all the songs are virulent with disillusion and possess a gruff assertiveness of protest. The target is the falsity, disarray, misery of the moral, political and street scene of our day.

Brel, whose songs in French I do not know, struck me in translation as a tougher Jacques Prévert, but I am told by those better informed that Brel is a true poet whose work has more "guts" and anger than does that of the wistful and humorous Prévert. Be that as it may, the occasion made me feel that the time for crying out should be abbreviated—it has become habitual—and a time for positive thought and action should take its place. But I was glad to note the warm reception given the Brel songs in the cellar of the Village Gate.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Shelagh Delaney wrote the screenplay for *Charlie Bubbles*; Albert Finney directed it and plays the lead. These two Britishers rose fast and far out of their working-class origins; the thesis of their collaboration is that fame and riches are as the Dead Sea fruit. With due respect for their right to speak from first-hand experience, they do not make a convincing case.

It can be said in their defense that the case is one very difficult to make in dramatic terms. Since the revulsion is entirely subjective, displaying itself externally in morbid indolence and estrangement from normal contacts, it belongs perhaps better to the short story or novel. The overt spectacle of fortune's darling languishing under a torrent of gold and adulation does not elicit much sympathy from an audience—a likelier reaction being "isn't that too damned bad?"

But the odd thing about *Charlie Bubbles* is that two such astute chroniclers as Miss Delaney and Mr. Finney should be so apparently oblivious of the inherent problems. *Bubbles* has come

down to London from the north of England; he has been writing novels, one guesses, for some seven or eight years, and has amassed a sum of money that should make his tax inspector thoughtful. He drives a custom-gadged Rolls-Royce, lives in a town house equipped with room-to-room television surveillance, employs a very superior couple to care for him, and harbors a young American girl (Lisa Minelli) as a disciple-secretary.

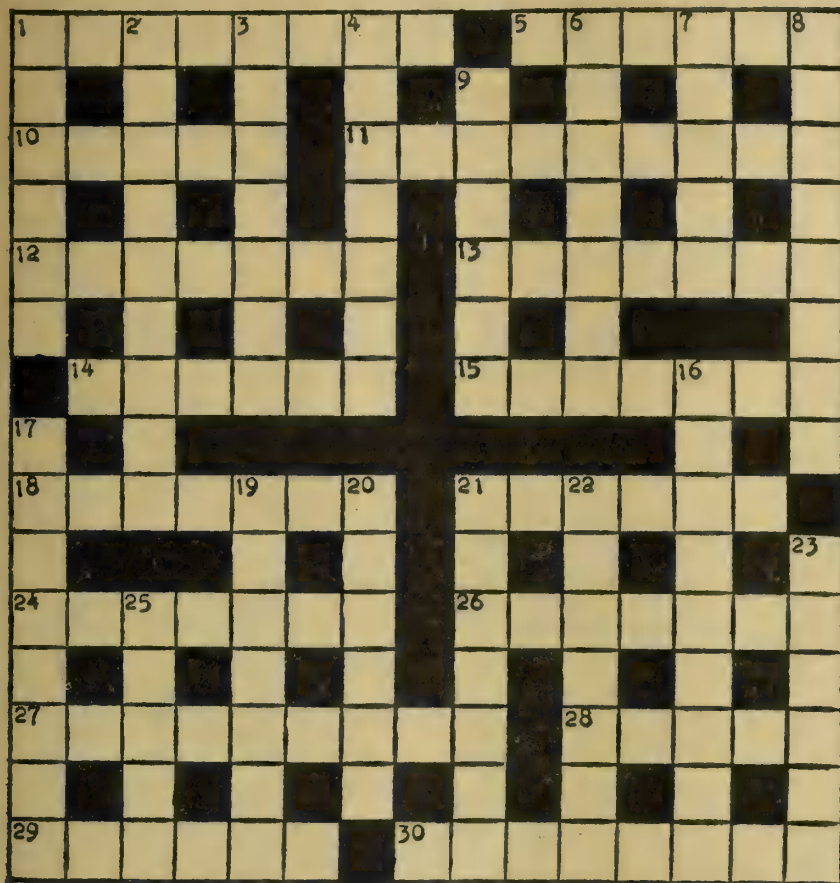
The thirty-six hours of Charlie's travail opens on a drinking bout with an old friend Pickles (I failed to decode the nomenclature of the picture), touched off by a food-smearing scene in the current fashion. From this, Charlie moves on to an all-night drive north to visit his divorced wife (Billie Whitelaw) and young son, takes the boy to a football match, endures a good deal of rough contempt from his former spouse and a parallel dispassionate observation from his son, collapses (finally), and is put to bed. Next morning he departs the picture in a captive balloon that has been moored in the back garden. The film runs the gamut from *Blow-Up* to *Around the World in 80 Days*.

During this episode—I cannot see that it ever becomes a story—Finney expresses deep malaise by somnambulating. His eyes are barely open; he rarely utters more than a monosyllable; he's beat! In the day and a half, he runs into a fair number of acquaintances, all of them strikingly less successful than he, all expressing a nasty mixture of sycophancy and envy. He's aware of the reaction, but too sleepy to attend. Does he love the American kid; does he still love his tough and lusty ex-wife? Is he a good novelist or a fraud; is he suffering from writer's block or has he perhaps contracted mononucleosis? There must be a story somewhere in all this chrome and rubbed-walnut portentousness, but if so, it goes off with Charlie in the balloon.

There is a lot to look at in *Charlie Bubbles*—it is one of those fashion-page decor films, full of interesting objects and expensively picturesque extras that now seem to dominate the British studios—the *Ipcress-Accident* console model in augmented color. But the central proposition—that a half-dozen successful novels will deprive a man of family, friends, inner resources and the will to live—is a generalization that will not hold up without some degree of specification. If you want to know what was really eating Charlie, you will have to write a note of inquiry to Miss Delaney or Mr. Finney. Or you may decide—perhaps I do at least understand his name—that Charlie Bubbles is an ectoplasmic scapegoat; that his creators are paying a ransom of induced melancholia to their own munificent but not entirely credible fairy godmothers.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1239

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 7 down Between flights, stumbles on places where one might expect a comedown. (7, 6)
- 5 Spend time casually in the club. (6)
- 10 It might go on top of the number above. (5)
- 11 Passes something along, but isn't smart in the process. (9)
- 12 Where the surrounding territory could cause problems. (7)
- 13 Iron-worker, perhaps. (7)
- 14 Doesn't hit little girls, at least! (6)
- 15 Did one follow the Pied Piper as a way to rise in the old Navy? (7)
- 18, 24 and 30 Gift mail-order house, perhaps, not counted when making general derogatory remarks? (7, 7, 8)
- 21 Ties in more than one race? (6)
- 24 See 18 across.
- 26 The teacher may have one in the class, if you are. (7)
- 27 An experimental flower? It should be ornamental, at least. (9)
- 28 A trace of it shows something missing. (5)
- 29 Set twice as confused as part of a sonnet. (6)
- 30 See 18 across.

DOWN:

- 1 Beaten, but not necessarily tongue-lashed. (6)

- 2 The number of your dentist? (9)
- 3 Encroachments marked "no exit"? (7)
- 4 How the light goes out next to the curb?
- 6 Not tired of the money saved? (7)
- 7 See 1 across.
- 8 Puts yesterday's roast out for those who might be called up. (8)
- 9 Spoil, perhaps. (6)
- 16 Those who can, have more than one tongue. (9)
- 17 Not regular TV fare found in supermarkets occasionally. (8)
- 19 A bad name consumed, as might come out shortly. (7)
- 20 Looking for meeting places? Let's examine ways shortly to get them. (6)
- 21 A worker takes a little time with something to cut a stock disease. (7)
- 22 A superficial integument. (7)
- 23 Acted like Mr. Bok. (6)
- 25 Ground corn and whole wheat for breakfast and dinner? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1238

ACROSS: 1 Paterfamilias; 10 Grant; 11 Recherche; 12 Overrates; 13 Hesse; 14 Parsimonious; 19 Green peppers; 22 Norms; 24 Stone-deaf; 25 Sonneteer; 27 Shapelessness. DOWN: 2 Abates; 3 Entertain; 4 Foretaste; 5 Mocks; 6 Leech; 7 Ancestor; 8 Aglow; 9 Decease; 15 Mopboards; 16 Norwegian; 17 Agonist; 18 Retrench; 20 Debars; 21 and 26 Afterimage; 23 Sheep; 24 Spell.

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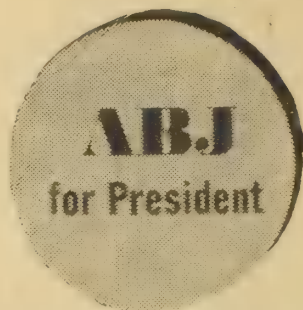
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The NATION on Vietnam before it became Vietnam:

This feeling at present runs most strongly against the United States, which is suspected of being opposed to a cease-fire on account of its illusory evaluation of the Vietnamese domestic situation and the requirements of its grand strategy against communism.

Ernest L. Zaugg, "The Vietnam War at the Front," May 8, 1954

The NATION about aggression before they invented "escalation":

It is widely known that one purpose of our engagement in Vietnam is to perfect the new American method of war for possible use elsewhere—perhaps in Africa or Latin America.

Chandler Davidson, "America's Dirty War," Nov. 2, 1964

The NATION on a new war before the President acknowledges it:

"I see a pre-Vietnam. I see napalm. I see Green Berets, and I'll continue to scream about it. I am opposed to it. I am not infallible, but I will not sit by." Father Bonpane, Maryknoll priest expelled from Guatemala, quoted from the National Catholic Reporter (see editorial this issue)

The good fight is now in

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NATION

—why not join now?

We're not supporting ABJ (Anybody But Johnson) for President.

Just being *against* gave the world Caesar, Napoleon and Hitler. In fact, by a fateful twist, it gave us Lyndon B. Johnson. (Weren't we all *against* someone else? Remember?)

Being *against* can mean you buy some frightening *fors*. President Johnson is for everything and everybody. He needs the whole world for the Great Society.

And that need led straight to using napalm to disinfect foreign bodies, riot guns to target in on social problems. As a result, Americans today are bad friends to the world, bad friends to themselves.

The election-year prospects don't cheer us up much either. We read prophets who forecast the conventions, pollsters who feed us answers to improperly phrased questions. (Just when do you get a chance to vote against a war you never voted for?)

We're against the pre-packaged election, if you like. That's why The NATION's election-year reporting won't be dominated by prophets and pollsters. It's responsive rather to the need of thinking Americans to know and act for America.

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LETTERS

puzzled

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I am, I suppose, a Concerned Democrat, but this year I don't want to be attached to any party. I shall be voting in November, but before then I shall have to take a stand on various issues. I am sure that many of your readers are as puzzled as I am. A sharing of thoughts might help. Here are a few of the things that have been bothering me:

(1) *Lyndon Johnson*. I voted for him in 1964. I thought he was honest, if crude, and ever so much better than his opponent. His domestic program has been pretty good, and his blunders in foreign policy should not be allowed to obscure it. Lyndon Johnson is a small man with an oversized image of his place in history. He may go down in history as a good President, but not as a great one. He should now be allowed to retire.

(2) *Vietnam*. The muddle we are now in is not Johnson's fault, nor was it Kennedy's or Eisenhower's. We muddled our way into it blindly and stupidly, and now we cannot find a way out without losing face. But it is clear that we must get out, and we should be prepared to lose face in the process. But how are we to do it, with the least injury to innocent people? Just "getting out" is easy to talk about, but not so easy when one thinks of the tremendous dislocations involved. Mary McCarthy may blandly leave all this to the military, but, having been a sort of soldier myself, I don't trust the soldiers to be dependably intelligent.

(3) *Eugene McCarthy*. I am supporting McCarthy, with no hope that he can get the nomination. Stevenson tried twice, and failed; but I still think he was worth supporting. McCarthy, like Stevenson, voices the enlightened conscience of the nation. But isn't there something more that concerned Americans can do?

(4) *Nixon, Rockefeller, and the other Republicans*. Nixon and Reagan are lower than Johnson at his crudest. The unknown is Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller's record in New York is good, and in his earlier days he did well with our Latin American cousins.

As of this moment, I would vote for Nelson Rockefeller as opposed to Lyndon Johnson; but I need the counsel of other puzzled citizens.

Robert B. MacLeod, Prof. of Psychology
Cornell University

magic or massacre

New York City

DEAR SIR: Shaun O'Connell's review of *The Man who Cried I Am* [*The Nation*, Jan. 29] overstates the minor weaknesses of the book and almost completely overlooks its clear-cut strengths. . . . The dialogue [is not] "consistently implausible." It would be miraculous indeed in a novel of 403 pages if the author's ear did not betray him occasionally. But in general the dialogue is crisp. . . . And the King Alfred plan [to exterminate the blacks] is not nearly so preposterous as Mr. O'Connell asserts it is. As Williams himself has pointed out elsewhere, during World War II German-Americans sang Nazi songs and gave Nazi salutes in Yorkville, openly and contemptuously, while Japanese-American farmers peacefully attended to their affairs. Who was rounded up and driven into internment camps? The yellow man or the white man, even though one was palpably more dangerous to our security than the other? The suspicion against Americans of other pigmentation is

(Continued on page 345)

EDITORIALS

Romney Bows Out

Governor Romney's withdrawal sharpens, and dramatizes, the fight for the Republican nomination. Fortunately his decision to bow out comes far enough in advance of the convention to permit the liberal-moderate elements to mount a strong campaign for the nomination of Governor Rockefeller. Sooner or later Romney would have withdrawn for the reason he so candidly stated: his candidacy had simply not caught on with the party rank and file. Faced with the deadline for filing in the Wisconsin primary (February 29), he wisely decided to retire now.

Governor Romney is not entirely responsible for the fact that his candidacy did not catch on in New Hampshire. Governor Rockefeller's consistent and warm support placed Romney in the position of appearing to be a front-runner for the New Yorker. The more firmly and frequently Rockefeller denied his own candidacy, the more widely the impression came to be accepted that he was in the race. Voters do not rally round a candidate whom they regard, correctly or not, as a stalking-horse.

As an aspirant for the Presidency, Romney exhibited obvious shortcomings; he lacks political perception and finesse. Even so, his political ineptness might not have been fatal if he had started with a sound conception of the position he finally decided to take. In New Hampshire, he soon realized that Vietnam was the dominant issue. But it was not until mid-January that he began to talk sense about the war. The campaign booklet issued on February 15—"A New U.S. Foreign Policy for the 1970s"—was a good campaign document, but should have come out much sooner. In recent speeches, Mr. Romney has been saying what he should have said from the outset: "Our containment policy is outdated. The basic policy of negative reactionary containment is what is leading us to World War III" "I never thought we should have gone in there in the first place" In Vietnam, "we are going right down the road to World War III," etc. But while all of this was said convincingly enough, it managed to sound as though it were a position taken in a desperate last-minute effort to overcome Nixon's lead. The belated espousal of the position—not the position itself—was the source of Romney's trouble in New Hampshire.

The Republican race now narrows down to Rockefeller and Nixon. What happens will largely depend on whether the liberal-moderate elements are able to overcome their fatal indecisiveness and mount a strong campaign for Rockefeller. They have the resources: they control a large bloc of delegates and they can get the added delegates they will need. But too often in the past they have acted as though they were waiting for another Ike or some miracle-worker to appear on the scene and do for them what they should do for themselves. For example, the Republican governors recently decided that Gov. Raymond Shafer should be co-chairman of the platform committee with Senator Dirksen, but they did nothing further about it—nor did Shafer—and so they lost out. Will they now decide that Rockefeller, with his fine organization and

vast resources, will give them a free ride to victory, or will they unite to secure his nomination and election?

Nixon was genuinely surprised, and no doubt disturbed, by Romney's sudden decision to withdraw. He continues to say that his is the "center" position, with Rockefeller to his left and Reagan to his right. But Nixon can no longer play the man in the middle. Reagan, given his misadventures in California, will not be the candidate of the right wing at Miami, however much they may cheer his name. That Reagan is not really their choice is shown by the fact that much of the money for the Wallace campaign comes from Birch Society and kindred sources.

Goldwater makes the real situation quite clear by saying that he hopes Wallace will now withdraw so that the Southern electoral votes may go to Nixon. But Wallace is not likely to back out this year as he did in 1964; his position, as the spoiler, is much too strong, and by now he has a sizable investment in the campaign. In brief, Wallace and Nixon are the right-wing candidates and, as such, will split the right-wing reactionary vote.

With Wallace in the race, Nixon is the weakest nominee the Republicans can put forward, however great his strength may be with the party apparatus. Ray Bliss pointed out recently that the Republicans must concentrate on winning ten big states that have 255 electoral votes; Nixon carried only three of these states in 1960. Bliss also pointed out that to carry these ten, the GOP must make inroads on the Negro, Jewish and Catholic votes. Nixon is the least likely. Rockefeller the most likely Republican nominee to attract these blocs.

Nixon is gambling on Johnson's unpopularity, but he is distrusted and disliked almost as much as Johnson. Independents and disaffected Democrats will not vote for Nixon; they will not vote. On the other hand, Rockefeller can draw more independent and Democratic votes than Johnson drew disaffected Republican votes in 1964. If the Republicans want to win, they will nominate Rockefeller.

A National Tragedy

Senators come and Senators go, and usually no one cares very much except their personal following and the members of their own political families. But when Thrus-ton B. Morton (R., Ky.) called a news conference in Louisville and announced that he would not seek re-election this year, there was consternation in Kentucky, in Washington, and all over the country. The Senator would say only that he was stepping down "for very compelling personal reasons"; those reasons must be compelling indeed, for the country's need of him verges on the desperate.

One of the major political developments of recent years has been Senator Morton's valiant effort to talk sense to the Republican Party—on a variety of issues, but most urgently on the war in Vietnam. He is a "centrist" in the best sense: that of the man of reason. He is a conservative according to the definition of the French Socialist Jaurès: one who wants to preserve from the still-glowing embers of the past not the ashes but the vital flame. He has had the courage and integrity to step forth and say he had been wrong about Vietnam and urge a different course.

"It is known," the *New York Times* report said, "that

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NATION

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if he decided to step down it would mainly be for reasons of health." Mrs. Morton is quoted to the same effect. If this is the reason for Mr. Morton's withdrawal, one cannot press him to change his mind. He has devoted nearly twenty-seven years to public service, much of it on the national level and—the more so after his reconsideration of our policy on Vietnam—he is at the height of his influence. He does not need a seat in the Senate to round up an audience: there is not an intelligent citizen who will not listen carefully to whatever he has to say on the vital issues of the day. If he can do that with less strain and wear and tear, so much the better.

There have been reports also that Mr. Morton is exhausted spiritually rather than physically. He has been depressed (as which of us has not?) by the war to which he can see no end and by the absence of national political leadership adequate to the tasks that must be performed. He is said to feel that the coming summer will see a renewal of urban rioting, and he cannot but feel some degree of discouragement at the way in which the outmaneuvered Republican governors were deprived of a co-chairmanship with Senator Dirksen on the platform committee. That Nelson Rockefeller is not the front-running Republican candidate for the Presidency may be another factor in Senator Morton's outlook.

In *The Saturday Evening Post* of April 6 (on the newsstands on or about March 23), Senator Morton will have a piece titled "Why Only the GOP Can Get Us Out of Vietnam"—with the qualification, of course, that the GOP offer the electorate a ticket that wants to get us out. In the meantime, *The Nation* can only express its deepest regret at the Senator's decision, and hope that perhaps it is subject to change.

An Appeal to the President

In the April 6 *Saturday Evening Post* article referred to above, Senator Morton will make what may be the most important point of all. He has said in another connection that the country is "hung up on the outdated dogmas of the cold war," of which he feels the President and Secretary of State are prisoners. In the *SEP* article, Senator Morton will add that, for the good of the country, Lyndon B. Johnson should not seek re-election. This may be disagreeable advice for Mr. Johnson to read, but more is at stake than the pride of even so proud a man. *The Nation*, after supporting him in 1964, has admired neither his words nor his actions in the international field, but it has never accused him of lack of patriotism as he sees it—nor does it bring any such charge against him now.

The facts are all too evident. In the Vietnamese War Mr. Johnson some time ago passed the point of no return. He has become wholly preoccupied with the military aspects of the war. He must now deal with the recommendations (which are in effect demands) of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for still more manpower to be thrown into an increasingly hopeless battle. It is hopeless because the people of South Vietnam are not with us. The fighting at Hue was a revealing instance. George McArthur of the Associated Press cabled on February 27: "When Communist forces virtually overran Hue four weeks ago, the

city's official structure vanished . . . One harried American said, after a day of frustration, 'They are leaderless and gutless.'" The reason is simple, and the outburst was not quite fair to the Vietnamese government officials who disappeared. It is the Americans' war, not theirs.

But that is not the worst of it. Not only are the Vietnamese not dedicated to the war: the American people are in the same situation. In his latest monologue, Mr. Johnson exhorted us not to "buckle" but to stand up like men for our principles. That is just the trouble: the principles are on the enemy's side. Mainly for that reason, the Vietnamese War has divided the American people, and not even the hawks are filled with the proper martial spirit. The majority just want to get the damned thing over with.

As for the Administration, it is in a truly alarming state. It may be that on the part of the President there is no failure of will, but there is an increasingly palpable failure of reason. Irrationality spreads through Washington like a contagion. The nerves of key officials are frayed. They are no longer thinking, only reacting, and their reactions are mechanical and predictable. Amazingly indiscreet things are said and done. A high government official asked a group of newsmen on February 9: ". . . whose side are you on?" The remark was not to be subject to direct quotation, but it flew around Washington and finally Alan L. Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* revealed that the official was Dean Rusk. Under date of February 23, the Associated Press commented that this question, and a long discourse that the Secretary delivered, "indicates tension and unusual sensitivity to criticism at the highest levels of the Johnson Administration in the days following the Communist offensive . . ."

But Mr. Rusk was only following in the footsteps of his master. Their troubles are bound to multiply, for both are prisoners of their own views, of the outdated and inapplicable dogmas of the cold war, and of the war in Vietnam in which they have invested so improvidently and recklessly that they can no longer see a way out.

The President is jeopardizing not only the country but his own party, even while he keeps insisting that only the Democratic Party (with himself at its head) can save the country. But when it comes to nominating people who have the capacity to strengthen the party—people like Adlai Stevenson III or Morris Abram—the President can think only of whether or not they see eye to eye with him on Vietnam.

Johnson wants to run against Nixon, regarding him as an easy mark, but Nixon has the same idea in reverse and perhaps with more logic—he wants to run against Johnson. They are creating a real danger of a Johnson-Nixon-Wallace hangup, with the by no means negligible danger of throwing the election into the House of Representatives, where the one-state-one-vote rule would be in effect. The consequences of such an impasse are incalculable: Wallace would be in the blackmail seat, and the country would have to endure weeks of excruciating, and perhaps dangerous, uncertainty.

The fact is—and now it must be obvious even to President Johnson—that he himself is the divisive issue in the country, and matters have reached a pass where nothing he can say or do will change the situation.

He is more keenly and universally disliked and distrusted than any President in modern times. Franklin D. Roosevelt was indeed hated, but there were millions who loved him. Who loves Johnson?

Senator Morton wants only to help the country; he is retiring and presumably has no political motive for making his admittedly harsh suggestion. Responsible organs like *The Wall Street Journal* have turned against Mr. Johnson. The President should listen to such counsels as these. He can plead ill health or whatever will make the pill less bitter to swallow, but he should take the medicine that thoughtful and patriotic men prescribe.

Passing the Biological Buck

The most prestigious scientific organization in the world—certainly in the United States—is the American Association for the Advancement of Science, with its 110,000 membership of run-of-the-mill scientists and a goodly sprinkling of Nobel laureates. Yet some scientists are more human, if not more scientific, than others, and two years ago at the annual meeting Dr. E. W. Pfeiffer, professor of zoology at the University of Montana, supported by other concerned ecologists, pushed through a resolution for an AAAS study of chemical and biological agents that affect the environment. The particular environment at issue was, of course, that of Vietnam, and the debate lined up the AAAS hawks against the AAAS doves. At the 1967 meeting, during the Christmas-New Year's holiday, the resolution bore fruit in the form of a Committee on Environmental Alteration.

The evaluation group consisted of four members. Two resigned almost immediately: Dr. David R. Goddard, provost of the University of Pennsylvania and Athelstan F. Spilhaus, president of the venerable Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. The remaining members, Barry Commoner of Washington University in St. Louis and Rene Dubos of Rockefeller University, lashed themselves to the mast. Their specific task, with two replacement members to be appointed at the quarterly AAAS board meeting in March, will be to evaluate a 369-page study report concocted by the Midwestern Research Institute (MRI) under a \$68,000 Defense Department contract.

The AAAS has enlisted the aid of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council in this delicate task. Frederick Seitz, president of the Academy and also chairman of the Defense Science Board, the Defense Department's highest advisory body, passed his organization's share of the hot potato to an Academy review board headed by A. Geoffrey Norman, a botanist who is vice president of research of the University of Michigan and chairman of the NAS-NRC biology and agricultural division. A possible count against this eminent authority is that from 1946 to 1952 he was a biochemist and division chief at the Army Chemical Corps Biological Laboratories at Fort Detrick, Md.

Much of this information comes from D. S. Greenberg's editorial in the February 23 issue of *Science*. Greenberg occasionally introduces a waspish note into his comments, and in this case he remarked that the urgency of the NSF-NRC-AAAS review may not be too urgent, since "it is

likely that Vietnam will be depopulated before it is defoliated." The sequence may not matter: the review, which has already been summarized for the press, is not of a critical nature. MRI is said to have done a creditable job of "collecting, correctly abstracting and citing much of the relevant published information, although under the circumstances, the report could not be expected to cover in a truly comprehensive way so vast a literature." It is conceded that the literature, perhaps because it is so vast, "provides markedly less factual information on the ecological consequences of herbicide use and particularly of repeated or heavy herbicide application." In short, Vietnam is not in a state of toxicosis now, but the ultimate effects are not assessable.

The political aspect, with which the AAAS-NSF-NRC team is not concerned, is that the U.S. taxpayer provides some \$300-\$400 million a year for research, production and use of chemical-biological weapons, with something like \$100 million going to Vietnam for defoliation and de-junglification. Thus the door has been reopened on what used to be called gas warfare, which accounted for a million casualties in World War I. This made some of the belligerents a bit squeamish, and they signed the protocol of 1925 outlawing poisonous and asphyxiating gases. The United States was not one of the signers. Nevertheless, the belligerents in World War II decided it would not be to their advantage to ignore the protocol, and they limited themselves to TNT, flame throwers, incendiary bombs, and finally the atomic bomb.

Where we stand, then, is that the United States is experimenting with C/B warfare—on a modest scale so far, and only against an Asiatic population whose hearts and minds we don't seem to be winning anyhow. And what we are learning may prove to be useful for the restraint of recalcitrant populations at home.

A Time for Double Talk

Last month may have set the record for self-refutation by prominent Americans. General Westmoreland simultaneously downgraded the Vietcong offensive and begged for more men. Secretary McNamara, who had testified in 1964 that the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* were on "routine patrol" at the time of the North Vietnamese "attack," now admits that those patrols were precisely as "routine" as were the patrols of the *Liberty* and *Pueblo*. And Lyndon Johnson continues his massive refutation of the 1964 Democratic Platform: "Peace should be the first concern of all governments, as it is the prayer of all men." While claiming that there was no man *he* would rather follow into battle than Westmoreland, the President was content to dispatch others. He cut graduate school deferments, thus declaring a moratorium on training Americans to do anything but kill (except for doctors to amputate and chaplains to render last rites). Johnson then went through the hand-shaking routine with the latest 10,000 to be consigned to Westmoreland.

Few Americans, however, achieved the self-refutation of that veteran campaigner, Richard M. Nixon. No longer running for "President of California" (as he had blurted in 1962), Nixon topped the efforts of even Lyndon John-

son. An interviewer in Rhinelander, Wis., asked Mr. Nixon whether the United States should try to outlast "Asian patience" in Vietnam. "No," replied Mr. Nixon, "this nation cannot tolerate a long war. The Asians have no respect for human life. They don't care about body counts, whether the count is nine or ten to one against them."

Mr. Nixon does not ask what Asians *do* care about. What is it, he does not ask, that makes those fighting against us so willing to die? With characteristic myopia Mr. Nixon forgets that he is a citizen (and hopes to be President) of the nation which has made the body count—that measure of *our* respect for human life—part of the every-hour-on-the-hour American heritage. He reveals again the arrogance which has made America the least-loved nation in the world and which makes Mr. Nixon so abhorrent a candidate in this War Year of 1968.

Kicking Uncle Sam

Without exception, Uncle Sam's allies have him where they want him. They are his indispensable comrades in the world-wide crusade against communism, and when they cry and threaten he must strive to pacify them. Just now the Thai Government is yelling the loudest. One reason for this is that we are not winning in Vietnam, a state of affairs which the Thai rulers did not reckon with when they became our loyal allies. Or perhaps they just want more fringe benefits for allowing us to bomb from the bases we have built on their sovereign soil. Whatever the reasons, Sydney Gruson reports in *The New York Times* from Bangkok that many Thais resent the American military and economic build-up in what is after all their country (or used to be) and that this resentment is "exploding" into the open.

The present level of American strength in Thailand is 43,000 military men and about 7,000 civilians on a more or less permanent basis. Another 5,000 American soldiers come for rest and recreation each month. As Kipling said, single men in barracks are not plaster saints, and by recreation our men, even like Kipling's, mean girls. This is one cause of friction, since male Thais have much the same urges as male Americans, and think they should have priority in their own country.

Biological sensitivity is probably exceeded, at least in official eyes, by journalistic and economic penetration. A book by Louis Lomax, *The War That Is, The War That Will Be*, has given grave offense to Thai officialdom. It implies that Thailand is ripe to become another Vietnam and allegedly insults King Phumiphol Adulet. An item in *Newsweek* is also regarded as impugning the King's courage on a visit to the northeastern insurgency area. Violent anger has been expressed on these and other grounds by a respected Thai journalist, Kukrit Pramoj, who blames the Americans for practically every evil in Thai social and economic life and concludes, "You American beasts, return to your holes."

That is a little harsh, but there is some substance to the charges of economic penetration. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, American investment in Thailand was about \$100 million a year ago. Now well over 100

U.S. firms are on the scene, and most of them are operating "quite profitably." We are by no means alone, however. Almost half of new investment in Thailand in recent years comes from Japan, and Taiwan also comes ahead of the United States.

But Uncle Sam has the largest rump for kicking, and the Thais are not neglecting the opportunity.

The Integrated Auction

By the usual standards of journalism, the auction was just a local affair. Yet both *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* had reporters on hand, and Charles B. Camp of the *Journal* sent in wordage (and had it printed) that would have befitted a summary of the annual report of a billion-dollar corporation.

There was human interest in this auction, and the memory of tragedy. The auctioneer was Detroit Police Lieutenant Fred Hotchkiss, and the goods being sold were part of the loot recovered by the police after last summer's riot. It was stuff that no one had claimed and that was untraceable. This auction comprised only furniture and linens. This month there will be another two-day sale of TV sets, radios and record players. (That one should be a really colossal event.) There will be two auctions a week for at least the next five or six weeks. At the first auction the crowd was half black and half white, and the races got along fine. There were quite a few disputes, but color had nothing to do with them.

The police had warned that only the first 300 persons in line would be admitted, but 450 stormed in when the doors were opened. Later the soft-hearted cops let in another 100 who had been standing outside with their faces pressed against the windows.

All sales were unconditional. When a beat-up freezer was put up, the auctioneer warned: "You ought to know the condition of this—you won't be able to call up a service man later and have repairs made under a warranty." Nevertheless, a bargain hunter paid \$125 for this treasure, which an amazed expert said was worth \$18, top. The auctioneer probably lost his footing on that one, because his policy was to stop the bidding when an item was going beyond its obvious value.

The Detroit loot, both the part that was sold and the stuff still to be auctioned, is a strange miscellany. Besides the usual items—liquor, electronic equipment, clothing and the like, there were such things as stacks of dinette sets, commercial meat slicers and twenty rolls of carpeting, including one which weighed half a ton. "Some of these guys must have figured they were going to go into business for themselves," Lieutenant Hotchkiss commented.

But a good time was had by all; even the occasional fights over who had placed the highest bid were entertainment. A reasonable deduction is that hostility between the races is not inherent, but we knew that before. At an auction there is true racial equality, with all present lusting for a bargain and everybody at liberty to make a fool of himself. The situation is hard on the Detroit police property office, however. Ten men have had to be added to Lieutenant Hotchkiss' squad, and he is still undermanned. "If we have another riot," he said, "I'm sunk."

THE REAL CRIME OF DR. SPOCK

JEAN CARPER

Miss Carper is the author of Bitter Greetings: The Scandal of the Military Draft (Grossman).

The indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and four others on charges of conspiring to counsel young men to avoid the draft is a critical point in a struggle of historical consequence: the ever-intensifying war between the U.S. Government and the draft resisters. The indictment is more than a mere crackdown on an annoying rabble: it is the beginning of a test of power. It is an unprecedented recognition by the government of the growing strength and threat of the anti-draft movement in this country.

And the Administration has every reason to be concerned over the challenge to its power to coerce young men to die at the bidding of their leaders in a war considered immoral by many. Anyone in Washington with a grasp of history can see that the current anti-draft resistance is no ordinary uprising that can be put down in the traditional way by intimidating or imprisoning one by one those young men who refuse to go.

For the first time in its history our government faces a draft rebellion not only by the young but by the old, not only by men but by women, not only by individuals alone but by groups coming together in surprising and ever-growing numbers. And the leaders are not the poor and impotent but men of some prestige and power. Those indicted with Dr. Spock were the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, civil rights leader and chaplain of Yale University; Mitchell Goodman, author; Marcus Raskin, former White House aide under President Kennedy and now co-director of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, and Michael B. Ferber, Harvard University graduate student.

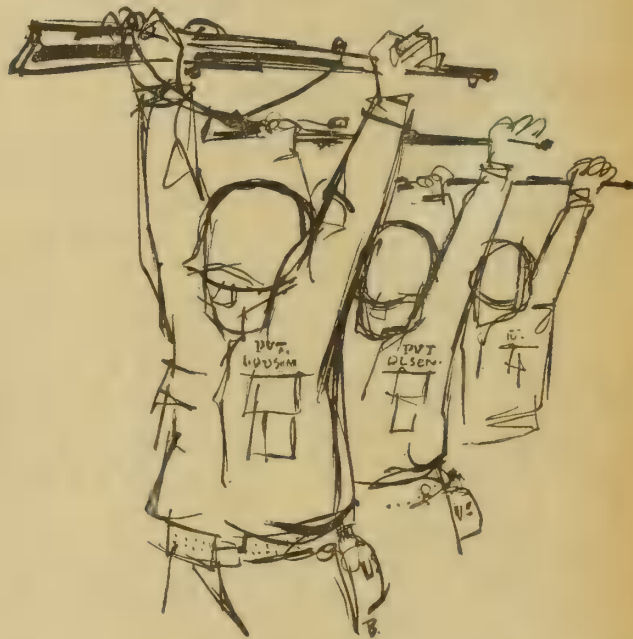
It is no secret that these five are only a handful of the participants in the anti-draft movement whom the Justice Department could—and perhaps will—prosecute. Within five weeks after the indictments, the anti-draft organization, Resist, with headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., reported that more than 10,000 signatures had been obtained, from among others, doctors, lawyers, writers, housewives and students, asserting in effect that they too would have to be prosecuted if the defendants were found guilty.

The Civil Liberties Legal Defense Fund, Inc., headed by Robert A. Rosenthal, professor of education at Harvard, has been established to aid draft resisters and their supporters. In New York's Town Hall on January 14, about 900 persons, two-thirds of those present, turned their advocacy of draft resistance into overt action by donating money to support draft resisters. (The Justice Department insists it will not prosecute for advocacy of draft resistance, only for overt acts.) Resist is organizing a nation-wide academic day of protest to coincide with the trial of the defendants; 1,000 campuses are expected to participate with teach-ins, mock trials and "field trips" to induction centers, draft boards, munitions plants.

Such a large-scale, anti-draft movement, led by persons of influence, is unheard of in our history. Men of

prominence in other countries, for example, Great Britain and France, have preached and practiced stalwart resistance to coercive military service. Such figures as Bertrand Russell, Ramsay MacDonald and several members of Parliament were active resisters of the draft. Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and a coterie of French intellectuals, called the "Committee of 121," organized an underground escape route for deserters and those about to be conscripted during the Algerian War. About 3,000 young men evaded the military.

Although there have been isolated exceptions—Thoreau's civil disobedience being the most famous example—



we have witnessed until now, no such active opposition to the draft by Americans, especially Americans of unquestioned stature in the community. Only once have we had an anti-draft uprising of any size and import, a pitifully sordid affair immediately after our first national draft act was passed in 1863 during the Civil War. The working class, mainly Irish immigrants, who refused to be cannon fodder for the "rich man's war to free the niggers," as they called it, formed a mob in New York City, smashed the draft lottery wheels, stormed Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, burned the armory, and for five days terrorized the city, looting and killing. Finally, cannons and regiments of soldiers had to be brought into the streets to halt the mob. An estimated 1,000 persons were injured or killed in the rioting.

Aside from that one bloody outburst, Americans have, for a people that prides itself on individual freedom and resistance to coercion, submitted with surprising docility to the draft. We had no significant organized resistance to the draft during World War I, World War II or Korea. Most certainly during wartime and even during

peacetime since 1948, the draft has always had a firm grip on the hearts of Americans—most particularly on the hearts of the generations too old to be drafted.

In the beginning it appeared that the current resistance to the draft might be little more effective than it had been in previous wars. To superpatriots like L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, the protests on college campuses that erupted soon after escalation of the war were just another display by a few cowardly boys—"scum and vermin," he called them. And the government knew how to handle that kind of resistance; force them into the service or lock them up one by one, as in previous wars.

It soon became evident, however, that the protests contained the seeds of a different kind of resistance. Students protected from the draft by educational deferments were nevertheless demonstrating for abolition of the 2-S classification, branding it and the war immoral. Several boys burned their draft cards, signifying that the order of the day was perhaps no longer resistance by acceptance of conscientious objector status but outright defiance of Selective Service: noncooperation.

Many conscientious objectors, in a trend that has accelerated greatly recently, gave up their status that would have kept them safe forever from the draft and the war, and on moral principle returned their draft cards or destroyed them, making them liable for up to five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Clearly, these were not young men trying to save their own skins. They were acting out of deep conviction, concern and personal responsibility, putting themselves unnecessarily in jeopardy through an act of civil disobedience to save others and to try to end a war they considered immoral and illegal.

From the first, the government has taken a hard line against the dissenters. Although the draft protesters were vocal and received wide press coverage, their organization and numbers were not really strong. A survey in 1965 showed that less than 1 per cent of college students were engaged in anti-war activities. Nevertheless, Washington's militants were thrown into what Sen. Wayne Morse called "near hysteria" by the noisy opposition to the war. In a fit of fury, Congress in August, 1965, at the instigation of Congressman Rivers, passed an anti-draft-card destruction law with penalties of up to five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Since burning a draft card does not impede Selective Service's operation in any way, the intent of the law was patently to squelch dissent.

Gen. Lewis B. Hershey soon afterwards began a program of intimidation by threatening to draft college students who "misbehaved." General Hershey and the Justice Department also began a systematic clampdown on conscientious objectors—the usual primary source of wartime dissent. One notable sacrifice to political expediency was Cassius Clay whom General Hershey was determined one way or another to make an "example for his race." Although Clay's hearing officer, after studying an FBI investigation of Clay and questioning him personally, determined that Clay's beliefs warranted c.o. status, the Justice Department in an unusual move overturned the decision.

Persecution of men who became conscientious objectors

after they were in the military services was also stepped up. Of the 860 men who applied for discharge from the service as conscientious objectors between 1962 and 1965, only 226 or 26 per cent were denied 1-O or 1-A-O status. In 1966, 448 or 52 per cent of those 850 who applied were refused. By 1967, the denials had risen to 70 per cent—473 out of 677.

Nothing illustrated Congress' anger and determination to crush draft resistance as clearly as their "reform" of the draft act when it came up for renewal in June, 1967. In defiance of all critics, including a Presidential commission which called for constructive changes, Congress, led by Rivers and Sen. Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, vented its spleen on antagonists by adopting amendments—mainly directed against conscientious objectors and draft resisters—that set the draft law back twenty years.

Such heavy-handed governmental suppression of dissent, coupled with growing alarm over an expanding war, only intensified the rebellion among the resisters. But despite growing hostility between the government and many of its youth, no one a year ago could have predicted the future of the resistance movement—or whether it had any. It was still loosely organized, lacked power and prestige, and revolved around a cadre of young martyrs, such as David Miller, the first to be arrested for burning his draft card. It was still, to quote Paul Lauter, director of Resist, "a kook movement."

And it might have stayed that way except for the entry of Dr. Spock and friends. When this group began identifying itself with draft card turn-ins in 1967 and actively supporting draft resisters, the character, size and future of the anti-draft movement started to change. Dr. Spock and his fellows, by virtue of their age and status, lent the anti-draft movement a meaning, impetus and respectability that it otherwise probably could not have attained.

In all the controversy and interpretation surrounding Dr. Spock's action it has not been pointed out that by abetting young men in evading the draft he committed an unheard-of breach of the gentlemen's code concerning war. It is an inviolate, unspoken rule in every country that, as Arlo Tatum, executive secretary of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, put it: "Wars are fought with the determination of one generation and the blood of another." The old men conduct the war from the safety of the home front, while the impotent young (many not even able to vote) must kill and be killed at the bidding of their elders. In order for this system to work, society demands the complicity of the older generation—which until now has been virtually absolute.

We have only to look at the Selective Service System to see how firmly our youth are gripped by the hand of old age. Hershey, who has headed Selective Service for a quarter of a century, is 74 years old. Until this year men in their 80s were manning the local draft boards. Congress has now set a maximum age of 75, but in February Hershey appointed a man 76 years old as Selective Service state director of Colorado (a position not regulated by the maximum age law). The two most powerful pro-draft

forces in Congress are Rivers, 74, and Russell, 70, who believe every young man should be drafted for his own good.

This insidious control of the young by military-minded older generations permeates the entire fiber of American society. As a result of World War I, World War II and Korea, we now have in this country a sizable number of veterans who say: "We served. Now why not you, too?" These middle-aged and elderly men, Kenneth Boulding, professor of economics at the University of Michigan, has pointed out, present the most formidable, psychological force for keeping the draft and wars alive.

Against the united front of an older generation, draft resistance has traditionally been a lone battle, waged by the young for the young. Refusing to go was a solitary action, meaning less in the chambers of power. As long as resisters were isolated from one another and from older generations, the threat from dissent was minimal.

From this viewpoint, the real crime of Dr. Spock and his followers is that they are challenging the morality of the silent conspiracy of older generations against the nation's youth. It is for no ordinary protest that Dr. Spock is being tried; he is being tried as a traitor to his generation. *For the first time in our history the older men, themselves safe from the draft, have joined forces with the young.*

That the government recognizes the significance of this unprecedented state of affairs is evident. The Justice Department reacted almost instantaneously, beginning as early as last summer to collect evidence for prosecution. They shelved hundreds of pending prosecutions of draft-card destroyers and draft noncooperators to strike directly at the heart of the more formidable enemy by filing charges against the older accomplices. Att. Gen. Ramsey Clark admits that the purpose of the prosecution is to crush the spreading support of draft violators by making an example of the five men.

As the government has rightly appraised it, one Dr. Spock is more dangerous to the war effort than 1,000 young draft-card burners. The manpower pool of draft-eligible men is so large—12 million from ages 18 to 26—that conceivably the government could, if time, facilities and public opinion permitted, lock up a few million draft resisters, and still have an oversupply of the 3.5 million men reportedly needed to sustain the war in Vietnam. But the government cannot tolerate the kind of rebellion Dr. Spock represents: a revolt in the ranks of the older generation, especially those with some status and influence. It cannot fill its prisons with doctors, and clergy and politicians and writers, without losing credibility as a free nation. Although it is highly unlikely that youth alone could ever form a mass movement strong enough to stop the war, it is not inconceivable that a coalition of youth and their older compatriots could be successful.

That the Spock and associates indictments are cementing an alliance of young and old war resisters is already strikingly evident. Prior to the arrests there was a general feeling, as one draft resistance leader phrased it, that "the resistance had run its course with the turning in of draft cards. It seemed at a dead end in its effectiveness." Now,

says Paul Lauter of Resist, a one-time English professor and long-time opponent of the draft: "The growth of draft resistance is incredible. Two years ago there were probably only twelve boys who had turned in their draft cards; now there are at least 2,000, and all of them are out proselytizing. A recent poll of Harvard seniors showed that one-fourth of them would flee the country or go to prison rather than be inducted. Adults, some who have never participated before in anti-war activities, are rising to the defense of Spock and the others. For example, before the indictments Resist had contacts on seventy campuses; now we have contacts on 200 campuses. The persecution by the government is pushing people to more advanced positions than they otherwise would take." In other words, as Arlo Tatum puts it: "Without the help of the Justice Department we couldn't establish a movement."

As of now, in resister circles the outcome of the trial is seen as less important than the fact of its occurrence. Some compare it with the Dred Scott case in which, although Scott was forced back into slavery, the decision focused so much attention on the evil that the case became a turning point in the victory for abolition. Similarly, some believe the government cannot win in the Spock case,

'warning and notice'

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: The public expression of dissent in Oakland, Calif., seems to have become a felony punishable by a three-year prison term. Last October, thousands of concerned people expressed their opposition to the Vietnamese War at the Oakland Army Induction Center. Among them were university professors, ministers, scientists, writers, artists and students.

Now seven of the demonstrators, all in their early 20s, have been singled out for prosecution on conspiracy charges. The "conspiracy"—a felony—consists of the defendants allegedly banding together to commit misdemeanors. Justice Robert Jackson once called use of the conspiracy charge "the prosecutor's darling."

Dist. Atty. J. Frank Coakley explained to the press: "Technically a hundred or even a thousand of the demonstrators could have been indicted for their actions. . . . We have to take the most militant leaders." He added: "The indictment procedure is a new one, a new policy we have adopted, and should serve as a warning and notice to people who would violate the law in so expressing themselves."

The prosecutor's "new policy" is designed to make an example of these seven—to silence dissent against the war. These are not nationally famous leaders like Dr. Spock; they are young people plucked out of the group to be isolated and punished.

We are horrified at this frank frontal assault on constitutional liberties. The law is being used to suppress the right of dissent.

The undersigned protest the indictments and urge support for the defendants. The cost of defending these cases may run as high as \$50,000. Contributions can be sent to: Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund, 6468 Benvenue Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Kay Boyle

Jessica Mitford

Herbert Gold

Mark Schorer

whatever the outcome. If the defendants are found innocent—all five are pleading not guilty—the verdict will give wide license to thousands of others to support draft resistance as a means of wrecking the Selective Service System and forcing a conclusion to the Vietnamese War. If they are convicted, they will exist in the minds of free men everywhere as the Martyred Five who followed the dictates of the Nuremberg Tribunal by placing their duty to oppose a criminal war above an allegiance to their country's leaders.

One does not see how the Justice Department could possibly prosecute the thousands of other men and women beyond draft age who, if Spock and his co-defendants are found guilty, must also be found guilty. And if the arrest

of five men brought forth the support of thousands, how much support would the arrest of thousands produce?

Thus the government faces a problem that cannot be solved by the old method of locking up "draft dodgers" one by one. Because of the historic actions of Dr. Spock and others like him, the nation can no longer regard draft and war resistance as a product of the lunatic fringe. Resistance is no longer even spelled with a small "r," nor does it need the preceding words of "war" and "draft" to define its meaning. By both adults and youth who subscribe to its principles it is called simply The Resistance, a fact which in itself should give Washington's war leaders some indication of its strength and substance.

FIFTY-YEAR FLIRTATION

Our Illusory Affair With Japan

WALTER LaFEVER

Mr. LaFeber, professor of history at Cornell University, is the author of The New Empire (Cornell University Press) and America, Russia and the Cold War (John Wiley).

Once again anti-American riots have bloodied Japanese streets. And for the third time in seventy years important American spokesmen look hopefully to the Japanese as partners in stabilizing and developing Asia. The Fourteen Scholars writing from Freedom House in December observed: "No concern of the United States in the Pacific is more vital than that Japan's emerging initiative in foreign policy should be exercised in such a way as to utilize her enormous potentials in support of world peace and prosperity." Praising Japan's economic growth as "extraordinary" (one of the few understatements in the entire document), the scholars nevertheless deeply regretted that "in political affairs abroad, she has remained largely inactive if not frankly isolationist." But this situation was improving: "Today, however, reviving self-confidence is moving Japan increasingly to a reassertion of an independent stance in world politics."

To anyone with a knowledge of 20th-century American history, these words have a familiar and ominous ring. They have been sounded at least twice before, in the 1895-1910 period and again during the 1920s and early 1930s. In each case American diplomats failed to find a proper spirit of partnership in their Japanese counterparts, and the second time the denouement was marked by a World War. Particularly since the Fourteen Scholars have urged a discussion of America's position in the Far East, the time is not too early to analyze briefly Japan's recent resurgence, the state of Japanese-American relations, and the unavoidable questions which arise about that relationship.

There are two bases for present American interest in Japanese affairs. First, the appalling costs of Vietnam have forced even the most outspoken proponents of American power overseas to wish that they had some

respectable Asians to help pacify Asia. Second, the fantastic upsurge of the Japanese economy since 1961, and the resulting extension of Tokyo's influence into Korea, Thailand, Burma, the Philippines, Malaysia, China and Asiatic Russia, have rebuilt Japan into a political power throughout the Far East. This record should make historians, government officials and the Fourteen Scholars more cautious in their use of the term "isolationist," for in Japan as in the United States, expansion in the domestic economy has proved over a period of time to be inseparable from expansion of economic and political power abroad. To the Fourteen Scholars and many others, "isolationism" means: "You do not agree with my hopes for American (or Japanese) power." Only in that sense, indeed, are the Japanese "isolationist."

Electronic Bootstrap

The Japanese are developing and using their power in their own way. Their economic growth has made a worldwide impact. Japan's shipbuilding has led the world for a decade; in late 1967 it had twice the orders of its three closest rivals. Its automobile factories, producing more than 2 million units a year, challenge Germany for second place in the world market. Only the United States outranks Japan in electronics and computers. Its involvement in these two fields will increase, for Japan is superbly equipped in these key industries: it trains a large number of highly skilled technicians and engineers, and the industries have relatively little need for ground space and raw materials, items the Japanese lack in comparison with the United States.

Japan's ability to produce and market transistors is legendary, in part, no doubt because President de Gaulle once referred to a Japanese Premier as "that transistor salesman." The country has a chemical complex second only to that of the United States in the production of synthetic rubber, plastics and resin, rayon and acetate, non-cellulosic fiber and caustic soda.

Twenty years ago the Japanese were a defeated people fingering the rubble of burned-out and atomically bombed cities which were 80 per cent destroyed. An explanation for their success since then might begin with an observation by the editor of *Forbes*: the Japanese "work like hell." When they began to modernize in the late 19th century, the Japanese did not destroy their feudal institutions but tended to shift them into the industrial sector. Plants are consequently organized around a family concept of mutual obligation, with wages providing only a relatively small portion of worker incentive. This arrangement also means that unions are, in the Western sense, company unions. These characteristics not only explain Japanese craftsmanship and productivity, but create obstacles which prevent American capital from penetrating that country as it has Europe.

Japan has perhaps the most thoroughly rationalized and integrated business-government relationships in the non-Communist world. Its government bureaucracy is highly trained and efficient, and members move between business and government with a rapidity exceeding even that in the United States. This movement is particularly noticeable among some bureaucrats who upon reaching their 50s often move into key executive jobs in industry and banking. The economy's efficiency is further increased by close links between banks and industries. Japanese tend to invest their money in savings rather than in stocks which, in marked contrast to Western economies, make up less than 30 per cent of total business capital. This allows the banks to channel funds quickly and in volume into priority sectors of the economy.

Glitter and Squalor

Efficiency also results from concentration, a characteristic which Gen. Douglas MacArthur and other occupation authorities tried to purge from Japan in the immediate postwar years. By the mid-1960s, pro-Japanese observers admitted that the consolidation movement appeared to be evolving toward the situation of pre-World War II. A 1965 recession hurried this process. In 1966 a record 11,058 companies became bankrupt, and the giants sought help through mergers. The second largest auto producer, Nissan, merged with the fourth largest, Prince Motors, to become number one; this triumph was short-lived because the former number one, Toyota, merged with number eight, Hino, to regain the top position. In steel the two largest producers began to cooperate in scheduling sales. Some aggregations, such as Mitsubishi and Mitsui, carry the names of the 1930s. The economic power of these combines is unquestionable; their political power in the area of foreign affairs is a lesser known quantity.

That latter power now rests on total overseas assets of approximately \$8 billion. Only the United States, Great Britain and West Germany claim more. In 1966 Japan was one of the few nations to export more capital than it imported. The economy as a whole is dependent upon overseas trade, particularly imports of raw materials and fuels.

The economic picture glitters in Japan, but beneath the surface are uneven development, squalor and disturb-

ing political instability. Japan's economy was shaken by a recession in 1965-66 which cut its growth to 2.7 per cent for that fiscal year. One major channel of escape from this downturn was the Vietnamese conflict. Japanese growth jumped back to a 7.5 per cent rate after being stoked by \$1 billion of American spending for Vietnam. This war-generated income not only spurred a general recovery but raised foreign trade, particularly imports, with the United States to a record high. Wars in Asia have recently occurred at opportune moments for the Japanese. During the Korean conflict \$2 billion of American spending brought Japan's economy into full postwar recovery. The Vietnamese conflict has now stopped another skid. What that economy will do, and specifically what will happen to Japanese-American trade—the key to general relations with Japan—if the Vietnamese struggle tails off are vital questions.

The Japanese social structure is showing the strains of this economic resurgence. The country has become pockmarked by a mass movement of population from countryside to urban areas. This influx of cheap labor fuels the industrial renaissance, but it also creates severe problems of pollution, crime, juvenile delinquency and general resettlement, which not even the Japanese with their tradition and efficiency have been able to solve.

Liberalism, Socialism, Mysticism

These failures have caused political ripples. The Liberal-Democratic coalition, ruler of Japan for twenty years, has within the past year been severely challenged from within and without. The Liberal-Democrats themselves form factions which have to be carefully balanced by Premier Eisaku Sato. Such juggling was difficult even in a period of economic expansion, few foreign policy problems, and relatively minor social maladjustments. In January, 1967, the time of reckoning seemed to be approaching. For the first time in two decades the Liberal-Democrats won less than 50 per cent of the popular vote in the general elections. They continued to control a majority in the Diet, but had to do considerably more bargaining with opposition parties.

That opposition was also undergoing change. The Socialists have moved closer to Peking as the Communists have split and then tended toward Moscow. The Socialists paid for this reorientation by losing large numbers of votes which were picked up by two minor parties, the Democratic Socialists and the Komeito (the political apparatus of the Soka Gakkai, a mystical religious sect based on Buddhism which has expanded tremendously in Japan during the last seven to ten years). They won thirty and twenty-five seats respectively in the lower house. Komeito has been an especially interesting phenomenon. Meaning literally the "Clean Government Party," its rise has been remarkable, but this can be explained in part by the movement from countryside to city and in part by its mysticism. Soka Gakkai's numbers are largely comprised of agrarians newly resettled in the cities, shopkeepers, workers and women who want a political voice in a traditionally male-dominated society. For these reasons it is conservative enough socially so that it has been com-

pared with the Poujadists in France, but it also is vocally anti-American and urges diplomatic recognition of Communist China. Robert Scalapino, one of the Fourteen Scholars, has precisely summarized the significance of these political changes: "Clearly, Japan lacks a consensus on foreign policy, now or for the foreseeable future."

Teddy Roosevelt's Partner

The United States is now urgently asking this rapidly changing Japan for help in staving off Asian revolutions and stabilizing the Far East so that both Japanese and American interests can prosper. The central question is whether American and Japanese interests coincide to the extent that policy makers assume. History provides some instruction, for on two other occasions, Washington urged Japan to do much the same thing, and each time the affair ended disastrously because the key assumption was wrong.

In 1900, after annexing the Philippines and announcing its great-power status in Asia through the open-door notes, the United States looked to Japan as its partner. The Japanese had been the one people to accept the notes with some enthusiasm, agreeing with Secretary of State John Hay that China and Manchuria must be maintained as a "fair field" with no unequal "favours" to any power. Japan was also the single nation which possessed the location, determination and resources to block America's number-one enemy in the area, Russia.

Alfred Thayer Mahan, the famous naval strategist who deeply influenced Theodore Roosevelt's views of Asia, heavily counted upon the Japanese to help the United States. Mahan—a 1900 version of the Fourteen Scholars as a one-man band—argued that the Japanese were "Teutonic by adoption" and comprised "the grain of mustard seed" which would regenerate all of Asia. Mahan and Roosevelt consequently did nothing to stop Japan from going to war with and defeating Russia in 1904-05. At the point when Japanese resources seemed to be reaching their limit, Roosevelt interceded to mediate the peace.

By 1907 Russia was indeed no longer a major threat in Asia. The United States had helped make Japanese power dominant. The Japanese proceeded to exercise that power. They conquered and closed off Korea. Roosevelt did not object. The Japanese next moved into southern Manchuria, shutting out the large amounts of American petroleum and textiles which had found rich markets there. Roosevelt thought this was going too far, and when on top of it the Japanese began to act up about American immigration legislation which discriminated against the "yellow peril," he sent the Great White Fleet on a show of force to the western Pacific. The Japanese received the fleet cordially, but their smiles hid a renewed determination not to be overawed or placed at the mercy of that fleet.

Roosevelt and his successor, William Howard Taft, both attempted to use American economic power to re-open Manchuria. T.R. soon realized the futility of the venture and retreated, but Taft persisted. The result was a surprising but easily formed partnership in 1910 between the two former enemies, Japan and Russia. Japan would control south Manchuria, Russia the north, and



Alfred Thayer Mahan

the United States would be largely excluded from both. Not for the last time Japan reached agreement with its old enemy in an attempt to exclude American power from Asia. By 1913 round one had ended with the collapse of United States policy.

Line Down the Pacific

Mahan now displayed the insight and courage to change his mind. In publications during 1910 and 1911, he no longer termed Japan "Teutonic by adoption" but a "problem state." He argued that a line should be drawn down the Pacific, with Japan controlling the western portion and the United States retreating to the area east of Hawaii-Samoa-Australia. Although continuing to argue that American might made right in the Western Hemisphere and Europe, Mahan had learned that Asian power politics were quite another matter.

Woodrow Wilson and the Republican administrations of the 1920s did not listen to Mahan's advice. As other powers focused their attention on World War I, Japan had tightened its control by forcing concessions within China and conquering the former German colonies on the periphery of Asia. After Wilson had failed to loosen the Japanese grip at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919, the new Republican foreign policy, formulated by Charles Evans Hughes and Herbert Hoover, tried another approach. At the Washington Conference of 1921, Japan, over the strong protests of our Navy Department, was given naval superiority in the western Pacific. This arrangement was written into the Five-Power Pact. In return, Japan signed a Nine-Power Treaty in which it guaranteed that the door to Chinese markets would remain open equally to all.

Or, to phrase the American policy in contemporary terms, the Japanese, in return for a supposed minimum build-up in armaments, promised to use their economic

and military power to moderate the revolution raging in China, contain the Bolsheviks in Russia (whom the United States refused to recognize), and keep the entire area open for Western democracy and Western goods. The second round had now begun, and as it progressed it began to resemble the first. After trying to contain and exploit the Soviets by occupying parts of Siberia in 1919-20, Tokyo by 1925 had reached an accord with Moscow in which diplomatic relations were restored, trade resumed, and a division of labor implicitly worked out between the two powers. These agreements lasted for two decades, enduring through the hectic 1930s because the United States between 1932-34 rejected Stalin's requests for help against Japanese aggression in Manchuria. For the second time in a quarter century, Japanese and Russian interests proved not irreconcilable. They conveniently renewed their pledge of benevolent neutrality in April, 1941, on the eve of Hitler's attack on Russia and the Japanese strike against Pearl Harbor.

Journey to Pearl Harbor

With Soviet relations in order, the Japanese could take advantage of the turmoil within revolution-torn China. The major step occurred with the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. This move was caused by political pressures and instability in Tokyo and the need for markets and raw materials by Japanese industry, particularly that part producing increased amounts of military goods.

The United States was trapped. It had supported Japan

since 1921 in the belief that the Japanese would contain and ultimately stabilize the revolution in the Far East, while, at the same time, acting properly toward American economic and political interests. When the Japanese struck Manchuria, President Hoover and Secretary of State Henry Stimson could not call on either the Russian or Chinese revolutionaries for help; the United States refused to admit officially that the former existed and could not bring itself to trust the latter. Hoover refused to use force against the Japanese. That could escalate into full-scale war, would be an admission of the failure of American policy and, besides, was no way to treat your major partner in the area. The Japanese moved on, renouncing the Five-Power Treaty in 1934, attacking China proper in 1937, and announcing an "East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere" in which Japanese economic power would stretch into and ultimately dominate Southeast Asia.

By 1939 American officials had begun drawing the line. They admitted that their Japanese policy in round two had been a failure. Vital exports to Japan were stopped and demands made that Tokyo withdraw its troops from China and Southeast Asia. Instead, the Japanese attacked Hawaii.

Third Time Around

After four years of bloodshed, round three opened with the United States determined to restructure Japanese society from the Emperor down. Under Gen. Douglas MacArthur's consulship, Hirohito was divested of his divinity, Shintoism banned, American-style farms mistakenly given to agrarians, the zaibatsu supposedly broken up, war criminals and Communists purged, and the famous Article IX, stating that Japan renounced war and would never again maintain armed forces for offensive purposes, inserted in the new Constitution.

These policies lasted for two years. In February, 1948, the Social Democratic government of Tetsu Katayama fell from power, and with it fell the reform program. That same year George Kennan returned from an official visit to Japan to recommend that the reforms and purges be slowed down so that the Japanese could control their own government. He suggested that American forces in Japan be reduced to "tactical" elements, with bases left for future negotiations. By early 1949 many American controls had been loosened.

Then came the fall of China to Mao and the explosion of the Russian atomic bomb in the autumn of 1949. In September, 1949, Secretary of State Dean Acheson and British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin agreed that Japanese-American relations must be regularized through a formal peace treaty. American bases in Japan would be retained and guaranteed through a separate security pact. The Russians bitterly complained that although they had been among the victors in the Pacific war, they were not included in the treaty negotiations.

Kennan evidently objected strongly to the militarization of Japan, but given his own premise that Japan was potentially the most potent power base in Asia and therefore necessary for American security, he had little room to maneuver. The treaty negotiations were placed in the



Cesare, Outlook

The Open Door

hands of John Foster Dulles, and to make the new policy doubly clear, Washington signed assistance agreements with the French forces fighting in Indo-China in May, 1950. As the famed NSC-68 memorandum explained that spring, the United States would now have to lead a global war against communism. Containment was extended in detail to the Far East.

These American policies, particularly with regard to Japan, were doubtless a major reason why Stalin encouraged North Korea to attack across the 38th Parallel in June, 1950. The Soviets tried to strike at what they feared would be a NATO of the Pacific with a remilitarized Japan serving as the linchpin of the alliance. That attack, however, simply confirmed Washington's estimate of the Far Eastern situation. Japan once again would have to serve as the Asian bulwark against the Russian advance into Korea and China, just as the Japanese were to have been the bulwark in 1900 and 1921. This third time, we hoped to escape the distasteful side effects.

Fortress against the Dominoes

The peace treaty was rushed to completion in 1951 and the Japanese were free to repeal MacArthur's reforms if they wished. The islands prospered as the advance base for the American effort in Korea. Allies in Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines, however, had longer memories. They demanded American guarantees against future Japanese aggression. The State Department responded with the ANZUS and U.S.-Philippine security treaties.

Japan was now the American fortress in the western Pacific. A former Japanese possession, Okinawa, had become the key logistics base in the deployment of United States power around the southern rim of Asia. And as Japan became ever more important as a critical segment of the containment policy, the French effort in Vietnam began to weaken.

President Eisenhower described the relationship between the struggle in Indo-China and Japan in his famous news conference of April 7, 1954, when he first announced the theory of the "falling dominoes." In the response which contained the domino allusion (or illusion, as some would have it), Eisenhower outlined the economic value of Southeast Asia, its strategic importance, and then neatly summarized and concluded his remarks: "It [any "Communist" success in Indo-China] takes away, in its economic aspects, that region that Japan must have as a trading area or Japan, in turn, will have only one place in the world to go—that is, toward the Communist areas in order to live. So, the possible consequences of the loss are just incalculable to the free world."

This thesis became a controlling assumption: the loss of Vietnam would mean the economic undermining and probable loss of Japan to Communist markets and ultimately to Communist influence if not control. At the NATO Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris on May 10, 1955, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles warned that "the stakes are too high" to give up the fight against Communist China, for "Japan represents an industrial capacity, which if combined with the manpower and raw material resources of the Continent would be formidable."

A month earlier, Dulles had announced a major change in American policies toward South Vietnam. Our aid would henceforth move directly from Washington to the Vietnamese, instead of through French colonial officers. This effectively terminated French influence in the area, but Dulles also explained its significance for Japan: the new policy undercut French monopolies and created "a competitive situation" in which "there is a good chance of Japanese textile goods, for instance, moving into Indo-China. The French are somewhat concerned about that"

Scramble for Markets

If, however, the United States hoped to keep the Japanese away from traditional markets in China and safe for the Western world, Washington, as in 1921, would have to provide a *quid pro quo*. Now, however, unlike 1921, Japanese forces were to be increased, and under American pressure Article IX was to become a dead letter. In 1954 Japan promised to increase its force of 110,000 men. So-called "depurges" returned many pre-1945 officials to public life. By the end of the 1950s Japanese war industries produced arms for Southeast Asian markets and, at one point, 200 Lockheed F-104 jets. Highly sophisticated anti-missile defenses appeared in the home islands, and Japan possessed a "defensive" missile capacity. It now seems safe to say that during this period the majority of Japanese did not want to rearm. The Tokyo Foreign Office shrewdly used these feelings to persuade the United States that Japan could rearm, but would have to do so in its own way and without undue American interference.

Despite all that Dulles was doing for them in Southeast Asia, the Japanese nevertheless wanted to resume trade with China, and trade did begin, despite the absence of any formal diplomatic relationship. In 1958, however, this link broke and Japan began avidly search-



Manning, The Cincinnati Inquirer

"Hey! Those Seats Are Taken!"

THE NATION/March 11, 1968

ing for Western markets. A large influx of Japanese textiles and steel, among other items, met with a request from Washington that Japan place so-called "voluntary" restrictions upon these imports. Western European nations followed the American lead. The Japanese rightly denounced these moves as a violation of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, a pact which in happier days was an American-developed lever to increase free trade in the non-Communist world. Japan retaliated more directly by restricting imports of American goods. For this it was roundly denounced by the United States. In the midst of this economic warfare occurred the renegotiation in 1960 of the security treaty, the terrible riots preventing Eisenhower's visit, and the arrival of Hayato Ikeda as Prime Minister.

Return of 'Co-Prosperity'

Ikeda's economic "miracle" has been accompanied by increased Japanese activity throughout Asia. In early 1967 Japan had under way in Southeast Asia 400 major construction projects totaling more than \$100 million. Five Japanese automobile companies control more than half the Thai market, and Tokyo-based textile and steel companies have begun extensive operations in that country. In Korea, a Japanese possession from 1905 until 1945, the former rulers have installed large machine tool companies and banks, and are increasing trade through the 1965 normalization agreement. One economic weapon has been the Asian Development Bank, strongly supported by President Johnson to develop the countries surrounding China. The Japanese matched the American contribution of \$200 million to the bank, each nation's contribution being carefully tied so that the donor's money had to be spent on goods in the donor's country. Tokyo is stepping up its foreign aid program, again tying it to Japanese trade. Outside Asia, Japanese investors are moving large amounts of capital into Brazil, Saudi Arabia, and particularly Alaska and Canada, where Japan hopes to find badly needed oil.

Premier Sato, who displaced Ikeda in 1964, has said that his country's economy "has now evolved to the point where we can—and must—take a more active role in assisting in the development of Asia." Others use different terms. *U. S. News & World Report* outlined Japan's economic upsurge under the title: "New Idea for 'Co-Prosperity Sphere.'" Repeated references to the infamous Co-Prosperity Sphere of the 1930s have led Foreign Minister Takeo Miki and other officials to insist upon the term "Asia-Pacific Concept" to describe present Japanese plans.

Japanese relations with China have meanwhile moved away from the days when Dulles persuaded Japan not to sell steel pipe, machine tools and chemical fertilizers to Mao's regime. Shortly after Ikeda assumed power, negotiations began to regularize trade with the mainland. In 1962 the "L-T" agreement (named after the initials of the two key negotiators) initiated five years of government-sponsored trade which reached a peak of \$621 million in 1966. This sagged to \$560 million in 1967 when the agreement expired, but some of the loss has



Groene Amsterdammer (Holland)

Russia and Japan Arrange a Treaty

been made up through the operations of so-called "friendly companies" (Japanese companies acceptable to Peking) which accounted for 70 per cent of Sino-Japanese trade in 1967. In 1966 the Chinese ranked fourth among Tokyo's trading partners. This was abetted by a constant increase of tourism; some 4,000 Japanese visited China in 1966. The Red Guards and Mao's dislike of heavy Japanese trade with Formosa and Vietnam have strained relations. Indeed, the Soviets have replaced China as Japan's main source of trade within the Communist bloc. China recently replaced the Soviets at the bottom of a popularity poll conducted in Japan.

Containment or Trade

The Japanese nevertheless continue to regard China as a great potential market, and Tokyo is less interested in "containing" China than Washington could wish. Former State Department official George R. Packard III, recently quoted a member of Japan's Defense Agency as complaining: "It seems that the Pentagon wants us to play the infield while you play the outfield against the Chinese." The Japanese prefer to penetrate the Chinese market, not contain it.

This attitude carries political overtones. In a Cabinet reshuffle in November, Sato moved into key positions men who were leading exponents of peaceful coexistence and trade with China. Sato's government did not rush to join the Asian and Pacific Council, becoming a member only after the Koreans and Thais promised that ASPAC would not concentrate upon the containment of China. After

encouraging Japan to enter ASPAC, the State Department found Tokyo preventing the council from taking strong anti-Peking positions.

While attempting to restore historic ties with China, the Japanese also are improving relations with Russia. The two nations have not yet signed a formal peace treaty, but a consular agreement has taken effect and there are now direct commercial air flights between Moscow and Tokyo. In March, 1967, the two nations agreed



Madame Butterfly

New York Times

to increase mutual trade by 16 per cent. Most important, the Soviets are asking the Japanese to work jointly in the development of immense natural resources, including oil, copper, timber and coal, in Sakhalin and Siberia. A sore point is the Russian refusal to return southern Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, taken by Stalin in 1945. It is not a minor irritant, but as the Soviets point out, Japan can import their coal at nearly one-third the cost of American coal. Soviet oil resources also attract the Japanese, who must import 99 per cent of their petroleum, 65 per cent of it from the unstable Middle East. It also might well be that, made anxious by Vietnam, Japanese officials are beginning to view the Asian balance of power anew and, like their ancestors of the 1905-10 era, are turning toward cooperation with Russia.

Nuclear Allergy

Historical analogies must of course be used with great care, and particularly in this instance, for in the 1905-10 and 1921-40 periods Japan enjoyed a freer hand than now. No equivalent of the U. S. Seventh Fleet roamed the western Pacific. But this distinction must also be made

with care. Do Japanese-American relations really rest upon overwhelming American military power instead of upon common economic and political interests? If so, the United States must step up its investment of military resources in the Pacific, not only to contain China and Russia but, in the long run, Japan as well. This is a peculiar type of "partnership," but it does have disturbing historical precedents.

A rearmed, nuclear-equipped Japan is no longer wholly imaginary. Article IX has become a convenient cover for the rebuilding of the image and power of the Japanese military. The Cabinet considers raising the Defense Agency to full ministerial rank; Sato urges the use of the terms "army," "navy" and "air force" instead of "self-defense forces"; and a forty-minute feature film has been made of military programs in West Germany, France, England, Switzerland and NATO headquarters to be shown in commercial movie theatres in Japan. The "self-defense" force itself has grown into a quarter-million-man army, and is still expanding.

Most significant, however, has been the development of Japan's nuclear power. It already employs advanced space and nuclear research programs for peaceful purposes, but these have been so developed that they can quickly be converted to military ends. The Chinese test explosions are having a marked effect on public opinion, and the Sato government is using brilliantly the strong Japanese desire to repossess Okinawa as a club to keep anti-nuclear politicians on the defensive. Sato has gained support rapidly in the past year with the argument that if Japan wants Okinawa, it must accept as permanent fixtures United States bases and the attendant nuclear weapons.

Interesting variations are being played on this theme. Takeo Fukuda, the most probable successor to Sato, announced in late December that Japan "must get away from the nuclear allergy." No street demonstrations erupted. Instead, Nobuhiko Uchiba, the parliamentary Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs expanded the argument to declare: "If we insist only that Japan will not possess nuclear weapons and will not permit their entry, it will be impossible to debate the future foreign policy and defense of our country." The Japanese ambassador in Washington announced that Japan should not surrender the possibility of controlling its own nuclear weapons, and Foreign Minister Takeo Miki refused to define or limit what the ambassador meant. Most ominously, Education Minister Hirokichi Nadao has proposed that primary and junior high school teachers be taught "defense consciousness," and that textbooks be rewritten so that Japanese children will appreciate future military programs.

Keeping Japan 'Sweet'

The growing centralization of Japanese education, expansion of the military, and Sato's apparent rush to make nuclear weapons politically acceptable form a combustible mixture. But the Japanese can ask whether these steps are not imperative if they are truly to end their supposed "isolationism." This question has become more urgent in the aftermath of Britain's announced military withdrawal from the Far East. Throughout much

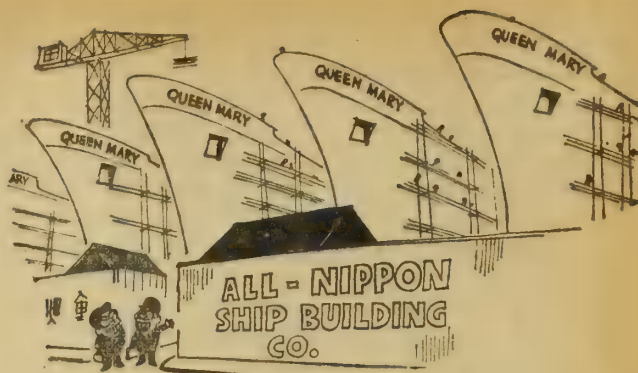
of this century England has cooperated closely with Japan along lines first indicated in the 1902 Anglo-Japanese agreement: Japan would respect Great Britain's primary Asiatic interest in India, and in turn London would not disturb Japanese expansion in Manchuria and parts of China. Together they would keep open the vital trade routes of the Indian Ocean and South China Sea. Britain kept its part of the bargain even when it had to assume an anti-American position as, for example, in the 1907-11 years. Now that the British have retreated, vacuums will appear, particularly in the vital Malacca Straits through which Japanese oil imports flow from the Middle East. Japan can no longer depend on British help, and given the historical record, may legitimately wonder whether it has enough common interests with the United States to work out a division of labor comparable to that developed with Great Britain. Japan will have to fend for itself militarily.

How the United States thinks it can keep Japan "sweet" (as Franklin D. Roosevelt liked to say), is not clear. The Japanese are not repeating the European mistake of allowing American corporations to enter and dominate their economy. Last May, George Ball called for an end to the traditional American open-door policy in Africa, to be replaced by a policy which would allow European politicians to worry about the political enigmas of Africa, and European corporations to develop African resources. He could do this with the confidence that American businessmen are so firmly entrenched in Europe that they will get their share even if Europe becomes politically dominant in Africa. No such easy view can be taken toward Japan's development of Asia.

Fighting Off the Dollar

Only \$750 million of American money is invested in joint ventures within Japan. This is not expanding rapidly. Most Japanese agree that, generally speaking, American capital should be excluded. They can do this, moreover, because with the high rate of internal savings, Japanese banks can find the necessary funds and do not have to rely upon foreign money. In addition to the factor of control, the Japanese fear that an influx of American capital would bring with it a unionism which, because of its payment for production rather than for seniority, would undermine the traditional and highly fruitful Japanese labor-management relationship. When Tokyo did relent slightly and allow Nestlé's and General Foods to enter the retail market, the two firms immediately took 80 per cent of the instant coffee market from Japanese retailers. No similar mistakes have been made in more vital areas. In July, 1967, when it appeared that American investors were quietly buying up gilt-edged shares of Sony Corporation, the Japanese Finance Ministry stepped in to stop all further purchases by foreigners.

After intense American pressure, Tokyo finally announced last July that it would allow American money into fifty types of businesses. The announcement was deceiving, for the seventeen types in which Americans were permitted to have 100 per cent interests included steel, shipbuilding and motorcycles, fields in which Japa-



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth
"There Seems To Be Quite a Demand for Them"

nese ownership is so solid that American money cannot compete. At the September meeting of the Joint U. S.-Japan Committee on Trade and Economic Affairs, the American delegation politely called the Japanese announcement of July "somewhat disappointing" and expressed "the hope that liberalization be accelerated as soon as possible." The Americans also complained about "recent measures which appear adversely to affect the operations of existing United States businesses in Japan."

In his January 1 announcement that curbs would be placed upon the flow of U.S. dollars abroad, Mr. Johnson specifically exempted Great Britain, Canada, Australia and Japan, as well as the "developing countries." Why Japan was so favored is a fascinating question, the more so because the President immediately sent Under Secretary of State Eugene Rostow and Rostow's top deputy on a flying trip to Tokyo to explain the new measures personally to Premier Sato. Obviously, the United States has not given up on the Japanese market, but one may doubt whether Japan appreciates being lumped in with Great Britain, Canada and Australia, three nations which have become dependent upon American capital for development of many of their critical industries. These problems have not been offset by easing trade relations. Foreign Minister Miki complained to Secretary Rusk in September of "some visible tendencies in the United States and among American industry toward protectionist movements." Miki singled out textiles and steel as items requiring particular "cooperation" between Tokyo and Washington. It is extremely doubtful if that "cooperation" will be forthcoming. American steel imports in early 1968 are running 13 million tons above the comparable 1967 period, and Japan controls 45 per cent of that market.

'Confrontation' or 'Interplay'

In sum, the Japanese economy is booming, but the causes and results of this expansion should give pause, particularly when Japan's political instability seems to be increasing and its urban problems are becoming dangerous. The historical record gives no one the right to assume that Japanese-American interests in the Far East are compatible or even, in the long run, reconcilable. Tokyo's views of China and Russia, as well as its recent determination to overcome its "nuclear allergy," gravely

compound the historical problems. Nor is there any reason to suppose that over a period of time American money and business management practices can bring those interests together. Sen. Mike Mansfield recently hoped that Japan would not rearm, but would instead concentrate on developing its economic power, so that "military confrontation" in Asia might be transformed into "economic interplay." This is only a wish, not a set of assumptions on which policy can be based. A more accurate view was provided by a delegation of Japanese businessmen and politicians who told visiting American dignitaries last September in Shimoda that the future political position of Japan "is obviously going to be different from what it is now," and then warned that over the next few years Japanese foreign affairs would become increasingly independent.

Bloodshed for Motorcycles

Given the current American determination to save Asia from Asians, there are apparently only two broad policy alternatives. First, the United States can continue to rely upon military intervention to "contain" China. That is the course the Johnson Administration thinks it is pursuing in Vietnam. It is ironic that despite the impetus Vietnam has given the Japanese economy, Tokyo differs with the United States on fundamental aspects of that conflict. Foreign Minister Miki has publicly called the struggle "a civil war." Japanese public opinion is such that when President Johnson hoped to visit Tokyo after the Manila Conference of October, 1966, the Japanese Government immediately rejected the President's plans. Sato refused to be connected publicly in such a manner to the American war effort.

The State Department says that Japanese officials express in private appreciation for the American military involvement since it has kept Asian Communists off balance and protects the key Japanese raw material and

market areas in the southwestern Pacific. But if such views are stated, they inevitably raise a further question, which Prof. Thomas McCormick has phrased precisely: is the United States sacrificing more than 16,000 of its young men "in order to make Southeast Asia safe for Japanese economic interests"?

No State Department spokesman has tackled that question, although it has been circumvented numerous times since Eisenhower first outlined the Vietnam-Japan relationship in 1954. The former President recently suggested that it would perhaps be better not to discuss this particular aspect of the war at the present time. If indeed American blood is not being shed for Japanese motorcycle manufacturers, a second policy alternative appears: the United States has committed more than half a million men to Southeast Asia in order to advance its own strategic and economic interests. Given the rising political and economic stake in the area (including the recent establishment of American branch banks which want, as one of their officials phrased it, to be in on the "ground floor" when Vietnam is reconstructed), this seems the more enlightened alternative for Washington "realists." It and the increased exhortation that the Japanese end their supposed "isolation" mean that, given a "fair field" (that is, a field without Communist or left-wing nationalist agitation to interrupt the play), the United States and Japan could truly form the partnership and have the "economic interplay" for which the Fourteen Scholars and Senator Mansfield have such high hopes.

The prospect may look rosy, but we should be aware that we have already visited where the Fourteen Scholars and Senator Mansfield now want to take us. They are not pioneers. Some years ago another Democratic politician proclaimed that Americans and Japanese would march "shoulder to shoulder" to develop Asia. That was Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1923.

NO PORT FOR THE PHOENIX

GEORGE LAKEY

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Anti-war groups protest in many places: the Pentagon, induction centers, napalm plants, city halls. I have lately been part of an effort to take the protest into the very zone of war itself, in the voyage of the Quaker ketch *Phoenix* to South Vietnam.

The *Phoenix* had been in the news in March, 1967, as a ship which carried medical supplies to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in violation of a United States law that forbids "trading with the enemy." I expected that fact to complicate my discussion with the Ministry of Health in Saigon in October, 1967, but the officials seemed to take in stride the proposal of a Quaker Action

Group to bring \$6,000 worth of newly purchased medicines to South Vietnam, to be divided equally between the Red Cross and the militantly anti-war Buddhists. Even the information that we intended later to take a medical cargo to the Red Cross of the National Liberation Front did not seem to disturb them.

Consequently, when the eight-man crew sailed the *Phoenix* out of Hong Kong harbor on November 14, seven of us had South Vietnamese visas; the State Department had invalidated the passport of skipper Robert Eaton, 24, who had shipped as first mate on the voyage to Haiphong. The voyage to Danang passed without incident except for some seasickness, and we began to grapple (amusingly, in retrospect) with the problem of how to respond to red-carpet treatment in Danang.

We were told that the anchorage where we were to



remain the night of the 19th was safe and that we could proceed to Danang docks in the morning. But how safe is an anchorage near a hillside which is raked by tracer bullets from the gunboat escorting you? For that matter, how coherent could our strategy discussions be when shells whistled over our mast and exploded on the beach several hundred yards away—not to mention the shells which do not quite make it to the beach?

However misleading our South Vietnamese naval escorts may have been about the peacefulness of the vicinity, they were dead wrong about our going to the docks next morning. A Vietnamese official came out from Danang on the morning of the 20th to inform us that we must leave within a day. He could offer no explanation. We gently explained that we had sailed a long way and had no intention of leaving voluntarily, especially without receiving even the courtesy of an explanation. After formally requesting an opportunity to meet with responsible officials, we set to work devising our response to a forcible towing. We had learned our first lesson of direct action in a war zone—there is no Civil Liberties Union to telephone.

While we were waiting for the next governmental move, the press hired a launch and twice attempted to get to us. Both times they were rebuffed; once, we heard, with machine-gun fire across the bow for emphasis. We learned our second lesson—in a war zone one cannot count on the protection afforded by publicity. We were alone, with gunboats guarding us, an NLF-contested hillside facing us, and even reputedly poisonous sea snakes in the water around us.

We wrote a letter to the captain of South Vietnamese naval vessel #602, the gunboat standing by. After explaining our mission of identification with the victims of

war, we announced that, should towing be attempted, we would begin jumping overboard, and would try to reach shore and make our way to a responsible official to begin human dialogue. We affirmed our good will toward him and his crew and our intention to be nonviolent in our actions. After providing fuel, water and repairs for our electrical system, the government on the 21st again urged us to leave on our own. We again refused, and as dusk approached and gunboat #602 moved toward us we put on life jackets.

Dr. Harrison Butterworth, 48, a professor at Ohio University, was the first overboard. We saw gunboat #610 try to maneuver between him and the shore; then we lost sight of him as three Vietnamese sailors jumped in to get him.

I was next in the water. I shall never forget the bizarre scene—the warm water, the mast of the *Phoenix* seemingly intertwined with the larger gunboat against the darkening sky, the spotlight from #610 now blinding me and now missing me as I swam toward shore, the shouts of the Vietnamese officers as #610 maneuvered close to me, the splashes as four sailors jumped into the water. As they surrounded me the English-speaking one asked if I would grab the line. I refused but smiled as I explained they would have to force me, but that I loved them and would not try to hurt them. He grinned back and I suddenly saw the strangeness of the five of us bobbing about in the South China Sea like corks, spotlighted in our smiles of human understanding. As he was wrapping the line around my waist he said, "Excuse me," and then I was pushed and hauled up the side of the gunboat.

We learned our third lesson—even the brutalization of war cannot prevent the human spirit from breaking through. On being returned to the *Phoenix* I learned that Harrison Butterworth had outswum his pursuers and reached shore. Towing operations were suspended and #602 backed away.

While we were anxiously praying for his safety, Harry was walking down the road toward Danang. He had made 2 miles when United States Marine sentries halted him and gave him a bed for the night before taking him to the Vietnamese commander for the Danang area. There Harry was told that the reason for our unenthusiastic reception was connected with the Saigon government's hostility to the anti-war Buddhists, to whom we had consigned half our cargo.

"We regret towing," read the signals from #602 as it towed us out, with Harry now back aboard the *Phoenix*. Three days had passed since we came into the area. We were not giving up, however, and conducted a "sea vigil" for three days, hoping for a change of heart in the government. It was not forthcoming, and after an interlude at the South Vietnamese Naval Base at Danang to make arrangements for Harrison Butterworth, now ill, to fly to Hong Kong, we set sail for Cap St. Jacques.

Cap St. Jacques (in Vietnamese, Vung Tao) is the rendezvous for ships wishing to go up the Saigon and Mekong Rivers. Testing our hypothesis that the rejection at Danang was connected with a veto of our mission by

regional authorities for local reasons, we planned to wait three days to see if the port at Saigon was open to us. Those days at Vung Tao were strained.

There was a stream of incidents which we could interpret only as efforts to intimidate us. A United States patrol launch circled us with deck-mounted machine gun pointing steadily in our direction, and a sailor stood by with another machine gun ready. A Vietnamese gunboat shot tracer bullets parallel to us and machine-gun fire into the water near us. More dangerously, the gunboat again and again crossed immediately in front of us; we once avoided a collision only by jamming the engine into reverse. This harassment usually occurred in the evening when the ocean seemed very large and our small boat very vulnerable. When we were told that the government remained unmoved, we were not entirely reluctant to set sail for Sihanoukville, Cambodia.

There we learned our fourth lesson, for we unwittingly sailed into an international storm over charges that the NLF was using Cambodian territory for sanctuary and Sihanoukville as a source of supplies. We had been considering giving some of our cargo to the NLF Red Cross in Phnom Penh (since our program includes humanitarian aid to all sides), but from the viewpoint of the severely threatened Cambodian Government this was exactly the wrong time for such a project. The fourth lesson was: be willing to invest in expensive communications equipment, because a lot can change in twenty-seven days at sea.

Our morale picked up, however, when we began swimming in the Gulf of Siam, hiking on an island off which we were anchored, and eating bananas, papayas, oranges and coconuts. This part of the direct action program of A Quaker Action Group was over.

What had we accomplished? We had failed to deliver our medical cargo to the South Vietnamese Buddhists and Red Cross. That can probably be done soon in a quiet way. We had succeeded in convincing skeptical Vietnamese (especially Buddhists) that there are some Americans who will go to great lengths to identify themselves

with the Vietnamese people in their time of suffering. We had dramatized the contradictions of a society at war, where the genuine needs of the Vietnamese people are sacrificed to the political self-interest of a shaky and unrepresentative regime.

The final lesson that we learned—this time, about ourselves—might be as relevant to the American scene as to direct action in a war zone. We reacted very differently to the confrontations at Danang and at Vung Tao. At Danang we felt no hostility toward the men who were holding us incommunicado: one of our new verses to an old folk song went

“To the crew of 602,
Don't you know that we love you?”

At Vung Tao we were more than angry with the harassment: we were resentful toward the men who did it. Why the difference? The major reason, I believe, is that at Danang we were able to think of tactics which gave full vent to our feelings of frustration: consequently there was no need for bitterness in our hearts or in our rhetoric. At Vung Tao, on the other hand, we did not think of a way to respond to the harassment: all we could do was “hold on” and feel the resentment rising.

But that is analogous to what so many of us in the protest movement do at home—hold on to our jobs and security and feel the resentment toward the government and its policy rising. True, the resentment may issue forth in violent rhetoric, but far from making us revolutionaries, the rhetoric only reveals the gap between belief and action, reveals our lack of genuine commitment.

Can we devise tactics which express our righteous indignation toward American foreign policy? If so, will they be tactics which express the substance of radical commitment or just a blustery style of anger? If the substance, will we risk enough to carry out those tactics?

The direct action venture of the *Phoenix* in the war zone, whatever its effect may prove to be in other ways, finally taught me a little more about myself than I really wanted to know.

RHETORIC IS NOT ENOUGH

Michigan Democrats in Disarray

DOUGLAS CRASE

Mr. Crase, currently enrolled in the University of Michigan Law School, is a graduate of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, Princeton University. His thesis at the Woodrow Wilson School was The Politics of Frustration, a study of Michigan's political system.

Ann Arbor

Michigan's rambunctious Democratic chairman, Zolton Ferency, sent a nervous jiggle across the party seismograph last fall when he urged his party to produce a substitute for Lyndon Johnson at the national convention in August. The few Democrats who remain in high state offices scrambled to “dissociate” themselves from Fer-

ency's statement and requested his resignation. National chairman John Bailey loosed a barrage of unprintable expletives. In two months there was a new name, Sander Levin, on the chairman's door in Lansing, and Ferency was practicing law in Flint.

Since Ferency's removal was occasioned by his dovish anti-LBJ statement, peace Democrats across the nation helped themselves to another martyr. Much was missing, however, from the popular image of Ferency as a casualty of the war in Vietnam. Dissatisfied Democrats outside the state, who listen to the traveling Ferency, and fasten on Michigan as an illustration of their problems and possibilities, would do well to remember that his fate cannot be understood apart from the politics of the Auto State.

Ferency's tenure as Democratic chairman began one month after George Romney moved boisterously into the Statehouse that had been Democratic for fourteen years. No party could maintain its organizational vitality in face of the evictions that Romney visited on the Democrats. U.S. Sen. Philip Hart consistently declined to help harness and revivify his party. Would-be leaders from all the party's discontented groups sought to fill the vacuum. Last year, many began to gravitate toward the infant Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats (MCCD). The glue of party cohesion was coming unstuck, and membership and fund-raising drives all failed to restore party health.

Though Romney is largely responsible for this Democratic disarray, many Democrats, liberal and old guard, accuse Ferency of contributing to their party's disintegration. Ferency made no attempt to put in motion an organized, continuous resistance to Romney's advances. In fact, party organization didn't seem to interest him at all. "Zolton is great at going around the state and making speeches about the need for new directions," moaned one party orderly, "but when it comes to thinking up ways to keep them involved in the districts, he's just not there."

Ferency's popularity with Detroit labor delegates, the black caucus and the intellectual Left might have saved him had it not been for his inexplicable propensity to go on sounding and acting like the party challenger when he was supposed to be its chairman. His "dump LBJ" statement, for example, was issued only twelve hours after a leadership meeting in Detroit, at which he had given no sign of his intentions. When the furor arose, he maintained that he had been misinterpreted—he had not called for a dump-Johnson movement. Within one week, however, state Democratic publicity director James Harrison, the Sancho to Ferency's Quixote, had resigned to form the first McCarthy for President committee in the nation. And after his own resignation, Ferency, although withholding endorsement of the Minnesota Senator, urged Democrats to "join McCarthy's cause and support his challenge."

Ferency had been asked to resign before. The clamor over his dump-Johnson statement provided the perfect occasion. It is thus a mistake to attribute his fate to an organized inquisition designed to keep Michigan pure for Dean Rusk. But it would be equally deluding to dismiss Ferency as a Michigan aberration that can be safely ignored by Democratic politicians at large.

In Michigan, the Democratic Party was made according to the familiar New Deal recipe—labor, urban minorities, intellectuals, the poor—although Michigan necessarily leaned heavily on the labor ingredient. But as labor moved out of Detroit to the suburbs, becoming increasingly satisfied and conservative as it went, the coalition began to lose cohesion and appeal. Now Vietnam and the unresolved misery of the ghettos may be the final demolition charges under the New Deal structure. For the anti-war Left and for an increasing number of urban blacks, the whole Democratic house is becoming downright unlivable.

The New Deal coalition, as Princeton Prof. Edward

Schneier pointed out recently ("The New Tide of National Politics," *The Nation*, January 22), worked as long as there was consensus among the interest groups on basic ideology. But, says Schneier, "to satisfy either the anti-war groups or the ghettos . . . is to provoke conflict, and conflict is precisely what interest-group liberalism seeks to avoid." Like Democrats everywhere, Michigan Democrats have tried to absorb the two great issues into the New Deal sponge. The party, they assert, is big enough for all liberals.

But it is precisely the fear that the party is *too* big that is the unstated core of the dissenters' complaints. They worry that if they stay Democrats they will lose political relevance in a party that cannot be persuaded to try their alternatives because it is wedded to the dominant consensus. Since World War II, politics has stopped at the water's edge. Now that Detroit has attempted to solve its problems by enlisting the joint efforts of such as Henry Ford II, J. L. Hudson, Jr., and Walter Reuther, the dissenters fear that the coalition of which they are part expects politics to end at the ghetto's edge too. It is the resulting frustration, as Schneier has suggested, that is jiggling Michigan's New Deal structure in 1968, and which could shake it to the ground by 1972.

To cope with their frustrations, the rebels have begun to coalesce around the newly hatched Conference of Concerned Democrats. The Michigan branch has registered 500 names since it began accepting memberships in January, and it is aiming for a roster of 2,000 to 3,000 by election time. (Regular dues paying Democratic membership stood at 15,000 in the last election year.) Encouraging gestures of support have come from important but unorthodox figures such as Detroit Mayor Jerome Cavanagh, Negro Congressman John Conyers and, of course, Ferency.

In public, CCD-ers talk excitedly about taking a McCarthy delegation to Chicago, but in more sober private moments they are likely to admit that any such attempt is just another scrimmage with the windmills. Michigan's delegation will be named at the state convention this summer, and the delegates to *that* convention are picked in the counties by conventions whose make-up was determined in 1966, before the MCCD was even conceived. Thus the predominant character of the Michigan delegation makes it largely proof against anti-Johnson tampering.

Two districts from Detroit's inner city are planning to send uncommitted delegates to the state meeting. But, while this is encouraging to peace Democrats, it is mostly significant as a black attempt to gain leverage within the Michigan party, and the conduct of these two delegations will hinge on that struggle, not on Vietnam.

The imposing presence of labor also confronts the MCCD. In 1967 labor dropped its powerful convention caucus, partly to appease charges of labor domination, but mostly because politics were such last year that there was little a caucus could accomplish. In 1968 the stakes will be higher, and it will be difficult for state AFL-CIO President Gus Scholle, whose Executive Board has endorsed Johnson's policies, to sit out the convention game. True, Michigan's UAW leaders have not all been wholehearted

in their devotion to the President's conduct of the war. Victor Reuther and Emil Mazey both spoke last fall at the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace. But few labor people have expressed even private interest in the peace candidacy of MCCD member Jerome Dupont, a Congressional hopeful in Ann Arbor. The most realistic assessment of labor's attitude came from the state McCarthy chairman, who warned his committee: "We can't expect much help from labor."

MCCD support remains spotty, centering around university towns like East Lansing and Ann Arbor, and the districts deep within Detroit. Mounting a serious challenge across the state will require organizational muscle that the MCCD does not possess. Its urgent needs now are to define its relation to the regular organization, and to find a leader who can command state-wide attention and provide state-wide direction. But its dilemma is that leaders are necessary to help define the organization's role, and those who have been asked, such as Cavanagh and Conyers, will not commit themselves until the problem of role definition has first been solved. By then, the liberal new party chairman, Sander Levin, may have reclaimed enough of the Democratic Left to give the MCCD an incurable case of political rickets.

The MCCD benefits from the emergence of a more militant attitude among many black Democrats. The large Negro vote is crucial in Michigan; Democrats like Mennen Williams and Jerome Cavanagh probably owe their careers to it. In Detroit, the 600,000 Negroes are about 40 per cent of the city's population, and may reach the magic halfway mark by the next census. Black aspirants for Mayor Cavanagh's job are certain to appear in 1969. Both of the delegations that will go uncommitted to the state convention have Negro Congressmen.

One of these is young John Conyers, Jr., who traces Democratic weaknesses in Michigan to the "unwillingness of many to merge around the only able leader we have—Zolton Ferency." Conyers' record includes one of the sixteen votes against last year's flag-burning bill, and one of four against appropriations for Vietnam. Because of the indulgent nature of his constituency (Conyers' district embraces much of the area of last July's rebellion) these votes are not as brave as they seem at first glance. Nevertheless, they have given him considerable stature with the white Left in the MCCD.

Conyers welcomes the new spirit of black independence as a way to force the Michigan party into a deeper commitment to black problems. Democratic reaction to these pressures will largely determine the future of the Michigan party. And here, not on Vietnam, is where Democrats will have their most agonizing difficulties.

The party's racial trials begin, and will possibly end, with relations between labor and the Negro. No matter how enlightened Walter Reuther may be, the all-important position of "Labor" will ultimately be determined by the myriad of unrecorded encounters, at the precinct, county, district, and door-to-door levels, between white union men and their erstwhile black allies in the party that white laborers once considered wholly their own.

To date, those encounters have promised badly for

future party unity. In the 1964 primaries, for example, the UAW officially endorsed both Conyers and his Negro opponent, but UAW rank and file worked almost exclusively, if unofficially, for Conyers' more "acceptable" opponent. Conyers won the primary by only 100 votes, and he has not forgotten it.

More recently, black militants under the leadership of Rev. Albert Cleage, Jr., organized an inclusive Federation for Self Determination to focus ghetto power and influence the work of the prestigious New Detroit Committee which seeks to revitalize the city. When a rival, and "moderate," black group was organized, its press releases issued from the office of Horace Sheffield, in the UAW's glass-walled Solidarity House. Neither Walter Reuther nor the UAW was aware of Sheffield's intentions, but the impression of union interference is impossible to avoid, for Conyers and other militants are not impressed by the argument that the UAW cannot control the political actions of its staff. "If some union official had tried to undercut Williams," complains one bitterly, "Reuther would have clamped down faster than a Ford comes off the assembly line." The strained relations between organized labor and militant black Democrats will undergo their most severe test in 1969, when black candidates seek the mayor's office in Detroit.

The party will try to contain its racial tensions. "The urban crisis," says Chairman Levin, "is really a crisis of all our society, including the suburban areas around the urban centers." In the suburbs, however, Levin faces a number of anxious little George Wallaces who antagonize the black wing of the party by advocating stronger police powers, comprehensive anti-riot measures, and who campaign against state-wide open housing. Of forty-five white Democrats in the state House of Representatives, twenty-eight copped out on open housing when the bill came to the floor last year.

Levin also faces the problem of improving communications between white liberals and Negroes. In 1967, black Democrats introduced in Lansing a bill providing for the election of Detroit's nine-man common council from wards, rather than at large. As of now, only one councilman is black, a situation which the ward system could rectify. The measure failed and has been reintroduced this year, but Democratic liberals in Lansing have not yet seen that the ward plan is a hot issue, even though representation in local government is more important to ghetto blacks than the open housing bill which has bestirred liberals to heights of oratory in the state capitol. The failure of white Democrats to recognize which issues are important makes them easy targets for Conyers' charge that they "want to play around the fringes of important questions without ever meeting them."

By the same token, perhaps the greatest potential strength of the MCCD is the happy black-white relationship it has so far enjoyed. However, the conference has not yet dealt with specific political problems, and its unity may dissolve when confronted with real choices. The danger is that the white Left will prove to be a one-issue lover; that when Vietnam is no longer an arousing cause, it will fade away into the mainstream, leaving black rights

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betrayed once more. The result will hinge at least partly on how well the black militants educate their white allies while they are by disposition willing to listen—and in desperate need of black support. Here, too, the test may come in Detroit's next election for mayor. If Cavanagh runs again, challenged by a Negro who is sure to be supported by Conyers (if it is not Conyers himself), the strain could rupture the MCCD.

Regardless of all the fuss over the MCCD in Michigan, it is not going to walk away with any challenge cups this year. The real question now is this: if the elections of 1968 produce another four years of frustration politics for radical Democrats, what will be the fortunes of the MCCD and the regular Michigan party?

The MCCD is the single dissident Democratic group visible in Michigan. There is no confusing welter of factions in the California style. The MCCD has managed to make the situation look simpler than it really is: there are the old regulars and then there are the progressive people who want a change. Four more years of frustration could give that dishonestly oversimplified position an irresistible appeal to those who have lost patience, and, hopes the MCCD, to the virgin voters surfacing between now and 1972.

A second factor which makes the emergence of the MCCD crucial is that Michigan's Democratic Party is a volunteer organization. There is little patronage and little control over nominations with which to shore up party strength. Instead, Democratic unity has been achieved in the past by building a programmatic, issue-oriented party closer to the European model than any other party in the United States. Program not only replaced patronage as party cement; program became a kind of psychological patronage. Michigan's party worker went to the doorbells not for money or jobs but for an issue; and, in the days of Mennen Williams, his reward came from the knowledge that the issue, even if never resolved, was at least taken up by the candidates for whom he worked.

In contrast was the mood of 1966 when one Congressman heatedly told his volunteers that Vietnam was not to be an issue in his campaign. Many of the volunteers, for whom Vietnam was the issue, left in disappointment. A write-in campaign was begun for a peace candidate, and the election was ultimately lost. That the party is in desperate need of new psychological commitment, its status and this example demonstrate. If it ignores, or only half-heartedly meets, the issues that are vital to many of its workers, black and white, it will swell the ranks of both the MCCD and the political dropouts.

Levin, who has a master's degree in international relations from Columbia, and a *cum laude* law degree from

Harvard, is eager to meet the test. "The challenge of 1968," he says, "is to be strong organizationally and vigorous intellectually. It may be more difficult in 1968, but it is more important."

But Levin must supervise the disintegration of the old coalition while simultaneously helping his party to fashion a new one. His and the party's first task is to define that new coalition in such a way that the party can tap the tremendous political power in the protests of the white Left, the black militants and discontented youth. At the same time, he must guard against a heavy loss of labor support.

Orthodox Democrats claim that the party cannot bend its consensus without betraying its constituency. That argument misses the point, for the present turbulence demonstrates that the party has already ceased to represent a cohesive constituency. It also overlooks the fact that parties whose constituencies are disintegrating must fight to create new coalitions, as Franklin Roosevelt's party did in 1936 when it built the structure that has governed the United States for thirty years. As it approaches the 1970s, the party must be willing to lead the way, as Mennen Williams and Neil Staebler led, and sometimes dragged, the immobilized Michigan party into the New Deal twenty years ago.

Levin's second task is the tireless building and servicing of functioning party conferences and committees, in order to involve each tentatively committed worker. Already he has set idle party automobiles in motion toward conferences and committee meetings. New weekend-issues meetings have been scheduled to devote full days to wrangling on subjects like Vietnam.

This kind of party interaction will hearten people who might otherwise have left in indifference, or turned to the MCCD. In fact, the MCCD is happy with Levin's new plans, and has encouraged its members to participate actively. If he succeeds in alleviating their frustrations by giving them a role and a voice in what is, overall, still the most liberal major party in any state, he will render the MCCD unnecessary.

Ferency's failure, ironically, was that he could not fully involve the CCD people, his own supporters, in his own party. He talked about a new coalition, but was without the political resources to build it, block by block, in the face of the older structure. His criticisms painted his own party in such unattractive terms that he actually scared the Left into the MCCD. He became the most vocal dissenter from the organization he tried to lead.

If apprehensive Democrats around the country want to make Michigan an example of something, it should be this: the Democratic Party cannot be moved from its crumbling foundations to stronger ones with only rhetoric and pickets. To lay the new foundations will require the same hard political spadework that built the great Michigan structure of the 1950s. It will also require its builders to get their hands dirty with the political mortar of compromises and deals to hold the party walls together. Radical Democrats should watch the Auto State hopefully for clues. For this, muses Levin, "is the Michigan party's experimental period."

THE OFF-DUTY GUN

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross, a reporter on the New York Post, is completing, with Bernard Lefkowitz, a book on the Wylie-Hoffert murder case.

The reassuring pat, slap, pat against the thigh is like the loving stroke of a mother with her baby, and it has a lulling, smiling effect. Slap, pat, slap, and their faces, stonelike, reflect nothing except the slightest degree of cockiness as they walk past. They are armed men, on and off duty, and dangerous.

"Take my gun away!!!" Suggest it and watch their faces. It is almost too embarrassing to see the instinctive motion to check that it is still hanging there, and the relief. Some suggest that the whole business is phallic, but it is far more dangerous than that.

It is the gun, the deadly potential, the implicit threat that makes cops different. They should be forced to check their pistols at the precinct door. An off-duty cop should not be armed. He should be an ordinary citizen, taking his chances, just like me, with the city. He might begin to understand what it is like to be a defenseless citizen in an armed camp.

It is the gun that changes him and makes him different. And it is the authority, usually the obligation, to carry the gun off duty that makes him different on duty. He begins to think of himself as different. He sets up a different category of personnel. People and cops. Creeps and cops. Threats and cops.

"Off-duty cop kills mugger"; "purse-snatcher killed by off-duty cop"; "cop shot while asleep by wife"; "policeman's son shoots himself in the head with dad's gun."

Those are real headlines about a real danger. How often does an ordinary mortal mistake a cop for an ordinary mortal and pay for it with his life? But let us assume that the level of risk is acceptable. It's not, but let's assume it, because the more important issue is the permanent warp the gun puts in the mind of the cop. That warp stays with him on or off duty, but on duty it at least carries with it the obvious weight of the law. The cop who carries a gun off duty begins to think of himself as permanently different; a special human being who embodies the law, who exerts his force to implement the law, who *is* the law. So on duty he begins to convey a certain arrogance.

The John Birch Society puts out a monthly bulletin in New York, in which every so often they tease the city's finest by suggesting that there are plans afoot to disarm a certain precinct, unnamed, in Queens. These reports create such counterrevolutionary anxiety that police brass go double lengths to deny them. The reports also increase Birch membership in the department, since cops become convinced that only such forces as the Birch Society care about their right to bear arms.

Of all major American cities, only Philadelphia gives

policemen the option to carry their weapons off duty. Invariably they carry them. Why? "The policeman is apart and must maintain a certain status," explains Dr. Ralph S. Banay, consulting psychiatrist to the New York City Police Department. "Too much familiarity with the community at large could create problems of contempt for authority." In other primitive societies, symbols are carried by medicine men, witch doctors, chiefs, et al.

In July of 1964, Lieut. Thomas Gilligan, off duty, watched a 15-year-old Negro boy named James Powell toss an ash can cover at a Manhattan landlord who was spraying other teen-agers with water from a hose. What happened next took seconds. Powell appeared to turn on Gilligan and Gilligan drew his pistol and fired three times, killing Powell. Three days later Harlem sputtered and flared into five bloody days of rioting—the first in the long hot-summer series.

The point is not whether Gilligan was or was not threatened or even whether he felt himself threatened. The point is that the presence of the gun altered the situation. What might have been a harmless street confrontation became a killing. In England, where the police still do not carry guns, there is less violence and less killing. The presence of a gun alters the situation so drastically that it creates the very forces it presumes to oppose.

Violence breeds violence. Death inspires killing. A gun



is there to shoot with and every policeman is made to understand that it is not an ornament. To carry a gun means that a man must be prepared to kill. And the potential for death escalates. It is hard enough for a cop off duty to think like an ordinary citizen. A policeman on duty chases a speeder, breaks the speed laws and justifies that because there is simply no other way to catch a speeder. When he goes off duty, he finds that the habit of speeding is still present and the distinction between breaking the law off or on duty becomes blurred, indistinct, then perhaps disappears. (An off-duty detective friend of mine performed an almost suicidal U-turn on a California highway recently, and when he was stopped he flashed his New York police shield and was released without question.)

There begins to creep into the policeman's life a sense of isolation. He spends his off-duty hours with policemen. All his friends are policemen because ordinary civilians are always leery about how far they can go with cop friends.

In *Behind The Shield*, a book in which a former cop writes about cops, the author attempts to explain this sense of isolation and how it becomes heightened by the presence of the gun. The gun becomes the visible symbol of difference.

Bar owners endure the rantings of loud off-duty cops. Cops accept bribes and do mental gymnastics to justify them as the legitimate cost of doing business and the legitimate ransom of men who put their lives on the line.

The alienation grows into a resentment between civilian and cop that can only result in hostile confrontations.

Dr. Banay insists that it is important to make the policeman feel apart and obliged to sustain a greater image of law enforcement. But it is precisely that apartness that alienates the community from the police and underlies the misunderstandings and hostility. To remove the gun would be to remove the greatest single source of alienation, since it is the gun that is the greatest reinforcer of arrogance.

Norman Frank, spokesman for the Police Benevolent Association of New York City, becomes purple at the suggestion. "You would denude this city of a great force of men. It would mean that we would have to triple the force. Some of the best arrests come from off-duty cops It would be a disaster"

The price is too high. It is too expensive to alienate the on-duty force in order to maintain an off-duty army of dubious value. Soldiers are not allowed to carry their weapons off duty. Men should be authorized to carry their weapons only under the strictest supervision. When they begin to suspect that they carry guns on their own authority, they may use them on their own authority. On duty, too.

The principle should be insisted upon that policemen carry guns at the sufferance of the majority of civilians. They should be made to understand that the gun is too terrible a weapon to be personal. It should be a piece of government, city, municipal property; it should be locked in the locker rooms of police precincts.

LETTERS (continued from page 322)

still alive in this country, and it would be unforgivably naive to assume that if the United States were torn by race riots innocent black people would be safe from massive retaliation. The conspiracy itself in the novel is a way of making a metaphor out of a fact—the fact that many "good" Americans would like to see most black Americans simply vanish overnight, by magic if possible, by massacre if necessary.

Leo Hamalian

beagle?

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIR: The Bible said it, in Proverbs 26:17. "He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Florence H. Luscomb

labor's soup

New York City

DEAR SIR: Burton Hall's article in your Jan. 22nd issue, "The Thumb in Labor's Soup," is a contemptible and tragic example of the perversion of truth by an attorney, who has been variously described as a Socialist and a voice of dissent in the labor movement.

Hall has completely distorted and shamelessly fabricated the true condition of 10,000 members of our local union. . . .

Hall's client, one James Gleason, after unrestricted freedom, time and opportunity to defend himself, which he took full advantage of, was expelled from Local 11 by a vote of 1,227 to 17. . . .

Hall's scandalous charges against Local 11 and myself are, without exception, despicable lies. . . .

Hall charges that I was hiding from the McClellan committee in a New York hospital. That is absolutely untrue. I had discussed pertinent facts with agents of the McClellan committee in my office, prior to entering the hospital and we have advised . . . our members, very carefully, with respect to the issues introduced at the hearings. In passing, may I state that many of us in the labor movement remain extremely dubious of the McClellan committee and its purposes.

Hall suggests I was paid off by someone through two maintenance companies. This is a flagrant untruth! No employer having relations with Local 11, at any time, was ever solicited or had any dealings or connections with these companies.

Hall charges deficiencies in Local 11's welfare department of hundreds of thousands of dollars. There has been no looting, depletion or wasting of any moneys in our welfare fund or services.

Hall charges our no-strike, no lock-out, permanent arbitration structure, in three newly organized chains is a sellout of the workers. Hall is grossly ignorant of the history, experiences and results of this institution and the fact that it is not compulsory arbitration at all but a formula bargained for and unanimously ratified by the restaurant employees themselves.

Our local union has never signed a "sweetheart" contract! All of our agreements are negotiated with the full participation and final approval of our members. We think our local operates with a maximum of democracy and we are proud

of our organizational successes and the standards we have achieved.

It is indeed frightening that your publication, without verification or corroboration, allows itself to be so misused as resulted from your association with Mr. Hall.

Fred Ferrara, President, Local 11

New York City

DEAR SIR: I have only represented restaurant unions for about 25 years (including, I hasten to add, Local 11) and have written contracts for thousands of shops. Contracts I have written and the clauses I drafted are literally used in unions throughout the United States. . . . I think the Schrafft's contract is a good one, especially in view of the fact that it is the first agreement with an employer who bitterly resisted organization for decades. I know—I tried the NLRB case against the Shattuck Company for weeks.

The discharge clause Attorney Hall bitterly attacks is not unusual. Even so strict a union as the Waiters Local permits discharge for cause, and some of the contracts spell out several "causes," and then have general language encompassing other cases. I think that an employee guilty of "gross insubordination" should be fired. I also think that if an employee is guilty of "offensive language or conduct," the employer should have the right to fire him. I don't think such clauses in a labor agreement are "noteworthy" as Attorney Hall calls them. I hasten to add, as Attorney Hall did not, that in each and every such case, the employee has recourse to grievance machinery and, if need be, to arbitration. I have read thousands of such clauses.

The no-strike clause is new, but not quite as "startling" as Attorney Hall alleges. It is an attempt to substitute bargaining and arbitration for strikes and the threat of strike. It is a good attempt, especially in view of the past anti-labor history of the company involved. Whether it has the legal effect that Attorney Hall states in his learned, reasoned opinion, I hesitate to say. Perhaps he is just a better lawyer than I am, but I am not certain that a contract can bind either party after it expires, despite statements of intention. Perhaps the language is hortatory and not necessarily binding. I really wonder what would happen if four contracts and twelve years from now, the workers voted strike. Perhaps Attorney Hall will be on the bench by then, and be in the position to definitively rule on the question. At present, I am not as shocked as he is by this no-strike clause. . . .

Harold L. Luxemburg

New York City

DEAR SIR: If all these "scandalous charges" contained in the report of the findings of an investigation conducted by the McClellan subcommittee are "despicable lies," as Ferrara now says they are, then why didn't Ferrara appear before the Senate's Permanent subcommittee to deny them? The subcommittee subpoenaed him to testify on these matters at its hearings that began on Sept. 27, 1966, and continued Sept. 28 and Oct. 4—but Ferrara didn't appear. The day before he was to appear, Ferrara submitted an affidavit from his doctor saying that the doctor had admitted him to St. Clare's Hospital on Sept. 25 for a "medical condition" (unspecified) and that his "physical condition" (also unspecified) was "such as he is unable to appear as a witness before the Subcommittee."

His "physical condition" didn't prevent Ferrara from leaving the hospital on Oct. 1 to sign the Schrafft's contract; why should it prevent him from testifying before the subcommittee at its Oct. 4 session?

Ferrara says there has been no depletion of Local 11's Welfare Trust Fund. That will come as a surprise to the New York State Insurance Department, which has recently completed extensive hearings in the proceeding brought by it against the trustees of that fund for alleged depletion of some \$156,564.72 through the optical plan alone.

And about the "maintenance companies," which Ferrara owned in partnership with the brother-in-law of labor consultant Jack McCarthy. Employers with whom Local 11 bargains testified to the subcommittee that they hired labor consultant Jack McCarthy upon Ferrara's recommendation. Other employers testified that they hired the two maintenance companies, from which Ferrara received at least \$36,606, upon McCarthy's recommendation. . . . But, says Ferrara, the worst "lie" of all is the suggestion that his low-wage, permanent no-strike contract with Schrafft's is a "sweetheart." The contract permits the employer to discharge employees for any reason whatever upon twenty-four-hour notice—and it permits the employer to fire employees even without notice for such reasons as "gross insubordination." Its wage level is on the borderline of New York State's minimum wage (and has been actually below that borderline for extended periods of time). And the contract provides that even after the expiration date the union will still be barred from striking and from any concerted action; all issues arising at negotiations thereafter are submitted in advance to the supposedly impartial arbitrator, Jack McCarthy's partner, J. Kenneth O'Connor. . . .

(Ferrara says the contract was ratified by the employees but neglects to point out that neither the employees nor their committee were allowed to read the contract, nor were they told its terms before the vote for approval.)

Harold Luxemburg . . . argues that the permanent no-strike clause is not really binding on the union, even though the employer was tricked somehow into thinking it would be. He may be right—or maybe, not; there are cases in the law books indicating post-expiration effect of collective bargaining agreement clauses. If Mr. Luxemburg thinks he can nullify the no-strike clauses, then why doesn't he seek a declaratory judgment doing just that? . . .

Of course, all this reasoned discussion is largely beside the point. Ferrara has stronger weapons at his disposal. One of these is the power to expel from the industry anybody who dares to oppose him; since he appoints the trial committees, rank-and-file members are at his mercy. And since the Local 11 bylaws permit him, without ratification or approval by anybody, to sign collective bargaining agreements binding on Local 11, he is in a position to enchain the rank and file to the conditions spelled out in the Schrafft's agreement. With weapons like these, perhaps, Ferrara is free to go on shouting "Lies, all lies!" whenever someone discusses publicly the true condition of workers under his rule.

Burton Hall

alternative

Notre Dame, Ind.

DEAR SIR: Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative is an Indiana organization pledged to support candidates for public office who will work for an end to the war in Vietnam. We will campaign actively for the election of public officials who favor a negotiated political settlement of the Vietnamese conflict. If you agree with this aim, we invite you to join. For more information write Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative, Room 410 Sherland Building, South Bend, Ind. 46601.

James A. Bogle, Chairman

radical experiment

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: I have read *Report From Iron Mountain* and find in it a closely reasoned argument based on reasonable premises. However, as a scientist, I know that even the best of theories must stand or fall on the basis of experimental evidence. I therefore suggest that we experiment with peace for a while, and discover empirically what its effects on society would be. New experiments often turn up facts which the theoreticians have overlooked.

John E. Gaustad

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'A Billy Goat Pining for Purity'

TOLSTOY. By Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux. Doubleday & Co. 762 pp. \$7.95.

ANITA M. LERNER

Mrs. Lerner taught Russian literature at Sarah Lawrence College.

For the new Tolstoy reader, desiring to comprehend both the tumultuous life force of the Russian author and the family background within which his extravagant talents ripened, Henri Troyat's biography provides a beginning. In childhood scenes the boy, 2 to 9 years old, encounters death—his mother's, father's and grandmother's. Later come seductions, gambling, gypsies and wild parties, soldiering and sparring with literary people. All are presented by Troyat swiftly and dramatically, with the skills of a fellow novelist. Tolstoy is captured *alive*—that is the big achievement. Before marriage, his life was already shaped by three women: his intelligent mother, to whom he prayed even in old age; his substitute mother, Tatyana Ergolskaya (Aunt Toinette), and his spinster relative, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, who moved in court circles, and maintained "an *amitié amoureuse*" with Tolstoy, through letters.

The biographer appreciates Tolstoy, the artist, and shows how he grew. Quietly the boy Leo sat among the adults, listening, watching, sometimes asking questions. Storytellers surrounded him and soon he became a voracious reader. Aunt Toinette was sure her Leo was destined to write his own stories and encouraged him to begin. As he grew up, nothing else he tried worked out. Far from home, as a soldier, he managed to stay at his desk and complete his first serious work, *Childhood*.

War stories on Sevastopol followed, not emphasizing glory but "the reeking hospital room," and Tolstoy took steps to exchange his uniform for civilian clothes. Surrounded by the literary crowd in Moscow and Petersburg, however, he found that he preferred his old associates on the battlefield. "The whole little menagerie" of quarreling Westerners and Slavophiles was "seething with emulation, vanity and jealousy." Said Tolstoy: "There is no one acting out of sheer goodness, anxious to win over and reconcile people to each other in a happier world." He wrote independently, in spite of the aggravations of censorship, neither to please the authorities nor to gain popularity. "Truth" was Tolstoy's goal.

One-tenth of Troyat's book is devoted to the three great novels. He shows the surrounding environment out of which they grew, the critical reception they received, as well as how each evolved in the author's mind. (This I thought the best part of the biography.) At first, for example, the heroine of *Anna Karenina* was to be a man killer, a devil incarnate, in contrast to her two victims, Karenin and Vronsky. While creating the sinner, however, the author himself became enamored and gave her not only beauty but spontaneity, grace and warmth. But Tolstoy found it difficult to complete this novel (written in the shadow of five family deaths) and dropped it to return to peasant teaching.

The fault in the book is that Troyat, liking the artist, fails to understand the man behind the art. This is not surprising, since the background and prejudices of biographer and subject differ widely. Though born in Russia, Troyat settled in France as a schoolboy, at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution, and writes from the point of view of a patriotic, middle-class Frenchman. Everything touching on Tolstoy's French experiences—the public execution in Paris, the appraisal of French schools, his attitude toward Napoleon—is explained, not in terms of Tolstoy's purposes but through the editorial comments of the Frenchman. Above all, the biographer is antagonized by the Russian's repudiation of orthodox religion.

While the hero's external experiences are recorded (each seduction, naming names, and each gambling bout, assessing losses), Troyat refuses to take seriously his inner struggles reflected in the Franklin "Rules of Life." Here the young man dreams of reformation and plots out devices to achieve success, but Troyat labels him "a billy goat pining for purity." (There was, of course, a relationship between his great sensuality and his great talent.) Trying to explain his hero's premarital changes of place and occupation, the biographer overuses such words as "suddenly" and "abruptly," having no psychological explanations to offer. Thus the deeper, emergent self, the searching, contradictory figure, suffering and enduring, sometimes ridiculous and then again moving and miraculous, eludes Troyat. But it was precisely this man, involved in a terrible fever of inner growth, who fashioned the novels to which Troyat pays tribute.

Such a biographer would fail to understand the crisis of Tolstoy's middle years, in which he courted death rather than life, and was so physically reduced as to be barely recognizable. In order to regain an affirmative outlook he purged himself through *Confession* (Troyat doesn't analyze the document). All the *works*, *Anna Karenina* and *Confession* are clearly linked: the first dealing with death and despair; the second searching for a religion that would bring him back to life. In time Tolstoy worked out a pragmatic faith (which Troyat scorns), and managed to fill his days with productive activities.

He was not satisfied, however, yearning to relate word and deed (here Troyat accuses him of "the temptation of sainthood"). In sum, this biographer rejects not only Tolstoy's religious struggles but most of his nonliterary activities, such as his pioneer peasant schools, calling the pupils his "guinea pigs." But teaching, and a love of children, was a life talent of Tolstoy, second only to writing itself. His great anti-war work (*The Kingdom of God Is Within You*) and the support he gave to such activities internationally is hardly touched upon. However, Lenin claimed that it was primarily Tolstoy's pacifist influence that made the first Communist revolution of 1905 fail.

Everyone knows by now that Tolstoy's wife, Sonya, was unable to go along with her changed husband—the man who wished to live like a peasant and take with him his wife and children—and nobody in his right mind could blame her. But what Troyat fails to make clear is that Sonya permitted him no escape: neither flight nor a rational compromise. *The Kreutzer Sonata* (a "nasty" story as Tolstoy recognized) dealt a deathblow to their marriage. Though sexual relations continued, mutual respect was lost. Thereafter Sonya aimed to preserve the pretense of a loving relationship, fearing that history would condemn her. At best she became a nagging wife; at worst one bent on raising her own prestige by means of destroying her husband's.

Sonya's diary is a marvelous human document, as close to the cutting edge of life as Tolstoy's own novels. (They were well matched in vitality and stubbornness.) It records breathlessly, and of course partially, the daily quarrels in their complex household and generates

many moods—anger, hatred, self-pity, desire for love, dependence, fear of madness, gratitude for periods of coexistence, as well as moments of confessional clarity. The unforgivable distortion of Troyat is to side wholly with Sonya in these domestic battles, seemingly basing his portrait of Tolstoy on her diary image. Sonya affirms that Leo should stick to novel writing, since only that brings him happiness; Troyat agrees. Sonya pictures him as entirely self-centered, choosing activities that feed his vanity and bring him fame; Troyat agrees. Both are suspicious of his good deeds, calling them poses. In short they see the man as a fraud. (But one side of Sonya worshiped her husband, at the same time that she reviled him. Beside him, she described herself as “feeling like a criminal.”) Of course Tolstoy was sometimes ludicrous and far from perfect, as Troyat reveals

him. But he had the stamina, in the midst of surrounding apathy, to oppose the tyrannies of Church and state. This important moral work Troyat fails to appreciate.

It is no easy matter to write a biography of Leo Tolstoy. To view him objectively is almost impossible, since his strong reactions engender strong responses. But an interpreter can at least see first through his eyes, then record his own evaluations, exclaiming (as Chekhov did on reading *The Kreutzer Sonata*), “This is the truth!” or “This is absurd!” Tolstoy knew the limitations of logic and learned to accommodate himself to his contradictions, saying, “The cat and the dog can live under the same roof.” Perhaps this great bulk of a man—a bear of strength and a dove of sensibility—has suffered from the sanity of his biographers.

Really Bad Off People

THE DRIFTERS: Children of Disorganized Lower-Class Families. Edited by Eleanor Pavenstedt. Little, Brown & Co. 345 pp. \$10.50.

ROBERT COLES

Dr. Coles, a child psychiatrist, is Research Psychiatrist at the Harvard University Health Services. He is the author of *Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear* (Little, Brown).

It is unlikely that this very important book will get nearly the attention it deserves. The poor have once again had their day in America. For a few years they seemed about to obtain a better deal from this rich nation. Then came another war for freedom and democracy, surely something important to anyone who considers himself in trouble because he can't eat very well, or afford a doctor, or decent living quarters. Consolation, after all, is priceless; and America's poor can at least know they possess freedom, if nothing else, and as an added bonus live under a standard that compares very favorably with that enjoyed by hundreds of millions of Africans or Asians.

So, a book like *The Drifters* only serves to cause trouble. We are reminded that *all* is not well, even if the gross national product is edging toward something called a trillion. We are “hurt” abroad; our enemies can leap upon our problems, once again documented, and succeed in tarnishing our “image.” Even more significantly, we are made to feel “guilty”—because we are told that even the most chaotic and disorganized of people, even the “lower-lower” families, will respond to the consistent and per-

sistent attention of those who *care*, who really want to help others find a more secure and comfortable life.

In a way, then, this book could not be more disturbing. Unlike many others that dote on the misery of the poor, or use them to advance one or another strictly ideological scheme. *The Drifters* aims to report on a long, earnest and difficult attempt on the part of a group of child psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, social workers and teachers to reach, to understand, above all to befriend, be of use to “the children of disorganized lower-class families.” The effort took place in Boston and began in 1955—something that must be emphasized. Not all people in the so-called “mental health professions” needed a “war on poverty” (such as it has turned out to be) in order to extend the range of their sympathies and concerns.

The “drifters” described are the parents and children (mostly white, it must be emphasized) who live in a place called “North Point” in the book—in actuality it is Boston's mildly notorious South End. The city's generally conservative or understated tradition affects even its ghettos. Or, as a youth I know who grew up in Boston and later went to New York, put it: “It's quieter here in the South End. You go to New York and things are alive there all the time.” He was referring to and making a contrast with Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen. And in fact the South End is rather quiet to the outsider, if he chances to pass through it at the right time.

For a year I rode on a school bus that transported Negro children through the South End on their way to white

schools that at least gave each child a desk, some decent books and a teacher who did more than scorn and belittle her pupils. At 8:15 in the morning the South End was indeed like a sleeping dinosaur. The streets are littered with garbage, and particularly empty bottles, drained by the “hobos” and “bums” and “alcoholics” (heavily white, again) who have considered the district theirs for many years. The buildings are very old, shabby, full of rats, cold-water flats, dank and dark hallways, broken stairs and railings, lights that don't work and, above all, men, women and children—to whom alcohol and drugs, taverns and pushers, prostitutes and pawnbrokers are part of everyday life. A Negro child once put it all together as we moved along on the bus: “Man, I'll tell you, here's one place where Whitey has it as bad as us. I'll confess, I like to see that we're not alone, the black man. My daddy, he told us that when you really want to get to the bottom, it's the white man you'll find there, and now I know what he meant. They're really bad off here, you can tell.”

“Bad off” they are; and *The Drifters* tells us in its first section exactly how bad off—socially and psychologically—“bad off” can be. The “setting” is described, the neighborhood and the institutions that serve it and all too often fail it miserably. The “social science literature,” in all its relative poverty, is also reviewed—by a group of workers and authors whose modesty comes across again and again. The “team” who worked with the “drifters,” and now have written up their lives, has no intention of supplying us with more rhetoric, more clichés—or more cheap, political slogans meant to win an election and not much more. I suppose voters in suburbia do feel a bit “guilty,” and I suppose it is good politics to play up to that guilt, to the extent that other “commitments” allow. Meanwhile the ghettos persist, and one study after another tells us that they shouldn't, but that—well, these things do take time. Somehow, sandwiched between some set of wars, that “time” may be found. Until then, there is always a Band-Aid here, a quick coat of paint there.

What is so haunting, and finally outrageous, about this book is the radical seriousness of the activity its pages describe and the remarkable discoveries its authors insist upon confronting us with. Here was a group of professional men and women who took great pains to seek out the most troubled and confused and disorganized of American citizens—in order to work with them for years, slowly, patiently, carefully. Young children in a specially designed nursery school were virtually brought up again, taught for the first time, against great obstacles of well-developed fear and sus-

picion, to trust other human beings, to look them directly in the eye, to stay with them, feel toward them, accept from them, give to them. Things we and our children take for granted those children had never experienced. They darted about, exploded, withdrew, evaded; more than anything else they evaded grown-up people whom they saw to be, had found to be, unreliable, unpredictable, impulsive, alternately violent and smothering. It is heartbreaking to read about these children, and particularly heartbreaking to read about the changes in them and their parents as a result of this research project, and (with the project's end) the slow encroachment back of disorder and sorrow in boys and girls who for a moment breathed life, grace, love, redemption—only to feel them all slowly slip away.

Here is something for us to think about—we who are so full of talk about those “impossible” slum youths, those “hard-to-reach” families, those poor people whose presence irritates us in the face of our occasional glances of sympathy, our last minute niggardly cash, voted by Congressmen eager to adjourn, to go home, you can be sure not to a slum: “Perhaps the most important findings of the project was that many of the children's educational handicaps are to an extent remediable through the combined therapeutic-educational techniques used in our nursery school. . . . Though the children still appear to have definite limitations in terms of their ultimate school success, early pre-school intervention for this group of low socio-economic children has proved successful, at least up to a point.”

Nor were the mothers necessarily “hopeless” or unchangeable: “The mothers finally have shown a capacity to develop some social competence and organization in their lives. They have been like people inundated by a volcano and unable to remove the debris. With assistance in shifting the earth from the stones they have been able to select problems out of the burdensome morass. With some realistic goals and insight they showed an unexpected capacity for initiative, competence and organization.”

So, psychiatrists and social workers and nursery school teachers, from the middle class, and with no power to change the basic social and cultural conditions of “North Point,” yet succeeded in having a decisive effect on a small number of that neighborhood's residents—and in the process found themselves as professional men and women surprised, and thus educated. They started their project in order to determine what could be done with the most impoverished, the most “pathological,” and even in such people they found “islands” of intactness, “fragments of adulthood,”

moments when “their motherliness, which has been obscured by clouds, peeps out with momentary brightness and warmth.” In children of 3 or 4 they found plenty of trouble, but again an astonishing kind of shrewdness and guile, on the part of boys and girls who were destined to be a source of trouble to “us,” but who surely learn every day how to make do in their own world. It

Gambits on the Shore

THE FARTHER SHORES OF POLITICS. By George Thayer. Simon & Schuster. 610 pp. \$7.95.

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans (Ballantine).

There is a literary genre which might well be called the Icarian, books which, if cast in a more modest vein, might instruct or amuse but which are defeated by their ambitions—the high fliers which fall to earth because of overstrained equipment. Mr. Thayer's book is unmistakably of the genus: like Icarus it never reaches the farther shores.

The book is a compendium of the gambits and distortions which plague popular “exposé,” political writing. Because of its sheer size and scope, and its author's lack of basic familiarity with his subject, its treatment of political minorities is, in part at least, unconsciously parodic—a hastily written *Reader's Digest* article 600 pages long. Mr. Thayer relies heavily for enlightenment on interviews (the book might well have been called “What They Told Me About the Farther Shores of Politics”) which he uses not merely to convey the opinions of his subjects but as authority for his own observations and conclusions. This reliance is wildly uncritical and leads to odd miscomprehensions—of the sort sometimes found in accounts of American life by foreign travelers. For example, he tells us that members of peace groups are not as radical as they sound: they speak leftist “jargon but fail to understand its meaning,” a conclusion which he documents with a quotation from an interview with a peace activist that “quite a few” peace group members “are middle-class Jewish kids who react against . . . the regimentation of being Jewish, or wearing lovelocks when they were kids.”

Mr. Thayer has organized this material in a neat structure, but formal organization by itself cannot redeem its

is not that they cannot learn; that is learn in “our” (old, crowded, hopelessly rigid and uninspired) schools. It is rather that they have already learned *what* learning really matters—to them, not “us.” Given our country's present “priorities,” its present inclinations and (rather obvious) deeds, who can call such children anything but “realistic,” and even wise?

lack of organic unity. The result is a hodgepodge of anecdotes and exotica which bears about the same relationship to politics as a medieval bestiary to natural history.

Our historic political diversity has long suffered from the conceit of establishment liberalism that commitment is somehow intellectually disreputable. A related notion scornfully dismisses politics which deals with causes rather than symptoms as “conspiratorial” regardless of its targets or rationale. An assumption common to both these views (and to Mr. Thayer's book) is that “social adjustment” is a self-evident virtue, just as “extremism” is a self-evident political vice which, in Lipset's words, “appeals to

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—MALCOLM COWLEY

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the disgruntled, psychologically homeless, to the personal failures, and economically insecure, the uneducated, unsophisticated and authoritarian persons at every level of society."

The Right has prospered in part because it has made itself the custodian of a potent political tradition, nativist anti-radicalism. Intensified first by the cold war and later by Vietnam, anti-communism has become the ecumenicism of the American Right. The nationalist and know-nothing passions which kindled the Right over an entire generation following the depression have been refueled in the past decade by an emerging politics of cultural despair. The discrediting of reform through traditional welfare strategies and the emergence of new "way of life" issues (alienation, racism, crime, juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, mental health) have produced a crisis in liberal ideology. The Right has exploited this impasse by developing a politics which makes increasingly nostalgic and symbolic appeals to the middle class, shaping a still inchoate ideology with many points of similarity to European-style fascism.

The old Left, battered by McCarthyism, has not only failed to adapt its dogmas to the realities of American capitalism but, like the New Left, seems incapable of forging a politics that speaks to our condition.

Though orphaned of a setting, Thayer's book might still be useful if he could only have gotten his facts straight. But the book—especially its treatment of the Left—is rife with errors.

The McCarran Act of 1950 is not a criminal statute and there were no "numerous convictions of the (Communist) Party's leaders . . . under the McCarran Act of 1950 which physically removed the more active Communists from the scene for a stretch." No Communist ever even registered under the Act. Both William Epton, the Progressive Labor Party leader, and Farrell Dobbs, the Trotskyist, were convicted—on grounds inaccurately summarized by the author.

The late Francis E. Walter never subpoenaed "Professor Linus Pauling to appear before the HUAC for no other reason than an eccentric remark that Pauling made in public." Pauling was subpoenaed to appear before the Senate Internal Security Committee for his activities in organizing scientists in opposition to nuclear testing. Nor do these committees "serve quite unwittingly to stifle dissent" because a "particularly offensive remark is often grounds enough for the committees to issue a subpoena to the individual concerned demanding that his statements be explained."

About the 1960 execution of Caryl Chessman, Thayer writes: "The case of

this convicted murderer, exploited unmercifully by American Marxists, contained enough seeds of doubt concerning his guilt, that it provoked the young to question the validity of all laws, the very foundation on which the country rests."

Although we are almost stoned on this heady "Scottsboro" gambit (the subversive exploitation of injustice), the author plies us with an equally potent chaser—a "true believer" gambit which makes Chessman "a martyr of the left." "American Marxists" ignored the Chessman case and the humanist impulses it stirred among students, and were attacked for that reason by young radicals. Besides, the issue in the Chessman case was not innocence or guilt but capital punishment.

"Jimcrow" [sic] is not part of "an ingroup language . . . on the left" like "Comsymp" on the right." The Palmer raids are not a "euphemism for the 'Red Scare,'" nor are the Catholic Worker "Houses of Hospitality" a "euphemism for flophouses." The unworldly Mennonites do not "still play a leading role" in the Fellowship of Reconciliation, let alone the even more unworldly "Amish Mennonites."

Dorothy Day is not one of the "three well-known personalities" which the *Catholic Worker* movement "has produced . . . of late." Nor has she yielded "to Cardinal Spellman over the church's view of the Vietnam War." The *Catholic Worker* is a monthly and not a weekly, and its circulation in the thirties was more than 300,000, not 165,000. The significance of the sign on the wall of its office, "This floor will safely sustain a load of 40 lbs. per square foot," is purely structural and not, as the author invites the reader to believe, homiletic, like the messages (such as "Pax," "Jesus Caritas") which flank it.

Milton Rosen, the leader of the Progressive Labor Party, is not a brother of Jacob Rosen, a youthful activist. John and Albert Maher are brothers—but the author confuses them. The Progressive Labor Party does not include among its goals "a police review board in New York City." It is opposed to a police review board.

Aaron Henry does not "still play a dominant role in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party." There is no Negro nationalist group known as the "Blood Brothers." Newspaper accounts about it were subsequently admitted to be a hoax. Dr. W.E.B. DuBois was not a black nationalist. He was anathema to the Garvey movement with which the author links him.

None of the old Left groups ever made a "take-over bid" of the Black Muslims, as the author states twice. And the Socialist Workers Party, "a predominantly white organization," never "be-

lieved it would lead a militant all-black drive for equal rights" initiated by Malcolm X. (This is well known in the trade as the equality-professing-Reds-discriminate-more-than-anybody-else gambit.) Neither the Left nor the Right characterizes the power drives of its leaders as the "Lenin complex" or "Hitler complex," respectively (the "deadly parallel" gambit).

It is not true that "violence . . . has become endemic" to the Socialist Workers Party (the ever-ready automatic force and violence gambit) "and endures today" (the leopard cannot change its spots gambit). Trotskyists are not "hated with uncommon passion by everyone," and such animosity is not demonstrated by the assassination of a young activist in the party's Detroit headquarters by a man who (the author fails to tell us) was demented.

While Trotsky was alive he did not prevent splits and schisms, as the author states. Indeed the major historic split in the Socialist Workers Party (between the Cannon and Schachtman groups) took place during Trotsky's lifetime. Participation in elections is not a departure "from the path of strict Trotskyism."

Bettina Aptheker, daughter of Communist theoretician Herbert Aptheker, was never chairman of the DuBois Clubs, and she does not foam at the mouth when she speaks. The song *The Internationale* is not part of a "legacy of Americana," left by the Wobblies. Neither it nor other songs actually composed and sung by the Wobblies (*The Rebel Girl*, *Hallelujah I'm a Bum*, *Dump the Bosses Off Your Back*) "are still sung today by ardent trade unionists everywhere, even in the AFL-CIO."

These and other errors too numerous to list may possibly make Thayer's book a curiosity, prized by bibliophiles like a misprinted stamp among philatelists. But then, writings in this area are notoriously inaccurate (though rarely as badly edited as this book). The conventional restraints on publishers (such as libel suits) are minimal and the unpopularity of the victim limits even the risk of effective protest.

Nor are Thayer's inferences, characterizations and conclusions any more rewarding. Most of them have a "see Spot run" tone. Thus, he says of the peace movement that it "is transfixed by the Vietnam War—far more than the ordinary American citizen." And that, "Perhaps the one point that distinguishes the Citizens' Councils from the Klan is tactics." Thayer can be banal and baffling at the same time: "coupled with an historical threat of starvation [the Puerto Rican] people have always had a desire for physical well-being, regardless of other considerations"; "there is obviously

a gray area between blatant subversion and what might be called 'legalized dissent,' no matter how idiotic the latter may be."

Thayer's capacity for broader speculation is equally precarious. His discussion of the CPUSA's decline brings us fresh reminders of the comic possibilities presented by criticism for the wrong reasons, an allotropic variant of the any-stick-to-beat-a-dog gambit. Thus, he rebukes the party because it "has not come up with a good anti-capitalist slogan in years." The Communists "only belatedly jumped on the (anti-Vietnam) bandwagon to embrace the cause as its very own," and they are still laggards for "when enemy flags are carried in protest parades, it is sections of the New Left that carry Vietcong flags, not American Communists carrying Soviet flags." (*Sic*; Thayer is no stylist.) The party devotes itself to fund-raising functions at which it serves "food to the impoverished faithful who anticipate such gatherings with relief to fund off the monotony of their lives."

The party also "makes money on

the stock exchange, being tipped off in advance by Moscow when the Soviets plan to dump some commodity on the world market." And the "impoverished faithful" notwithstanding, not "all Party members are poor, however, nor has this historically been true. Indeed many of them have been quite wealthy." The author's crusher is that the party has retreated to a "soft line" which merely "calls for a 'socialist' America," not, he triumphantly notes, "a 'Communist' one." This judgment reflects as crude a misconception of Communist theory and practice as one is likely to find anywhere and answers the question which steadily shames Thayer's glib pages: can one write informatively about any political movement, no matter how distant its "shores," without understanding it?

Thayer's final chapter rehashes explanations of extremism with characteristic obscurity and includes the by now obligatory equation of the Left and the Right. ("Their vision," he says, in a particularly illiterate summary of childish theories of totalitarian politics, "is

apocalyptic, where the world is on the verge of an explosion unless their particular brand of solutions be adopted.") In demonstrating that *les extrêmes se touchent*, Thayer tells us that both sides see the major threat to the "country as internal." I suppose that this cryptic judgment means that both leftists and rightists believe that the threat of the overthrow of our government by a foreign-based attack is minor. This presumably is in contrast to the opinion of sober-minded, moderate and responsible citizens (like Everett Dirksen and Mendel Rivers) who are convinced of the contrary. Who's loony now?

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Youth & Age in Chile

THIS SUNDAY. By José Donoso. Translated from the Spanish by Lorraine O'Grady Freeman. Alfred A. Knopf. 177 pp. \$4.95.

OLIVER T. MYERS

Mr. Myers is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

The decennial awarding of a Nobel Prize to a representative of Hispanic letters (Gabriela Mistral, 1945; Juan Ramón Jiménez, 1956; Miguel Angel Asturias 1967: can we deduce a pattern?) should be an occasion for taking a closer look at recent literary production in the Spanish-speaking world. The reader of English has available now a larger and better selection of current novels from Spain and Latin America than probably at almost any earlier time. Best of all, the time lag for English translations is being reduced by enterprising publishers, so that we can have access to Cortázar and Fuentes within a year or two.

It took about six years for José Donoso's *Coronation* to reach the United States, but the success of that has brought *This Sunday* to us in two years. With the latent fear that the "typical" Latin American novel might scare off the American public, Knopf hastens to assure us that Donoso "never seems an exotic, he speaks directly to us, his tone and style . . . seem

to be in tune with our sensibilities. . . ." We can interpret this easily as: No Indians, no gauchos, no dictators, no jungles, no dreary Romantic rhetoric, and especially no United Fruit.

The blurb writer is accurate in one sense, which is that we have read novels that resemble Donoso's (although we probably haven't come across anything quite like Asturias'). We will recognize some of the characters, the lecherous, psychically impotent scion and the earthy, "enduring" servant (here, white), the all-seeing, innocent child and the superannuated matriarch, the lower-class youth striving, with the patronage and patronizing of the upper classes, to pull himself up somewhere. . . . (In 1962 Donoso was awarded the William Faulkner Foundation Prize for Chile for the novel *Coronation*.) Some of the scenes (like the seduction of the young master by the lusty serving wench) have the *déjà vu* flavor. But it is difficult to buy the thesis that we're that much accustomed to the way Donoso looks at these people or makes them act.

It might be that *This Sunday* is too much like *Coronation*, not only in characters and milieu but even in some of the plotting. As a novel *This Sunday* comes off better. But what Donoso has been giving us (here and foreshadowed in some earlier stories, a few written origi-

(Continued on page 353)

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THE FALSE SCORPION

*Diminutive, harmless, resembling the lethal kind,
Without a tail,
It is not rare. You cannot fail
To find*

*In America's average suburban back yard
A hundred or more,
If you know what you are looking for.
It's hard*

*To grasp why such a retiring animal
Will cross a sheet
With stately step but then retreat
From a ball*

*Of dust more quickly than it can advance.
It won't forego
Living contenders, however, though
The chance*

*That it will ever eat the conquered is small.
Its appetite
Is scant. Yet, when the time is right,
All*

*Its digestive juices start to flow before
It takes the prey
Into its body. It has a way
Of stor-*

*ing gravel and bark against itself to build
A shelter when
It molts, until it is shut in,
Self-sealed.*

*Precaution and pleasure are more clearly one
When the male expends
Energy on a dance which depends
Upon*

*The female's motionlessness. He extrudes a thread—
Tipped with a drop—
Stiffening, on the ground, straight up.
The wed-*

*ding's over. She leaps on it. His pincers pick
Her up and shake
Her for some time fiercely to make
It stick.*

DAVID GALLER

THE WALLS OF SNOW

*Bright snow, white sheeted, winter drifted, lies
Beyond the glass on the other side of the mind
Where it is shining, wet on rail track, cold street
And unshovelled walk. Inside this room, ice
Hardens in the hard body of my lover and friend
Who by his own hand died out of reach last night.
Not last night. I had to go back twenty years to find
His death, when I learned that a body has vacant eyes
And dead flesh is solid, heavy, and gray as granite,
Laid rigid on the bed. The room is blind.
The ceiling presses inward, the rugs rise,
The woodwork bends where the papered walls meet.
No sheen from the blazing snow outside could pass
Into that closed room to lighten it, where he lay
And I stood, wet booted, chapped raw at the wrists, my sorrow
Caught in breathy sobs over him. That loss
These twenty years have never equalled. Snow
Lies bright on the walls of winter. It is still that day.*

PHYLLIS ROSE

WHISKEY CREEK BRIDGE

*Standing on the wooden bridge at Whiskey Creek
where my father's old and new farms meet and join,
I listen for a moment: everything is silent
save mosquitoes and the stiff dry-sounding dragonflies
that skim the water's smooth back for dark specks.*

*Below me, poised and waiting
in silver webs that flex under the bridge,
huge spiders shine and dangle in the dark,
the harmlessly exotic and the deadly,
a black widow looming by the dry shell of her mate,
her womb filled with seed fed by its father's flesh,
the hourglass of blood set in her belly.*

*Where water clear as amber runs
I watch the sluggish traffic from the swamps
drain toward the Gulf: cypress branches wrapped in moss, half sunk,
rigid garfish, mullet in dull swarms, cottonmouths and perch,
broad leaves turning slowly in the underwater light,
and a variety of turtles—some softshelled and graceful,
some with brilliant faces, orange and yellow streaked
as if their budshaped heads were splitting into bloom,
and some, harder, darker, whose horned beaks crack
the others' shells and ream them while they die—,
all moving downstream to feed the broad Caloosahatchee
where fresh water and salt collide and mingle,
where seabirds, sand sharks, and bull gators wait.*

*When a branch snaps and falls, breaking the surface,
I start with the fish, the shivers of rising silver
that feign and turn, vanish into the spreading calm
where the shadow of my childhood holds them all,
a darkness deep almost beyond my seeing.*

WILLIAM PITT ROOT

nally in English) is the portrait of ■ decaying society, nostalgic for a glory that had never quite existed, with the other classes lacking the moral and psychological dominance to succeed except through violence. The relations between master and servant will elicit comparisons with the modern American South, but without the complication of race. The strength of the household servants, of the poor, of the criminal, is contrasted with the enervation of the well-to-do, but is insufficient for any real accomplishment.

But this cannot be said to be Donoso's theme. It will be apparent in *This Sunday* but becomes disturbingly obvious when traced across earlier writings. Donoso does not write about adults. The most fully realized characters in what I've read of him are the young, the innocent or overly wise children, the adolescent bursting with (or from) sex; or the middle aged, prematurely senile from menopause or ennui; or the very old, who have outlived too many generations. We don't see child-parent relationships, a generation is skipped, we are made to feel the remoteness of the grandchild from the grandparent.

The central figure of *Coronation* is a man in his 50s still under the thumb of his nonagenarian grandmother. The first-person narrator of *This Sunday* hardly speaks of his parents; it is the grandparents that we see through his eyes and then, alternately, through their own. The middle generation appears as confused lists of names and is dead, whether in the grave or on their feet. The memories of the grandparents go back to their youth, passing over their young adult-

hood as though over a desert. As the children are deprived of parents (figuratively for the rich, literally through illegitimacy or abandonment for the poor), so parents have no children. The law professor's wife in *This Sunday*, despite her many offspring, is alienated from them and searches for ■ babe to suckle, like a "littered bitch." Her children are the poor, as she ambles about performing her aimless works of charity. The greatest of these has as its object the rescuing of a strayed lamb (a murderer, in fact) who turns to her as to a mother and who is saved by her up to ■ point; she merely succeeds in stifling him (her real children at least had the strength to abstract themselves) and driving him to further violence. Her own destruction is brought about by the youngest generations of her surrogate children. It is the youngest of the poor who surround her and deprive her of life. And it is they, not her own descendants, who inherit her house as they overrun the abandoned mansion.

Donoso has created a more horrifying nightmare for his victims in this latest work than in *Coronation*, which at times was merely grotesque. He has now a surer hand with delineation of oddity (the aging grandson's prized walking-stick collection in the earlier novel was silly; here, the deaf grandfather attempting Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith*, imitating Cortot's tempo, tells us much more). He finally succeeds in making us know the full complexity of the immature and the post-mature mind with remarkable economy.

Donoso's *This Sunday* is scarcely longer than a novella. But we can take from it as much experience of human decay as we can bear.

The Child's Style of Learning

HOW CHILDREN LEARN. By John Holt. Pitman Publishing Corp. 189 pp. \$4.95.

CHANDLER BROSSARD

Mr. Brossard is a novelist and author of a forthcoming book on Spain, *The Spanish Scene* (Viking). He teaches at C. W. Post College and Fairleigh Dickinson.

It is a chilling paradox that in a country where the most urgent cultural value is education—so urgent that it is literally against the law not to go to school—the "educational" experience itself is surreal and degrading, especially on the primary level. In most classrooms, and hour by dreadful hour, the child is systematically disengaged from his fragile dignity, his

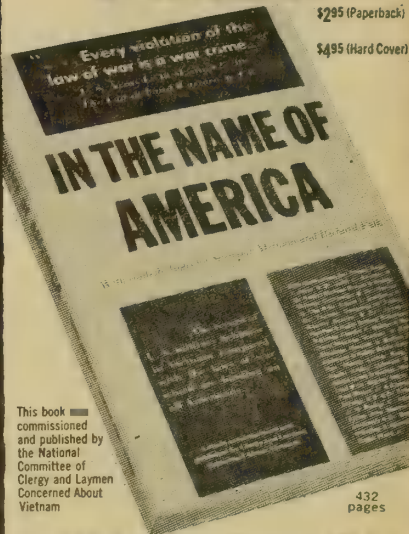
natural animal intelligence, and (here is the essence of surrealism) punished for showing signs that he does not like this. Another paradox is that the teaching job, which should be held by persons of quality, spirit and fastidious humanness, is sought out and captured, by and large, by the mediocre, the mean, the most deeply anti-imagination and anti-intellectual.

There are many reasons for this, most, but not all, deeply imbedded in the dynamic of our culture. The monolithic, unrelenting purpose of "education" in any "civilized" society is to mold its members into non-rebellious, functioning units of that particular society. Certain points of view, value systems, experience schemata, and societally relevant needs are

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thoroughly instilled in the individual while he is in school by others who have been similarly acculturated. This process cannot be successfully carried out if the person too frequently uses his imagination (emotions, fantasy) and intelligence. Ergo, the process of dehumanization and degradation. Anything the individual wants to do that is trans-cultural or trans-schematic is punished, because he is very simply threatening the very structure of which he is supposed to be a part. He has to acquiesce if he is to make it.

In this culture, people of brains, originality and spirit are generally not attracted to the teaching scene. It is just too dreary and unrewarding, on almost any level. Lively teachers, like lively children, suffer humiliations beyond measure. Teaching, unfortunately, has nothing to do with true love, illumination, richness of experience. It has to do with unquestioned authoritarianism, white-collar status, job security and bureaucratic camaraderie. The inescapable conclusion, from the foregoing elements, may sound snobbish or "elitist," but it is nonetheless fact: what types of people in the democratic struggle need those things? Aristocrats? Intellectuals? Humanists? Zen Buddhists? Millionaires? Of course not. Frustrated, enraged, insecure, inferiority permeated members of the "lower class," the little bourgeoisie and a variety of other "out" groups. Being a teacher is "classier" than being a clerk, and you have a hell of a lot more power.

By and large, these are the human beings to whom one's children are presented for their education. It is no wonder that the result is awful and heart-breaking.

John Holt is clearly a remarkable exception to these empirical facts, and his book, a poetic, humane, perceptive account of some of his own teaching experiences with the very young, should be made required reading for every teacher in America (but of course it won't). Holt's principle is two-part: children are people who can be hurt and discouraged; children have an incredible capacity for figuring things out by themselves. (Naturally. Otherwise, how in God's name did the human animal ever struggle out of the ooze and into the trees?) "I believe," he says, "and try to show here, that in most situations our minds work best when we use them in a certain way, and that young children tend to learn better than grownups (and better than they themselves will when they are older) because they use their minds in a special way. In short, children have a style of learning that fits their condition, and which they use naturally and well until we train them out of it. We like to say that we send children to school to teach them to think. What we do, all too often, is to teach them to

think badly, to give up a natural and powerful way of thinking in favor of a method that does not work well for them and that we rarely use ourselves."

In spite of his superior consciousness and authentic love for children, Holt from time to time found himself doing some dumb things (cultural compulsions that he has not yet managed to shake), and the results proved his points and further enlightened him. One day he visited some friends who had a very young boy. He took along a box of Cuisenaire rods for the kid. They emptied the fascinating stuff out on the rug. "At the time," he confesses, "I felt I had to start him off 'learning' something. So, in what I supposed was my low pressure way, without even saying, 'Watch,' I took some rods from the pile and began to make a pattern of them on the floor, thinking that he would soon imitate me. Danny's father joined me. . . . When we finished, we looked at (Danny). He looked at us for a while, expressionless. Then, without saying a word, he came over and with one swipe of his hand knocked our little building all over the rug." Puzzled, he and the boy's father did the same thing. And Danny knocked it down again. And the whole thing again. "Then, at last, we had the wit to see something was happening that we did not understand, and let the little boy play with the rods in his own way."

Among many other things, Holt happily shows up as fraudulent some of the silly notions about the "proper" environments for learning, "structured" vs. "chaotic," and all that sort of thing. (One can begin to see, with horror, how many elements in the loony puritan ethic, those having especially to do with anxiety-propelled "ideas," fears of "free form" flooding one with madness—how these elements find their objective correlative in "structuring.") He cites a project involving a friend of his and the development of ingenious mathematical and logical materials, destined for children's schools. "They found a very interesting thing about the way children reacted to these materials. If, when a child came in for the first time, they tried to get him 'to work' right away, to play some of their games and solve some of their puzzles, they got nowhere. The child would try to do what he was asked to do, but without joy or insight. But if at first they let the child alone for a while, let him play with the materials in his own way, they got very different results." The kids did all kinds of things, messed about, worked up fantasies, and so on. Holt continues: "When, through such play and fantasy, the children had taken these materials into their minds, mentally swallowed and digested them, so to speak, they were then ready and willing to play very complicated games, that in the more organized and business-

like situation had left other children completely baffled. This proved to be so consistently true that the experimenters made it a rule always to let children have a period of completely free play with the materials, before asking them to do directed work with them."

How Children Learn, like all other first-rate books, is really about a great deal more than its stated subject. It is a calm, penetrating and extremely revealing examination of American mores, from top to bottom. If you want to get a slightly better understanding, for example, of why so many thousands of Americans, all of them products of the schooling system here under discussion, are quite able to do the unspeakable things they are doing in Vietnam—from burning people alive to later "pacifying" the lucky remainders—read this book. It should make you cry.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Look out for the Open Theatre! According to a recent announcement it is "a group of approximately thirty-five: directors, actors and playwrights, who have been experimenting with new theatrical forms for the past five years. From time to time it has given informal programs of improvisations and short plays in various Off-Off Broadway houses. The Off-Broadway productions of *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah!* grew from our work. . . ." The signatories of this statement are the troupe's director, Joseph Chaikin and Jean-Claude van Itallie, the author of *America Hurrah!*

Though its heart was in the right place I was not enthusiastic about *Viet Rock*, produced independently two seasons ago. I admire the *Motel* episode of *America Hurrah!* which is still running at the Pocket Theatre on Third Avenue. Last week I attended an evening at the Village Gate of songs and skits given as a benefit for the purpose of providing the company with the means to accept an invitation to appear at various European theatre festivals. I paid for my tickets and enjoyed what I saw.

Pleasure was aroused by the company's spirit. It had dedication and vigor. Someone suggested that it promises the recrudescence in the sixties of the "fervent years" of an earlier time. Maybe so. It is, at any rate, a healthy theatre expression of the moment. What its eventual destiny is to be is a matter of conjecture. The theatre, though composed of individuals, does not depend on them alone but on a complex of external circumstances.

The Open Theatre is not literary; it stresses the purely theatrical: sights and sounds, movement, acrobatics, a kind of juvenescent festiveness—not quite “Dionysiac.” It is motivated by social as well as histrionic ardor. Besides the songs, rock and roll anti-war doggerel (of which I could not distinguish the words, though the sense was clear enough), the benefit program consisted of pantomime, improvisations and two playlets, one by Ionesco and another by Brecht. Most of this was aesthetically raw but full of Village verve. The effect was tonic.

What is the “message”? Apart from reaching for “new forms”—none of them actually new but a departure from the commercial commonplace—what is revealed are some of the basic tensions of the day. The first number, for example, was a silently rhythmic exposition of our impulses toward fraternity or at the very least the sensory contact people naturally desire to have with one another, followed by an even stronger loathing of proximity. Changes were rung on this motif, for instance in the actors’ pleasurable awareness of the audience and then their equal animosity toward it, or again the hope for release from anxiety through exhaustion in unbridled fun and games: in short, the polarity of mutual attraction and revulsion.

Another was a mock doxology with the WASP minister invoking love for man and God while enjoining both to rip the guts out of our enemies. The congregation’s “amens” echoed the clergyman’s prayer, dutifully or with barely repressed profanities, while an obscene epilogue of almost impersonal sexuality ended the scene.

Later on we were shown synoptic dramatic structures which impugn the male adequacy of our population and the consequent quasi-spastic gyrations of its womanhood. Events were celebrated in songs of dazed sadness accompanied by exhaustingly jittery trances.

Ionesco’s skit *Foursome* is an epigram exemplifying the pigheaded hostility within the human species that leads it to battle over often absurdly trivial causes which are utterly forgotten in the ensuing slaughter. Brecht’s *Clown Play* is a pantomime illustrating the progressive dismemberment of “Mr. Smith”—little Everyman—to the tune of circus jingles.

In short we are living in a murderous world of shattered nerves and fractured faiths against which we can cry out with lusty imprecations and take hope in our still vibrant capacity for protest. Our very curses, the actors of the Open Theatre seem to be saying, bear witness to our innate appetite for life. They “dance wildly to keep their balance.” The Open Theatre’s motto might be the

line from Aeschylus: “Shout, ye people, the chanting is done.”

The actors mix with the audience, join them at their tables (if any), but best of all they throw themselves into their tasks with considerable bodily abandon. In this respect they are children compared to the young folk in certain of the newer theatres in Czechoslovakia and Poland, but then these Americans haven’t the facilities for training afforded the stage aspirants of those “backward” countries. The Open Theatre actors signal something good taking seed in and out of our theatre, but to grow they will have to develop an authoritative voice, one or more dramatists to give their speech coherence and their thrust effective aim. Otherwise they will remain augurs without artistic issue.

The Open Theatre is one rivulet of a current in dramatic entertainments and demonstrations in the streets, meeting places, union halls and the like. None of this is altogether indigenous with us although it recalls fairs and frolics around campfires, in saloons or boats of our virtually forgotten past. But *Les Ballets Africains* in a limited engagement at the Mark Hellinger Theatre brings us the real thing from French Guinea.

Their ritual dances and festive folklore are the fruit of an age-old tradition. They are truly of the land and of its people and not of a formal boxed-in art we call “theatre.” Theirs is a tribal expression which sprang into being in their fields, hamlets, town squares and streets, dating from ancient times down to the

present day. At *Les Ballets Africains* we are allowed a glimpse of the theatre’s roots as one reads about them in history books or at lectures in drama courses.

What a riotous evening! I cannot say whether the overwhelming exuberance and physical endurance of the company are due to aboriginal racial traits or to these combined with extraordinary practice plus the particular endowment of the participants, but I don’t remember ever before having seen such a display of fiercely exultant agility. Here we witness wild excitement, a great rough sweetness, a constantly bounding and bursting drive of irrepressible human energy. The frenzy of our bands, discothèques and dervish hippies are kindergarten merriments compared to this Ensemble Artistique et Culturel de La République de Guinée. The color is amazingly varied, running a gamut from primitive ceremonial dress to the more recent modes—rich and poor—of the encroaching industrial habit.

All this bespeaks a rich, turbulent, still intact nature in vocal and instrumental sound. One seems to hear the hourly voices of the dawn, the dusk and the night, the ululation of strange birds and beasts, the hissing, chirping, cooing of to us unknown fauna which are familiar and almost domestic to the singers, musicians and dancers of these African scenes.

There is no “composition” to them, no center or aesthetically conceived focus. They were not designed for the stage as we know it. They are meant to spill out and to spread through a neighborhood, a country horizon. Go, be astonished and

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learn there is still lava under the earth's crust and that some of it still courses in some folk's veins—a fact that should awaken us from our lethargy and make us rejoice.

The second presentation of the Negro Ensemble Company season (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue) is Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*. I reviewed this play from London (where it was a success) in the spring of 1957, and Robert Hatch reviewed its New York performance the following fall. We both liked the play, but it failed on Broadway, probably because, oddly enough, *The New York Times* critic said he couldn't understand the Australian "dialect"!

The locale of the play has been changed from its original setting "down under" to New Orleans. Otherwise it is much the same play, and still good. It is a better piece of writing than Peter Weiss's "documentary" about Portuguese Africa which preceded it at the "Ensemble" but not as complete a production. It is nevertheless worth seeing because of the quality of the text, some individual performances and the general cordiality in the atmosphere of the theatre—company and audience—as a whole. Two workers have been coming for a five-month love spree with their particular female counterparts down from cold country at Christmas to where there is warmer weather at that time. The men offer the girls presents each time they make their "honeymoon" trip. Every year the older of the two men brings a doll which has become for the girl an emblem of the enchanted season she and her lover spend together.

The play takes place in the summer of the seventeenth doll. None of the amorous quartet is young now. The younger man's former girl has married a local fellow; a neighborhood widow has been invited to replace her. The play's main theme is the precarious realization of age, the passing of youthful potency of the spine, the vertebrae and in venery.

But the play goes beyond this. The two men are still relatively robust; the older one offers to settle down in New Orleans with his girl and marry her. But she won't have it so; the offer of marriage fills her with fear. It means the end of romance, the abandonment of that oasis of glamour in her drab everyday life. For her the tranquillity of a settled household means nothing but days of quiet desperation—the lot of the common citizen.

There is a certain poignancy in this comedy, implicit in the humorously truthful depiction of its single characters. For all its modest realism, the play has a larger dimension than its slight plot

might indicate. Some of it is hilarious; most of it is surprisingly touching.

Moses Gunn, as one of the men, has a moral as well as a physical stature and a finely resonant voice with a slight humanizing "break" in it which contribute to his imposing stage personality. He and others play well (though two members of the cast are too young for their roles), but they might play better if the direction did not press them to "results," that is, points and postures—especially in pathos—of conventional theatrics. Also, violence or overdramatization of effect at times reduce the play's fundamental seriousness.

Only this remains to be said: the first favorable impression made by the Negro Ensemble two months ago was no fluke: it's a sound company and we can look forward to its further development with confidence.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Given the chance, would you prevent the human race? That is the central issue in *Planet of the Apes*, a science fiction picture based on a novel by Pierre Boulle, celebrated previously for *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. The virtue of good science fiction is that it formulates basic questions in new ways; the weakness of even the best of it is that it does not pursue such questions very far, being distracted by suspense, exoticism and mechanical wonders.

There are no mechanical wonders in *Planet of the Apes*, aside from the spaceship whose voyage ends in the first ten minutes of the film, but otherwise the judgment holds. Three astronauts have landed on a planet where apes are the dominant species and man exists as a vegetarian plains animal, running in con-

siderable herds. The apes hunt these fleet creatures on horseback, partly to hold down their numbers, partly to keep watch for signs of incipient humanity. The spacemen are caught up in one such drive, and one of them, Charlton Heston, survives to become a bone of contention between a pair of iconoclastic young anthropoid scientists and the senior member of the academy who is also the foremost keeper of the faith. This latter has his own reasons for insisting that dogma shall take precedence over knowledge, and you can perhaps carry the theme from there.

Planet of the Apes is interesting in a boring sort of way. The central situation is attractive and the physical details are ingenious, but the story development is unaspiring and the dialogue stultifying. It was a good idea, in this rejection of humanity, not to glorify the apes in utopian sentimentality. They are crude, limited, brutal from lack of imagination, and organized in a rigid theocracy. Their virtues are that they do not despoil their environment and do not prey on their own kind.

On the other hand, Maurice Evans, Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, James Whitmore and the rest are utterly expressionless in their mobile ape masks and the dialogue given them never raises their roles above puppetry. Thus, Heston has to play the human race in a black and white that scores a number of easy points but will seem oversimplified to anyone familiar with the species. I think the picture is worth seeing, if you go in a popcorn state of mind.

You don't have to be Jewish to love Sidney Lumet's *Bye Bye Braverman*, but it helps a lot to be a New Yorker. I'm not certain why a picture set in one's own territory is so gratifying: perhaps it is the flattering implication that you live and work in places someone thinks interesting enough to put on film.

SANDY DENNIS · KEIR DULLEA · ANNE HEYWOOD
AS ELLEN MARSH



Between Ellen
and Jill
came Paul...

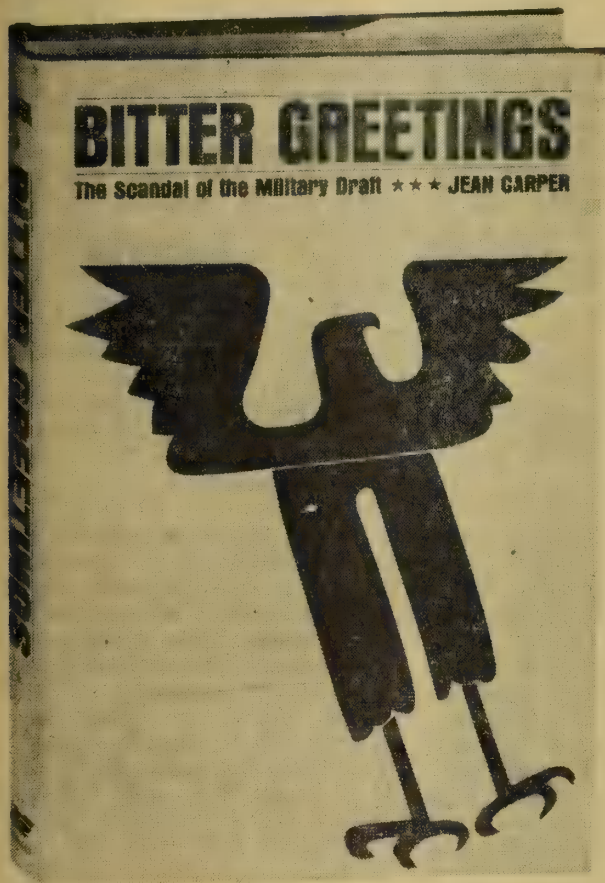
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In this case, though, the city has been made the love interest of the picture. It is a great day in early summer, and from Sheridan Square to Far Rockaway the metropolis sparkles as though it were young and fresh from a bath. New York is no doubt the dirtiest, most crowded, most exhausting city on earth, but, as New Yorkers know, you also get Sundays in June.

For the rest, the movie is a stock item of folklore: the clowns in search of the funeral. Braverman has dropped dead, he is to be buried from a funeral home somewhere out in Brooklyn, and four of his friends set out to find the place. They are full of the memory of Braverman, but fuller yet of their own pre-

occupations, vanities, fears and needs. These four—George Segal, Jack Warden, Joseph Wiseman and Sorrell Brooke—play types, maybe stereotypes, so one must be on guard. However, I saw no offense, except perhaps in a tasteless scene with Godfrey Cambridge who plays a Negro convert to Judaism, and the worst of that passage was that it tried so hard and so unsuccessfully to be funny.

The picture is not exactly Sholem Aleichem, but neither is it mean. It doesn't make the mistake of patronizing these Jews by making them lovable, but it does just allow them to be likable; and I'm not going to let the Anti-Defamation League con me out of saying that modern urban Jewry has developed a gallery of personality styles that can be defined by fraternal caricature. *Bye Bye Braverman* is very slight, but it has a quota of gentle laughter. And the helicopter shots of bridges, elevated lines and expressways, the street-scene kaleidoscope of upper West Side, lower East Side, Bay Ridge, Flatbush and Prospect Park, give a hint of why John Lindsay ever wanted to be mayor of the place.

sources, would be more critical, responsible and knowledgeable interrogators. They have the lever of executive-legislative accountability.

Another example of news management was President Johnson's three-network rocking-chair television appearance last December. When a program guest makes the decision on timing and format, when he controls the production, direction and editing, he doesn't make news; he makes propaganda. Only one network (C.B.S.) announced it had help from the President. The other two presented the programs as if they truly were productions of their own news departments.

The most convenient, direct form of propaganda is one's own weekly program, a recent development of which Mayors John V. Lindsay of New York and Sam Yorty of Los Angeles are notable practitioners. Several considerations secured this unfiltered pipe line to the public. Both have show-business savvy. Second, American television, a licensed activity, has a bias toward power. A chief executive has power, and broadcasting is susceptible to the slightest governmental pressure. Finally, there is the traditional definition of news. A mayor, governor or President does not make news so much as he is news. The system overwhelmingly favors the ins over the outs, as the Republicans, Sen. Eugene McCarthy and other minorities are fully aware.

TELEVISION JOHN HORN

The spread of propaganda by television has acquired several degrees of sophistication since Richard M. Nixon, like a wind-up doll, played piano for Jack Paar four years ago. A recent example of the new look was the White House arrangement of a special *Meet The Press* appearance by Secretaries Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara early in February, which resulted in two stories and a photograph on the front page of next day's *New York Times*, plus another story and a half page of transcript excerpts inside. The *Times* and N.B.C. apparently believe this good journalism. When the President can order a command performance from a network and by his Cabinet officers, designating in advance who shall sit on the panel, it is also good controlled news.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee wants to know why the Secretary of State finds an N.B.C. television program a more suitable forum than open-committee sessions—which Mr. Rusk has been declining for two years on the ground that the situation in Vietnam is too "delicate." The reason is simple. *Meet The Press* is a controlled environment: limited questions by a limited number of reporters, with little power to press for answers. Senators, who don't have to be respectful to their news

An even more deplorable form of propaganda is the increasing special-plea or good-guy appearance by men in public life on television's entertainment shows. Jim Garrison, district attorney of New Orleans, continues to try his conspiracy charges in the assassination of President Kennedy out of court. His latest appearance, January 31, found him giving hearsay evidence to comedian Johnny Carson, of all people, about Jack Ruby's being in the vicinity of the Dealey Plaza grassy knoll an hour before the slaying.

Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) has made small talk with his host on the *Merv Griffin Show*. And Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was booked into a "nonpolitical" appearance on the *Today* show, as though sympathetic mass-media exposure in an election year could be anything but political.

It was perhaps inevitable, since commercial television is largely given to entertainment and selling, that public figures would insinuate themselves in these areas. (Thoughtful talks or debates on substantive issues are not conducive to high ratings.) But it hardly speaks well for the state of our civilization, justice and sanity that we try criminal cases on variety shows on days when our lawmakers or their wives are not joshing with the emcees.

PUBLICATIONS

DEBATE THE ANTIBALLISTIC MISSILE—pros and cons on the deployment of the ABM; 11 articles prepared by military and political experts. Pp. 169. Paper, \$1.50; Hardbound, \$5. *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, 5201 Kimbark, Chicago, Illinois 60615

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1240

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It's of no purpose to honor inordinate pride. (9)
- 6 Divides tenor and bass, perhaps. (5)
- 9 Allow this sort of language? (7)
- 10 Is the Brooklyn, for example, cut short?
- 12 See 6 down.
- 15 Trucks sometimes put on covers, but the Highway Commission might not let them. (8)
- 16 With us, this workroom would be given to deep thought. (6)
- 18 Classifying what the office girl might be doing. (6)
- 20 Do cuts in deductions from the nominal value? (8)
- 23 Press club? (4)
- 24 and 28 Doesn't sound like the first visitor should be thought of after the fact! (6-7)
- 25, 11 and 13 Prevent a number of passes from being caught, and then prepare for the blow! (6, 4)
- 28 See 24 across.
- 29 You might have striven this way in reverses? (7)
- 30 Such tactics might get you right to 27 down. (5)
- 31 False conceptions in old 27 might be wrong. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 Man for man? (5)
- 2 In ten seconds it should start to be acute. (7)
- 3 One might be opposed to the Guelphs.

- 4 Hopi indian, but not in make-up of the Brotherhood of the Serpent? (8)
- 5 Has a desire for some time to get a couple of points. (6)
- 6 and 12 across Left behind, giving an advance indication. (10)
- 7 Cherry tree, for example? No, a coniferous type. (7)
- 8 Firm the majority hinder in the extreme. (9)
- 14 Securities about took a header, according to European fliers. (5, 5)
- 15 Float on one side, rather peculiar for a boat! (9)
- 17 Felis leo, for example? It's just an expression! (8)
- 19 What they do to films and food nowadays. (7)
- 21 Might be taken raw or burnt to a king.
- 22 How the field might be prepared for the best players, presumably. (6)
- 26 It takes two narwhals to have a pair.
- 27 Adversity's are reputedly sweet. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1239

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down Landing strips; 5 Putter; 10 Cover; 11 Transmits; 12 Enclave; 13 Presser; 14 Misses; 15 Ratline; 18, 24 and 30 Present company excepted; 21 Ascots; 26 Tutored; 27 Alabaster; 28 Caret; 29 Sestet. DOWN: 1 Licked; 2 Novocaine; 3 Inroads; 4 Gutters; 6 Unspent; 8 Reserves; 9 Pamper; 16 Interpret; 17 Specials; 19 Emanate; 20 Trysts; 21 Anthrax; 22 Cuticle; 23 Edited; 25 Meals.

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Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr. H. Stuart Hughes

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Dear Friends:

We do not like to think that one man can stand between the American people and their will to end the terrible war in Vietnam. But it is clear that, as long as Lyndon Johnson is President of the United States, the killing will not stop. And as long as the war continues, the threat of an even wider and more disastrous conflagration looms over us all. **The struggle for peace is, then, the struggle to turn Lyndon Johnson out of the White House.**

The Presidential candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy gives us the opportunity to turn our protest to politics, and to join with millions of our fellow citizens in the effort to restore our government to the people.

Alone among public officials, Eugene McCarthy has had the courage to challenge Lyndon Johnson where he is most vulnerable: in the political arena. Eugene McCarthy is not content with an occasional speech against a particular aspect of the war policy. He knows that war is wrong, and that it must be brought quickly to an end. And he knows further that only when this war ends can we even begin to tackle the smoldering crises of racial injustice, economic deprivation, and urban squalor which so afflict our country. Where others have taken cover, not daring to challenge the President, Eugene McCarthy has carried the issue of peace directly to the American people. He is a candidate for President in the Democratic primaries in New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Oregon, and California. **And if he wins these primaries, the Johnson candidacy will have been dealt a devastating blow.** Certainly, we, who have for so long sought to alert our nation to the dangers of a belligerent foreign policy, would be irresponsible if we did not make Senator McCarthy's effort our own. **The Johnson machine is unscrupulous and it is rich. To defeat it will take vast energies and vast sums. But this can be done—with your help.** Please send as large a contribution as you can today. Make checks payable to **McCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT.**

Thank you very much.

Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.
H. Stuart Hughes

NOTE: These funds will be allotted by McCarthy national headquarters to the most crucial primary campaigns.

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

peace and McCarthy

La Jolla, Calif.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of Feb. 19 [editorial: "Thoughts in a Dry Season"] you suggest that . . . Peace and Freedom Party members register in order to vote for McCarthy in the Democratic primary. There is a general tone of condemnation for those in the anti-war movement who will not support McCarthy. There are a number of reasons why the Peace and Freedom Party does not support McCarthy and why we are not only encouraging Peace and Freedom Party members to stay registered in the Peace and Freedom Party but are trying to obtain new registrants as well.

We are unconvinced that McCarthy is part of the peace movement, much less that he is capable of leading it anywhere but back into the Johnson camp in November. *The Nation* in its initial response to his candidacy pointed out that he had never voted against any of the war measures in the Senate as have Morse, Gruening, Young and some others. His peace plan is barely distinguishable from that of Johnson. He apparently would urge the North Vietnamese to negotiate in return for a bombing halt. The terms might be slightly more generous than those offered presently. McCarthy has yet to say what he would do in the very likely event his overtures fall on the same deaf ear that does not hear the present proposals. . . . The Peace and Freedom Party has always said unequivocally that we are for an immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. . . .

In most of California the registration drive for the Peace and Freedom Party was carried on as a genuine attempt to build a new party. Prospective registrants were told that they could re-register in another party but they were urged to commit themselves to the new party. In these counties we have had little trouble holding our registrations. . . . In some counties the registration drive was carried on in the way that you suggest. People were told to vote against Johnson twice, McCarthy in June and Peace and Freedom in November. In these counties the Peace and Freedom organization is disintegrating and there will be no local candidates in June or November and a feeble McCarthy candidacy in June. . . . If the White House were looking for a way to destroy peace candidates there could be no more clever ploy than a McCarthy candidacy.

Francis R. Halpern, Chairman
San Diego County Peace and Freedom Party

peace and the Peace Corps

Bronx, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: After Gerald D. Berreman's article ("The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed"; *The Nation*, Feb. 26), your readers may be interested in one way out of moral imperialism that is already available.

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George Koski, Pastor
Bernadotte Lutheran Church

Chevy Chase, Md.

DEAR SIR: Prof. Gerald D. Berreman's article is a shotgun attack on the Peace Corps in which the author seeks to

(Continued on page 378)

EDITORIALS

Which War?

In only one respect is the report of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders stronger and broader than we had anticipated ("The Fact-Finding Charade" by Sherwood Ross, March 4). So far as the findings are concerned, they have been made before, as Dr. Martin Luther King observes, "almost to the last detail and have been ignored almost to the last detail." But as an essay in political leadership, the commission's unanimous summary is a first-rate document. It places prime responsibility for the disorders where it properly belongs—on the white community—and the force and directness of its basic conclusion are inescapable: the nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white, separate but unequal.

By posing the problem in these terms, the commission has raised the dominant political issue of 1968 in such a way that it can hardly be ignored. For while the commission does not directly relate the war in Vietnam to this "other war," it does stress the fact that "there can be no higher priority for national action and no higher claim on the nation's conscience" than to take whatever steps are necessary to end the trend toward separate but hostile societies.

The rough estimate which the commission made of the cost of implementing its recommendations is substantially the equivalent of what we are currently spending to carry on a disastrous, and rapidly escalating, war in Vietnam. It is begging the question to argue, as the Administration does, that in theory we could fight both wars at the same time: the fact is that resources of manpower and materiel are limited and that we must therefore choose which war we intend to wage. In Vietnam we are fighting an undeclared war which may well lead us into World War III; on the other front we have not even begun to fight the war against poverty which the Administration declared with such fanfare.

The President is well aware of the potency of the priorities issue. He appointed the commission because he wanted to divert attention from it, knowing that the commission's recommendations would come too late for the summer of 1968 and fiscal 1969. By appointing the commission he was able to stall for seven months, during which something might have been done to prevent a recurrence of last year's disorders.

That very little has been done is demonstrated in a detailed three-state survey conducted by *The New York Times* (March 5). No wonder the commission's report now has the President's staff "weaving, ducking and dodging." The silence of the President—his failure to emphasize the importance of the report or swing into action behind its recommendations—simply points up the dilemma he now faces. He cannot carry on the war in Vietnam and carry out the recommendations of the report. So he is sulking, and is said to feel that the commission should have patted him on the back for past gestures and achievements and condemned Congress and the public. But Con-

gress is right in feeling that both wars cannot be fought at the same time. It is one or the other.

The commission's summary not only raises the priorities question in bold and dramatic terms; it appeals for support to the new constituencies that just might, if properly combined, constitute the winning political coalition of the future. And, as a windfall benefit, it identifies John V. Lindsay with the leadership of the forces now beginning to demand a reordering of our national priorities. Dr. King, with the political instinct that so seldom fails him, has seized the initiative by shrewdly relating plans for the "nonviolent poor people's march on Washington," scheduled for April 22, to the commission's report and recommendations. For the first time an effort will be made in this demonstration to link the war against poverty and discrimination with a campaign to end the war in Vietnam. "Flame throwers in Vietnam fan the flames in our cities," he has said. "I don't think the two matters can be separate as some people continue to feel . . . The commission's report is a physician's warning of approaching death [of American society] with a prescription to life. The duty of every American is to administer the remedy without regard to the cost and without delay."

The Dropouts

Or you could call them defectors—but not the kind that Americans like to hear about. These are the defectors who have changed their minds about the Vietnamese War. Once they supported it, or kept quiet; now they oppose it. Some speak out, some only act, but their names carry so much weight that they drag others in their wake.

The dropouts are of all kinds. Probably the most stunning, as far as the Johnson Administration's feelings are concerned, is the scientist George Kistiakowsky, professor of chemistry at Harvard, one of the creators of the atomic bomb and for years a key adviser to the Department of Defense. He has withdrawn from all government activities directly related to the Vietnamese War. Radical tendencies are the last thing Dr. Kistiakowsky can be accused of. He was born in Kiev in 1900 and joined the White Army fighting the Bolsheviks. He fought in this hopeless cause for two years, then made his way to Western Europe and finally, in 1926, to the United States.

As if to rub it in, Kistiakowsky received the National Medal of Science at the hands of President Johnson just two weeks ago, and in 1964 he was one of the organizers of the committee of scientists and engineers who supported Johnson. This despite the fact that among the jobs he has held was that of special assistant for science and technology to President Eisenhower (1959-61). After his return to Harvard, he continued to advise the President and the Defense Department. Now he is described as "deeply distressed" over the course the war has taken, he just can't bring himself to have anything more to do with it.

Another one-time Presidential expert is Richard N. Goodwin. He was one of President Kennedy's principal advisers and a speech writer for both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Johnson; his close connections with Sen. Robert Kennedy are well known. Lately he has been writing and

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THE NATION

Volume 206

No. 12

teaching at M.I.T. The other day he enlisted in the campaign of Senator McCarthy and is now helping out in the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries. "I've just felt so guilty sitting at home and reading the papers," says Goodwin. "It's better to be fighting than agonizing at home." What does RFK think of Mr. Goodwin's decision? Goodwin doesn't know. He didn't ask Kennedy. He made his own decision, and it was on the ground that "if you believe something is deeply wrong with the direction of your society, you should try to do something to change it."

Similarly, Louis G. Halle, a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Board and author of *The Cold War as History*, has written a letter to *The New York Times* (March 4) in which he refers to the Administration's policy in Vietnam as "intellectual bankruptcy" and suggests that the time has come for the Congress to block any further legislation leading to an increase of our military commitment, thus forcing those conducting the war to "face the need of some alternative to the impractical military way out." A move in that direction can be seen in the March 7 Senate debate, led by Senators Fulbright, Mansfield and Robert Kennedy, on the commitment of additional forces to the war.

Among elected politicians, eighteen House Democrats on March 4 urged the Administration to make clear that it would accept a Vietnam settlement that would give the Vietcong a role in the selection of a new government for South Vietnam. This, of course, is precisely what Secretary Rusk, in particular, will allow to be done over his dead body. A novelty in the pronouncement of these eighteen Northern liberals is that four of them—Ottinger, Rees, Reuss and Scheuer—indicated at a news conference that they were prepared to vote against appropriations to send more troops to Vietnam.

Also in the political area, Tilford E. Dudley, Democratic chairman for Washington, D.C., has split with his party organization over Mr. Johnson's war policy and will not be on the ticket for the national convention. Earlier this year, Mr. Dudley had tried unsuccessfully to have a question on Vietnamese policy placed on the primary ballot.

Another category of informed dropouts is that of the journalists. One press defector is Peregrine Worsthorne, whose name could have come out of an Anthony Trollope novel but whom *The Christian Science Monitor* describes as "one of the warmest journalistic friends of the United States in the British islands." Writing on the editorial page of the conservative London *Sunday Telegraph*, Mr. Worsthorne declares that he has "defended the war most vehemently" but that justifications now stick in his throat. The revulsion of world opinion is reaching crisis proportions; before the eyes of mankind, Vietnam is being destroyed by American military power and the refusal of the Vietnamese to yield. "I cannot help concluding," says Mr. Worsthorne, "that what is being demonstrated today is not the validity of American protection but its brutal impotence: not the point of resisting Communist subversion but its ghastly futility." Exit Mr. Worsthorne.

Walter Cronkite is the C.B.S. anchor man in TV news-casting. He went to Vietnam two years ago and came back "feeling that really we were doing the right thing and were

moving ahead." He went a second time in February and on his return dropped out editorially, first in a special report on the night of March 5 and then in his nightly news show. His disillusionment was reluctant; he still talked of our obligation to preserve freedom in Southeast Asia (isn't it tyranny that we have been supporting?), but we had been deceived too often by the optimism of our leaders, and the war just couldn't be won that way. "The only rational way out," Cronkite concludes, "will be to negotiate, not as victors but as honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy and did the best they could."

Such is a partial roster of the dropouts as of this writing. An odd point may now strike the observant reader: here are all these men of influence mutating from hawks to doves, but has anyone heard of a single dove turning into a hawk? In fact, it isn't really odd: the United States took the wrong course, got itself into a fearful mess, and now all its friends, at home and abroad, want to see it get out—and the sooner the better.

Kidding the Public

Some years ago, somebody wrote a book called *How To Lie With Statistics*. The art still flourishes, but it is high time that a knowledgeable observer did a parallel exposé on the hoodwinking of the public by pollsters. Not that reputable polling organizations like Gallup and Harris set out to deceive anyone, nor that they are not as scientific in their approach as they can manage. But the results of these surveys are taken far more seriously than they deserve. So many irrelevant factors enter into the tests of public opinion that a fluctuation from one week to the next, or even one month to the next, may not mean very much. Often polling is no more than a pseudo-scientific procedure which has about as much validity as observing the flight of birds—a form of divination which survives in the word "auspice."

Perhaps not quite so emphatically, Dr. Leo Bogart has criticized the polling business in the Fall, 1967, issue of *The Public Opinion Quarterly*, published by Princeton University Press. The title of Dr. Bogart's piece is "No Opinion, Don't Know, and Maybe No Answer." He asks in his preamble: "How meaningful are survey data that emerge from uninformed, apathetic, and indecisive individuals who have conflicting opinions on the same issue, tailor their views to the roles they are playing, and lack any sense of responsibility for, or feeling of personal engagement in, the subject matter of the survey?" The answer is, of course, that such data are meaningful only in the sense that fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

In a democracy fools have as much right to vote as wise men, but the fool's vote should not count for more than the wise man's vote—and yet the polls may be tending in that direction. One variety of political idiot, for instance, wants above all to be on the winning side. When he reads that 71 per cent of the voters (not 70, mind you, nor 72) are inclined to vote for Joe Doakes, he stops using what brains he has and, instead of at least making an effort to compare Joe with his opponent, he jumps on the bandwagon. Thus, by encouraging people to line up on the

winning side of questions they have not thought about and have no interest in, we are in some degree acquiescing in the proposition, as Dr. Bogart puts it, "that a democracy should be ruled by the public will, as described by the polls." Democracy has enough troubles without putting its decisions on that basis.

The allocation of precise percentages makes the polls sound more authoritative than they are. Actually public opinion is a volatile conglomerate of feeling, thought, prejudice, projected hostilities, inculcated loyalties, skepticism and what-not. A change in the popularity of the President from one poll to the next may be due not to anything he has done or failed to do but to a widely circulated picture of the careworn grandfather cuddling his daughter's baby in his arms. No one begrudges the President the joys of grandfatherhood, but if it leads to public confidence that he must be doing the right thing in Vietnam, it hardly enhances the health of democracy.

The trouble is that the media, looking for hard news and hard figures in the midst of uncertainty, make too much of the polls. It is a very good thing for the country that the hazards of polling have been brought to public attention by someone in a position to know and who cannot be suspected of having a grudge against the opinion-research industry. There is no danger of that in Dr. Bogart's case. His article is a reprint of his presidential address to the American Association for Public Opinion Research in May, 1967, and he is executive vice president and general manager of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

TV News

The portion of the adult public that places its prime news reliance on television news, which in practical effect means three network news programs, is steadily increasing; the younger the viewing audience, the greater the reliance on network news and the greater the degree of confidence in it. But does television news coverage improve as the public's reliance upon it increases? Or, to put it another way, do network expenditures for news coverage advance proportionately with the public dependence upon it? (See the article by Desmond Smith this issue p. 375). Recently *CBS News* President Richard Salant announced that C.B.S. would cover Secretary Rusk's forthcoming appearance at public hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee only in the event that N.B.C. failed to do so.

The decision to cover an event of this kind should not be made upon the basis of what a rival network does or does not do but upon the national importance of the event itself. To make the decision turn on what a competitor does is equivalent to saying that economies of news coverage take precedence over the public interest. An incident of this kind should serve as a timely warning of the position the public may well find itself in at some point in the future, given (a) the mortality of newspapers; and (b) the tendency of the networks to minimize expenditures for news coverage. What the networks would like to do, of course, is to induce the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to finance noncommercial video as a "net-

work of record," thereby relieving them of the obligation to carry public service programs. With the increasing public reliance on network television, the FCC should insist on a steady improvement in the scope and quality of TV news coverage. In most instances, this means spending more money on news gathering; but there are other ways to improve television news coverage as Michael Harris' article in this issue (p. 377) indicates.

No Busing for Watts

Los Angeles, which offers less suburban housing to Negroes than Atlanta or New Orleans, has implicitly restated its determination to keep Negro children in their central ghetto. For years, a fog of rhetoric emanating from the Los Angeles Board of Education has frustrated efforts to integrate more than ninety Negro schools. Now the Board's faithful servant, Superintendent of Schools Jack Crowther, has provided Negroes with additional evidence that nothing is going to happen, even though Los Angeles has the fastest growing Negro population of any city in the United States.

After persistent goading from the Southern California American Civil Liberties Union, the Los Angeles Board of Education finally announced last December that it would work toward "an integrated system at all levels and divisions" and instruct its staff to develop "every feasible technique and program to accomplish this goal." Since then, individual members of the board who pushed the hardest for this declaration have gutted it by stating publicly that they did not favor extensive compulsory busing.

A banner-waving, anti-busing audience jammed the Board's small auditorium for Crowther's February 26 re-

ANNOUNCEMENT

Last month the *Carolina Israelite* suspended publication. Published in Charlotte, N.C., the *Israelite* has been for twenty-six years the personal voice of Harry Golden who, in its always lively pages, has talked great good sense to a loyal and influential readership on the topics that have engaged his interest and attention. Now, because of personal considerations, Mr. Golden is unable to continue publication of the *Israelite*, and *The Nation* has agreed to fulfill its unexpired subscriptions. *Israelite* subscribers will receive, starting with this issue, four issues of *The Nation* (up to a full year) for each issue of the *Israelite* to which they were entitled.

We are pleased that Harry Golden asked us to fulfill the obligations of the *Israelite*; we welcome these new readers and trust that they will enjoy *The Nation*. *Nation* readers, of course, are familiar with Harry Golden's writings. Under his editorship, the *Israelite* has been a consistent and courageous voice for liberalism in the South, a staunch friend of the Negro, an advocate of civil rights, and a defender of civil liberties. From time to time, beginning with this issue, *The Nation* will carry a Harry Golden column or page. Mr. Golden, an old friend of the magazine and an occasional contributor, is the author of many successful books, including *Only in America*.

JAMES J. STORROW JR., PUBLISHER

port, which was to implement the December statement. Crowther recommended against "any projects involving mandatory, large-scale busing primarily for the purposes of integration Parents must have the prerogative of determining whether their children will participate in any program which has integration as a primary thrust and which takes the child away from the home school." This insistence on voluntary busing eliminates the hope for cost-free integration plans, such as pairing black and white schools, that have proved successful in other cities but would require compulsory busing.

Six years ago, the Board of Education formed an *ad hoc* committee to listen to such proposals. Audiences at the committee meetings were usually almost all black. There was even a period in 1962 when Negroes threatened to boycott a number of all-black schools in an effort to force integration action from the Board of Education. They were dissuaded by a promise of imminent relief.

Two years ago, John and Laree Caughey reviewed the sad struggle that followed in their book, *School Segregation on Our Doorstep*:

In June the Watts high schools graduated the class of 1966. Having enrolled in the first grade twelve years earlier, these young people might have been the first to be the full beneficiaries of the Supreme Court's landmark decision on school desegregation. But in the Los Angeles ghetto, these students had attended a Negro elementary school, a Negro junior high school and a Negro high school. They had the misfortune to be in a city where the spirit of *Brown v. Board of Education* was not honored.

In the spring of 1968, Watts couldn't care less what Mr. Crowther proposes, because Watts no longer hopes. The audience that heard his report was almost all white. One batch of anti-integrationists managed, ironically, to charter a Board of Education school bus to bring them to the meeting.

CALIFORNIA MAELSTROM

THE POLITICS OF DESPERATION

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

On April 9 at a municipal election, the voters of Beverly Hills, a 5.6-square-mile island of opulence in the surrounding 464 square miles of the city of Los Angeles, will offer their advice to the President of the United States on the war in Vietnam. Placed on the ballot by petition will be the following referendum measure: "Resolved that the city of Beverly Hills inform the President and the Congress of the United States that the city favors an immediate cease-fire and steps toward rapid de-escalation of the war in Vietnam through negotiations with all participants to the conflict, specifically including the National Liberation Front."

If Beverly Hills votes to withdraw from the war (refer-

Class of 1977

When 19-year-old Douglas Rowden of Jacksonville, Ore., received a pre-induction examination notice from his draft board in nearby Medford, his parents strongly objected. "I feel we have done enough for the Vietnam cause," said Harvey Rowden, a sawmill worker. James and John Rowden, both 21, had been killed in combat while serving with the Marines. If Douglas was inducted, the Rowdens would be left with one child, Malcolm, a grade-school son. Mrs. Rowden applied for a deferment for Douglas and went about collecting signatures to support her stand. In a few days, as the word spread, she collected almost 1,000 names, which she presented to the Jackson County Selective Service Board.

The draft board had its problems; it had to meet its quota, an ever-increasing chore. But it could not ignore the anger and pleading of the people among whom it lives. After a closed-door session, the five members voted unanimously to grant Douglas Rowden a compassionate hardship deferment for one year.

The press hailed the draft board's action as a victory for compassion, but Mr. Rowden, the mill worker, came closer to the meaning of the word. "Our hearts go out to all of the others who have to go," he said.

But the board's deferment is still good for only one year, and if the quotas rise as more men are needed in the quicksands of Vietnam, will Douglas obtain another stay? The Rowdens may be pondering this. And, perhaps, reading what the generals now say about the war lasting years, they may be thinking of their youngest son, Malcolm. He is only 10 now, but Douglas was only 10 when every inside military dopester in Washington was sure Saigon would clean up the rebellious mess in just a few months.

endum sponsors say its chance of passing is excellent), the result will not have any effect on the President's policy. (What has had?) Supporters of the referendum understand this, yet their effort, like similar attempts in Dearborn, Mich., and San Francisco, is not quixotic. It represents the politics of direct action, one might say the politics of desperation, in a time when the national government is massively unresponsive to rising protests.

Desperation, frustration, a sense of helplessness, pervade Democratic politics in California. The regular Democratic organization, shattered and demoralized by Gov. Ronald Reagan's million-vote victory in 1966, is apathetic and views the party's prospects next fall with sullen apprehension. Three hundred members of the Democratic State Central Committee and county central committees recently telegraphed the following forlorn plea to President Johnson: "In our judgment, the only action

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which can avert major Democratic Party losses in this state in 1968 is an immediate all-out effort to secure a nonmilitary settlement of the Vietnam War."

Organization Democrats rest their hope for a Presidential victory on the nomination by the Republicans of Richard Nixon. They feel that Johnson, despite the war, would prove in November to be slightly less unpopular than Nixon with the American people. The eyes of liberal Democrats, regardless of their current zeal for Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, are also turned to Miami rather than Chicago. Less concerned than organization Democrats for the temporary fate of the party and far more deeply troubled by the war, they believe the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller would give more promise of a settlement in Vietnam than any other present prospect. Gov. George Romney's withdrawal and the looming candidacy of Rockefeller, which sent a chill through the Democratic regulars in California, was good news to liberals and moderates of both parties, who see a choice between Johnson and Nixon as the dreariest political debacle of the century.

Into the midst of this chaos, Senator McCarthy will fly on April 4 to give a three-day push to his California campaign. His success in stimulating broader support than he has gained thus far will depend on his showing on March 12 in New Hampshire. If he wins 30 to 40 per cent of the primary vote there, his California drive will pick up tremendously.

The enthusiasm of the 35,000-member California Democratic Council (CDC) for McCarthy exceeds the enthusiasm that the urbane, 52-year-old Minnesota Senator has so far displayed publicly for himself. Despite the slim hope that McCarthy, even if he makes an impressive showing in the primaries, can wrestle the nomination from Johnson, the CDC is grimly organizing for the June 4 California primary with a national Democratic convention peace slate of delegates pledged to the Senator. Regular Democrats will enter a stand-in Johnson delegation headed by Att. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch.

McCarthy's modesty, his low-key style, his refusal to oversimplify the great problems of war and race are widely admired among his followers, who in the same breath express the fear that these qualities will not rally voters.

Item: In January, he talked to a \$100-a-plate dinner crowd in San Francisco. After granting that he had not been among the earlier and more vigorous critics of the war, he said: "The issue has more strength and more adherents than I have." Self-depreciation is an appealing trait in an age of inflated egos, but on this occasion the

Senator's audience was moved only to polite applause.

Item: In Fresno, where he spoke to a state-wide collection of Democrats eager for a call to action against Johnson and the war, McCarthy quietly urged: "Stand with me in this attempt to rewrite foreign policy in this year of 1968."

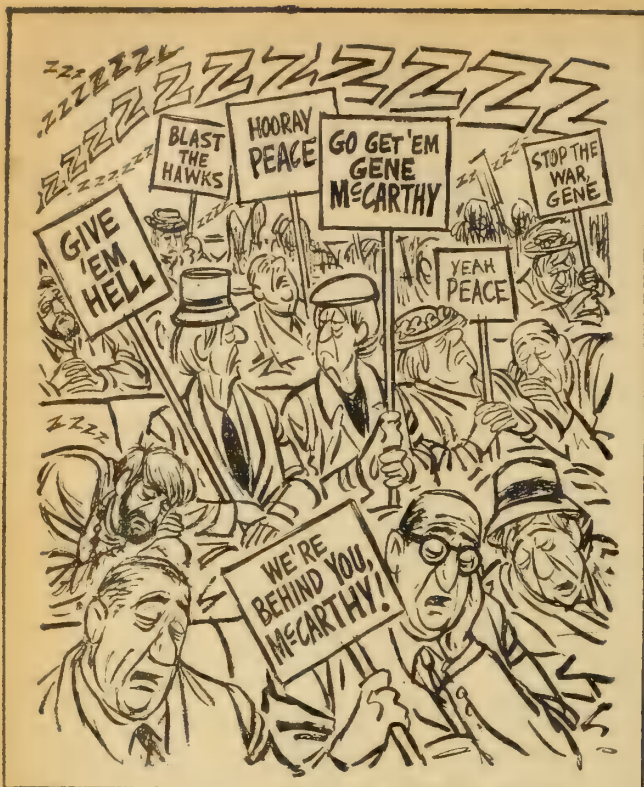
Item: Before an audience of 1,000 Beverly Hills women, pro-McCarthy, anti-war, anti-Johnson and ready to cheer, the Senator offered a studied analysis of Administration policy in Vietnam and said it really ought to be changed. Many of the women felt they should have brought along their knitting.

Nonetheless, the party professionals, who were inclined earlier to write off the CDC drive as a minor nuisance, are now taking it seriously. Gerald N. Hill, CDC president and co-chairman for McCarthy in the state, claims the McCarthy-pledged delegation has a fifty-fifty chance to beat the Johnson stand-ins. More realistically, if the Johnson slate, as Hill says, "has nowhere to go but down," the CDC slate has nowhere to go but up. A mid-January poll published in the *Los Angeles Times* showed the regular delegation winning by 63 to 18 over the McCarthy slate, with 19 per cent undecided.

If the flow of disastrous news from Vietnam continues, McCarthy will gain strength. Aside from that, the party regulars may not be able to quiet the drab, but fierce, quarrels that have erupted over the make-up of their delegation. As usual, Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles is the divisive factor. With the guts of a burglar, Yorty has proposed two nominees for the Johnson delegation who supported Reagan against former Gov. Edmund G. Brown. That is a bit too much for Brown, and he has threatened to quit the delegation unless they are kicked off. Other prominent Democrats will desert the slate if he leaves. Brown said, and he predicted that in that case the pro-Johnson delegation would lose to the McCarthy slate in the primaries. Assemblyman Leo J. Ryan and Robert Crown of northern California have already withdrawn from the regular Democratic delegation. Party leaders, Ryan said with considerable evidence on his side, "are still picking the same old group that engineered the defeat of candidates in the last election." Crown, a political ally of Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, said he was pulling out because he had decided he could be more effective off the slate than on.

Whichever way the fight is resolved, the delegation may be in danger of bleeding to death from internal wounds. In one of her rare understatements, Mrs. Carmen Warschaw, still seething over her failure to become party chairman two years ago, said she thought the Johnson delegation leaders are not "dedicated particularly to seeing President Johnson re-elected." Mrs. Warschaw, dubbed the "Dragon Lady" of California politics, is correct. This lack of enthusiasm ranges from tepid public defenses of Johnson to morose private admissions that he is a disaster. Yet the weight of the regular organization cannot be discounted. Seventeen of California's twenty-one Democratic Congressmen will be on the Lynch slate. Two have defected to the McCarthy delegation and two others will sit the whole thing out.

Speaker Jesse Unruh, the most powerful individual



Interlandi, Los Angeles Times

"He's Not a Very Dynamic Speaker, Is He?"

Democrat in California, has again revealed his political astuteness by staying away from the regular delegation. But he has earned few points with McCarthy supporters because of persistent rumors, all credited to Unruh, that Sen. Robert F. Kennedy will try for the nomination at Chicago. The Kennedy mystique is still so powerful that such gossip, despite the Senator's disavowals, has been sufficient to make many potential McCarthy supporters hold back. Unruh, who wants to be governor of California, has been saying recently, without appearing to be excited by the prospect, that he just might run for the U.S. Senate. Yorty also had been playing around with the idea of running for the Senate, but of late has seemed more interested in Unruh's potential candidacy than in his own. The Mayor's untypical behavior may derive more from the conflict-of-interest scandals which broke out not long ago in his city administration than from any decline of personal ambition.

State Sen. Anthony Beilenson may get the CDC endorsement for the U.S. Senate in the Democratic primary. Hugh Manes, Los Angeles attorney, announced March 3 that he will run for the U.S. Senate as a candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, California's new free-floating group, if he can obtain the endorsement of the P. and F. convention on March 16 at Richmond, Calif. Manes went to Hanoi in March of 1967 as an investigator for the International War Crimes Tribunal, sponsored by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, and he took part in the Tribunal's Stockholm session the following May. He has recently been advised by the State Department that his passport has been revoked because of the Hanoi trip. Paul Jacobs, a writer and self-described "radical," who has

worked up a limited reputation in Left circles as a vehement anti-Communist, is among other prospective P. and F. candidates for the U.S. Senate.

Since going to Washington in 1952, Republican Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel has been immune to Democratic challengers. Kuchel, a moderate's moderate with an appeal extending across party lines, refused to support Barry Goldwater, Sen. George Murphy and Reagan; and after Reagan's triumph, the Senator was in deep trouble with California Republicans. He was on a select list that Reagan ominously described as party "traitors." But now the two men have signed a neutrality pact. Reagan, captivated by the insistence of his aides that he had a chance for the Republican Presidential nomination, wanted, above all else, party harmony in 1968; and Kuchel's urgent need was to survive the Republican primary by pacifying the party's conservatives. He had more to fear from them than from any Democratic opponent.

Kuchel's noisiest critic in California is Dr. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, an ultra-conservative, a furious orator, and a man of deep philosophical convictions based on McGuffey's Third Reader brought up to date by *Reader's Digest*. Rafferty chose Washington's Birthday to announce that he would "go to the mat" in the primary with Kuchel. The issues in 1968, Rafferty said, are: "Restoration or rottenness, life or death, survival or eventual destruction of the great Republic herself." For his part, Rafferty sided with restoration, life and survival, leaving the public to guess where Kuchel stands. Democratic interest in the Senate race immediately picked up, with the certainty of a divisive Kuchel-Rafferty brawl.

Rafferty is a "bomb-'em-back-to-the-stone-age" patriot and Kuchel has generally supported Johnson on Vietnam. The differences between them over the war are considerably less sharp than the division on the issue in the Democratic Party. Governor Brown's son, Edmund G. Brown, Jr., is a member of the McCarthy slate, and Brown's law partner and old friend, Joseph Ball, is among McCarthy's strongest advocates. While Charles Warren, the easygoing Democratic state party chairman, struggles to help form the Johnson stand-in slate, his law partner, Hirsch Adell, has joined the other delegation.

McCarthy backers, happily spared the dissension that has plagued the regulars, have put together a broad delegation representing minority groups, labor, business, education and other professions. The list of 344 delegates and alternates (the state has a huge 172-vote delegation) is studded with influential names. Among them are Dr. Herbert York, former chancellor of the University of California at San Diego; Martin Stone, Los Angeles businessman and co-chairman of the McCarthy drive in California; Harry Ashmore, the Pulitzer Prize-winning editor and an official of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara; Reps. George Brown, Jr., and Don Edwards, former national president of Americans for Democratic Action, whose board has endorsed McCarthy; state Sen. Anthony Beilenson, perhaps the most promising young Democratic leader in the state; George Slaff, vice mayor of Beverly Hills; Robert Vaughn, the actor

and chairman of Dissenting Democrats; Ed Mosk, a Los Angeles attorney and brother of State Supreme Court Justice Stanley Mosk, and Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, chairman of the Department of Religion at Stanford University. Simon Casady, who was deposed as CDC president in 1966 because of his prematurely correct attacks on the war, is on the delegation. He has close ties with the New Left and minority groups. The Negro and Mexican-American communities of the state are strongly represented.

CDC leaders will use the organization's state-wide convention in Anaheim over the weekend of March 16 to rally more support and public attention for McCarthy who, on the final day of the convention, will be marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York with Robert Kennedy. After hearing Martin Luther King, Jr., the convention will devote itself principally to working out a platform that its slate, if elected, will support in Chicago. The platform will make a strong appeal to Negroes, other minorities and labor in an attempt to create a broad anti-war, pro-McCarthy coalition.

McCarthy's problem is to keep pace emotionally with his liberal supporters and to extend his appeal to the Center and to labor and minority groups, the mass base of the party. His campaign to date has caught the attention of neither labor nor the minorities.

These groups pose special problems. Labor will be hard to reach. Workers know that the war underpins California's booming economy. The billions poured into aerospace and related industries mean thousands upon thousands of steady, well-paying jobs. Prosperity, even wartime prosperity, works to the advantage of an incumbent President. This is not to say that if the issue were reduced to war and prosperity or peace and the possibility of unemployment, labor would vote for war, but the situation is never seen that simply—the war is far away and jobs are real.

Black militants, obsessed with "their own war," see little evidence that McCarthy is disposed to make a serious commitment to the ghettos. One Negro legislator, who is personally, but privately, for McCarthy, said that anti-war sentiment is not strong among large sections of the Negro community. Many Negroes, excluding the politically militant, tend to believe, he said, that by supporting Johnson they are supporting the Negro soldiers who are fighting in Vietnam in such disproportionate numbers. The Mexican-American population, again excluding the politically aware, is more concerned with jobs, housing and discrimination than with Vietnam.

Labor and the minorities are not lost to McCarthy, but he will have to sharpen his attack on Johnson and propose a domestic program with direct appeal to these groups. G. L. (Bud) Simonson, director of the Packinghouse Workers for the eleven Western states, put it this way: "McCarthy is not blunt enough against the war. He has to make it clear that workers not only fight the war but pay for it." Marvin Brody, an international labor representative for the United Automobile Workers, repeats the theme: "McCarthy is not moving strongly enough, yet it is copping out not to support him." State Sen. Mervyn Dy-

mally said McCarthy has not sparked any excitement among Negroes, but regardless of that Dymally admires the Senator for "having the guts to take on Johnson."

California's anti-organization Peace and Freedom Party will be an important factor in the June primary. Most of the 105,000 Californians who have registered with Peace and Freedom would have been voters for McCarthy and against Johnson in June. In appealing to Democrats to register with P. and F. and qualify the party for the ballot, the new party's leaders pointed out that Democrats later could re-register to vote in the Democratic primary. The appeal was effective, and now the McCarthy forces are attempting to shepherd the delinquents back into the fold. They are hoping to persuade at least 50 per cent of them to return, but are having more luck with P. and F. members over 30 than with those younger.

If CDC leaders and McCarthy backers dismiss the Peace and Freedom Party as a children's crusade, the children (some of them are twice 30) see McCarthy at best as a whimsical figure and at worst as a stalking-horse for Johnson. Francis R. Halpern, chairman of the P. and F. Party in San Diego County, said: "Politically, we are unconvinced that McCarthy is part of the peace movement much less that he is capable of leading it anywhere but back into the Johnson camp in November." [See letter from Mr. Halpern, page 362, this issue.] Another party leader said: "We are advising our people not to re-register to vote for McCarthy. We have no illusion that our candidates will win. In fact the result may be the defeat of some good candidates who are Democrats. This is a chance you have to take in building a new party. We are using electoral politics to educate, to organize, to build for the future." This attitude suggests more confidence than the New Left customarily exhibits in the hated Establishment. They at least believe there is a future beyond Johnson or Nixon—or Reagan.

The November "ifs" are many. If the choice lies between Nixon and Johnson or Reagan and Johnson, the Peace and Freedom candidate (whoever he may be) may collect as many as half a million votes in California. An experienced Democratic politician believes that can be



Bastian, San Francisco Chronicle

expected. If Rockefeller runs against Johnson, P. and F. leaders grant that the New Yorker will get "a lot" of the party's vote. But this gain could be wiped out by George C. Wallace and his American Independent Party, which might steal half a million conservative California votes from the GOP.

Since the AIP qualified for the California ballot in December, nothing much has been heard from the far Right in the state, but Wallace has only to return to California and mount the barricades for "law and order" to stir his followers into action. Leaders of the two major parties, while they reject him as a demagogue, don't underrate his appeal to the low-income white voter, who

feels threatened by the Negro revolt, is squeezed by high taxes and inflation, and is confused and disturbed by the "no-win" war in Vietnam. And Wallace may siphon off more votes than many predict from the suburban class, which suppresses its racial prejudice more effectively in the living room than at the ballot box.

If the prospects of the third and fourth splinter parties in California seem absurd, it may be well to remember that California politics is peculiar. One thing is certain, the state's 8.5 million voters (which include 4,720,000 Democrats and 3,350,000 Republicans, in addition to the few hundred thousand of more radical disposition) will have a loud voice at Miami and Chicago, and in November.

LAST SUMMER IN CAMBRIDGE

Young Radicals & the Fear of Power

KENNETH KENISTON

Last May, a member of the National Steering Committee of the forthcoming Vietnam Summer approached Kenneth Keniston, psychologist on the staff of the Yale Medical School and the author of The Uncommitted (Harcourt, Brace & World) to urge that he study the development and effectiveness of the project. "We hope," said his caller, "that we can learn more about ourselves."

Dr. Keniston, after some initial hesitancy, decided to juggle his summer plans and to accept the invitation. He directed his study primarily to the process of "politicalization" whereby these young radicals had reached their present position of commitment; his method was to conduct extensive interviews with members of the national headquarters staff in Cambridge and to supplement this detailed personal material by observation of the Vietnam Summer in operation.

From this material Dr. Keniston has derived a book, Young Radicals, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World in May. The following article is based on material that will be presented in that book.

In the middle of Vietnam Summer, there occurred a "revolt of the secretaries" which can stand as introduction to the vexed and unresolved problems of authority, leadership, power and control which continue to plague the participants in organizations of young radicals.

As Vietnam Summer was originally organized, the national office was divided into two groups: "political" staff concerned with questions of national organizing, coordination, publicity, the funding of local projects, and so on; and "office" staff, who addressed envelopes, typed, ran the mimeograph, and answered the telephone. This second group was largely recruited from among college girls and recent college graduates in the Boston area. It was a group of attractive and unusually intelligent young women. As the summer progressed, and as members of the political staff and the office staff came to know one another, a blurring and overlapping of functions began to occur. Most of the members of the political staff seemed embarrassed that, often for the first time in their Movement experience, they had others to do their routine work

for them. Furthermore, it became obvious to all that the office staff was not only talented but that they had volunteered to work for subsistence wages because of their strong commitment to the goals of Vietnam Summer.

In the middle of the summer, then, the secretaries were "organized" by the political staff. "It was a classic organizing situation," said one of the political staff who engineered the revolution. "They were underemployed, dissatisfied with the work they were doing, and had a lot of good ideas about what they should do instead. It was simply a matter of organizing them, encouraging them to speak out." The organized confrontation occurred, the political staff (who constituted both the exploiters and the organizers of the exploited) capitulated immediately, and the distinction between political and office work was abolished. The ex-secretaries were more or less integrated into the political staff and given "political" responsibilities, especially for the organization of publicity and public functions. Girls who had been typing letters one week found themselves negotiating with Sol Hurok the next. To be sure, the completeness of the "revolt of the secretaries" should not be exaggerated. In the end, the superior training and skills of the political staff meant that they continued to make most of the "major decisions"; but the participation of the ex-office workers increased as their experience and competence grew.

This paradoxical revolt, organized by the "bosses" against whom it was directed, illustrates some of the strengths and problems of work in the New Left Movement. The incident points to the extreme discomfort felt by most young radicals when they are in a position of power and control over another person, especially if that person is then expected to do routine, boring or unenjoyable work. At another level, it points to the great value the New Left places on participation, and to its continual effort to devise new institutional forms that will give concrete meaning to the vague phrase, "participatory democracy." The goal behind this slogan is to create an informed group, rather than a single informed person with

power over others; to elaborate new techniques for collective decision making; to eliminate traditional bureaucratic organizational structures and hierarchies of power; to develop new social groups that enhance the self-esteem of those who form them and permit the "creative" participation of those involved in decisions that affect them.

All of these issues were raised with singular intensity because of the condensed history of Vietnam Summer. Less than two months elapsed between the conception and the start of the project. Unlike most Movement organizations, Vietnam Summer was at the beginning a "top-down" project with no basis in local communities, with no "constituency." Indeed, one of the prime objectives of the project was to create such constituencies in local communities, with the explicit hope and plan that as the summer progressed they would increasingly take over the organization from the bottom up.

As a result, Vietnam Summer leaders and organizers at all levels found themselves in a conflict-filled situation: by joining together to create an initially "top-down" organization, they violated the Movement's objectives of participatory democracy and grass-roots organizing. But simultaneously, the national office and its field workers had to deal continually with local anxieties that the Movement was excessively dominated from what was sometimes called the "walled city of Cambridge," while other local workers questioned the source of Vietnam Summer funds (did they perhaps come from Bobby Kennedy's political machine?). Members of local projects, especially those in large cities, sometimes expressed concern that the entire summer "achievement" would simply be "turned over" to some existing political machine for use in the conventional party politics shunned by the New Left.

The leaders of the project, then, whether located in Cambridge or moving across the country, had to try to reassure others about aspects of Vietnam Summer which in fact worried them as well. The extent of their discomfort was reflected in the heated arguments, especially in the early summer, between national office staff members and "older members" of the National Steering Committee, a group that included a number of "old New Leftists" plus representatives of a traditional peace organization. In all such arguments, the national office staff made it extremely clear that they were not interested in joining into conventional political alignments, that their emphasis was on community organizing, and that they considered civil disobedience (for example, organized draft resistance) a valid tactic. The national office staff was in the position of defending its own "radical" position from the somewhat more "liberal" position of some of the National Steering Committee, while at the same time allaying the worries of those in the field that it was not radical enough. Further, and even more important, their leading role in a national organization not only provided these young radicals with opportunities but also created considerable personal anxiety because it conflicted with their own values of participatory democracy.

The acceptance of leadership roles, particularly when they entailed the possibility of exercising authority and power, also seemed difficult for many of those I inter-

viewed. In their manner and style, these young radicals are extremely "personalistic," focused on face-to-face, direct and open relationships with other people; hostile to formally structured roles and traditional bureaucratic patterns of power and authority. Although most possessed a great capacity for personal organization, psychological structuring and individual orderliness, they were almost uniformly opposed to bureaucratic organization, tight institutional structure or organizational orderliness. For example, when one of those interviewed was "officially" given increased responsibilities in the national office, and a title to go with them, he was the object of merciless teasing from his friends. This teasing expressed not only the affection others felt for him but their (and his) embarrassment that he should have a position with "bureaucratic" implications. Throughout the summer, a deliberate and consistent effort was made to play down formal leadership and organizational structures within Vietnam Summer. Although "leaders" often had clearly defined regional or task responsibilities, project decisions were generally made on a group basis of those involved, with very little "pulling of rank." At times this suppression of leadership and the power that accompanies it was extreme: individuals not adequately informed of the issues or facts were included in policy-making discussions; while those "natural" leaders who had the most experience and the best grasp of the issues sometimes seemed deliberately to refrain from voicing their opinion lest they appear to "dominate" others. Indeed, I sometimes felt that too little distinction was made between the rational use of authority based on competence and the irrational and authoritarian exploitation of leadership roles. Similarly, power based on capacity and role sometimes seemed confused with domination and sadistic control.

A closely related issue is that of manipulation as contrasted with "sincerity." In keeping with their open and personalistic style, most young radicals seek in relationships with others a direct, unmanipulative and honest encounter. For example, what little organizational infighting occurred during Vietnam Summer seemed extremely overt, with disagreements directly stated. And in their interviews with me, these young radicals expressed considerable affection for their co-workers, and often, after stating a controversial view, would add, "But you should talk with X—he will give you a very different picture." Yet this eagerness to maintain open, direct and unmanipulative personal relationships, to avoid controlling others, seemed at times to obstruct other organizational needs. Thus, if everyone is to be honest, open and direct with everyone else and to allow all others a full say, decision making is often slow, especially in times of crisis. Furthermore, decisions which might best be made by a small group of the most experienced and best informed tend to be turned over to larger groups and to become rather blurred. The extent to which it is possible to retain an open, personalistic, unmanipulative and extremely trusting style, and yet mount an effective program on a national scale, is one of the key unresolved questions of the New Left.

The fear of manipulation, for example, seemed to im-

pede organizational effectiveness on a broad scale. Like those involved in more conventional politics, Movement workers sometimes face the problem of how to make people want what they do not at present want. In recent years, conventional American politics has raised to high art public relations techniques like "managing the image" of political candidates, suppressing, selectively presenting, or neglecting crucial facts, deliberately appealing to the irrational anxieties of the electorate, and creating "pseudo-candidates" by publicity. All these tactics are closed to the New Left by their own principles. Indeed, so strong is the fear of manipulation that at times Movement workers found it difficult to appeal to the "rational" anxieties of their constituencies, even by suggesting appropriate efforts to remove the cause of these anxieties. For example, behind the many discussions during the summer over the usefulness of publicity there often seemed to run a conviction that "flashiness" and "publicity seeking" were somehow in themselves illegitimate forms of manipulation, regardless of whether the cause for which publicity was sought was legitimate or the facts to be presented were true. Thus, while intensive, long-range and largely unpublicized community organizing has many other arguments to recommend it, the appeal of this method is increased in the New Left by the fact that community organizing under the banner of "let the people decide" seems perhaps the least "manipulative" political tactic available.

The attitude of Vietnam Summer workers toward

the National Conference for a New Politics, which was to be held in Chicago at the end of the summer, illustrates another dilemma of the contemporary New Left. What was to happen at the Chicago meeting, intended as a meeting of all "radical" political and social groups in the country to formulate plans for national action, was of considerable importance, both personal and organizational, to many of those I interviewed. A few had been involved in developing and planning NCNP, and others, when discussing their futures, imagined that they might later become associated with this effort to form a radical coalition in America. Furthermore, as fall approached, discussions of "what would become of" Vietnam Summer were frequently connected with what might emerge from the Chicago conference.

But despite the importance of the NCNP to those interviewed, the national office staff of Vietnam Summer made no prior effort, formal or informal, to "organize" so as to influence, much less control, the proceedings at Chicago. There were many rumors that the conference might be dominated by highly disciplined groups representing older leftist factions, or else by a coalition of black power and insurrectionist militants. The loosely defined voting rules at NCNP were intended to give maximum voice to organizations with a strong community base; the existence of active local projects was therefore crucial in determining voting power. But even though Vietnam Summer had created a large number of such local projects, and was in a position to wield considerable voting power, a number



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

of those interviewed three days before the opening of the Chicago conference had not even secured individual voting rights for themselves. Under the same circumstances, other, old Left groups would have made consistent and perhaps successful efforts to "control" NCNP by exploiting the organizations they had helped create.

What actually happened at the large, tumultuous and confused Chicago conference has been discussed at length elsewhere. Some days after the development of a "black caucus" which demanded and obtained equal representation for the minority of Negroes present, a "white caucus" was slowly organized, largely around a nucleus of Vietnam Summer staff workers. But this "organization" grew up *after* the beginning of NCNP, as an *ad hoc* response to the cross currents within that meeting. Whether the chaos and the ultimate results of NCNP could have (or should have) been avoided is an open question. What is clear is that as individuals and in groups, young radicals like those interviewed are surprisingly nonfactional, nonparanoid, trusting, guileless and anti-organization. And what remains to be seen is whether this style, and the rudimentary organizational forms to which it has so far led, is capable of operating effectively in the same socio-political arena as highly organized, bureaucratized, manipulative and centrally controlled groups.

Throughout Vietnam Summer, then, issues of power, leadership, manipulation and control were continually visible. Although the importance of "power" is increasingly stressed in the rhetoric of the New Left, the actual exercise of power produces considerable discomfort in individual New Leftists. Indeed, it seems conceivable that the tough talk of "power" is a compensation for a group that is essentially so unmanipulative and unsuspecting.

The fear of the abuse of power, of irrational authority, and of dominating leadership is in many respects a legitimate reaction to a world in which power, authority and leadership are used cruelly rather than benignly. The various positions, styles and forms that cluster around the concept of participatory democracy are an important attempt, no matter how incomplete and experimental, to devise new forms of organization and action that will humanize the organized and vitalize the actors. The strength of this position is seen in the revolt of the secretaries; its potential weakness in the dilemma inherent in trying to devise large, effective national programs that maintain their participatory basis. In small, face-to-face groups, participatory democracy works relatively well; it has yet to devise suitable forms and strategies for large-scale organization.

But although participatory democracy is more than just a matter of individual psychology, it has deep psychological roots for the New Left. In many of the young radicals interviewed, discomfort at manipulating, controlling, or wielding power over others was related to their previous experiences within the Movement and to their own individual development. If one concentrates within small, tight groups a considerable number of individuals who have been accustomed from childhood to positions of leadership, participatory democracy can be seen as a

"compromise" which permits a certain degree of group harmony, although possibly at the expense of speedy decision making and organizational effectiveness. According to this compromise, everyone agrees to give up his own leadership potential in return for the assurance that no one else will try to lead him. The ability to maintain this compromise requires highly developed self-control, especially among those who enjoy dominating or being dominated.

At a more individual level, discomfort with power is related to personal concerns over dominance, control, superiority and ultimately aggression. For example, several of those interviewed commented on how difficult it had been to learn in Movement work not to be excessively impatient when others did a less adequate job than they themselves might have done. Similar themes appeared in other interviews: difficulties in delegating responsibilities to others, in learning to work cooperatively with other people, in overcoming their own tendency to "take over" groups by using their articulateness to dominate group discussions. Moreover, the fusion of will and conscience which one finds in many young radicals requires special restraint if it is not to become smugness and self-righteousness. Those I interviewed had this restraint, often holding themselves back in dealing with others whom they considered less competent, less experienced, or simply wrong. On one or two occasions, for example, these young radicals' enthusiastic praise for the superlative human qualities and talents of those with whom they had worked in previous projects had a faintly hollow ring, as if the interviewee were protesting too much. In most cases, then, these young radicals were still quite consciously attempting to overcome in themselves any propensity to dominate, control, feel superior or be impatiently angry with others.

It is axiomatic that the issues which produce in us the greatest distaste are the same issues with which we have struggled most intensely in ourselves. And in the early lives of a number of these young radicals, the issue of struggle, and even of violence, looms large. Their early experiences had accustomed them to conflict and yet inoculated them against it, teaching them how to cope with anger in themselves and in others, how to respond "rationally" to provocation, how to avoid violence. Yet the special sensitivity to dominating control, to exploitative power and sadistic anger remains, and may help explain why in this group the avoidance of anything that approximates such abuses of power is so intense. The avoidance is almost completely successful; whatever sadism, rage and violence lie within is now expressed only directly in a quickly rejected feeling of one's own superiority, a fleeting fantasy that one could have more power, or the determination not to manipulate others.

Yet the fear of power and control in oneself and others—the avoidance of violence, inner or outer—cannot be fully explained by such psychological issues as these. It is a fear with historical as well as psychological roots and it constitutes, understandably, a central theme in this group of young radicals who came together for a summer to attempt to persuade their fellow Americans to make peace.

Harry Golden

Terry Sanford, the second "Education Governor" in North Carolina's history, announced in mid-February that he would not challenge Samuel Ervin for the Senate seat in 1968. Sanford's reasons for declining a primary were realistic: "I do not believe I can win."

At this stage in the game, Sam Ervin is unbeatable. That is a sad commentary and a sad state of affairs for North Carolina and the Senate.

In 1963, during the Senate Civil Rights hearings, Att. Gen. Robert Kennedy asked Senator Ervin whether he believed there was any discrimination against Negroes in Mississippi. The Senator said he did not know. The Attorney General suggested they go down there for a day or two and look around. The Senator declined. He said, "No, I'm too busy up here defending the Constitution."

Senator Ervin has been the Constitution's defender ever since the Supreme Court ruled racial segregation in the schools was unconstitutional. He is firmly convinced there is no constitutional sanction for putting black children in a school also attended by whites. Mixing the races in their use of public facilities is a constitutional desecration. This comes from the horse's mouth because Senator Sam is known as *the* constitutional authority.

I am quite sure that if, say, the Missouri Synod or the Vatican had declared in 1954 that segregation was un-Christian, Senator Sam would have become a theological authority, maintaining that "the Bible doesn't say one damn thing about colored children havin' to go to school with white."

Sen. Sam Ervin is unbeatable because he reflects the thinking in North Carolina. The Eastern area of the state is as rigid on race as are Alabama or Mississippi. These precincts almost elected I. Beverly Lake governor in the last election. Dr. Lake, a professor of law at Wake Forest and the supreme intellectual segregationist of the South, polled only 100,000 votes less than the conservative Dan Moore and the liberal Richardson Preyer. Lake ceded his votes to Moore and today sits on the state supreme court.

The Western area of North Carolina—Charlotte and the Piedmont—is liberal on race but conservative on economics. Charlotte would be capable of electing Martin Luther King mayor if somehow he could guarantee that there would be no collective bargaining and no minimum wage for laundry workers and domestics.

Sen. Sam Ervin is both the obverse and the reverse of the North Carolina coin. He satisfied the eastern part of the state filibustering against civil rights bills and he satisfies the western part with his anti-union record.

Ex-Governor Sanford, now practicing law, never played any "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" games. He was the **first** Southern governor to proclaim that

color should not stand in the way of a man being employed in any job he was competent to hold.

The first of North Carolina's "Education Governors" was Charles Brantley Aycock who built public schools all over the state at the turn of the century. Sixty years later, Terry Sanford secured appropriations from a recalcitrant legislature to build new schools, raise teachers' pay, and provide students with free textbooks. Lest anyone think this normal behavior on the part of a governor of North Carolina, I remind readers that the state has no kindergarten systems and that, beyond a certain grade, students still must rent their textbooks.

Sanford proposed to raise revenues for these reforms by taxing cigarettes. Had he offered to sell the daughters of the Tar Heel state into white slavery he couldn't have elicited a greater outrage. Cigarettes are sacrosanct in North Carolina. If Terry Sanford had succeeded in taxing them, he would have wiped out the smugglers who buy a carton for \$1.40 and sell it to a New York distributor for \$1.90, who then sells it for \$2.90, much to the distress of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

When the legislature balked, Sanford asked it for a tax on food. To a North Carolina politician a tax on milk is a much more conscionable levy than a tax on smokes. Sanford said: "The only way to beat the cycle of poverty is through education." Of course in North Carolina when a political figure says poverty he means the "Negro problem," so the response of the PTAs was less than enthusiastic. But Sanford stuck it out and put all who believe in public education in his debt.

I first met Terry Sanford during W. Kerr Scott's campaign for the Senate against Alton Lennon. I wrote speeches for Kerr Scott and one night Sanford and I shared a hotel room in Raleigh. He was a smart man then, destined for political advancement. I remember him at the Democratic convention when he seconded the nomination of John F. Kennedy.

When he departed Raleigh after the one term North Carolina permits its governors, he left behind him the first state-wide anti-poverty program ever enacted, as well as the foundation of the Governor's School, an institution for especially talented children who have finished their secondary education. He also issued a stern departing warning: "I have come to believe that charity and relief are not the best answers to human suffering, that the schools are not the answer so long as only half of our students finish school, that the wealth of America is not the answer if some families have only 50c a day per person for all expenses"

That a civilized area of the United States in the late 20th century could not respond to these accomplishments, could not retain such a man in public life, is a reason for despair. But Sanford is still a young man and that is a reason for hope. If we who hope that Terry Sanford will some day serve his nation and his state we must accept the political reality that he cannot afford to become known now as a "loser," which he surely would be if he tried to unseat Sam Ervin, Mr. Constitution himself.

JOURNALISM ON THE AIR

The Seven O'Clock Supermen

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, has covered television network assignments in the Soviet Union and South-east Asia.

"I've said twenty times that I wanted my on-camera closer included in the news spot!" stormed an outraged TV correspondent as he returned to his typewriter from a trip to the editing room. "My last paragraph is just as important as my first, but some nitwit news editor tells me Bob Young will summarize my piece!"

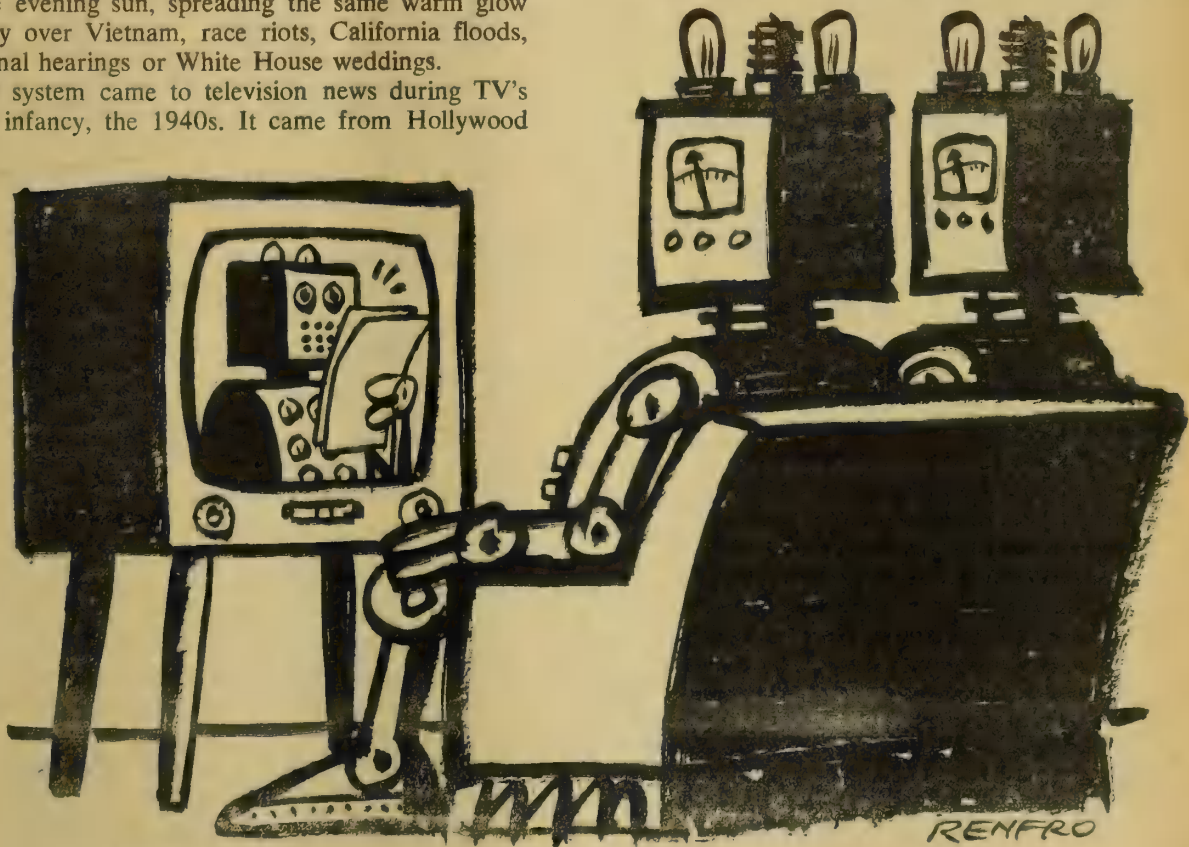
This close-up of the frustrations of a TV correspondent ought not to be surprising. Network news programs are so dominated by the news stars—Bob Young, Walter Cronkite, Huntley-Brinkley—as to obscure the mass of individual contributions whose accumulation makes up the true shape of the news. This has come about because TV ratings, the network's yardstick of success, are believed to be the direct product of the star's personal popularity. Thus the image has been carefully cultivated of a journalistic superman—all-knowing, Olympian, omnipresent. It is he who guides the viewer across the electronic front page. His personality (summed up by one network vice president as "believability") touches every story like the light of the evening sun, spreading the same warm glow of authority over Vietnam, race riots, California floods, Congressional hearings or White House weddings.

The star system came to television news during TV's precocious infancy, the 1940s. It came from Hollywood

where tradition held that stars, not stories, sold tickets. Thus the star system was taken from the dream factory to the reality factory; and when critics charged that N.B.C. spent more to promote John Cameron Swayze than to improve its news coverage, the network contended that the carnation-wearing Mr. Swayze was the chief reason why people tuned in *Camel News Caravan*. Twenty years later, the audience has shifted from the nation's barrooms to the nation's living rooms. In the process the television audience, seemingly without those who participated in it noticing, has undergone profound social change. In 1968, the national audience includes 10 million college graduates and more than one-half of all the high school educated people in the world.

Every weekday night at 7, an estimated 50 million Americans turn to their TV sets to watch Bob Young (A.B.C.), Walter Cronkite (C.B.S.) or Huntley-Brinkley (N.B.C.) bring them the news. How good are the news-gathering organizations behind these highly paid journalistic supermen? Ponder the following three cases:

(1) Recently all three news programs carried the story of President Johnson's remarkable action in demanding that each member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff sign a statement that Khesanh could be defended. In each instance



the network credited *Time* with the news break. Yet the President's action was known to at least half a dozen sources—including talkative Congressmen—in Washington.

(2) The TV audience first learned that automobiles bearing the "Made in Detroit" stamp were unsafe at any speed during Senate hearings in March, 1966. Readers of *The Nation* were alerted to the story five months earlier when Ralph Nader wrote "The Corvair Story" (November 1, 1965).

(3) And Linda Fitzpatrick. In early October, 1967, the TV news organizations were confronted with a story possessing deep national interest. On the surface it concerned a pretty girl from a wealthy American suburb who had been murdered in unusual surroundings. But Linda Fitzpatrick lived in two worlds—the well-adjusted world of Greenwich, Conn., and a drug-hallucinated world of Greenwich Village. Both C.B.S. and A.B.C. covered the sensational story as though it were just another murder. Jack Perkins of *NBC News* tried to dig a little deeper, following up with a series of reports on hallucinatory drugs. But it took the brilliant reporting of Anthony Lukas and a team of reporters from *The New York Times* to give the story its full significance. Ironically, Lukas used a movie technique, cutting rapidly between the shuttered world of Linda's parents and the reality of her drug-preoccupied friends. The juxtaposition of interviews would have made an absorbing program.

These differences in performance between the newspapers and magazines and TV news have helped provoke considerable soul-searching among television people in recent years. "The networks," says Walter Cronkite of C.B.S., "including my own, do a first-rate job of disseminating the news, but all of them have third-rate news-gathering organizations. We are still basically dependent on the wire services. We have barely dipped our toe into investigative reporting." David Brinkley of N.B.C. agrees. "When it comes to covering news," he told an audience of newspaper editors "in any kind of detailed way, we are just almost not in the ball game." But network brass are still more concerned with the identity of their news stars than with their programs. To be sure, the days when *ABC News* wanted to dress Chet Huntley in a milkman's costume for something called *The Milkman's View of the News* have disappeared. Yet all are still on call for celebrity appearances at rodeos, post office openings and state fairs. Show business continues to dominate the TV news business.

At stake is a good deal more than the newscaster's own professional concern. It is a question of whether the public will be shortchanged as TV news continues to expand in influence and impact. More than 1,000 newspapers have vanished since the 1930s, and, in the big-population centers, the mortality rate is climbing. Of the nine daily papers published in New York during the forties, only three survive. Confronted by broadcasting competition, newspapers have gobbled up TV outlets as fast as they have come on the market. From the *Daily News* to the *Los Angeles Times* newspaper management has become increasingly involved in the TV business. One result has been a drastic reduction in the number of com-

peting editorial voices in the community. Nowadays there are more than 350 single-voice cities in the United States, a trend that shows no sign of slowing down.

What is significant and must be recognized is that newspaper coverage is now secondary to TV coverage in the United States. According to an Elmo Roper poll, some 58 per cent of the U.S. public gets most of its news from TV. Walter Cronkite's news program now has more viewers than forty-one of the weekly prime-time entertainment shows. Huntley-Brinkley is ahead of nearly as many such programs. A.B.C.'s Bob Young draws more than 9 million viewers a night; Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley are tied with 20 million apiece. From zero in 1945 to 50 million viewers in 1968 is a phenomenal achievement. But the star-dominated format is still TV's basic news pattern. It has served the public better than most critics realize, but it is overdue for revision of its aims and methods. The three main criticisms are: The format is tired, worn out, old-fashioned; twenty years ago a case could be made for the star system on the ground that there really weren't any news departments; today the journalistic superstar survives only as an anachronism. Second, there has been little encouragement of investigative reporting and insufficient regard for independent judgment. Third, the system has worked better as a news pipe line than as a news-gathering organization.

TV news should operate like a good newspaper, with the emphasis on a company of first-rate reporters. Reuven Frank, executive vice president of *NBC News*, took a giant step in the 1950s with Huntley-Brinkley, and another one last year with the addition of "contributing editors" Sander Vanocur, Jack Perkins and Douglas Cater. This change is significant; it would be consistent with the second requirement of reform; that the investigative reporter should play a bigger role in the daily news program. The need is made sharper by the all too clear evidence from Vietnam—and elsewhere—that a badly motivated government inevitably leads to a badly informed public. This generalization is perfectly clear to a good reporter. Much television reporting is shoddy. Morley Safer's famous *CBS News* film sequence showing U.S. Marines in August, 1965, burning a Vietnamese village is a true condemnation of much TV reporting. Safer made his report memorable by abandoning the so-called "equal by stop watch" objectivity. The clue to a network's integrity lies in the distinction it makes between a reporter's objectivity and his responsibility. What the reporter must guard himself against is whitewash. The reporter is called on to investigate what lies behind the whitewash—solid brick or rubble. It is no longer enough merely to marshal the facts. "If you have nothing to tell us," wrote Voltaire in his article on history for the *Encyclopedia*, "except that one barbarian succeeded another on the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, what is that to us?"

Few doubt that the networks have the technical resources, but the networks must now overcome the present impression that that is all they have. Last year, competition as diverse as *Ramparts*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *I. F. Stone's Weekly* showed more investigative zeal than the networks.

Unfortunately, hopes for improving television news suffered a sharp setback this season. The three networks—for the first time in recent memory—all suffered profit declines (not to be confused with losses). In the case of A.B.C., the failure to merge with ITT was a blow to an already cash-short company. Predictably, the decline in advertising revenues has been accompanied by a staff cut-back at all the networks; the cost accountant's "winter-spring" offensive has fallen hardest on the news rooms. Putting sentiment aside—and bookkeepers always put sentiment aside—this is absolutely wrong. For some time now, though editorial expense amounts to something less than 15 per cent of a network's news budget, the trend has been toward less newsmen. The business office lightens its own and management's darkness by explaining

through graphs and computer breakouts why newsmen make up an entirely burdensome cost. Like sugarless candy, NoCal beer, and tobacco-free cigarettes, the reporter has become an item that some executives feel a news room can do without. There's nothing wrong with the wire services, but the AP and UPI are no substitutes for a reporter and a camera team on the spot.

All of this does not add up to a cry of doom. But it does add up to an overwhelming case for saying that network news presidents Elmer Lower, William McAndrew and Richard Salant should ask their superiors what is the future for television news. It will be a great calamity if 1968 comes to be regarded as the year when TV news stood still because, for a season, broadcasting profits happened to be only tiptoeing along.

TV's First Real Paper

MICHAEL HARRIS

Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

When reports of progress toward settling San Francisco's first major newspaper strike began to be heard, a surprising tone of regret appeared in some of the mail received by KQED, the city's educational television station. Many San Franciscans, it developed, had come to prefer seeing reporters and editors on Channel 9 instead of reading their work in the city's two daily papers.

The television station, aided by a \$5,000-a-week grant from the Ford Foundation, began presenting its daily *Newspaper of the Air* from 7:30 to 8:30 each night on the third day of the strike. Since the beginning of this special project in early January, KQED, which is probably the nation's most successful educational television station, has built up the largest audience in its fourteen-year history.

More significantly, those of us who have participated in the experiment think we have helped produce a new type of news programing, with far more depth and a great deal more liveliness than the headline-oriented news broadcasts developed by commercial radio and television. Some of our most enthusiastic praise has come from colleagues in commercial television, who are distressed that the private stations failed to come up with anything stimulating or imaginative during the strike. Local newspaper men have been stopped on the street by strangers who tell us what a pleasure it is to be able to connect the face with the by-line, local restaurant owners say that a number of their 8 P.M. regulars have been coming in an hour late in order not to miss their daily paper on television.

The KQED audience has seen, either during the nightly broadcast or in the morning and noon reruns the following day, a chatty editorial conference at which reporters discuss their stories and answer questions on the significance of what they have found. (The end of the strike

means the end of the *Newspaper of the Air* as a daily program, though KQED hopes to keep it alive on Sunday nights.) We are not polished performers, but like most newspaper men we like to talk, and we have learned to relax before the camera. The atmosphere is informal, and when a reporter is asked what the reason is for a vote by the Board of Supervisors or for an appointment



by Gov. Ronald Reagan, his answer is apt to prove informative and amusing.

The local staff has had its problems, but the greatest technical hazards have come from trying to gather a balanced report of world and national news. The program signed up first for the UPI radio wire, but that proved unsatisfactory because the material was written so briefly that the significance of the news was lost. After a few days, the program switched to two UPI newspaper wires instead. Copies of the day's *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor* and *Los Angeles Times* were obtained locally, and special arrangements were made with United Air Lines to have a late copy of *The Washington Post* placed each day aboard the morning nonstop flight to San Francisco. A telegraph editor forced to rely solely on

the wire services during the *Pueblo* crisis and the sudden Vietcong offensive in the cities would have found it impossible to keep his perspective.

In the first five weeks of the newspaper strike, some eighty reporters, editors, columnists, photographers and artists from the two local papers appeared on the *Newspaper of the Air*, many on a regular basis. Ten of us were invited to form the basic news staff; Mel Wax, a former Nieman Fellow who quit a newspaper job last year to become KQED's public affairs director, served as our editor. Most of us had had at least a little experience on television, but two men who were new to the medium turned out to be natural performers.

One was William German, the *Chronicle's* news editor,

LETTERS (Continued from page 362)

weave the pellets together into a polemic on the Vietnamese War. . . . I was the first and only Peace Corps director ever to serve in Guinea, one of the countries listed by the professor. Our expulsion had nothing whatever to do with the Vietnamese War. President Sekou Touré himself explained it as a gesture protesting the alleged American involvement in the arrest of the Guinean foreign minister off a Pan American airplane in Accra, Ghana. . . . Both in Guinea and in the United States, important officials of the Guinean Government expressed regret to me about our leaving and suggested the desirability of our eventual return. At no time, either during the crisis that resulted in our departure or since, has the war in Vietnam ever been mentioned in any way as having influenced the decision of the government of Guinea.

The other expulsions were also the result of antagonisms that were local in nature. In Turkey, it was the Cyprus question; in Mauritania it was the Middle East war; in Pakistan it was our relationship with India; and in Gabon it was the strings from Paris manipulated by a leader determined to rid Africa of any American presence.

There is little question that making the Peace Corps the scapegoat for host country disagreements with foreign policy actions directly affecting such countries creates acute problems for the future of the Peace Corps. However, I think Professor Berreman does a disservice to the cause of peace when he seeks to make the Peace Corps a casualty of the war in Vietnam.

Henry R. Norman

vote on Vietnam

Madison, Wis.

DEAR SIRs: For three months a broadly based, nonpartisan Wisconsin organization called Madison Citizens for a Vote on Vietnam has worked to place the following resolution before the electorate in the April 2 primary:

It is the policy of the people of the City of Madison that there be an immediate cease fire and the withdrawal of United States troops from Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese people can determine their own destiny.

On Jan. 25, the Madison Common Council reluctantly acted on the petition of 7,959 of its constituents, and voted to place the resolution on the spring ballot. At present it appears that the people of Madison will be the only ones in America with such an opportunity to repudiate President Johnson's policies.

We are now mounting a full-scale publicity and educa-

tional campaign. Our resources are slender, and readers who may wish to assist are urged to send contributions to: Madison Citizens for a Vote on Vietnam, 206 King Street, Madison, Wis.

Paul H. Hass

Werth's sources

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRs: I could not let Alexander Werth's article "Russia on the Nile" [*The Nation*, Feb. 12] go by without some sort of protest. Mr. Werth's capsule history of the genesis of the June war is too cute for words. The political affairs commentator of Radio Moscow could not have done a better job. To speak of Israeli "aggression" against Syria or to speak of an Israeli "attack" against Syria brings back memories of Federenko's words in the UN. The world is expected to conveniently forget the continual artillery, mortar, and sniper fire against Israeli ships in Lake Huleh and against Israeli lowland settlements beneath the Golan Heights.

Let us be more accurate with our history, Mr. Werth. The Israeli "attack" against Syria was a retaliation after many warnings. The Arabs thought that the Israelis would either fold up or be provoked into a losing war. What the Russians thought I cannot say. I can only stick to history as it happened.

Leo Sirota

Paris

DEAR SIRs: Mr. Sirota is talking through his hat. My number-one source was not "Radio Moscow" but the absolute top French authority on Egypt, Jean Lacouture. So much so that I was even a little nervous in case he thought I was borrowing a little too much from some of his writings, and notably from his outstanding article on the subject in a recent issue of the liberal French weekly, *Le Nouvel Observateur*. In the course of the article I acknowledge my debt to Mr. Lacouture, though perhaps not emphatically enough.

Alexander Werth

correction

New York City

DEAR SIRs: The implication in the review by Edith Anderson of Frederic Ewen's book on Brecht ["The Restoration of Brecht," *The Nation*, Mar. 4] that the play *Simone Machard* is unpublished here is incorrect. It came out in 1965 as a separate paperback in the Grove Press edition of the works of Brecht and is of course still in print.

Eric Bentley

who became managing editor of the *Newspaper of the Air*. For many viewers, the best part of the evening has come in the last two or three minutes when German, with a soft marking pen in hand, draws up page 1 of the *Newspaper of the Air*. He has proved an informative editor, explaining why some stories are played higher than others and why the big news of the day doesn't always command the big headlines.

Robert Bastian, the *Chronicle's* editorial cartoonist, has been the other surprise. He astonishes the viewers and his fellow participants by turning out four or five delightful cartoons in the course of an hour.

Because of technical problems, we found that we could use very little film. But this has turned out to be no hardship since we also discovered that films and interviews frequently slow down presentation of the news. It has proved better to offer a quick report than to spend time on anything less than the most extraordinary interview. Among those who proved excellent subjects were James Farmer, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Seichi Ozawa, the young Japanese who is to succeed Josef Krips as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony. Perhaps the liveliest interview came when Judy Stone, feature editor of the program, brought Stanley Kramer into the studio and asked him why he had made so many compromises in his interracial movie *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.

Once the news is covered, in half an hour or more, the critics and columnists appear. The theatre has been reviewed thoroughly and frequently by the *Chronicle's* Paine Knickerbocker and the *Examiner's* Stanley Eichelbaum (*The New Yorker's* original "our man Stanley" until he moved West). There have been reports on books, society weddings and divorces, sports, fashion and busi-

ness—in short, the normal diet of a daily paper—two or three times a week.

Art Hoppe, the *Chronicle's* political satirist, not only provided his own columns but was also assigned the task of reading the funnies—a device that is worn thin, but is probably essential in a community that lives and breathes with "Peanuts." Herb Caen reported gossip not only for KQED but for a temporary daily paper put out by *Ramparts* and for a commercial radio station. In fact, it has been a curious characteristic of the strike that many newspaper men went to work temporarily for other San Francisco employers and wrote everything under their own names.

As had been expected, there were omissions in the *Newspaper of the Air*. No effective way was found to provide stock market news, and other vital statistics had to be omitted. Only the most prominent deaths have been reported, and not all of them. Newspaper editorial departments learn about most deaths from the carbons of paid funeral notices purchased by local mortuaries. We have had to rely on the families and friends of the dead.

The second major area of omission has consisted of all the news that couldn't make page 1. To allow enough time to present the important news adequately, we have had to omit much state and local activity that would have made the local news columns of the daily papers. As one result, the city's commissions have been able to operate more freely than has been customary or healthy for them.

With the strike over, San Francisco journalism is returning to business as usual. It is too early yet to know whether any of the lessons learned from the *Newspaper of the Air* will be absorbed by the commercial stations. There is probably no reason to be unduly optimistic.

CLEVELAND'S 100 DAYS

THE EDUCATION OF CARL STOKES

ADELE ZEIDMAN SILVER

Mrs. Silver writes a regular column for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Cleveland

Poor Carl Stokes! Everybody wants to pass judgment on his first hundred days as Mayor of Cleveland, and his famous dimpled grin is looking a little strained. As the hundredth day dawned, a county-wide TV poll indicated that 65 per cent of the viewers who bothered to call in were dissatisfied with his performance to date. Though that didn't mean much—only city votes, not county votes, had elected him—the TV commentators reported the results with grim glee. A local editor compared Stokes to the allies in North Africa, saying he wasn't at the beginning of the end yet, just at the end of the beginning.

The rush to judgment is premature, but the town is nervous. He has only another 600 days to go, and the

record to date is being read for omens and portents, like the opening scene of a classic tragedy. Stokes is a mild man to be cast in a role of such heroic consequence. But, being the first black mayor of a major American city, he has been set up, even by his own promises and his own ardent supporters, as a knight on crusade. Knocking him down is the new sport in Cleveland politics.

How does the record so far really read?

(1) Stokes has cleaned out some deadwood and reorganized some sloppy areas of government, notably in the Law Department, the Metropolitan Housing Commission and the Port Authority. In the absence of both money and time, he has tried to tighten up, make more efficient, a government whose most conspicuous legacy was twenty-five years of honest lethargy.

(2) He found quickly that the city needed funds—a needlessly surprising discovery because of his silly campaign talk about a hidden surplus. Now he is asking for a

0.3 per cent increase in the new city income tax for 1968 and, for 1969, a full 1 per cent. If approved, the tax will bring in a little more than \$4 million.

(3) He opposed a charter amendment for police and fire salary raises, which would use up \$3.5 million of the projected tax increase. The police are a touchy spot in Cleveland, as in most big cities, and Stokes is suffering pot shots from all sides because of his relations with the department. He has pulled 230 men from office jobs to put them on street patrol. Crime rates continue to go up; traffic arrests have dropped sharply; low morale and intramural bitterness plague the police department.

(4) After three months' search, Stokes finally found a man to take over the urban renewal mess. He is Richard Green of the Cambridge Corporation, a protégé of Ed Logue, who became nationally known in connection with the Boston renewal project. Logue had turned down the job at the beginning of the 100-day search. Green's salary of \$28,000 is higher than Stokes's, and several councilmen were shocked for the TV cameras, stating that for that kind of money, they could do the job. As much as anything else, their passionate public idiocy confirmed public approval of Green's appointment.

(5) Stokes had made no apparent progress yet in unlocking the federal urban renewal funds that were withheld from the previous administration, though promises that his victory would virtually guarantee the city access to the federal purse were implicit in his campaign. At the end of the fourth month, on March 4, HUD released \$251,750 to continue a program of tearing down vacant and vandalized buildings, and announced a grant of \$11,790,192 for the stymied University Euclid Renewal project. Stokes called it "the end of the freeze." HUD Secretary Robert Weaver said: "Substantial progress has been accomplished," but added, "let me make it perfectly clear that we are not satisfied on all points yet."

(6) He has opened up Board of Control meetings to the public, inaugurated Open House nights at City Hall ("shades of Lester Maddox," cracked one wag), has instructed all public officials to list their home telephones, and has answered his own cheerfully at 7:30 A.M. (it was a reporter calling, to check). He is appearing in public more than he really wanted to, trying to bolster his position with his attractive personality.

(7) On the whole, appointments have been undramatic. Whether he thought he couldn't get top men and so didn't try for them, as some astute observers say, or whether he got turned down more often than anybody close to him cares to admit, or whether his judgment of men is flawed, Stokes has not come up with a distinguished administration. Probably all three reasons are part of the truth.

(8) He can no longer count on a united Negro community, thanks to the reapportionment that provided one heavily Negro Congressional district out of Cleveland's four. More than two dozen Negroes originally filed for the race; the number is now down to fourteen, one of them Stokes's able brother Louis. The splintering of the Negro community was bound to come, but it came sooner than is comfortable for the Mayor.

(9) Stokes has been criticized for unimportant but foolish gestures—most recently his suggestion that the city



buy an \$11,000 limousine "to show it's really a Big City," and most severely for having taken a couple of vacations early in his term, especially one to a luxurious resort in the Virgin Islands. What's really damaging is that the criticism in such matters tends toward ridicule, which is particularly hard for an ambitious politician to accept.

On balance, the record thus far is mediocre. But mediocrity is what Cleveland is used to in its city government, so why the shouting? Because, deep in the city's fears for its future, is the notion that Carl Stokes may be its last chance. If he succeeds, the city may be spared more racial violence (as it was last summer when he was a candidate), may indeed attract large sums of federal money, may restore itself to a significant place among the nation's ten largest cities.

If he fails, there may come after him a deluge of every urban woe imaginable to man. That cheerless thought struggles in the city's conscience with the temptation to joust with him just one more round, to hit him one more blow before helping him shine up his battered armor. Nobody wants a public part in bringing him down, with the terrible consequences that could follow. A knight must be brave and pure, but innocence is another matter. As a relative newcomer to the middle class and the upper-middle reaches of power, Stokes believes a little too fervently in the Establishment. Local business and industry leaders have, with rare exceptions, been unwilling as yet to put their money where their pious mouthings are. If the signs and omens are read accurately, Carl Stokes's first 100 days show that he will have to make the next 600 count. Including vacation time.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Honest Jim and the Tinker Toy Model

THE DOUBLE HELIX. By James D. Watson. Atheneum Publishers. 226 pp. \$5.95.

J. BRONOWSKI

Dr. Bronowski is senior fellow of the Salk Institute of Biological Studies at La Jolla, Calif. His many published works on science and literature include *The Common Sense of Science* (Harvard), *Identity of Man* (Doubleday), and *William Blake and the Age of Revolution* (Harper & Row). The Nation has twice devoted special issues to his major essays, *Science and Human Values* (Dec. 29, 1956) and *The Abacus and the Rose: A Dialogue After Galileo* (Jan. 4, 1964).

James Watson and Francis Crick both enjoy (I use the verb literally) the reputation of *enfants terribles* among their fellows in biology. Francis Crick likes the stress to be on the word *terrible*, of course, as any Englishman does. But James Watson is a child of America, the culture indifferently of the spoiled child and the child wonder, and he has never balked at the simple art of playing the *enfant*.

The pleasure of this book about their collaboration is that it perfectly catches both attitudes. It is an open secret that there have been some disputes over it, chiefly between the principals (who include Dr. Maurice H. F. Wilkins of the University of London, who shared the Nobel award with Watson and Crick), but also with others in the story, and that the book has been changed and bowdlerized here and there as a result. As a reader with an average relish for gossip I am of course sorry to lose any of the small darts of fun and barbs of malice that have gone. But it would be silly to pretend that the book has lost its savor because they are now fewer than they were. It remains just what James Watson perceived and conceived in the beginning, a classical fable about the charmed seventh sons, the anti-heroes of folklore who stumble from one comic mishap to the next until inevitably they fall into the funniest adventure of all: they guess the magic riddle correctly. Though the traditional parts of Rosalind Franklin as the witch and Linus Pauling as the rival suitor (for example) have been toned down, they are still unmistakably what they were, mythological postures rather than characters.

Historically, the essential story goes in this way. James Watson was 23 and a recent Ph.D. when he came to Cambridge in 1951 on the fag end of a fellowship to learn about nucleic acids. Francis Crick whom he met there was 35, but he had not yet finished his Ph.D. because he had been a fledgling physicist when the war began and had only turned about to biology in 1947. There was by now a spreading belief (based on the work of O. T. Avery toward the end of the war) that the material that carries the blueprint of heredity from the cells of the parents to those of the child might not after all be composed of proteins, as had long been thought, but of nucleic acids, DNA. Since it was evident that DNA is many times simpler than any protein, this was a cheering thought, and Watson and Crick cheerfully resolved to unravel its chemical structure. I ought to say this more exactly: they proposed to build up a geometrical model of the DNA molecule from which its known properties and behavior would be seen to follow naturally.

The sum total of known properties of DNA that they had to guide them was meager. There were pictures taken by the diffraction of X-rays in Wilkins' laboratory in London which suggested to them that the molecule had the shape of a regular spiral. Everyone's mind was then full of spirals because Linus Pauling had recently built a model which showed that there is an underlying spiral in some proteins—the alpha-helix. Francis Crick was able to calculate precisely what X-ray picture a spiral or helix will produce, and that was his first important paper.

It was known that each nucleic acid is composed of the same four chemical bases, and is presumably characterized by the particular pattern of repetitions in which they are strung along the chemical backbone of the helix. It was likely that the helix had several strands, and Rosalind Franklin was sure (but Watson and Crick were not) that the bases were strung inside the backbone and not outside. Above all, Crick and Watson had one master key to the structure which other workers disregarded. They were impressed by the evidence of Erwin Chargaff that the four chemical bases come in pairs—the number of units of thymine seemed to be always the same

as the number of adenine, and the number of units of cytosine the same as those of guanine. Unfortunately, between the intervals of being impressed, they mostly disregarded it too.

With this modest equipment of the known and the hazarded, the two young men set out to solve the problem that goes back to Gregor Mendel crossing peas in a monastery garden 100 years ago: how is heredity handed on physically? They tackled it by building tinker-toy models of whatever looked like possible arrangements of the bases in DNA. This seems a childish and farfetched procedure, and they had some nasty setbacks with it; yet it worked, and in eighteen months they had the structure that renowned men were looking for from London to Pasadena.

In retrospect, the achievement is so lucid that it looks transparent. The helix, made of two matched strands, a unit of thymine always opposite one of adenine, and cytosine always opposite guanine, is so logical and natural that it now seems self-evident. Clearly this is how the dividing cell is able to split its hereditary material in half, and how each of the two daughter cells is able to make a whole again by using one strand of DNA as a template to form the other strand. If we had to design heredity, and were as simple as nature and as clever as Crick and Watson, that is just how we would do it.

No one could miss the excitement in this story of a great and beautiful discovery. But James Watson has given it something more, and unexpected: a quality of innocence and absurdity that children have when they tell a fairy story. The style is shy and sly, bumbling and irreverent, artless and good-humored and mischievous, so that the book leaves us with the spirited sense of intellectual knockabout of a novel by Kingsley Amis. It would obviously have been called *Lucky Jim* if Amis had not been so inconsiderate as to make that title famous in advance. In the same vein, it was called at different times *Honest Jim* and (with a tartar pun) *Base Pairs* before it settled down soberly to *The Double Helix*; and the easy air of confidence that has gone from the title still blows happily through the narrative.

Of course there are hidden tugs of personality that give this brisk edge to the style. In a sense, James Watson is

playing Boswell, and inevitably Francis Crick becomes Dr. Johnson—monumental, admired, and (every so often) scored off. And if the effect is amusing as a tease, it is also fair. After all, the story is not an adventure of Sherlock Holmes, and James Watson did not play that Dr. Watson. What he writes is a labor of love—a labor of self-love in part, no doubt, but dominated by the love for the open adventure of science that formed and troubled and fulfilled his dreams.

In the result, the book communicates the spirit of science as no formal account has ever done. Of course it will be read by scientists, but what it has to say is vivid and important for every reader. For example, it will bring home to the nonscientist how the scientific method really works: that we *invent* a model and then *test* its consequences, and that it is this conjunction of imagination and realism that constitutes the inductive method. The models in science are not always as concrete as those which Crick and Watson put together with their hands; Albert Einstein could not have made a visible model of his space-time; and yet space-time *is* a model, and so is every discovery, and it takes its power from the closeness with which the consequences that flow from it match the real world.

Building models with one's hands is an engaging task, during which the builder becomes attached to his model and is tempted to gloss over its faults. Since most models are wrong and have to be discarded, however attractive they seem, it is therefore helpful to have two people at work, so that each may be ruthless with the other. This is a point that Francis Crick has made, and it comes out firmly in this book—the progress of science depends on criticism. This is why there are no scientific critics in the sense that there are literary critics in their own right. Criticism is a necessary and positive function in science, but it has no independent status; and if you cannot make and take it without anger, then (like Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's play) you are out of place in the world of change that science creates and inhabits.

I come back to the phrase I have already used, that James Watson in this book expresses the open adventure of science: the sense of the future, the high spirits and the rivalry and the guesses right and wrong, the surge of imagination and the test of fact. Science is an optimistic profession because anyone can win the prizes but he has to work for them, he has to prove his gifts and to love his work—they are not prizes in a lottery or a shooting gallery. This is a

contemporary message that every reader ought to get from the book, and it gives it the force of a social document. Its two happy, bustling, comic anti-heroes are new in literature today and yet should be a model for it, because they run head-on against the nostalgia for defeat which haunts the writer's imagery of action now. Here is a working world that shows by contrast how pitiful are the heroes of violence and hard luck,

the numbers players, the addicts and the Kansas killers; and that we are to be pitted for envying their rage on the pretext that it is a form of social protest. I do not suppose *The Double Helix* will outsell Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, but it is a more characteristic criticism and chronicle of our age, and young men will be fired by it when Perry Smith and Dick Hickock no longer interest even an analyst.

A Biography of His Age

GORKY AMONG US (Gorkii sredni nas). By Konstantin Fedin. Moscow, 1967.

SEVEN YEARS WITH GORKY (S'em l'et s Gorkim). By Ilya Shkapa. Moscow, 1966.

THE BRIDGE AND THE ABYSS. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Praeger. 188 pp. \$5.95.

GORKY. By Irwin Weil. Random House. 238 pp. \$2.25 paper.

DAN LEVIN

Mr. Levin teaches creative writing and comparative literature at Post College, Long Island University. His *Stormy Petrel: The Life and Work of Maxim Gorky* (Meredith) has recently been republished in England (Frederick Muller).

On the 16th of March, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Alexey Maximovich Peshkev—Maxim Gorky—will be celebrated in the Soviet Union. His shade leads an uneasy coexistence with Lenin's and confronts that of Stalin.

His life was a vast drama. He was "the hobo who became a writer," but he insisted on growing, and became the beau ideal of the writer of conviction and integrity; and the evidence, for millions, that the lowly can rise to greatness. Never a Marxist, he believed, despairingly, in "Man." "I have no faith, Lev Nikolayevich," he said to Tolstoy, who nevertheless insisted Gorky was essentially a believer. Faith in a spiritualized human reason he combined with a harsh atomic view; the poet Blok sardonically asked him if this was "pan-psychism."

He supported, with trepidation, the Revolution of February, 1917; and opposed the Bolshevik Revolution of October. Finally he came to terms with Lenin, in order to save human lives and much of Russian culture, in time of civil war, suffering and terror. Immediately after, he went into exile, bitter but still hoping a "New Man" would arise in the Soviet Union.

An honest close-up of his last years is almost impossible while so many who took part in the acts and psychology of the Stalin period are still alive and believe they were justified. Gorky returned, torn by many motives, to a Soviet Union in its iron age, and became Stalin's "superintendent of writers." The evidence seems clear that he tried to mitigate; to build within the dictatorship the foundations of that "New Man." However, a young revolutionary idealist of the old breed, Victor Serge, looked at him with disenchantment, as a servant of tyranny.

He "meddled"—in his writing, and finally in action—with Stalin's machine: an old knight, with wooden lance, charging a tank division. He tried to save the Old Bolsheviks, and obstructed an understanding with the Nazis. His world reputation was still such that the Great Purges could not begin while he lived. He died—"was died," is the grim Russian phrase often used—on June 19, 1936; was interred in the Kremlin wall in a formidable ceremony; and an effort was made to have him remembered as a party liner. A "cover story" was even invented, that he had been murdered by the opposition. It has now been abandoned, and nobody knows what to say.

This is because the physical and moral price Russia paid for revolution and industrialization is still hard to admit, and Gorky's story opens it wide. He embodied so much: Blok once said that if there was such an entity as Russia—"that great, boundless, spacious, melancholy and felicitous something"—Gorky was its highest expression. There are faint signs that the Soviet Union is moving, with qualms, toward a truer view of him.

One dare not expect candid statements from those most able to make them—old writers who knew both Gorky and Russian history, which they lived. Ilya Gruzdev has published another book which again avoids discussing the grown man. Konstantin Fedin's new book of memoirs, *Gorky Among Us*, repeats un-

believable clichés. ("There is one man who understands everything splendidly and sees all splendidly." Gorky is silent, smiles, and with a look of pleasure sees that I understand him. Then he pronounces in a soft, low bass voice: "Lenin.") But some intonations in the book suggest the search going on in cultured Russian consciences.

Fedin's own cross is that, equipped to be a major novelist, because of his time and conditions he had to settle for less. His *Early Joys*, for example, which should have been a top-flight novel, falls short through lack of candor. (Of course the demand that the Russian writer speak the truth, boldly and recklessly, is based on the assumption—stated once by the old Populist Karonin to the young Gorky—that Russian literature is "a form of holy writing"; of no other literature has so much been asked, when it comes to matters affecting the state itself.)

The same "less than candor" stamps Fedin's book about Gorky. Interesting points stud it. Trotsky is mentioned, not as traitor but as overzealous Communist (an event!). Light is thrown on Gorky's estimate of Blok. The Serapion Brotherhood, which stood under Gorky's protection, is defined as a group of writers who were all different, and whose value was in the differences.

Fedin even explains why, although for sixteen years he had rushed to see Gorky at every chance, when the news came that Gorky was "ill," near Moscow, Fedin—along with all the other writers whose guiding spirit Gorky had been—merely sat waiting, weeks, for a phone call that finally came, telling him to be at the funeral. To try to recall the reason for his neglect, Fedin writes, "would he like trying to throw a seed on the ground during a storm. Either it was a deep absentmindedness, or a prolonged agitation." If the Olympics included a gymnastic event such as "Explanations," surely Fedin's would win a gold medal.

And still, even this is a movement on the waters.

More telling, although (or because) so awkwardly and naively written, is *Seven Years With Gorky* by Ilya Shkapa. It deals with Gorky's badly documented last years. Shkapa was one of the young, poorly educated writers who were directly under Gorky's wing, his main hope. They staffed the magazines he controlled, such as *Our Achievements*. Their worship of him comes through, and his affectionate, if clumsy and even pathetic, effort to mold them along lines of humanism. "He helped us grow, but demanded study and hard work." When Gorky went down, his magazines were locked, their staffs thrown into concentration camps.

Things told in aesopian form in

Gorky's late and nearly unknown plays appear also in Shkapa's book, as direct quotes: the same phrases of desperation, mention of similar awful dreams. (Poisonous adders eat his legacy.) A final chapter relates Shkapa's last meeting with Gorky.

Assigned by Gorky to report for his magazine on a new steel plant, Shkapa tells Gorky he found mismanagement and exploitation of the workers. Higher-ups want to hush the story; Gorky tells him to run it. Kriuchkov, Gorky's "secretary" (in effect his warden, planted by the Stalin apparatus), leaves to answer the phone (Gorky obviously is not permitted to do so). In his absence Gorky leans toward Shkapa and says: "I'm surrounded. Locked in. Unbelievable." He then tells Shkapa to go at once to Ordzhonikidze, to tell him "everything." (Ordzhonikidze, who stood up against Stalin, was later forced to kill himself, Khrushchev told the 20th Party Congress.) Kriuchkov returns. "It's the Kremlin," he tells Gorky. "They want to see you before you leave." (Gorky was going to the Crimea—his last trip; he died right after his return to Moscow. He had been refused a passport to go abroad. His movements were carefully controlled. "They" can only be Stalin and his ruling party faction.)

Gorky urgently repeats that Shkapa must see Ordzhonikidze, begs Kriuchkov to arrange this. He suddenly embraces Shkapa, blubbers, and kisses him on the forehead (traditionally the long, often the last, farewell). Shkapa, crying, kisses Gorky several times, then leaves, puzzling anxiously about the meaning of Gorky's words, his desperation.

Shkapa never kept that date with Ordzhonikidze. "External forces burst in, which rudely changed the path of my life and fated me to more than twenty heavy years."

It sounds as if Gorky was trying to steer his young disciple to another protector, and maybe to signal to Ordzhonikidze about himself. When he blubbered, was it for his fate, or Shkapa's? It is one thing to doom oneself by taking a stand, something else to have doomed others.

Chekhov said, of the young Gorky, that the man would not be forgotten in a thousand years. What of the writer? His social and political import has slowed a true estimate of his works. A naive romantic realism (in the early stories) gave way soon, as complex issues struck against an unusually high intelligence without being resolved. How is one to rate *The Lower Depths*, that cloudy, angry allegory, so long revered mystically by the old Left? Or *The Confession*—a novel of heretical Christianity married to the Socialist dream?

I have just finished going over *The*

Lower Depths with undergraduates. The character of Luka (wandering saint or charlatan; Tolstoy? Gorky-Tolstoy?) affected most of them. What is "doing good"? Is a bitter truth better, or a sweet lie? The play forced them to basic questions. Jean Renoir's old movie also happened to be shown at the college; it was strange to see Gorky's play give birth to something so unlike, yet legitimate. I once coined a term for Gorky's work: that it is a "mother-of-literature." Even his failures are full of ideas, that ask to be developed and transformed.

His finest things nearly all came after 1912, when he had long stopped being a revolutionary. First, his *Autobiography* (if possible, use Isadore Schneider's old translation, for Citadel Press): no autobiography equals it. Of course, the *Reminiscences* of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Blok: there are few parallels in literature. The *Diary Fragments*, long out of print in English: they too are unmatched—their own genre. The unproduced movie script of *Stepan Razin*—a rugged allegory of Gorky and Lenin. Finally, the late (1932) play of *Yegor Bulichev*. It must be dragged from oblivion, but will need an aware translation, inspired directing and staging, an aware audience. It is a two-edged play—an affirmation of idealistic revolution, and underlying this a furious statement of disillusioned despair, at its seeming

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death in Stalin's age. It is his stage masterwork.

In this country, Bertram D. Wolfe's *The Bridge and the Abyss* and Irwin Weil's *Gorky* are both useful. Wolfe's book is best for new details about Gorky's inspired role in 1918-21; Weil's for reportage of his relations with Soviet writers, as reconciler, protector, and builder of a legacy of idealism. Both books help break the tintype of the politically orthodox hack. Weil's views about literature are too conventional, perhaps, to size up an unconventional self-made writer like Gorky; but his view of the man's humanity is clear.

Wolfe's subtitle, "The Troubled Friendship of Gorky and Lenin," is misleading. Gorky—who kept seeking "a man with an active and living faith"—had a brief crush (1901-05) on Lenin and his activists; what remained thereafter was mainly a respectful, and awed, distaste.

Exploring Inner Space

SELECTED WRITINGS. By Jules Supervielle. Poetry translated by James Kirkup, Denise Levertov, Kenneth Rexroth. Prose translated by Enid McLeod and Alan Pryce-Jones. *New Directions*. 278 pp. \$6.75. Paper \$2.75.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

When Jules Supervielle published his first volume, *Débarcadères*, in 1922, he was already an exile in poetry. The cultural stage was reverberating to the excitement of young men like André Breton and Tristan Tzara, who dreamed of descending into the street, revolver in hand, to perform an act of "poetry"; or of dark Cossacks leading their horses to drink in the fountains of La Concorde.

In 1922, Supervielle was 38 years old; a voyager whose earliest memories were not of France but of Uruguay: not of cities which were themselves acts of confused surrealism but of pampas, oceans and the kind of solitude which comes easily to a man surrounded by his own images. Supervielle was not and would never be a voice in Breton's surrealist tradition. His poetry was concerned with a kind of invisible reality which had to be coaxed into perception; there was no place for the shock of disparate images yoked together, or the liberating incoherence of the surrealist games. His only connection with surrealism is ironical, as he indicates in a long ode to Lautreamont, the ancestor

It is true that emotions never die fully, and in the script of *Stepan Razin* (1921) the young poet (Gorky) weeps when he quits the ship of the ruthless rebel, who slaughters innocents for Russia's sake. To speak of a "genuine" or even "troubled" friendship, however, is to give plasma to a myth. Gorky could not tolerate the ruthless. It is useful to recall that Jefferson and Hamilton disliked each other; but that this nation went on.

Any striking new chapter in the Gorky saga must come, I think, from the Soviet Union. Its writers and critics have not been able to deal frankly with him, or his work, because he was "the biography of his age" (Fedin) and they cannot yet discuss that age frankly. Like Yegor Bulichev, Gorky comprised more than himself: all the tragic complexities; and if this centennial throws a more honest light on what he stood for, or why he died, it will mean the USSR is a bit closer to unbinding them.

of all surrealists who, like Supervielle (and like Jules Laforgue), was born in Montevideo. We can only wonder at the coincidence which brought such unlike poets (all of them great) from this backwater city of South America, closer to the South Pole than to the cosmopolite Paris where they would become famous.

If we were to invent an ancestry for the open style of Supervielle's best poetry, it would have to include Rilke, Whitman, perhaps even Wordsworth. The poems selected for the *New Directions* volume represent the entire span of Supervielle's career. They reveal no abrupt changes in his style or in the poetic mood he chose to create. Supervielle was slow in discovering his imagination, but the spiritual ground he finally claimed he continued to explore until his death.

In an early poem, he speaks to a child, describing the "astonished look" she wears, like "a basket filled little by little with flowers and sweet-smelling grasses." The little girl faces him "like a signpost in the heart of a forest, pointing the way," for she represents to him the wonderment of poetry. Yet she is "the forsaken one," because her wonderment is also helpless and isolated:

The sky is so vast—perhaps there is no place beneath it for such a little child! We are stifled by too much space just as we are by too little; And yet, just like a grown-up person you must learn to bear The entire universe and all its moving heaviness;

Even the ants get used to it, and their little ones too.

Like the poet, the child is alive to all the small things of earth: the wonderment in her eyes surrounds her with a garland of images, and yet in all that vast extent of the world there is no place which is home for her. Unlike the ant, she has the power of wonderment and surprise (the power of poetry), and so can be at home nowhere if not in the inner spaces of her mind.

Supervielle devoted his poetic life to exploring these inner spaces. His most beautiful poems create a mood of ocean-like immobility. The poet becomes a spiritual diver, descending into the hidden reaches of his life:

When the drowned man awakens at the bottom of the ocean and his heart Begins to flutter like an aspen leaf He sees riding gently toward him ■ a horseman Who breathes without difficulty and motions to him not to be afraid. He strokes his face with a handful of yellow flowers And cuts off one of his hands without ■ trace of blood. The hand has fallen into the sand where it disappears without a sigh, Another hand exactly the same has taken its place and the fingers are working.

Supervielle's ocean is lighthearted and roomy, appearing wherever the poet needed its powerful inward space in order to drown the loneliness and the exile of his life in the outward spaces.

Whitman wrote that he could bear the wild energy of the sunrise only because he could also bring sunrise out of himself. Supervielle would have understood that impulse. But he knew that the imagination which brought sunrise out of him condemned him as well. The vigorous pleasure of the sunrise is present in every poem Supervielle wrote. Yet when the creatures of his mind turn to him, as in the poem "The Burden of a Single Day," saying, "Listen to me! Listen to me!" he remembers all at once that he has no power, answering: "I can do nothing for you," until the images vanish and he is left alone with "only my long table, my books, my papers." And his lips "begin to dream on their own, like lost children."

It is rare that poems translated from the French are as well served as those in Supervielle's *Selected Writings*. The poems translated by Denise Levertov and Kenneth Rexroth are gracefully and delicately done. Those (the majority) done by James Kirkup are sometimes uneven and surprisingly inaccurate; but just as often Mr. Kirkup has managed readable English versions capable of giving real poetic pleasure.

(Continued on page 387)

NEW UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE

University of Chicago—March 22-24, 1968



A CALL TO ACTION

We are committed to the struggle for a democratic university, one within which we may freely express the radical content of our lives and one which will be the antagonist and not the ally of pacifiers, domestic and international.

We are prepared to act on this now and in the future just as we have acted throughout the freedom struggles at home and the Movement to end the war in Vietnam. The **New University Conference** is not the beginning of the struggle for a democratic university; it is merely the beginning of the intensification of that struggle.

The **New University Conference** has three general tasks: it must lay out a comprehensive program for radical university reform, it must plan and initiate the organizations which will carry out that program, and it must encourage a significant expression of radical research and scholarship relating to public policy, the wider culture and the needs of the resistance, Black and poor people's movements.

From the **New University Conference** will come:

1. a national membership organization of faculty, graduate students and Movement intellectuals with a program for radical transformation of the American university.
2. new plans for campus activity and campus organizing and thus an end to the isolation which af-

flicts so many radicals, especially on the smaller campuses and those located away from large urban centers.

3. plans and organization to encourage and support radical scholarship and research so that it may be carried out on a professional and vocational basis rather than as now, a part-time occupation of a few. In addition, we hope to launch a high quality national periodical and to encourage further the formation of radical caucuses within professional associations.
4. expansion of anti-war and other Movement related research as well as new initiatives for university opposition to the war.
5. cooperative and informal Working Groups in American History, Political Science, Sociology, Asian Studies, Cold War History and other disciplines in which radicals are now challenging the doctrines of the university establishment.
6. intensification of the national movement to expose and dislocate university collaboration in war research and social manipulation.
7. a Placement and Defense Organization prepared to assist radicals in obtaining university positions and to provide defense support against the inevitable attacks of McCarthyites, respectable and otherwise.

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Three Poems About Che

CHE

*I don't want to die shot in the stomach
with a child's soft smile and blood
smeared like jam on my face.*

I am

Che and I have failed

*In one bright week, like a children's pageant
they burned you into a jar of ashes,
stretched your body in an autumn sun
let the children come and look at you*

*There were your children: see, the quick ones
glancing like murderers behind the backs
of Army men: not at you or at the Army
but at a village bigger than the one
in which they began. These are yours,
the small quick thieves of Latin America
who saw in the dead man's face no fear*

but the permissive smile of a sleeping brother

*"Remember, comrades, love of life does not sow
fear of death" I could not live with it
I cannot live with the pictures of my body
twisting, coiling as the bullets strike it
the brilliant grimace and the hands clasping
one shoe off, one dirty moccasin blown away;
so I will go on dying for myself
listening to the clean wind in my open body,
faces of justice circling in peaceful death
murmuring like a family in grief.*

LAWRENCE SWAIM

CHE GUEVARA

*Anyone can see suffering
made you look like Christ,
tied on a donkey,
fainting like a girl,
an icon on the front page
of the New York Times,
somebody's dead lover.*

STANLEY MOSS

A COMMON HARVEST

(to John Carter)

*. . . and I remember well
That in life's everyday appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world —*

—William Wordsworth, "The Prelude"

*We will have blizzards and the salt
we spread to clear the streets
will streak and etch its pallid
white veins on the stone curbs.*

*The corpse of Che, or a wax-
doll in his image, was stretched
on a stark rack for the eyes
of all the Western reporters.*

*No, Che Guevara's dead: the duty
of the dead is to make death.
The photo of his flesh in Time
suggests the snow-destroying salt.*

*Our lakes are down the highway,
serious, lovely, moral William,
who sickened of revolution
and shored a dream with strength.*

*Now each day passes; deep
in the wild marshes, out
in the native wheat, all men
are sleeping well with you.*

*The ecstasy of the waning
of the Fall with its wild
colors at the quiet mind,
prophesies dissolution.*

PETER L. SIMPSON

Included in the New Directions volume is a collection of Supervielle's stories, and his short novel, *The Man Who Stole Children*, which follow the poems. The stories are written with the light simplicity of children's tales and, like the poems, they are often about children.

But these are a strange race of lonely, enigmatic creatures Supervielle evokes, as in his haunting parable, "The Child of the Open Sea." A small girl, we are told, lives in a desolate corner of the Atlantic Ocean. She walks up and down a watery street, between gardens of water and houses that are as ordinary as any to be found in France. When a ship appears on the horizon, the child of the open sea falls asleep, the town sinks beneath the waves, and the ship goes on without ever seeing the ephemeral street with its single inhabitant. The story is told simply, convincingly. The most marvelous events take on a natural color which compels our belief. Like so many of Supervielle's characters, the child is a prisoner of the imagination: a poor creature who, when she cries "Help!" to a passing ship which

cannot see her, suddenly understands "all the hidden meanings of the word."

The legends Supervielle retells are fascinating—among them *Orpheus*, *St. Anthony*, *The Rape of Europa*, *The Flight Into Egypt*. In all of them he describes the dilemma of the poet isolated and yet curiously strengthened by his imagination like St. Anthony by his temptations, or like Orpheus by the magic of his singing.

Supervielle's short novel, *The Man Who Stole Children*, creates a similar mood of the marvelous. It tells the story of Colonel Bigua who steals unloved children. South American, rich, living in exile, Bigua tries to construct a world of love and good deeds, like the castle of daydreams he builds each afternoon as he relaxes at his sewing machine. Bigua is a childlike and lonely man, who finally leaps into the sea in order to preserve his daydream. That is where the novel ends. The story leaves the reader wondering whether the sea which claims him is the deadly, cold one that we know or the magical one of Supervielle's poems from which death has disappeared.

"Different evils need different modes of attack: from Swiftian *saeva indignatio* to subtle puncturing, from 'more in sorrow than in anger' to *reductio ad absurdum* . . ."

The second chapter of *Private Screenings* is particularly interesting because Simon discusses his twelve favorite motion pictures. There are some standard choices: Welles's *Citizen Kane*, Carné's *Children of Paradise*, Renoir's *Rules of the Game*, Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, and a Chaplin film, but also some offbeat choices—e.g., early films of Bergman and Fellini's *The White Sheik* and *I Vitelloni*. (He dismisses *8½* and *Juliet of the Spirits* as vacuous and tawdry.) Other choices are Clement's *Forbidden Games*, Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai*, and perhaps the most surprising selection, Wajda's anti-war film, *Kanal*. Though there is an ill-advised attempt to have the discussion of the pictures connected, and the coherence is strained, the importance of the chapter is that we get examples of what one critic considers great art and why he does.

The bulk of the book consists of an impressive accumulation of essays from *The New Leader*. In almost every piece Simon employs the concept of art; it completely guides the book. He also scathingly reveals that which is non-art: ". . . that perfect piece of pseudo-artistic mediocrity *Tom Jones*"; ". . . today, a large body of film-makers, film-reviewers, and film consumers have lapsed into a tacit agreement: the brainless, trashy, antihuman—provided only that it be tricky or pretentious—shall be accepted and hailed as art"; "Otto Preminger's *The Cardinal* is very probably the last word in glossy dishonesty posturing as serious art. . . ."

Simon also discusses failed art with a tinge of sadness. Of *Dear John* he writes, "What is it that nevertheless prevents the film from attaining full artistic stature?"

Man With A Mission

PRIVATE SCREENINGS. By John Simon. The Macmillan Co. 316 pp. \$6.95.

F. A. MACKLIN

Mr. Macklin is an assistant professor of English at the University of Dayton, and the editor of *Film Heritage*.

John Simon's new book, *Private Screenings*, is a furious defense of art, from its opening essay "A Critical Credo" in which Simon insists on the recognition of film as an art form. He believes criticism must have consummately high ideals: "It should never judge something, as is commonly done, on how well it fulfills its own aims, for by that standard, if it sets out to be junk, junk will have to be found excellent."

Simon is a fine stylist and a man of literature. He emphasizes the importance of the word in cinema, ". . . film is the one complex art in which two main components are equally important: text and cinematography, that is, word and image. . . . Words are no less important than pictures." His criticism recognizes the value of the script and the need for solid foundations to film art. He sees the corruption of this value: "The sooner we realize that improvisation is useful only in very small doses—and then, usually, with children, psychotics, or

geniuses—the sooner, in other words, we fathom that dialogue, to be a work of art, must preponderantly be written, the better." Simon fears the lack of substance, the mindlessness, in extravagant chance creation, and is appalled by the work of Jean-Luc Godard, Andy Warhol and the proponents of the underground.

He dedicates himself to responsible criticism: "The first and last responsibility of the film critic, then, is—prepare yourself for a thundering truism—to raise the standard of motion pictures." Simon does this through different styles:

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AS STARRING



*Between Ellen
and Jill
came Paul...*

IN D. H. LAWRENCE'S
THE FOX
...symbol of the male

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of *The Pawnbroker* which he thinks failed, he introduces his review with the remark, "Any attempt in America to make a film a work of art must be hailed." Of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, a film he liked, "A movie such as this one does, however, present one very serious problem: the problem of not being art. . . ." "Art is that which gets better with reexperiencing; nonart is what can be fully relished only once. It would be foolish to argue that there is no room for the perishable pleasure, the impermanent work. It would be slipshod not to evaluate it, too, according to its greater or lesser interest. But it would be wrong to make too much of it: it would be wrong to call it art."

In his discussion of *To Die in Madrid* he writes: "One of the greatest problems of art—perhaps the greatest—is that truth is not beauty, beauty not truth. . . . The artist must find a way of bringing these two, if not inimical at least alien, concepts into a temporary liaison, lasting, let us say, the length of a film." Simon's emphasis on art at first glance might seem to be a very restrictive theory. But it offers the strength and stability of a constant, strong point of view. Simon is the least contradictory of critics.

One of the most decisive elements in his criticism is the poetic sense of humanity and his insight in expressing it. He writes of the final image in *The Organizer*: ". . . such an impeccable parabola and rhythm of surprise, pathos, beauty of movement, sense of loss and void that what might be tear-jerking fills the eye not with dimming tears but widening vision." The facial expressions in *Nothing But a Man* are ". . . the silences at the core of art in which roars the inexpressible." Of Anouk Aimee in *A Man and a Woman*: ". . . everything in her speaks of a gentleness that only long nights of loving could have instructed in groping its way to the core of human darkness. . . ."

Simon can also be pungent. Of Melina Mercouri: "Her standard expression is a bemused, constipated smile which is supposed to convey everything from mysterious female canniness to irrepressible hormones. . . ." Of Elizabeth Taylor's performance in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*: "Martha, whom Uta Hagen made so richly, rottenly ripe, is here still in the throes of a difficult puberty. . . ."

He insists on a critical morality. "Nothing is more suspect in criticism nowadays than a moral position, and yet there can be no criticism without one . . . for aesthetics is the morality of art, just as morality is the aesthetics of living." (There is an interesting condemnation of Fellini and Godard for the abusive, self-justifying, brutalizing

exploitation of their wives in their films.)

The chapter called "Godard and the Godardians" is a shocker. It is written in almost indefensible taste and is a brutal vilification of Godard and his work. It is obviously done in the "Swiftian *saeva indignatio/reductio ad absurdum*" Simon included in his critical creed. For Simon, Godard is "the quintessential antiartist," and his influence on the young and on our culture is abominable and ruinous. ". . . because Godard puts so much brute sight into his films, he gives the new blind, the new deaf their only seeing and hearing. And that, I submit, is truly dreadful."

In outrage at Andrew Sarris' comment that "Godard's allegedly revolutionary position is comparable to the positions of Stravinsky, Picasso, Joyce, and Eliot," Simon responds: "About the only place where Godard's position might be comparable to that of the other four is on the toilet seat. But Godard, alas, also expels his works from that position."

It is an attack to the death, nothing held back, anger boiling out against the enemy—and it is obvious that Simon views the Godardians as those who can destroy art and warp life. ". . . if you feel, as I do, that the locus of art is the point of intersection of three lines of pursuit—the aesthetic, the intellectual,

and, in the loosest sense of the word, the moral—you will find Godard's work far removed from that point. . . ." He rages against the critics who spread the cockeyed vision of Godard. ". . . to a critic like Susan Sontag—a critic, by the way, who is 'against interpretation,' which is rather like being against criticism—this [Godard's] very affectless emptiness is a virtue."

Simon also tries to demolish the point of view exhibited by Pauline Kael, ". . . that curious combination of lively shrewdness, sentimental-hysterical self-indulgence, and dependably plebeian tastes. . . ." "Godard is the essence of immature, escapist nostalgia under a thin veneer of sophisticated irony, and it may be that because Miss Kael shares some of his attitudes his films become so attractive to her."

John Simon has often been chastised and ignored because of his alleged pedantry (he quotes foreign languages) and his harsh point of view, but he is ignored more because filmgoers are unable to bear a morality of art that is severe and demanding. That morality is "a relevance to human life, an elegance of spirit. . . ." John Simon's *Private Screenings* keeps a sense of ideals before us; it demands prestige for film in the arts; it clarions a loving but fierce humanity.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

The quality of lyricism in Jerome Kass's *Saturday Night* is not strained (Sheridan Square Playhouse). When papa Harris, a retired tailor, only slightly misquotes T. S. Eliot—"I grow old . . . I grow old . . . I shall wear the bottom of my pants rolled . . ."—one is surprised, amused and above all touched. Everything in the play is like that. The story line partakes of what has by now become a tradition of American Jewish comedy, renewed here by a special fillip of tenderness.

The old man quotes Eliot: his daughter Rochelle quotes Whitman and Yeats because she is a librarian whose education is an aspiration rather than a property. Both father and daughter long for "Byzantium"—a painting on the Bronx baroque ceiling of a neighborhood movie house—because they dream of escape from the humdrum of the city's bedroom ghetto. He escapes to Doris Day on Saturday nights, she to the fantasies she spins with her fat friend Ellie while Pop is away.

The girls tell each other impossible tales of romantic encounters during the week, Rochelle in headlong ecstasy and Ellie, more earth-bound with some reluc-

tance. They dress fancifully for the occasion, redecorate and spread incense over the apartment, play Brahms, drink bourbon and tell lies like truth. Even Rochelle's downheartedness, couched in distortions of poets and prophets, is a form of consolation for her loveless life. She finds in all the deep thinkers a confirmation and an echo of her own melancholy. "In a crappy world all crap goes. No God, no rules: Camus in a nutshell!"

The hilarity with which one greets Rochelle's literary lamentations is always tinged by the gentle pity (without condescension) with which Jerome Kass informs his play. He is all warm sentiment, yet rarely sentimental. He is a shrewd observer yet ever kind. A local realist, he is nevertheless something of a poet. He knows the stenographers, the cab drivers, the cops of our town, but there is no trace of vulgarity in his view of them, only a fine sense of fraternity. His sadness is wreathed in a bashful smile. He is a young playwright to be cherished.

The play is very well acted by Zina Jasper as Rochelle, whose fervor needs

only greater vocal modulation and variety of emotional attack to make it perfect. Gina Collins is brilliant as Ellie, whose blend of wistful naïveté and canny bluntness produces a consummate portrait of the hope and disabused yearning of our ladies of the subways. The director, Burt Brinckerhoff, might do a little more to make Shimen Ruskin as the aggrieved Mr. Harris suffer from hurt rather than exasperation.

Portrait of A Queen, a staged reading rather than a play, is an arrangement by William Francis from the letters, diaries, speeches, newspaper reports and spicy ditties of Victoria's long reign (Henry Miller's Theatre). A narrative continuity is shaped from the material, and for those who like myself are enchanted by leaves from the pages of history it makes a most agreeable evening.

To many Americans history is a dead letter. The past fails to speak to us in a living voice. But for the English, history is present: they know themselves—even when they disdain it—to be its direct heirs. Because this is so, *Portrait of A Queen* can be a box office success in the London theatre. It is not without glamour for some of us here.

A good deal of the effect is owing to Dorothy Tutin's refreshingly cool portrait of the Queen. Victoria in Miss Tutin's reading is forever putting the best face on disagreeable or painful matters. Her voice is pitched high in sweetly regal loftiness: even in grief her countenance remains a white cameo of unforced dignity. The language throughout has a relaxed and formal purity which alights on our sensibilities in this time of rasping exacerbation like a steady hand, a smooth detergent.

The last act, perhaps the most interesting in the familiarity of its personages, falls short of full effectiveness through the too ponderous caricature of James Cossins' Gladstone (the Prime Minister was after all a force, neither fool nor bore), and through Dennis King's too stagily resonant Disraeli, who was famous for his keen wit, not for his voice.

Jakov Lind's *Ergo* (at the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street) is a savagely anti-German comedy in a typically German vein. (Lind is an Austrian but his artistic forebears are German.) The play is extremely interesting as evidence of the violent loathing felt by a whole generation of postwar writers for the ever-present characteristics that German artists since 1919 (and some before that)—Heinrich Mann, Frank Wedekind, Carl Sternheim, Georg Kaiser, Oskar Kokoschka and others—have repeatedly vented.

The tone of Lind's play is one of obscenely raucous derision too fierce to be called funny. Foreigners have never spewed as much contempt on the Germans as have some of these Germans themselves. In doing so, very few have so glaringly exemplified the symptoms which are the targets of their abuse. The satire is frantic, scabrous, grossly over-inflated; excess among Germans is not confined to Hitlerism.

Lind hoots at the erstwhile lower-class Nazis' insane attempt to absolve their guilt by hounding out the more correct breed which hides in obscure places, immaculate with a sense of order and scientific precision. (A couple make love wearing antiseptic surgical masks.) With every step these characters take and every word they utter they betray the same ineradicable traits which made them the bane of humankind in the days of their triumph. Their offspring are either the now scruffy and mostly impotent intellectuals of time-honored Teutonic stripe or the turgid hairsplitting philosophic maniacs engaged in concocting a new hash from the old metaphysics for dubious political purposes. They are surrounded by silly Socialist workers, seedy Junkers with the same supercilious Wilhelmian arrogance as before, and by vast hordes of bloated bourgeois sheep who bleat and croak to the perennial beery tunes of pompous and disgusting flatulence. Above all these proceedings the double-headed eagle spreads its wings, while down below the apologists sigh that their people lack "character."

What gives such satire relevance beyond the immediate accusations of neo-Nazism and not dissimilar strains of thought, feeling and behavior (police brutality, bureaucratic arrogance and punitive bigotry in education) is the suspicion that the Germans may not be the only ones to be so infected. In its raging invective, wild symbolism and verbal power, this post-expressionist diatribe still has value.

Except for the inadequacy in staging of the final moments, *Ergo* is extraordinarily well produced by Joseph Papp and directed by Gerald Freedman. In setting, casting, costuming, make-ups and general treatment, the play's style is admirably caught in all its grotesquerie. Tom Aldredge as the covert but "clean" Nazi, Jack Hollander as the one besmirched and buried in tons of discarded newspapers, Robert Stattel as the soiled pundit, and Sam Waterston the macerated scion of the good old German culture are especially effective.

Because I directed Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* in London, New York,

and later on television, I shall not discuss its production at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. I shall confine myself to repeating for the umpteenth time an axiom of theatre aesthetics which has apparently not yet been absorbed as knowledge in the minds of those who should have learned it long since.

A towering dramatic text is a bad play when it is ineptly produced. *Hamlet* or any such masterpiece, when its essential quality is missed, has less theatric (or artistic) value than a third-rate occasional piece.

Tiger at the Gates is not a great play, but it is one of considerable point and stature. It is a passionate comedy, not a bit of boulevard fluff. Its wit and eloquence are not due to anachronism—fabled Troy in the guise of France on its way to the Second World War—they are the outcry of a seer masking himself in tense irony. Giraudoux utters his warning with a semblance of disengaged hauteur so as not to disturb us overmuch by exposing his apprehension and heartbreak at what he foresees. In his play, a memory of tragedy and a haunting premonition of its eternal perpetuation are draped in the comely garb of Gallic calm, splendor and sensuality.

This is the significance of the play as it was presented in Paris in 1935, again in English in 1955, and as it still remains in its text. But without a stage vision of its core and tone it becomes nothing but soggy verbiage. If it seems so now the fault is not Giraudoux's.

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TELEVISION/ John Horn

The President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has taken the essential step of clarifying to whites what has been obscure to them because of chronic self-deception: that white racism is father to racial injustice. Yet the commission's view of television is so curiously narrow—regarding it as one of the news media, not as the wall-to-wall, sunrise to sunrise, social environment of Pop culture it more importantly is—that one wonders whether the superficiality stems from ignorance or intent. At best the Kerner commission, by looking at television as merely one of the news media and considering only their collective role in the amelioration of racial tension through wider, better and integrated news coverage, suggests that even it has not yet faced up to the profound upheavals that are necessary in the hearts, minds and practices, both individual and institutional, of the white majority.

To newspapers and broadcasting the

commission recommended expansion of news coverage of the Negro community, integration of Negro and white coverage, recruitment and training of more Negroes as journalists, improvement in the reporting of riots and coordination with police. All these proposals are to the good, but to consider television in its relatively minor role as reporter, while ignoring its major role as social conditioner—creating a social climate, setting standards and examples of morals, goals and behavior, stimulating desires and expectations—is to be blind to the medium's effect on our society.

Television is a fifth column bringing into Negro homes white nonsense, white violence, white affluence, white materialism, white indifference to fellow Americans of color. To all human beings television is a continuous assault on the heart, the mind and the spirit. To Negroes, as to all racial minorities, it is a major alienating force.

The promise of television was that of a window on the world. The reality of television today is a shop window on a world of commercial-studded frivolity created by broadcasting and advertising interests. Negroes in their ghettos look at this artificial world and see that it is white, hedonistic, violent, affluent and exploitative. The situation comedies, the game shows, the Westerns, the adventure tales, the dramas, the movies, variety, comedy, discussions and commercials—just about all the fare is aimed at the white middle class. Black viewers did not need the Kerner commission to tell them that "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." Television by and large excludes Negroes. It denies them the public air waves. It tells them the great white society does not care for them. It gives them a false image of themselves.

The world of television, of course, is a false image of the white world as well, but it is a true reflection of white values. Affluent whites who have control of television employ it to their own economic ends, not for human communication. It is a deprivation of grave consequence.

There have been unusual instances when Negroes were addressed by television as Negroes and people. It was startling to hear, during local station breaks, a plea from Negro leaders to the Negro community of New York City to cool it during the Harlem riots of 1963. Startling because television is seldom used for such direct, social communication. Several years ago the program, *The*

Comers, on New York City's educational Channel 13, gave a group of racially and economically diverse youngsters, mainly high school juniors and seniors, the opportunity to get to know one another in free-wheeling discussion on camera. In the process they learned and at the same time taught the television audience that we are all of us, no matter the race, creed or economic position, one community. By having freedom of microphone and camera, the youngsters learned too that the community cared. Typically the program was dropped, on pretext of insufficient funding, after the kids got into a frank discussion of sex that offended adults in the TV audience.

Such examples are rare and they exist now only as history. Every night of the week television offers the more usual sights and sounds of fiddling while civilization burns.

The prospect of changing television into a tool that would help rather than exploit America is not hopeful. The FCC has been permissive about public service. Congress has been more concerned with private broadcasters than public welfare. The most recent proposal to better American television, the still-in-prospect Public Broadcasting Corporation to aid noncommercial television, may need, according to its chairman, Frank Pace, Jr., twenty years to develop into a potent social and educational force. The slow build-up will put America where England was when it began its television system in 1936 by creating the autonomous British Broadcasting Corporation. A communications gap of fifty-two years is ludicrous for an America with crucial and urgent problems to solve now.

Was it too much to expect the Kerner commission to examine television in some depth? The commission was cautious about treading on freedom of the press in discussion of news coverage of riots. It completely overlooked the responsibility of television stations—not their news organizations but the stations themselves—to operate "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." That is how their licenses read. But television is used to amuse the whites and to move their goods. It gives no one, least of all Negroes, a sense of community or a feeling of human dignity. It is divisive. It deprives minorities, especially Negroes, of a part in the American present and future.

The frightful thing is that we have institutionalized white American prejudice by entrusting television to commercial interests which are committed to the majority (white) audience on a limited, materialistic basis. We have in effect given away the instrument that could save us.

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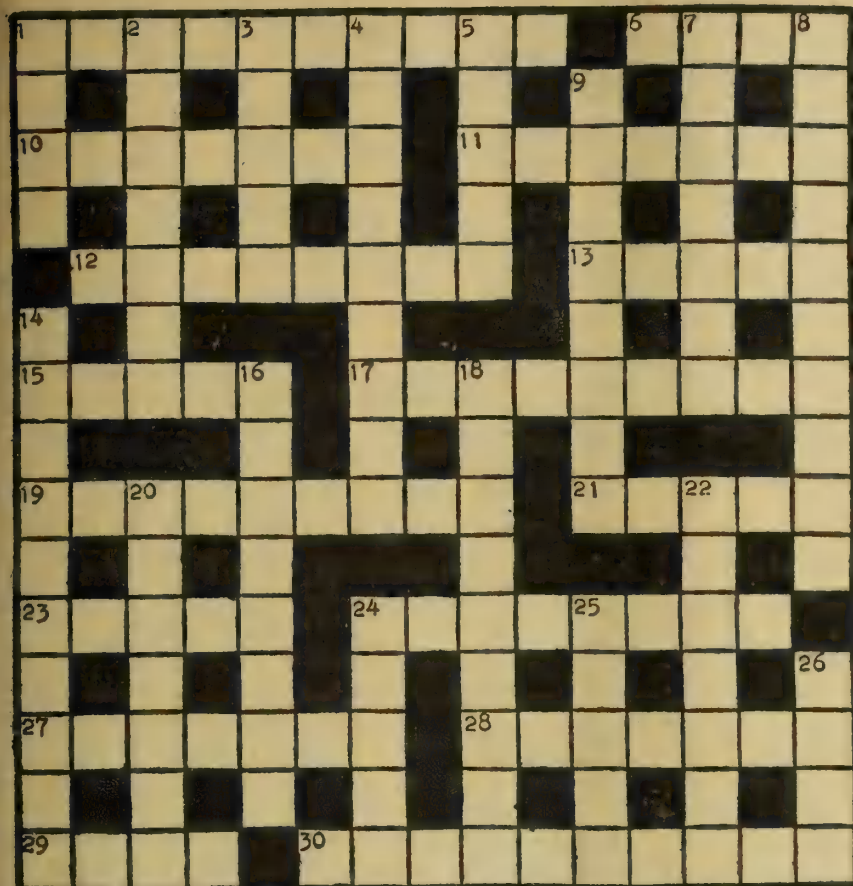
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1241

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Where the stars might be out in the country? (2, 8)
- 6 Ring in a box? Quite the contrary. (4)
- 10 The candidate is obviously in operation.
- 11 Making someone it seems like the pricing of an article. (7)
- 12 Primer to confuse one who may have a duty to bring things in? (7)
- 13 A suggestion on what to do for meat? (5)
- 5 Johnson's place in the news occasionally? (5)
- 7 March past as one might be taken in? (5, 4)
- 9 We might come to grips soon with this forecast. (9)
- 21 Goes under, like many disreputable places. (5)
- 23 Reduces the length of the strands of coral, possibly. (5)
- 24 A confused rumble on the line, in short? Food for worms by implication. (8)
- 27 Get a certain amount back after this trouble with the neck. (7)
- 28 Proceed to furnish on credit. (7)
- 29 Cuts the support out from under those who are typified by 17. (4)
- 30 Starts to pen letters for a churchman?

DOWN:

- 1 and 25 down In France, bear certain spirits reflecting on us. (9)
- 2 Perhaps tackle a worker for the phone company. (7)

- 3 Feature nothing but cotton cloth? (5)
- 4 Because they roll their money into them? (9)
- 5 You terrestrials don't live in such space, but hope to find it early here. (5)
- 7 12 across might fit this to a T, but it used to be fair game. (7)
- 11 Unmindful of the large dress design? (10)
- 9 Urges a boy to have such a sandwich? (3, 5)
- 14 Only black or white allowed when the invitation calls for them to be held by the owners? (10)
- 16 Give a little, good-looking! (8)
- 18 Serving the nuts later, in consequence? (9)
- 20 Dance, as a general course of action. (3-4)
- 22 In, over, and around the balcony. (7)
- 24 Numbered among the 4. (5)
- 25 See 1 down.
- 26 Worst, paradoxically. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1240

ACROSS: 1 Vainglory; 6 Parts; 9 Lettish; 10 Abridge; 15 Overload; 16 Studio; 18 Typing; 20 Discount; 23 Iron; 24 and 28 Second-guessed; 25, 11 and 13 Batten down; 29 Inverts; 30 Ruses; 31 Delusions. DOWN: 1 Valet; 2 Intense; 3 Ghibelline; 4, Ophidian; 5 Years; 6 and 12 Portending; 7 Redwood; 8 Sternmost; 14 Stock doves; 15 Outrigger; 17 Binomial; 19 Process; 21 Umberto; 22 Seeded; 26 Tusks; 27 Uses.

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

knowing the school

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: As a long-time subscriber and lover of *The Nation* and a long-time faculty member at San Francisco State, I'm irritated by the long letter signed by Richard Fitzgerald and Anatole Anton in the Feb. 19 issue.

Our college has received considerable national and even international attention in recent months and much of the press coverage has been inaccurate. However, the writers you have selected to cover us—Shover, Windmiller and finally David Swanston, have a record of liberal achievement on this campus and they are all able writers who know the scene. Anatole Anton and Richard Fitzgerald are not listed in the current bulletins and catalogues, have no record that we know about except disruption this past semester and miss the boat in so many ways in their letter that it would take pages to refute their *mystique*.

Because of their lack of history and knowledge of the campus they may deem the quality of radical leadership at the college as "very high." Swanston, as a former editor of our daily college paper and now a reporter on the *San Francisco Chronicle* with Berkeley as his beat, knows that the quality of FSM leadership and the present UC student radicals put us to shame. It is tragic for us that our radicals cannot discriminate between the cold warriors and the hot progressives as their enemies.

Kay Boyle, who knows the scene here and still spends much of her time in jail for persistent peace activity, is right: "The Swanston piece . . . is the one really accurate piece of reporting and speculation. . . . It is a fine and just report."

Jerrold L. Werthimer

tasks for the intellectual

Naperville, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Dr. Nettl's description of the intellectual ["Are Intellectuals Obsolete?"; *The Nation*, Mar. 4] as a man with universal concerns, absorbed with the quality of life and dedicated to a socio-political role is superb, but it would be helpful to be more definitive. What are the universal values of the intellectual? What qualities of life should concern him? What socio-political role must he play?

The questions I pose are not impossible. Indeed, they are imperative. We live in a technological culture which is trying to make universals out of speed and efficiency and productivity, and science has been prostituted to this effort. . . .

The genuine task of the intellectual is twofold. He must engage in a serious attempt to evaluate the values of our technological civilization, and he must commit himself to the preservation of the values which undergird a humanist world community. The universals to which I refer are the values upon which science is founded: truth, the use of reason as a means thereto, and freedom. There may be no objective reason why a person should prefer truth to falsehood, reason to irrationalism or freedom to slavery, but there can be little doubt that if we remain ethically neutral when truth is aborted, reason neglected and freedom violated, humanity has suffered a setback. Let no one think of this struggle in terms of the so-called "East-West conflict." The problem is inherent in Western industrialism. . . .

Only the intellectual can comprehend the magnitude of the human predicament and provide the leadership sorely needed. Until intellectuals do comprehend and act, we are at the mercy of the bureaucratic social engineers, the trained military killers, the mindless nationalistic politicians and their hirelings. . . .

Rev. Eugene Wm. Kreyes

EDITORIALS

McCarthy's Victory

Senator McCarthy has scored a stunning victory in New Hampshire. Not only did he receive a higher percentage of the Democratic vote than even his backers anticipated (42 per cent) but he actually managed to walk off with twenty of the state's twenty-four delegates (because of a surplus of pro-Johnson candidates; there were forty-five of them for the twenty-four openings). When the campaign began, McCarthy was almost unknown in the state, and President Johnson had every advantage, including the support of the local Democratic officials. Under these circumstances, McCarthy's victory is truly impressive. It will add momentum to the primary campaigns in Wisconsin and California where his prospects, even before March 12, seemed brighter than they did in New Hampshire. It will give a real lift to the pro-McCarthy amateurs, notably the young college students who added so much color and interest to the campaign. They may not have been a major factor in the outcome, but their activities, widely and favorably reported by the mass media, have greatly stimulated national interest in McCarthy's candidacy. To be sure, he got help from two serious mistakes on the part of the Johnson forces: they sent out pre-election pledge cards in violation of the spirit if not the letter of the election laws and at the last minute they tried to apply the smear tactics of Joe McCarthy to Eugene McCarthy. Both moves backfired; even some of the President's supporters took exception to them.

The vote was also a tribute to Senator McCarthy's talents as a campaigner. *The Nation* has felt from the start that the Senator's manner of campaigning has more to commend it than some of his friendly critics are prepared to concede. But then we had occasion to measure the effectiveness of his personal political style at the Nation Institute Conference last year (February 25) in Los Angeles and so were prepared to believe that the enthusiasm he aroused then was a measure of the reception he might expect elsewhere. The notion that he is too "professorial," theoretical and restrained is another mass-media cliché that was concocted long before it could be put to the test.

But it has been the dramatic shift in sentiment against the war since the Tet offensive that more than anything else accounts for Senator McCarthy's fine showing. We had occasion last year to commend Sen. George McGovern (D., S. Dak.), who also appeared at the Nation Institute Conference, for his remarkable courage in taking a strong stand against the war. At that time we suggested ("Speaking Out," May 8, 1967) that not only had he taken the correct position but that it would probably turn out to be good practical politics. And so it has. Since the Tet offensive, support for Senator McGovern has shown a sharp increase. The latest report of the usually reliable South Dakota poll shows Senator McGovern leading Gov. Nils A. Boe, who is his likely Republican opponent, by a 71 to 24 margin. This is a truly remarkable lead for a Democrat incumbent in a largely Republican state.

Now that the President's vulnerability has been demonstrated—now that the deep division within the Democratic Party has been revealed on the issue of the war and on Johnson ("There is a feeling," Senator McCarthy notes in one of his most perceptive understatement, that "the President doesn't really represent what America stands for"), Senator Kennedy has decided, as we suggested he might, to add his challenge to that of McCarthy's. In general, this is a good move; it will insure an assault in strength on Johnson-Humphrey and it will redouble pressure on Johnson to stand aside. It will also, by indirection aid Rockefeller; the wheel horses of the GOP will not relish the prospect of a Kennedy-Nixon campaign, even with a "new" Nixon and a different Kennedy. But as we see it, Senator Kennedy should not enter the primaries; on the contrary he should support McCarthy. He can do so on the theory, which is sound, that their joint task at the moment is to maximize the opposition to Johnson. Between now and the convention, Kennedy can make his major contribution by lining up delegates from the non-primary states and by helping McCarthy in the states that will be holding primary elections. The campaign may well shape up as a repeat of the 1952 campaign in which Kefauver's remarkable showing in the primaries was a factor in President Truman's decision not to seek re-election, but when Stevenson, not Kefauver, gained the nomination. Let the delegates at Chicago choose between Kennedy and McCarthy if it comes to that; the decision will rest with them in any case. But there should be no split or division in the anti-Johnson forces. A great deal can and will happen between now and the convention; the immediate task is to keep the anti-Johnson elements moving in the same direction. Whatever happens, the country owes a round of thanks to Senator McCarthy who has managed to set the political system in motion. Suddenly it is spring, and a flood of political energies will now find release, thanks to his courage and initiative and imagination.

Double Stalemate

In an editorial, "An Appeal to the President" (*The Nation*, March 11), we echoed Sen. Thruston B. Morton's suggestion that, for the good of the country, Mr. Johnson should not seek re-election. The idea may have sounded quixotic; in reality, it was and is a sober political proposal. As far as mortal wit can tell, and whatever may be the case with Governor Rockefeller, or Sen. Robert Kennedy, or Senator McCarthy, President Johnson has no solution for resolving the fundamental problem afflicting the country—the Vietnamese War. That American policy faces crisis in Vietnam is now almost universally conceded. The dropouts multiply, the disaffection spreads. *Newsweek* threw in the towel this week, *Time* may follow with the next issue or the one following. (If it isn't pondering such a move, it isn't living up to its name.)

Everyone of mature political sense now sees our dilemma: we can't apply our power except at a price which we, as a predominantly sane nation, are not prepared to pay, either on our own behalf or that of our South Vietnamese wards. The basis on which we are willing to

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 13

negotiate is not and will never be acceptable to the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Our involvement rises, our strength wanes, the pacification program is moribund, and the people of the United States are divided as never before in a time of national travail. The national crisis is mirrored by the personal crisis Lyndon B. Johnson faces in this election year. In any direction he looks, he is stymied. He can let the stalemate continue, but politically that is impossible except as a short-term stalling maneuver. He can escalate yet once more, raising the casualty lists (the Russians will match him weapon for weapon) and bringing us closer to World War III.

But there is a way out of both stalemates: he could decide not to seek re-election and thus create the circumstances which might make it possible to negotiate a settlement. The President is so heavily committed to a military solution that at this late date his options are narrowly limited. It is his candidacy that divides and will continue to divide his party and the nation. Sensing the situation, as no doubt he does, he should stand aside. If Richard Nixon is nominated, it is conceivable that he might defeat Johnson. That would be a climactic humiliation for the President and might well be catastrophic for the country. A brighter outlook would be the Republican nomination of Nelson Rockefeller and that would be more likely if the President were to step down. As matters stand, the Republicans, who are eager to win, feel that even Nixon can beat Johnson. If the President withdraws, his action would have been relatively selfless, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had given his party a chance to unite under new leadership and perhaps even to go on to win the election. History will look on him more benignly, and his pride will suffer far less, if he decides to follow the example of President Truman and not seek re-election.

The Complete Demagogue

It may go against the grain, but let us give Richard Nixon his due. He is a remarkable political figure, with the resilience of a tennis ball and also some of its flight characteristics. The astonishing way in which this man has rebounded from the humiliations of 1960—when Dwight D. Eisenhower nearly jettisoned him—and 1962, when after defeat in California he took out his rage on the press, is proof that he is a phenomenon even among politicians of his type.

In contrast to those dark days, he is now a model of equanimity; he even looks better. Credit for this must be given to his TV make-up and the cosmetics industry in general. His move to New York and his \$200,000 income, from a law practice for which he manages somehow to find time, have had a very good outward effect. Inside his head, where his political thoughts swirl, he is of course the same old Nixon. New Hampshire gave ample, if unneeded proof.

The marks of a demagogue are many, but the principal ones are an appeal to the emotions, the lower the better; a contempt for consistency—which also implies a contempt for the voters—and reckless promises so worded that they will sound plausible to the inexperi-

enced. Drawing on the last, the new Nixon used a maneuver which had worked when Ike tried it: he promised to "end the war." He gave no details and ignored the differences between Vietnam and Korea, as well as those between Eisenhower and himself. Moving in the same direction, he suggested that the draft might be eliminated. This was smart. Opinion from moderate to left opposes the draft, and for their own reasons the right wing of the Republican Party and the so-called new conservatives are also against it. Nixon's comments on the report of the President's commission on civil disorders were sure-fire with the bulk of the good, solid, property-owning middle class; in any case he has no hope of making serious inroads on the Negro vote.

The appearance of being "against the war" was coupled with statements implying the contrary. Naturally this was a bit confusing, but sowing confusion is one of the prime requisites of success in the demagogue business. When asked just how he would end the war, Nixon came up with the most impudent of all his ploys—that since he may well be the next President of the United States, it would not behoove him to say what his plans were at this time. New Hampshire voters are a smart lot on the whole, but the ones who swallowed that excuse must be at the lower end of the intelligence curve.

There is no comfort in the fact that, being a complete opportunist as well as a complete demagogue, and sensing the mounting feeling against the war, Nixon might wind up a dove, or at least a hawk in dove feathers. Lyndon B. Johnson looked as though he might be trusted in 1964; Richard M. Nixon lacks even the appearance.

Disaffection in the Senate

The publicly televised hearings of 1966 were the first serious effort by the Senate—specifically the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—to get back into the act, to recapture some of the power and assume some of the responsibility it had abdicated over a period of twenty years or more. This year it has insisted that Secretary Rusk appear publicly. He has refused—until now. Last week's hearings were far more effective than those of 1966. The Senate is rebelling; the debate that preceded the hearings showed it. The hearings were a good thing per se, in terms of the balance between the Executive and the legislative branches, and because they conveyed to the public the Senate's deep uneasiness and concern.

More specifically, on the Gulf of Tonkin question, Senator Morse was devastating. What he said was a brilliant vindication of the position he and Senator Gruening have held right along. Rusk did not attempt to reply. He simply said that the record was available and anyone could read it and make his own judgment.

Senator Cooper tried to get an answer to what was really meant by "negotiation," the San Antonio formula, etc., but Secretary Rusk was evasive. Yet his very evasiveness underscored the fact that, despite what it says, the Administration is not willing to withdraw American troops from Vietnam because it knows that the Saigon government would fall flat on its face as soon as they left.

There is merit in what Morse and *The Nation* have said

in the past, namely, why not take the issue to the Security Council, with a promise in advance to be bound by the results? The Birchites would howl; well, let them. If the Security Council refused to act, take it to the General Assembly. The familiar argument on the other side is that North Vietnam, China and North Korea are not members. But, as Morse pointed out, the Charter imposes an obligation on the UN to try to maintain the peace of the world, and is quite clear on the point that the UN's activities can extend to situations in which one of the parties is not a member. Whether or not the Security Council members like such a procedure is irrelevant. They are not at the UN for their material or psychological comfort, but to make an honest effort to preserve the peace.

There remain serious tactical weaknesses in the critics' position. They still hesitate, for example, to say in so many words that containment will not work in Asia because the conditions are quite unlike those in Europe. They still have not thought very deeply or clearly about so-called wars of national liberation or about revolutionary wars in general. They are still unable to see that it is the failure of American policy toward China which has been largely responsible for both the Korean War and the present war in Vietnam. But disaffection is mounting in the Senate and in the House and there will be further encounters.

From the public's point of view the hearings were a success and N.B.C. is to be commended for televising them. The confrontation was vivid and dramatic. Some of the commentators contend that the exchange failed to move either side; the divergence of views remained. But this assessment does not take into account the impact on the large audience that watched the hearings. What the hearings did was to dramatize the depth and intensity of the opposition to the Administration's handling of the crisis and the extent to which the legislative committee is ranged against the Executive. Of the committee members, only Lausche, Dodd and Sparkman could be fairly listed as Administration supporters.

Afterthoughts on Orangeburg

The Deep South remains deep, and one needn't go as far as the Gulf of Mexico to be convinced of it. By the "incident" of February 8 at Orangeburg, South Carolina has put in a strong bid for the "white supremacy" championship partly relinquished by a somewhat chastened Mississippi. No other paper has done a better job on the confusing events at Orangeburg than the *Los Angeles Times*, and no other reporter has made a more thorough and impartial investigation than Jack Nelson, whose summation appeared on February 18—ten days after the killing of three Negro students and the wounding by gunfire of at least twenty-five others. Nelson had time to interview everyone who had anything to tell and to put the evidence together coherently. The only tenable conclusion is that some of the state police disgraced themselves and that Gov. Robert E. McNair disgraced both himself and his state by putting up a blanket defense of their actions.

The trouble began when black students from South Carolina State College and adjacent Claflin College were

barred from a local bowling alley. As a result, disorder erupted on the night of February 5. The next night the students tried again to enter the bowling alley and were beaten back by local police. Seven coeds were among those clubbed—Southern chivalry remains lily-white. The night of February 7 produced further premonitory trouble, and the authorities made preparations for what civil rights leaders quite accurately call the "massacre" of February 8.

Early that evening some random shots of unknown origin were fired on the South Carolina State campus, but these had nothing to do with what followed, except perhaps to make the more nervous of the state troopers still more jittery. Some 100 students built a bonfire on U.S. 601, by way of protest and self-assertion. Firemen put out this blaze and apparently were not molested, but the 100 students then found themselves facing about fifty state troopers armed with shotguns and automatic weapons, and backed up by about forty-five National Guardsmen and some local police. Sticks, stones and miscellaneous missiles were thrown, and a trooper named D. W. Shealey was struck in the mouth. An Associated Press photographer, Dozier Mobley, relates what followed. Some of the state police thought Shealey had been shot and they "panicked." Mobley says: "I was surprised and disappointed. They lost their composure. They were running around and shouting and hollering. It was bad."

It was bad, all right. Six or eight of these officers fired three or four rounds apiece at close range. They fatally injured a college freshman, a sophomore, and an Orangeburg High School student, each 18 years old. A TV crew member covering the scene also said that six, eight, or at most ten state troopers "panicked." According to some student witnesses, the sophomore who later died was struck with a gun butt and billy clubs as he was being dragged out of the way. He gasped, "You can hit me, but you can't hurt me no more."

The most significant piece of evidence is that none of the Guardsmen, none of the local police, and only a few of the state troopers did any shooting. Further mute evidence is offered by the fact that sixteen of the twenty-eight students who were shot, including two of the three who were killed, were hit in the back. There was no need for shooting. Those who did it had lost their nerve. They were guilty of manslaughter.

Governor McNair's explanation is that the officers fired "spontaneously," believing their lives were threatened when one of their detachment was struck by a hand-thrown missile. The character of the Governor's representative, a lawyer named Henry Lake, may be judged by the fact that he referred to a former student, Cleveland Sellers, a SNCC organizer, as "the main man. He's the biggest nigger in the crowd." Sellers, the only person arrested on the night of the massacre, was charged with inciting to riot, arson (a capital offense in South Carolina), breaking and entering, larceny and assault and battery. He had told newsmen earlier that if trouble broke out he would be the "scapegoat." He is being held under \$50,000 bond.

What McNair has sanctioned will bear bitter fruit on other Negro campuses, and is a preparation for the violence of the coming spring and summer.

NEXT STOP, WISCONSIN

JOHN PATRICK HUNTER

Mr. Hunter is a political reporter for the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.

Madison, Wis.

The abrupt withdrawal of Governor Romney of Michigan has taken some of the drama out of the Wisconsin Presidential primary, but the election is nonetheless shaping up to be a significant referendum on the war in Vietnam. Romney's withdrawal has angered Wisconsin supporters of former Vice President Nixon, who were set to clobber the Governor. And it has shifted the spotlight from the GOP primary to the Democratic contest, where Lyndon Johnson's name is entered opposite that of Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota.

Senator McCarthy has fallen heir to the still sizable following of the late Adlai Stevenson—a loose amalgam of liberals centered principally in Madison, but with enclaves in northern and western Wisconsin. Not even Senator McCarthy's most sanguine supporters here expect him to win the Wisconsin primary, but they hope that he will cut the President's margin of victory and send McCarthy delegates to the national convention from at least three Congressional districts.

The Presidential candidates are not entered in a mere popularity contest: they are fighting for delegates to the two national conventions. Wisconsin primary law has no winner-take-all provision. In order to win the total delegation, the candidates must carry every one of the state's ten Congressional districts. In the Democratic primary, President Johnson and Senator McCarthy will be wooing sixty delegates (with fifty-nine convention votes); the Republicans will send thirty delegates with a vote apiece to Miami Beach. McCarthy's state organization is counting on a strong current of anti-war sentiment to overcome the support the Administration is getting from Wisconsin party officials.

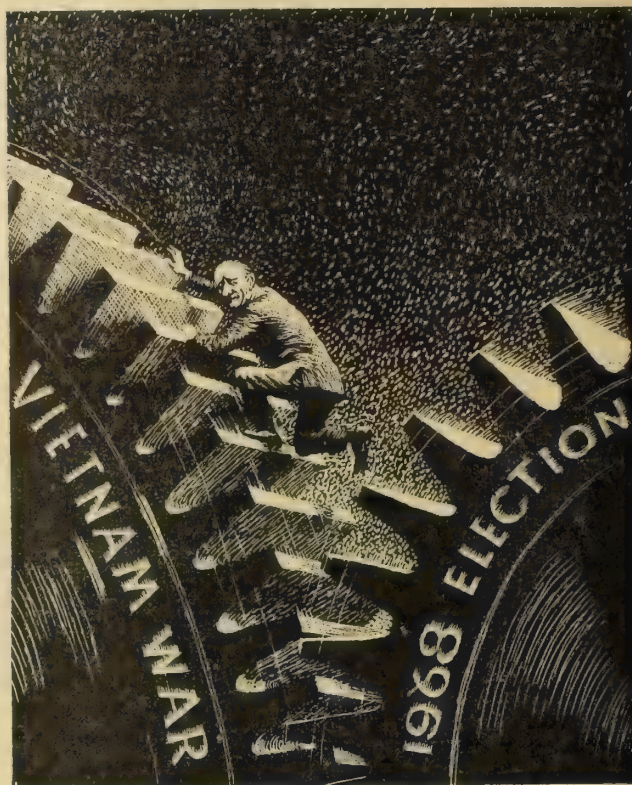
The recent revision of the sixty-three-year-old primary law has not proved thoroughly satisfactory to its bipartisan drafters. It was intended to provide an "open" election, giving voters a wide-ranging choice of virtually every possible candidate, but two of the most frequently mentioned Presidential hopefuls are missing from the ballot: Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, and Sen. Robert Kennedy of New York. Their absence has prompted some state legislators to demand changes in the law before the 1970 Presidential primary.

However, the new law allows Wisconsin voters to select the primary they want to vote in—Republican or Democratic. It also contains a startling new provision that lets the voter cast a No vote, if he does not want to support any of the candidates listed. The unprecedented No provision was written into the law at the insistence of the Republicans, who control both houses of the state legislature. They hoped to embarrass President Johnson by providing a vehicle for anti-war voters of both parties to register a negative vote in the primary. The idea did capture the

fancy of a group of Wisconsin anti-Johnson Democrats, and they had begun a No vote campaign to register protests against the Administration's Vietnamese policies when Senator McCarthy announced as a peace candidate. The dissidents then dropped their No campaign and rallied behind the Minnesota liberal.

McCarthy's entrance into the race is expected to cut the Democratic crossover to a minimum, while Romney's withdrawal is expected to free thousands of Republicans, both moderate and conservative, to jump over into the Democratic primary to take a slap at Mr. Johnson.

Nixon, like President Johnson, has the near-solid support of party leaders. McCarthy, who had hoped that some of Wisconsin's better-known anti-war lawmakers



Illingworth, Punch (Ben Roth)

would rally to his cause, failed to gain their support. But he did get a pledge of "neutrality" from Democratic U.S. Sens. Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire, and from Democratic Reps. Robert W. Kastenmeier and Henry Reuss. The only other Democratic member of the Washington delegation, Rep. Clement Zablocki of Milwaukee, has endorsed the President.

Nelson, Kastenmeier and Reuss are outspoken critics of the Administration policies in Vietnam. Proxmire has been a leading hawk, but is now known to have serious misgivings about the conduct of the war. In any case, he has lent McCarthy a measure of support by remaining "neutral" in the primary.

Wisconsin's Democratic Att. Gen. Bronson C. LaFollette, who is seeking his party's nomination for governor, has also maintained a neutral stance in the campaign. But the White House has the solid backing of the state's top labor leaders. This support is supplemented by the work of the Democratic state chairman, Richard Cudahy, a Milwaukee meat-packing firm executive. Also supporting Johnson is David Carley, the Democratic national committeeman, a Madison housing developer. Carley's pro-Johnson position has mystified many of his friends. Until McCarthy threw his hat into the ring, Carley was a persistent public critic of Vietnamese policies. Since then, he has remained silent.

Madison is McCarthy country. The Dane County Democratic Party is controlled by McCarthy supporters and its county chairman, Michael Bleicher, a University of Wisconsin mathematics professor, is state co-chairman of the McCarthy for President Committee. Bleicher recently swamped an opponent for re-election as county chairman in a contest widely heralded as a test of Johnson-McCarthy strength.

A pro-McCarthy supporter also won recent re-election in the Eau Claire County Democratic unit. He is Karl Andresen, a political science professor at Eau Claire State University. Eau Claire, the most populous city in the sprawling 10th District in northwestern Wisconsin, is the other area of the state where McCarthy is rated ahead of Johnson.

There is a strong anti-war current in Wisconsin, but McCarthy's ability to tap this latent source of support depends on both finances and organization. The state's liberal newspaper, the *Madison Capital Times*, plans to endorse McCarthy, according to Miles McMillin, executive publisher. But the odds against McCarthy are staggering. Cudahy recently pressured sixty-five of the state's seventy-two county chairmen to endorse Johnson. Carley, the national committeeman, is candid about his reasons for supporting the President. He says McCarthy doesn't have a chance of winning the primary and he wants to cut the post-primary anti-Johnson spin-off from the party to a minimum. McCarthy's campaign has picked up momentum with his surprising showing in Minnesota party delegate balloting on March 5, and should move even faster in the wake of New Hampshire.

A Milwaukee mayor's race that has civil rights overtones is also expected to have a bearing on the outcome of the election. Mayor Henry Maier, under fire from civil rights groups, is seeking re-election. He is expected to get strong support from conservatives, especially in Milwaukee's South side, and it is thought that this will aid President Johnson. Most of Milwaukee's large Polish-American population is strongly hawkish and will back the President.

But an "End the War" referendum on the Madison ballot in the primary is expected to work for McCarthy. The referendum, drafted by a committee of Madison clergymen and others, calls for an immediate cease-fire and the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. Maurice Zeitlin, the University of Wisconsin sociologist who is directing the campaign for support of the referendum, confidently expects Madison to become the first city in the

country to come out in favor of stopping the war. Outsiders tend to share Zeitlin's optimism.

Romney's pull-out and the refusal of Governor Rockefeller to permit his name to remain on the Wisconsin ballot have upset the carefully scheduled Nixon timetable. He had expected to pick up solid momentum here after an impressive New Hampshire showing. Sharing the Republican ballot with Nixon are Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, and former Gov. Harold Stassen of Minnesota, now a well-heeled lawyer in Philadelphia. Reagan has strong ties with Wisconsin's ultra-rightists, who opened their hearts and pocketbooks in 1964 to Barry Goldwater. But there is no evidence that Reagan's "non-candidacy" has caught on in Wisconsin.

Stassen scorns both Johnson's and Nixon's war policies. An articulate moderate, he has been dividing his time between New Hampshire and Wisconsin. But not even his toupee can hide the fact that he is 61 and has been pounding the campaign trail for more than two decades with a singular lack of success.

Stassen, who considers himself the GOP peace candidate, is counting on the anti-war sentiment to bring him support. It will be recalled that he put the skids under another well-known hawk—Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Stassen pulled a major surprise in 1948, winning the state's Presidential primary. That victory marked the end of the political trail for MacArthur.

There is some talk here among GOP moderates of organizing a write-in campaign for Rockefeller, but except for two or three preliminary meetings, the plan has not been pushed as yet. While write-ins are simple in Wisconsin, both on voting machines and paper ballots, the state, unlike New Hampshire, has no strong tradition of adding names to those provided on the ballot.

By the time that Senator Kennedy decided to enter the race, the deadline for filing in the Wisconsin primaries had passed, and there is no plan to organize a write-in campaign. Kennedy conferred with Wisconsin Democratic leaders before a selection committee approved the list of candidates for the April election, and got them to agree to keep him off the ballot. He has a strong body of supporters in Wisconsin, an inheritance from the 1960 campaign, when he directed his brother's successful fight against Hubert Humphrey.

Paradoxically, the key leaders in the recent formation of a Wisconsin Citizens for Johnson-Humphrey Committee, have been "Kennedy" Democrats. They include former State Chairman Patrick Lucey and party chairman Cudahy. There are reports that the White House is now eyeing this citizens' committee with reserve. Cudahy has assured the McCarthy people that the controversial New Hampshire advertising campaign would not be employed in Wisconsin. National Committeeman Carley has denounced the campaign, calling it an "outrage."

As the candidates pursue their quest for votes throughout Wisconsin, stopping in Beloit, Janesville, Manitowoc, Green Bay, Superior, La Crosse and Eau Claire, they bring along bittersweet recollections of other years:

Young John Kennedy, asleep in the back seat of an auto or sipping hot soup aboard the *Caroline* as he drove

or flew from one engagement to another. Kennedy, his hair flecked with a late March snow, charming a street-corner audience in Lancaster, in rural Grant County.

Or gangly, soft-spoken Estes Kefauver drawing smiles from a Waupaca audience by telling of his exploits as a benchwarmer on the University of Tennessee varsity football team. Kefauver, stretched out in his stocking feet in a Wisconsin Rapids motel, gratefully accepting a bourbon

on ice after a long day's campaigning that brought fleeting fame to rural Wisconsin.

Or Sen. Robert Taft in the 1952 primary. He turned back a surprisingly strong bid by the then Gov. Earl Warren of California, only to have the slick Easterners deal him out at the convention in favor of Eisenhower.

It could be that before it is through, 1968 will regenerate the political excitements of 1952.

THE COUNTER CULTURE: PART I

YOUTH AND THE GREAT REFUSAL

THEODORE ROSZAK

Published herewith is Theodore Roszak's introductory essay to a four-part series on what he calls the "counter culture," or by allusion, the "invasion of centaurs." In this impressive work of synthesis he brings together, organizes and evaluates the many aspects of a phenomenon now generally if inadequately perceived and variously referred to by such terms as the New Left, flower power, mind explosion, psychedelia, pot and Zen. Subsequent essays will focus on religiosity, dope and the sense of community, specifying the aspects of the counter culture that spring from these sources and examining the ideas and influence of leaders associated with them. However, the counter culture does not readily compartmentalize and these essays both overlap and reinforce one another. Together they constitute a clear-eyed, occasionally ironic, but basically appreciative estimate of a movement which the author compares, at least in potential, with Christianity under the Roman Empire.

Mr. Roszak, an associate professor of history, is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College, Hayward. He edited and contributed to The Dissenting Academy (Pantheon Books).

The struggle of the generations is one of the obvious constants of history. One stands in peril of great presumption, therefore, to suggest that the rivalry between young and adult in America of the 1960s is uniquely critical. And yet one must risk that presumption in order to grasp the full significance of what is happening to our contemporary culture. For the fact is that cultural innovation in America is becoming more and more the captive of youth who are profoundly alienated from the adult society. For better or worse, most of what is happening that is new, provocative and engaging in the arts, in politics, in education, in social relations (love, courtship, family), in journalism, in fashions and entertainment, is very largely the creation either of the discontented young or of those who address themselves primarily to the young. It is at the level of youth that many of our best minds—as well as our worst—look to find a responsive hearing as, more and more, it becomes the common expectation that the young should be those who act, who make things happen, who take the risks. Until, at last, the adults of the society begin to settle back into the role of amused or disgruntled but mainly passive observers. Adolescent-watching is fast becoming our greatest national spectator sport.

Some simple economic and demographic facts of life

help explain this peculiar state of affairs. A bit more than 50 per cent of our population is now under 25 years old. Even if one grants that people in their mid-20s have no business claiming (or letting themselves be claimed for) the status of "youth," there is still, among the authentically young—the 13-to-19 age bracket—a small nation of 25 million people. I will, however, argue below that there is good reason to group the mid-20s with their adolescent juniors.

But numbers alone don't account for the aggressive prominence of youth in our society. More important, the young seem to *feel* the potential power of their numbers as never before. No doubt this occurs to a great extent because the market apparatus of our consumer society has invested a deal of wit into cultivating the age consciousness of old and young alike. Teen-agers alone control a stupendous amount of money and enjoy much leisure; so inevitably, they have been turned into a self-conscious market. Whatever the young have fashioned for themselves has rapidly been rendered grist for the commercial mill and merchandised by admass—including the ethos of dissent, a fact that has created an agonizing kind of disorientation for the dissenting young (and their critics) and to which we shall return in a moment.

But the force of the market has not been the only factor in intensifying age consciousness. The expansion of higher education has, I suspect, done even more. Just as early industrialism concentrated labor and helped create class consciousness, so the university campus, where up to 25,000 students may be gathered, has served to crystallize the group identity of the young—with the important effect of mingling freshmen of 17 and 18 with graduate students in their mid-20s. On the major campuses, it is often the graduates who assume positions of leadership, contributing a degree of competence that the younger students could not muster. When one includes in this alliance that significant new entity, the "non-student"—the campus roustabout who may be well along in his late 20s—one sees why "youth" has become such a long-term career. The grads and the non-students easily come to identify their interests and allegiance with a very young population which, in previous generations, they would long since have left behind.

These campus elders play a role, particularly crucial for they tend to be those who have the most vivid realiza-

tion of the new economic role of the university. Being closer to the organization-man careers for which higher education is supposed to be grooming them, they have both a stronger sensitivity to the social regimentation that imminently confronts them, and a stronger sense of the potential power with which the society's economic needs invest them. They know how great is society's demand for their skills and they soon see that making trouble on the campus is making trouble in one of the economy's vital sectors. And once the grad students—many of whom may be serving as low-level teaching assistants—have been infected with qualms and aggressive discontents, the junior faculty, with whom they overlap, may soon catch the fever and find themselves drawn into the orbit of dissenting "youth."

The troubles at Berkeley in late 1966 illustrate the expansiveness of youthful protest. First a group of undergraduates stages a sit-in against naval recruiters at the student union. They are soon joined by a contingent of non-students (whom the administration then martyrs by selective arrest) and a non-student of nearly 30—Mario Savio, already married and a father—is quickly adopted as spokesman for the protest. Finally the teaching assistants call a strike in support of the demonstration. When at last the agitation comes to its ambiguous conclusion, a rally of thousands gathers outside Sproul Hall to sing the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*—which happens to be the current hit on all the local high school campuses. If "youth" is not the word we are going to use to cover this obstreperous population, then we may have to coin another. But undeniably the social grouping exists with a self-conscious solidarity.

Pleasure, Freedom & the Reality Principle

A particular plight of the senior and graduate students offers still another reason for the remarkable volatility of the young. The current generation of students is the beneficiary of the permissive child-rearing habits that have been a feature of our postwar society. Dr. Spock's endearing latitudinarianism is much more a reflection than a cause of this new (and wise) conception of proper parent-child relations that has prevailed for some time in the middle class.

A high-consumption, leisure-wealthy society doesn't need rigidly trained, "responsible" young workers. The middle class can afford to prolong the ease and drift of childhood, and so it does. It "spoils" its kids, meaning it influences them to believe that being human has something to do with pleasure and freedom. But as life in the multiversity wears on, the reality principle begins to demand its price. The students get told they are now officially "grown up," but they have been given no taste for the rigidities and self-denials that adulthood is supposed to be all about. General Motors all of a sudden wants barbered hair, punctuality, and an appropriate reverence for the conformities of the organizational hierarchy. Washington wants patriotic cannon fodder. Some kids summon up the square-jawed "responsibility" to adjust to the prescribed pattern of adulthood (though even the Young Americans for Freedom, who champion the virtues of the

corporate structure, have decided, with the vigorous endorsement of Ayn Rand, that conscription is a species of "selective slavery").

Others, being incorrigibly "childish," continue to assert pleasure and freedom as human rights and begin to ask aggressive questions about the meaning of adulthood. Perhaps at last they drop out, restless and bewildered and hungry for better ideas about grownupness than GM or IBM or LBJ seem able to offer. This often places them in the position of nostalgically cultivating the styles of the teen-age world, like the rock music and dance which now unites the whole 13-to-30 population.

The dropouts stall in a protracted adolescence out of which they are eager to break, but not as their parents did. Some become ne'er-do-well dependents; others resort to flight. The FBI reports the arrest of more than 90,000 juvenile runaways in 1966; most of those who flee well-off, middle-class homes get picked up—by the thousands each current year—in the big city bohémias, fending off malnutrition and venereal disease. The immigration departments of Europe record a constant level, over the past few years, of something like 10,000 disheveled flower children (mostly American, British, German and Scandinavian) migrating across to the Near East and India. The influx has been sufficient to force Iran and Afghanistan to boost substantially their "cash in hand" requirements for prospective tourists. And the British Consul General in Istanbul officially requested Parliament in late 1967 to grant him increased accommodations for the "swarm" of penniless young Englishmen who have been showing up at his consulate, seeking temporary lodgings or perhaps shelter from Turkish narcotics authorities.

One may flippantly construe this exodus as the contemporary version of running off with the circus, but the more apt parallel might be with the quest of 3rd-century Christians (a scruffy, uncouth, and often half-mad lot) for escape from the corruptions of Hellenistic society: it is much more a flight *from* than *toward*. Certainly for a youth of 17, clearing out of the comfortable bosom of the middle-class family to become a beggar is a formidable gesture of dissent. One makes light of it at the expense of ignoring a significant measure of our social health.

The Only Audience

The final ingredient that goes into this ebullient culture of youthful dissent is the adult radical who finds himself in a fix that much resembles that of the bourgeois intellectual in Marxist theory. Despairing for the timidity and lethargy of his own class, Marx's middle-class revolutionary at last turns renegade and defects to the proletariat. In postwar America, the adult radical, confronted with a diminishing public among the "cheerful robots" of his own generation, gravitates to the restless middle-class young. Where else is he to find an audience? The working class, which provided the traditional following for radical ideology, now for the most part neither leads nor follows but bogs down to become the heaviest ballast of the established order. If the adult radical is white, black power progressively seals off his entree to Negro organizations. As for the exploited masses of the Third World, they have

as little use for white Western ideologues as do our native blacks—and in any case they are far distant. Unless he follows the strenuous example of ■ Régis Debray, the white American radical can do little more than sympathize from afar with the revolutionary movements of Asia, Africa and Latin America.

On the other hand, the disaffected middle-class young are at hand, suffering the “immiserization” that comes of being stranded between a permissive childhood and an obnoxiously conformist adulthood, experimenting desperately with new ways of growing with self-respect into a world they despise, calling for help. So the radical adults offer to become gurus to the alienated young, or perhaps the young draft them into that service.

I take the hyper-dynamism of the young to be a thoroughly unhealthy state of affairs. It is not properly youth's role to bear so great a responsibility for inventing or initiating for their society as a whole. It is too big a job for them to do gracefully. The rise of our youth culture to a position of such prominence is a symptom of grave default on the part of adults. Trapped in the frozen posture of befuddled passivity which has been characteristic of our society since the end of World War II (what Paul Goodman has called “the nothing can be done disease”) the mature generations have divested themselves of their adulthood—if the term means anything besides being tall and debt-worried and capable of buying liquor without showing a driver's license. It has surrendered its responsibility to make morally demanding decisions, to generate ideals, to control public authority, to safeguard the life of the community against its despoilers. It has been scared off and bought off its proper function in a variety of ways that need not be reviewed here, until it has become, not a catalyst to the growth of its more sensitive children but a barrier of paralyzed complacency, deservedly inviting contempt.

This is the America whose god Allen Ginsberg, somewhere back in the middle fifties, identified as the sterile and omnivorous “Moloch,” the America whose premature senility President Eisenhower so marvelously incarnated, and the disease of whose soul shone so lugubriously through the public obscenities that men like John Foster Dulles, Herman Kahn and Edward Teller were prepared to call “policy.” There are never many clear landmarks in the affairs of the spirit, but Ginsberg's *Howl* may serve as the first public report announcing the war of the generations. It can be coupled, chronologically, with the appearance of C. Wright Mills's aggressively activist sociology—with the publication of Mills's *Causes of World War III* (1957). Mills was by no means the first postwar figure who sought to tell it like it is about the state of American public life—nor was he necessarily all that right in what he said. But his tone was angrier and his rhetoric catchier. He wanted his sociology to function as part of a public dialogue. Above all, he insisted more urgently than any before him that he wanted action, and wanted it now. He was prepared to step forth and brazenly pin his indictment like a target to the enemy's chest. And, most important, Mills was lucky enough to reach ears that would hear: his indignation found an audience.

When Mills died in 1961, the New Left he was search-

ing for but had despaired of finding among the forces and institutions controlled by his peers was beginning to emerge—of course, from among the students. If he were alive today he would be into his 50s; but his following would still be primarily among the under 30s. Just as Ginsberg, now more than 40, remains the bard of the young.

Elderly Carpers

Admittedly, the dissent that began to simmer in the mid-fifties was not confined to the young. At the adult level of resistance, SANE was created in 1957, and later Turn Toward Peace. But precisely what do groups like SANE and TTP reveal about adult America, even about the politically conscious types? Looking back, one is struck by their absurd shallowness and conformism, their total unwillingness to raise fundamental issues about the quality of American life, their fastidious anti-communism, and, above all, their incapacity to sustain any significant initiative on the political field. Even the Committee of Correspondence, a promising effort formed around 1961 by senior academics, quickly settled for publishing a new journal. I can remember attending meetings of the West Coast committee at which Seymour Martin Lipset, who was the sort of responsible, anti-Communist liberal everybody felt certain had to be included, put the damper on any radical action by arguing without significant opposition that the cold war was entirely the fault of the Russians, and there was nothing to do but leave things to the government, which was in excellent hands, and so why were we all meeting anyway

At present, the remnants of SANE and TTP have been reduced to the role of carping (often with a good deal of justice) at the impetuous extremes and leftist flirtations of far more dynamic youth groups like SDS or the Berkeley VDC or the Spring Mobilization. But avuncular carping is not initiative. And it is a bore, even if a well-intentioned bore, when it becomes a major preoccupation. Similarly, it is the younger Negro groups that have begun to steal the fire of adult organizations—but in that case with results that I feel are bound to be disastrous.

The fact is, it is the young who have—gropingly, haltingly, amateurishly, even grotesquely—gotten dissent off the adult drawing board. They have torn it out of the books and journals that an older generation of radicals wrote, and they have fashioned it into a style of life. They have turned the hypotheses of disgruntled elders into experiments, though often without the willingness to admit that one may have to concede failure at the end of any true experiment.

This readiness to experiment with a variety of dissenting life styles is what has made the youth culture of the day so prominent and fruitfully provocative, despite its frequent lapses into the absurd. But, inevitably, the kids have run into criticism, often from no quarter so severe as that of the older radicals. For generations now, radical intellectuals have lambasted the bad habits of bourgeois society: “the bourgeoisie,” they have insisted, “is obsessed by greed; its sex life is insipid and prudish; its family patterns are debased; its slavish conformities of dress and cos-



metics are degrading; its mercenary routinization of existence is intolerable; its vision of life is drab and joyless, etc., etc." So the kids try this and that, and one by one they discard the vices of their parents, preferring the less structured ways of their own childhood and adolescence—only to discover that many an old-line radical, embarrassed by the brazen sexuality and unwashed feet, glad-rags and playful ways, is taking up the chorus: "No that is not what I meant, that is not what I meant at all."

Critics and Publicists

Thus, a good liberal like Hans Toch (writing in *The Nation* for December 4, 1967) invokes the Protestant work ethic to give the hippies a fatherly tongue-lashing for their "consuming but noncontributing" ways. They are being "parasitic," Professor Toch observes, for "the hippies, after all, accept—even demand—social services, while rejecting the desirability of making a contribution to the economy." But of course they do: because we have an economy of cybernated abundance that does not need their labor, that is rapidly severing the tie between work and wages, that suffers from hard-core poverty caused by maldistribution, not by scarcity. From this point of view, why is their voluntary dropping out any more "parasitic" than the enforced dropping out of impoverished ghetto dwellers? Is it perhaps because the hippies seem to enjoy their mendicant idleness, do not feel appropriately guilty and frustrated? There are criticisms I shall want to make of the beat-hip bohemian fringe of our youth culture—but this is surely not one of them.

It would be a better general criticism to make of the young that they have done a miserably bad job of dealing with the distortive publicity with which admass has burdened their embryonic experiments. Too often they fall into the trap of reacting narcissistically or defensively to their own image in the fun-house mirror of the media. Whatever these things called "beatniks" and "hippies" originally were, or still are, may have nothing to do with what *Time*, *Esquire*, C.B.S.-N.B.C.-A.B.C., Broadway comedy and Hollywood surf operas have decided to make of them. If anything, the media tend to isolate the weirdest aberrations and to attract to the movement many extroverted poseurs.

But what can bohemia do when it finds itself massively infiltrated by well-intentioned sociologists (and now, all of a sudden, we have specialized "sociologists of adolescence"), sensationalizing journalists, curious tourists, and weekend fellow travelers? What doors does one close on them? The problem is new and tough—a cynical dilution of dissent by saturation coverage—and it begins to look like a far more formidable weapon in the hands of the established culture than outright suppression would be.

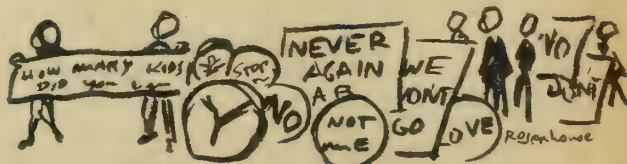
The situation seems to call for strategies of dignified secrecy which the young have not yet developed.

But to grant the fact of admass distortion is not the same as saying that the young have evolved no life style of their own, or that they are unserious about it. It would be surrendering to admass an absolutely destructive potential if one took the tack that whatever it touches is automatically debased, or perhaps has no reality at all. Commercial vulgarization is one of the endemic pests of 20th-century America, like the flies that swarm to the sweets of summer. But the flies don't create the sweets (though they may make them less palatable), nor do they bring in the summer. It will be my contention that despite the fraudulence and folly that collect around its edges, a significant new culture is being born among our youth, and that this culture deserves careful understanding, if for no other reason than the sheer size of the population it potentially involves.

I think there is another reason, namely the intrinsic value of what the young are making happen. But I would insist that in order to understand it one must avoid, as far as possible, relying on the exotic tidbits, the sensational case histories, admass provides. And that would include the superficial snooping that comes of cruising bohemia for a few exciting days in search of local color and the inside dope. Rather, one should look for major trends that seem to outlast current fashions, and seek out the most articulate public statements of belief and value the young have made or given ear to: the thoughtful formulation, rather than the offhand gossip. Above all, I think the older generations must be willing, in a spirit of critical helpfulness, to sort out what seems valuable and promising, as if indeed it mattered whether or not the alienated young succeeded in their project.

Culture or Counter Culture?

Again, it must be granted that it is an old story that the young should have to scrap or remodel in some degree the culture they inherit. Indeed, the Spanish philosopher, Ortega, has elaborated a theory of history (in *Man and Crisis*), based on the fitful transition of the generations. What is special about the present case is the scale on which the cultural revision is taking place and the depth to which it is reaching. I have referred to the "culture" of the young; but would it be an exaggeration to call what is arising among them a "counter culture"? That is, a culture which so radically rejects the mainstream assumptions of Western society that it is scarcely recognizable to many as a culture at all, but looks, instead, like a barbaric intrusion. One thinks of the invasion of centaurs on the north pediment of the Parthenon, which a stern Apollo, as guardian of the orthodox culture, steps forward to admonish. Apollo, being older than 30, could hardly expect his authority to be trusted now. And, besides, these latter-



day centaurs, while "high," are not drunken, and most likely come bearing flowers.

Major cultural disjunctures have happened before, though not with the same high acceleration. Toynbee identified them as the work of a disinherited proletariat and used as his paradigm the role of the early Christians within the Roman Empire. Hopelessly alienated by ethos and social class from the official culture, the primitive Christian community fashioned of Judaism and the mystery cults a culture that could not fail to seem absurd to Greco-Roman orthodoxy. But the absurdity, far from being felt a disgrace, became a banner of the community.

For it is written [St. Paul boasted] I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent . . . For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom . . . But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

Once such a cultural disjuncture opens out in society, nothing is guaranteed. What happens among the minority that finds itself isolated by the rift is as apt to be ugly or pathetic as it is to be noble. The primitive Christian absurdity can be credited at least with the potentiality of saintly service and visionary poetry. The alienated stock clerks and wallpaper hangers of post-World War I Germany sullenly withdrew to their beer halls to talk imbecile anthropology and prepare the horrors of Buchenwald. So too, contemporary America's isolated minorities include the Hell's Angels and the Minutemen from whom nothing beautiful or interesting can be expected.

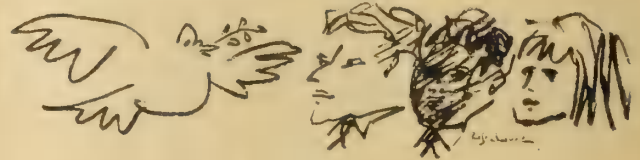
And the alienated young: how to characterize the counter culture they are in the way of haphazardly assembling? A heroic generalization about this still embryonic culture is to say that what the young are up to is nothing less than a reorganization of the prevailing state of personal and social consciousness. From a culture that has a long-standing, entrenched commitment to an egocentric and intellectual mode of consciousness, the young are moving toward a sense of identity that is communal and nonintellectual. I think the disjuncture is just that great—as great in its implications (though obviously not as yet in historical influence) as the disjuncture between Greco-Roman rationality and Christian mystery. Against the traditional Cartesian *cogito*, with its blunt, initial assertion of individuality and logicity, the counter culture opposes the community and visionary inspiration. This really amounts to an assault on the reality of the ego as an isolable and purely cerebral unit of identity.

Hippies and Leftists

At first glance, it may seem that this counter culture, shading off as rapidly as it does into the mind-blown bohemianism of the beats and hippies, diverges radically from the hard-headed political activism of the student New Left. Are there perhaps two separate and antithetical developments; one (tracing back to Ginsberg and company) which seeks to abscond from American political life, and the other (tracing back to Mills and the remnants of the old Socialist Left) which seeks to penetrate and rechannel the mainstream of American society? I think

not. At a deeper level, there is a theme that unites these two variations. It is revealed among the activists by the personalism that characterized the beginnings of New Left dissent. [See "Young Radicals & the Fear of Power" by Kenneth Keniston, *The Nation*, March 18.]

New Left groups like SDS have always taken strong exception to the thesis that we have reached the "end of ideology" in the Great Society. But there is a sense in which ideology is a thing of the past among most politically involved, left-wing students. By and large, most New Left groups have refused to allow doctrinal logic to obscure or displace an irreducible element of personal tenderness. What has distinguished SDS, at least in its early years, from old-line radical youth groups (say, like the Progressive Labor Movement) is the unwillingness of the



former to deify doctrine, granting it more importance than flesh and blood. For most of the New Left, there has ultimately been no more worth or cogency in any ideology than a man infuses it with by his own action: personal commitments, not abstract ideas, are the stuff of politics. Alienation has been the root problem of New Left politics. But not alienation in the sheerly institutional sense, in which capitalism (or for that matter any advanced industrial economy) tends to alienate the worker from the rewards of production; but rather alienation as a deadening of man's sensitivity to man: a deadening that can creep into even those revolutionary efforts that seek to eliminate institutional forms of alienation.

Wherever nonhuman elements—whether revolutionary doctrine or material goods—assume greater importance than human life or well-being, man becomes alienated from man and the way is open to the self-righteous use of others as objects. Thus, revolutionary terrorism is the mirror image of capitalist exploitation.

The flavor is caught by the SDS Port Huron statement of 1962:

We are aware that to avoid platitudes we must analyze the concrete conditions of social order. But to direct such an analysis we must use the guideposts of basic principles. Our own social values involve conceptions of human beings, human relationships, and social systems.

We regard men as infinitely precious and possessed of unfulfilled capacities for reason, freedom, and love. . . . We oppose the depersonalization that reduces human beings to the status of things. If anything, the brutalities of the twentieth century teach that means and ends are intimately related, that vague appeals to "posterity" cannot justify the mutilations of the present . . .

Loneliness, estrangement, isolation describe the vast distance between man and man today. These dominant tendencies cannot be overcome by better personal management, nor by improved gadgets, but only when a love of man overcomes the idolatrous worship of things by man.

In his recent work *The Politics of Experience*, the British psychiatrist, R. D. Laing, a leading figure in

Britain's visionary Left, catches much the same spirit: "No one can begin to think, feel or act now except from the starting-point of his or her own alienation . . . We do not need theories so much as the experience that is the source of the theory."

'Scrupulosity' of the Young

Once upon a time Harry Pollitt, the leader of the British Communist Party, could, with a clear conscience, tell the poet Stephen Spender that he ought to go to Spain and get himself killed—the party needed more martyred artists to bolster its public image. Nor have such perversions been confined to the Stalinist Left. It was an adamant anti-Stalinist, Sidney Hook, who in his famous exchange with Bertrand Russell during the early fifties, logic-chopped his way to the conclusion that thwarting the ambitions of the world's Harry Pollitts was worth wiping out the entire human species: anti-Stalinist militancy required 2 billion martyrs, willy or nilly. This is precisely the sort of corrupted human relations, the sort of subordination of the person to doctrinal logic, that has been pretty much absent from the best New Left politics. If the New Left draws upon the Marxist tradition, its Marxism has been significantly mediated by Camus and the postwar existentialists. Or, in the American radical tradition, it is a humanist Socialist text like Dwight MacDonald's eloquent *The Root Is Man* that one discerns behind a document like the Port Huron statement. (As I write, however, I am bleakly aware that an ideological drift toward righteous violence is on the increase among the young as an adjunct of black power and a romantic infatuation with guerrilla warfare. Despite Camus' wise admonition, the search may be on again among left-wing dissenters to "make murder legitimate," and the New Left may be about to lose its original soulfulness.)

Colin MacInnes, discussing the difference between the youthful radicals of the thirties and the sixties (*Encounter*, November, 1967), observed that the contemporary young "hold themselves more personally responsible than the young used to. Not in the sense of their 'duties' to the state or even society, but to themselves. I think they examine themselves more closely and their motives and their own behavior." Anyone who has spent much time with New Left students knows what MacInnes is talking about. They show a quality of somber introspection that almost amounts to what the Catholic Church calls "scrupulosity." It is a refusal to allow theories or rhetoric to get in the way of intensive self-awareness. Honesty to the inner motive must be kept paramount and so the final appeal is to the person, never to the doctrine.

But then the question arises: what *is* the person? What, most essentially, is this elusive, often erratic, human *something* which underlies social systems and ideologies, and which now must serve as the ultimate point of moral reference? No sooner does one raise the question than the politics of the social system yields to what Alan Watts has called "the politics of the nervous system." Class consciousness gives way as a generative principle to *consciousness* consciousness. And it is at this juncture that New Left and beat-hip bohemianism join hands. The transition from the one to the other shows up in the pat-

tern that has come to govern many of the free universities. These dissenting academies usually get their send-off from campus New Leftists and initially emphasize heavy politics. But more and more the curricula tend to become hip in content and teaching methods: psychedelics, light shows, multi-media, McLuhan, exotic religion. (See "The Free Universities," by Ralph Keyes, *The Nation*, October 2, 1967.)

The same transition can be traced in the career of Bob Dylan, who commands respect among all segments of the dissenting youth culture. Dylan's early songs are traditional folk protests, laying forth obvious issues of social justice: anti-boss, anti-war, anti-exploitation. Then, quite suddenly, rather as if Dylan had come to the conclusion that the conventional Woody Guthrie ballad didn't reach deep enough, the songs turn surrealistic and psychedelic. All at once one is thrust somewhere beneath the rationalizing cerebrum of social discourse, and is probing the nightmare deeps, trying, it would seem, to get at the tangled roots of conduct and opinion. It is at that point that the project which the beats of the early fifties had taken up—the task of remodeling themselves, their way of life, their perceptions and sensitivities—takes precedence over the task of changing institutions or policies.

Priorities of Liberation

One can discern, then, a continuum of thought and experience among the young which shades off from the New Leftist sociology of Mills, through the Freudian-Marxism of Herbert Marcuse, through the Gestalt-therapy anarchism of Paul Goodman, through the apocalyptic body-mysticism of Norman Brown, through the Zen-based psychotherapy of Alan Watts where political involvement seems to begin evaporating rapidly, and finally into Timothy Leary's impenetrably occult and quietist narcissism where the world and its woes may shrink at last to the size of a mote in one's private psychedelic void. The different schools of thought become an integrated series as soon as one surrenders the notion that institutional patterns are the basis of social reality, and substitutes instead psychic patterns.

Unrelated as the extremes of this spectrum may seem at first, one would not be surprised if the men just named were to turn up at the same teach-in. The Congress on the Dialectics of Liberation, held in London during the summer of 1967, was pretty much that kind of affair: an effort to work out the priorities of psychic and social liberation within a group of participants that included New Left revolutionaries and existential psychiatrists. Allen Ginsberg was also on hand to chant the *Hare Krishna*. As one would expect, the priorities were never established. And, significantly, it proved impossible for the congress to maintain more than minimal rapport with black power spokesmen like Stokely Carmichael for whom, tragically if understandably, real social power has, despite all that history teaches us to the contrary, once more begun to look like something that flows from the muzzle of a gun. Still, for the most part, the common cause was there: the same insistence on revolutionary change that must at last embrace psyche and society. So it is that when New Left

groups organize an anti-war demonstration, the misty-minded hippies are certain to join in, though they may tune out the heavy political speechifying in favor of launching a yellow submarine or exorcizing the Pentagon.

The underlying unity of youthful dissent consists, then, in the effort of beat-hip bohemianism to work out the personality structure, the total life style that follows from New Left social criticism. At their best, the beats and hips are the utopian experimenters of the social system that lies beyond the intellectual rejection of the Great Society. The counter culture is the embryonic cultural base of New Left politics, the effort to discover new types of community, new family patterns, new sexual mores, new kinds of livelihood, new aesthetic forms, new personal identities on the far side of power politics, the bourgeois home, and the Protestant work ethic. If the experiments are raw and often abortive, it must be remembered that the experimenters have been on the scene only for a dozen years and are picking their way through customs and institutions that have had more than a few centuries to entrench themselves. To criticize the experiments is legitimate and necessary; to despair of what are no more than beginnings is premature.

Decadence & Innocence

The counter culture described here is but the latest stage in a major tradition of Western social and intellectual history. The parallels with Romanticism, that first great assault on the scientific world view and the conception of personality that flowed from it, are striking. Goethe, describing his generation's rejection (almost 200 years ago) of Baron Holbach's mechanistic *System of Nature*, hits an unmistakably contemporary note:

How hollow and empty did we feel in this melancholy, atheistical half-night, in which earth vanished with all its images, heaven with all its stars. There was to be matter in motion from all eternity; and by this motion, right and left in every direction, without anything further, it was to produce the infinite phenomena of existence If, after all, this book had done us some harm, it was this—that we took a hearty dislike of all philosophy, and especially metaphysics, and remained in that dislike; while, on the other hand, we threw ourselves into living knowledge, experience, action, and poetizing, with all the more liveliness and passion.

Even more striking is the overlap between the contemporary counter culture and the late-Romantic "decadents" of France and England, whose favorite constellation of luscious vices—drugs, eclectic mysticism, and *outré* sexuality—is an obvious prototype of beat-hip bohemianism. It is no coincidence then that the *art nouveau* of the sickly sweet *fin de siècle* should now be revived as the official expression of the psychedelic vision. So the English art critic Lawrence Gowing speaks of Aubrey Beardsley as "the prophet of the heightened hallucinatory rhythm . . . the forerunner of the psychedelic flux and its liberated bisexual languor."

But there is an important difference. The style of the "decadents" was brazenly to court damnation by aspiring to satanic wickedness. Today's young assert the innocence, indeed the holiness, of their forbidden pleasures—which

is all the more exasperating. The difference stems, I think, from the fact that the bohemianism of the younger generation has been able to claim unashamedly the sanctions of Oriental religion for its erotic and psychedelic adventures. The "decadents," caught in a less debilitated Christian ethos, had to take their joys at the expense of grace.

The counter culture's tie-in with Romanticism is important for one particular reason. In its latest stages, Romantic culture degenerated into one of the central ingredients



of fascism: "Feeling is all," Goethe's Faust proclaimed; and a little more than a century later Hitler, almost paraphrasing D. H. Lawrence, provided a distorted echo: "Think with your blood." Murderers and maniacs can, of course, seize upon any body of thought and twist it to serve their debased purposes, a fact which too many intellectual historians overlook in working out intricate genealogies of ideas. But still, the vulnerability of certain ideas to such abuse is the more reason for artists and intellectuals to give the greatest thought to the human potentialities their thought and imagery may release—especially when the audience for their work becomes as young as that of the counter culture. "Make Love Not War" is still the banner most of the dissenting young are rallying to—and those who cannot see the difference between that sentiment and any banners the *Hitlerjugend* carried are plain perverse. So too, one of the most remarkable aspects of the counter culture is its cultivation of feminine softness among the males, a deliberate effort to undercut the crude and compulsive "he-manliness" of our political life. Beat-hip bohemianism is quite simply and unashamedly feminine-centered in its ideal of personality. At the same time, one perceives, still at the fringe of the counter culture, a worrisome fascination with violence-minded phenomena like the Hell's Angels and James Bond movies, or with the chichi sado-masochism of Phoebe Zeitgeist and Barbarella.

Saviors of Santa Claus

Despite all the counter culture owes to previous generations, however, one comes back finally to the striking fact that it is a youth culture. What was in the past a bohemian frontier populated by a marginal few—an elite of effete gentlemen, outcast revolutionaries, risqué artists—has been staked out and democratized by a mass movement of the young, and mainly the white, middle-class young. So where the "decadents" specialized, as old roués, in corrupting little boys and girls, now the little boys and girls have gone into business on their own, but refusing to yield their claim to innocence.

The result is dissenting thought and culture at the adolescent level, if not on the part of its creators, then on the part of much of its audience. And these tastes now reach surprisingly far back into the early years of adoles-

cence. I offer one illuminating example. In December of 1967, I watched a group of 13-year-olds from a London settlement house perform an improvised Christmas play as part of a therapeutic theatre program run by the International Theatre Club. The kids had concocted a show in which Santa Claus had been imprisoned by the Immigration authorities for entering the country without proper permission. The knock at official society was especially stinging, coming instinctively from some very ordinary youngsters, who had scarcely been exposed to any terribly advanced intellectual influences. And whom did the 13-year-olds decide to bring on as Santa's liberators? An exotic species of being known to them as "the hippies," who Shiva-danced to the jail house and magically released Father Christmas, accompanied by strobe lights and jangling sitars.

However lacking older radicals may find the hippies in authenticity or revolutionary potential, they have succeeded in embodying what Herbert Marcuse calls "the Great Refusal" in a form that captures the need of the young for unrestricted joy. The hippie, real or as imagined, now seems to stand as one of the few images toward which the very young can grow without having to give up the sense of enchantment or playfulness. Hippies who may be pushing 30 wear buttons that read "Frodo lives" (in Elvish yet) and decorate their pads with maps of Middle Earth (which is also the name of one of London's current

rock clubs). Is it any wonder that the best and brightest kids at Berkeley High School (to choose a school that happens to be in my neighborhood) are already coming to class barefoot, with flowers in their hair, and ringing with cowbells?

When radical intellectuals must deal with a dissenting public this young, all kinds of problems accrue. Adolescent dissent is certainly as far from ideal as the proletarian dissent that bedeviled radical intellectuals over the last three or four generations when it was the working class they had to ally themselves with in their effort to reclaim culture for the good, the true and the beautiful. Then the horny-handed virtues of the beer hall and the trade union had to serve as the medium of radical thought. Now it is the youthful exuberance of the rock club, the love-in, the teach-in.

The kids, miserably educated as they are, bring with them almost nothing but healthy instincts. And the project of building a sophisticated framework of thought atop those instincts is rather like trying to graft an oak tree upon a wild flower. How to sustain the oak? More important, how to avoid crushing the wild flower? But that is the project, for dissent has very few other social levers with which to work. This is the "significant soil" in which the Great Refusal has begun to take root. If we reject it, frustrated by the youthful follies that also sprout there, where then do we turn?

VIETNAM ANALOGY

GREECE, NOT MUNICH

ARNO J. MAYER

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Even, or perhaps especially, in this secular age the citizen craves reassurance that history follows a patterned and discernible course. In his quest for direction he is predisposed to welcome, and any government is inclined to provide, reminders of past events or situations which make those of the present and future recognizable. That being the case, he is likely to look askance at critics who question the legitimacy of a prevalent analogy without proposing a better one to take its place. Particularly in the United States, where any critic of government is suspect if he refuses to propose concrete remedies, this failure reduces his effectiveness.

Further, many critics leave the impression that anything short of a perfect analogy should be proscribed. But in the absence of perfect analogies, which exist only in the world of formal abstractions, this is equivalent to ruling out analogic arguments altogether. What, then, is an analogy? According to Webster it is "a relation of likeness between two things or one thing to or with another, consisting in the resemblance not of the things themselves but

of two or more attributes, circumstances, or effects." In short, analogy is not identity. Reasoning by historical analogy consists of isolating two or more circumstances or processes which have structural, relational and/or causal resemblances in a context of differences and indeterminacies, the resemblances being emphasized for the purpose of proceeding to the clarification of a situation, a process, or an effect which appears not to be characterized by unalloyed uniqueness.

If E. H. Carr is right in saying that the current era is exceptionally history-conscious and if today's citizen has that pronounced need for and is peculiarly susceptible to analogies—and these two points await empirical verification—then any administration may be expected to harness only such analogies as will bolster up and justify its policies. Moreover, government spokesmen and supporters, as well as dissident action intellectuals, will tend to violate the canons of sound analogic explanation: rather than give due weight to degrees of similarity or difference, they will tend to speak in terms of immaculate identity or contrast.

Accordingly, present government spokesmen and supporters seek to press into service the analogy of Munich, hoping thus to rally public and Congressional support for a resolute, forward policy in Vietnam. The opposition on the Left tends to reject this analogy—without, how-

ever, providing the citizen with alternate historical sign posts.

By its proponents, the Munich analogy is designed to stress the identity, not the similarity, of Hitler and Mao; of the Nazi German and the Communist Chinese political systems and foreign policy objectives as well as methods; and of the externally incited subversion as well as the strategic significance of Czechoslovakia and South Vietnam. The ensuing lesson is presented as self-evident: no self-respecting American should want in the White House a Chamberlain or Daladier, who by surrendering South Vietnam to the Chinese-controlled North Vietnamese and Vietcong would encourage Peking to activate its timetable for aggressive expansion into Southeast Asia and beyond.

Needless to say, government critics, including professional historians, have excelled in exposing the flaws in this Munich-Vietnam analogy. They have sought to demonstrate that the South Vietnamese insurgency, *unlike* the Sudeten insurgency, is essentially and authentically indigenous and popular and is directed against a corrupt regime; that South Vietnam, *unlike* Czechoslovakia, is at best of marginal strategic importance; that Communist China, *unlike* Hitler Germany, does not appear to be intent on military aggression; and that the United States of the 1960s, *unlike* the Anglo-French allies in 1938, has overwhelming military capabilities in readiness if Peking should, after all, embark on a course of outright military aggression.

But these corrections, though well-grounded, do not come to grips with the pivotal assumption underlying the Munich parable. Today's anti-appeasers imply that if the Anglo-French statesmen had stood their ground firmly on Czechoslovakia, Hitler would have climbed down and the Second World War would have been averted. Quite apart from the fact that such counter-factual events are difficult to prove, this particular proposition is left intentionally vague. Specifically, it begs the question of whether, in order to persuade Hitler to desist or delay, it would not have been necessary to confront him with the unequivocal prospect of a two-front war arising from a timely and binding military alliance between the two Western allies and Soviet Russia, including arrangements for the transit of Soviet military power through Poland and Romania.

It is worth noting that many critics, who rightly question the accuracy of the Administration's interpretation of the nature and purpose of the struggle in South Vietnam, tacitly accept its representation of Munich, thereby ignoring or concealing the anti-Communist mainsprings and objectives of Western diplomacy since 1917. Concern and priority for the containment of Russian Bolshevism and for the maintenance of the domestic *status quo* significantly influenced many of the provisions in the post-1918 peace treaties which during the thirties quickened Europe's diplomatic and political crisis. This twin concern and priority also inhibited England and France from entering into an operative mutual security pact with Moscow, either before or immediately following Munich. The allies thereby denied themselves substantial and credible military support for their diplomacy. If the Western powers, by then including the United States, eventually combined

with the Soviet Union to defeat the Axis, the alliance was in the nature of a momentous but short-lived and precarious political truce in an international civil war that began in 1917 and resumed before the Second World War was over. In this larger perspective, not only Munich but also the Nazi-Soviet pact—both of which have the outward earmarks of classic moves of power politics in a stable international environment—are diplomatic maneuvers in an international civil war, with World War II and the extermination camps the diabolic wages of revolution and counterrevolution in a pre-atomic age.

Today, most spokesmen for the Left opposition as well as the self-styled anti-appeasers prefer not to go into those aspects of Munich and appeasement which stem from the anti-Soviet and anti-Communist texture of inter-war politics and diplomacy. They have good reasons. After all, the one-dimensional lesson of Munich—stand fast, refuse to negotiate, rearm, and prevent war—figured prominently in Washington's justificatory and explanatory rhetoric from 1945 to 1956. Specifically, successive administrations proclaimed that since the nature, dynamics and objectives of Stalin and the Soviet system were analogous to, if not identical with, Hitler and the Nazi system, the only way to contain expansionist Russia and surging Bolshevism in third countries was to stand up to Stalin as the allies should have stood up to Hitler. As of 1948-49 even the ADA, not to speak of allegedly scholarly historians and political scientists, accepted, legitimized, and propagated the cold-war eschatology according to which Nazism and Bolshevism were essentially identical totalitarian systems bent on unlimited expansion by a crude blend of outright military force and externally engineered subversion. It thus became the American consensus that, even though the Marshall Plan contributed substantially to the removal of those economic and social grievances which fed the Communist conspiracy in so many European countries, in the last analysis superweapons and NATO were what kept Stalin's Red hordes from sweeping across the Elbe.

It is thus understandable, if paradoxical, that most of the Establishment critics of President Johnson's Vietnamese policy cling to this time-bound interpretation of the nature and purpose of the Soviet Russian threat, the Communist insurgency and American containment. They seem to be saying that, though Stalinist Russia was blatantly expansionist, militarist and interventionist, Maoist China is launched on an altogether more prudent course: that though European communism was monolithic and Moscow-controlled, Asian communism is polycentric and independent of Peking; that though communism in Greece, France and Italy was an externally fostered conspiracy, communism in Vietnam is an authentically indigenous rebellion; and that though American containment in Europe was defensive, in Asia this containment policy is aggressive. Behind this polyphonic position lurks the questionable assurance that, provided a Communist revolution is indigenous rather than externally instigated and controlled, the United States has not and should not intervene militarily to either thwart or overthrow it.

In actual fact, the confrontation of the so-called

Free World and the so-called Communist World in Europe is so similar in origins, dynamics and purposes to that confrontation in Asia that it is somewhat puzzling that neither the Administration nor its critics have drawn the parallel. For it would seem that, with due allowance for specific dissimilarities, the intervention in Greece is the most striking and meaningful positive analogue to the intervention in Vietnam. Historians are beginning to note that in Greece Stalin played a reticent role, not unlike Mao Tse-tung in Vietnam today; that the Greek guerrillas were thoroughly indigenous, not unlike the Vietcong today; and that Tito, rather than Stalin, most eagerly supported the insurgency from across the border, not unlike Ho Chi Minh rather than Mao today. As for U.S. policy, both then and now Washington at first intervened primarily with sea and sea-borne air power coupled with a military mission, in one case in the wake of British retrenchment, in the other of French retrenchment. After 1945, President Truman and his advisers took advantage of Russia's momentary military and economic incapacity to risk supporting the Greek revolutionaries, just as since the mid-1950s Washington has taken advantage of China's glaring but impermanent weakness. And last, whereas for the benefit of Congress and the public President Truman invoked the so-called domino theory to warn of the disastrous consequences of a Communist breakthrough in Greece for the nearby Middle East, as well as for France and Italy, so today President Johnson invokes the domino theory to warn of the consequences of a Communist breakthrough in Vietnam for nearby Southeast Asia and the developing nations beyond.

Vital official and private archives for the study of the origins of the cold war continue to be inaccessible. Even so, there is sufficient evidence to postulate that, because of Stalin's caution and Tito's backdown, America was spared in Greece a test of the length to which it was prepared to go to defeat revolutionary insurgency. Once the Marshall Plan and NATO were erected on the foundations of the Truman Doctrine, the Greek operation was hailed with the same enthusiasm and rationale with which the American-supported restoration in Western and Central Europe had been celebrated. After the defeat of Henry Wallace, the shift to strident anti-communism by the non-Communist Left and the ravages of McCarthyism, few critics remained to question the assumptions, methods, costs and results of this containment crusade in Europe.

Greece was the only country in which guerrilla forces had to be defeated. Even there, quite apart from the rapid victory, others did the fighting, America's contribution being confined to the offshore fleet, the Van Fleet military mission and money. In the rest of Europe—including "pacified" Greece—American intervention took the form of deliberate and massive economic, technical and military assistance. American divisions were stationed on the Continent, but they never went into action and the Berlin airlift further encouraged the assumption that air power would be decisive in limited as well as in general war.

As for Korea, there the international civil war was fought across rather than within fixed boundaries, so that

even that bloody war failed to show Americans, including liberal Americans, the realities of guerrilla warfare. For quite some time Americans could tell themselves that only the English, the French, the Dutch and the Belgians fought guerrillas in their last-ditch struggle for the preservation of empire. Many Americans, including John F. Kennedy, were outraged by the barbarous methods of counterinsurgency and pacification in overseas territories. Before long, however, these transgressions were legitimized as part of the wages of ordered decolonization from above.

Throughout NATO Europe, except in Greece, the restorative containment of communism, pump primed by American economic aid, paved the way for significant and rapid improvements in per capita income and welfare, with the result that the sources for revolutionary agitation were quickly and effectively undercut. But now that the battlefield of the cold war has shifted away from Europe the question arises whether this containment strategy, so appealing to the anti-Communist Left, will work in pre-modern societies, including Greece, where development is held back or blocked by rapid population growth, adverse terms of trade and, above all, ossified political and social elites. Or will the containment of communism, which has been and continues to be central to America's world project, require interventionist means and methods that will be increasingly difficult to square with the reformist persuasion? The Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis and the war in Vietnam (as well as the coup in Indonesia?) suggest that the iron fist of counterrevolution is beginning to show through the velvet glove of Point Four and the Alliance for Progress.

Why this crescendo of violence, notably in Vietnam? Notwithstanding an occasional call for a turn to isolationism, America does not seem to be on the verge of resigning its role as the chief architect, carrier and coordinator of anti-communism, a role it has played with consummate skill and unprecedented success ever since 1945. At present, the crisis managers in Washington, who rigidly adhere to the anti-revolutionary assumptions underlying America's world mission and project, are searching for a containment formula that will work in the developing countries, many of which hover on the brink of grave internal disturbances. In this sense, Vietnam is not only an execrable and taxing civil war but also a testing ground for political and military strategies of revolution and counterrevolution.

Particularly when placed in the context of this century's international civil war, whose primary battlefield has shifted to nonmodernized, semi-colonial and ex-colonial countries, the similarities of the Greek and Vietnamese situations are striking. The question arises, therefore, as to why the Greek-Vietnamese analogy has not been enlisted either by the Administration or by its Establishment opposition on the Left.

For the Administration to use it *publicly* would be to give too much away. The analogy would only lend credence to Mao Tse-tung's interpretation of the instrumental and experimental nature of the Vietnamese conflict in America's—as also in China's—project; it would exacerbate Moscow's embarrassment vis-à-vis Peking;

and it would serve notice to a restless black-ghetto population at home that counterrevolutionary forays and wars on poverty in the Third World are likely to enjoy continued precedence over the war on poverty in America.

At the same time, the Greek-Vietnamese analogy presents grave difficulties for liberal-action intellectuals like Schlesinger and Galbraith. From the very start they, too, portrayed the cold war as a battle between light and darkness, insisting that the underlying thrust and ultimate purpose of containment were not only politically libertarian but also economically and socially reformist. With the anti-Communist Left in Europe, they canonized the Marshall Plan. For a while they balked at the galloping military build-up, criticized the rearmament of Germany, and protested the inclusion of Spain in the military system of the Atlantic world. Before long, however, they rationalized such restorative and conservative costs and consequences of containment, whether intended or unintended, by simply moving their vital center farther to the right. In Western and Central Europe, as also in America, Schlesinger and Galbraith increasingly trusted corporate and welfare capitalism to provide the sinews for consensus politics.

Yet not only Greece—as the recent coup demonstrates—but also many of the developing countries lack the political integration, the social cohesion, and the economic sinews to sustain gradual and ordered modernization and reform, even with considerable foreign aid. In particular, throughout the developing world, whenever the Left—whether reformist or revolutionary—threatens or seems to threaten the *status quo*, significant components of the ruling political classes switch from tolerating or cooperating with the Center-Left to praetorian guards which, at a minimum, undertake to uphold order. Not only the local

grantees but also important segments of the entrepreneurial and professional middle classes have good reason to assume that Washington wishes them and the military to err on the side of caution. In fact, the most retrograde elements are so confident that Washington considers them essential backstops to order that they impudently block those ameliorative structural reforms which Washington normally would like to see fostered in exchange for aid.

When historical analogies are used for political purposes, professional and professorial historians have an obligation to correct and qualify them, as they have done with the Munich-Vietnam analogy. But historians who at the same time are critics of power have the additional obligation to raise analogic controversies to a level where they stimulate and enhance meaningful political discourse and debate. The opaque censure of the Johnson Administration's one-dimensional Munich-Vietnam analogy has at best made a marginal contribution to the critical examination and assessment of America's course in Vietnam. The Greek-Vietnamese analogy could conceivably throw a more intense searchlight on the context and implications of the Vietnamese crisis. Though it has not been invoked publicly, perhaps for fear of quickening Congressional and public distrust of the direction and design of America's postwar foreign policy, the Greek-Vietnamese analogy may well have guided the inner circle of the Johnson Administration in setting and maintaining its course in Vietnam.

It is by correcting and criticizing the uses and abuses of history that historians mount that "true vigil at arms" to which Croce summoned them and in which he wisely insisted there was "no use for either narcotics or intoxicants."

ORPHANS OF EMPIRE

A BAD DAY IN COMMONS

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Blumenthal, a frequent Nation contributor, is currently in the London office of Newsweek.

Even so, I beg the government now, at this last minute to drop this miserable, shameful, shabby bill. Let them think, and inquire before they deal another deadly blow at the commonwealth.

London

Seven years have passed since Hugh Gaitskell thundered against the first curbs on immigration, introduced by the Tories to cut down the flow of nonwhite Commonwealth citizens into Britain. But the fiery little leader who steered the Labour Party in opposition might have used the same words with even greater venom last month—and now against his own party. In a mere three and one-half days, the Labour government rammed through Parliament a

new immigration law, directed not against the nonwhites of the Commonwealth countries but against citizens of the United Kingdom itself, mainly 167,000 people of Asian descent now living in Kenya. The law makes no mention of race, merely excluding people whose parents or grandparents were not born in Britain. But the panicky rush to approve the law, smashing solemn promises and raising the specter of mass prejudice, has left Parliament stunned and shaken. For the curbs will create a second class of citizens, free to enter every country but their own, possibly jobless, homeless and stateless.

Though Home Secretary James Callaghan claimed that the government had been preparing the bill for six months, the Tories plainly called Callaghan's hand by playing on spiraling fears of a nonwhite deluge. The Asians, encouraged by the British to come to Kenya to take over skilled jobs and businesses during the colonial era, had been granted British passports at the time of Kenya's independ-

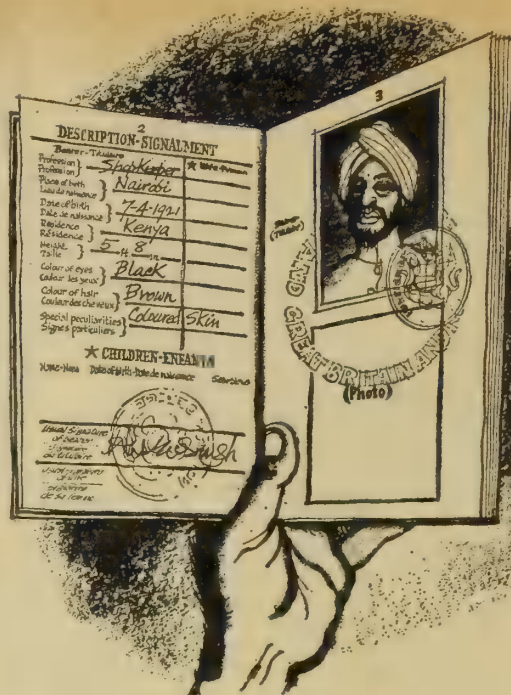
ence in 1963. Now Jomo Kenyatta's policy of "Kenyanization" was forcing them out of jobs and homes. And certain Tories—notably Duncan Sandys, the former Commonwealth Secretary who had actually granted them their citizenship—were urging that Britain seal its borders from the hordes that were bound to flee Kenya. Intent on beating possible curbs, the Asians began streaming into London's Heathrow airport at the rate of 700 a day, thus turning Sandys' warnings into a self-fulfilling prophecy. So Secretary Callaghan rose in Commons, with "regret" naturally, to propose a quota of 1,500, forming an "orderly queue."

Callaghan, far from displaying six months' worth of preparation, then seemed to draft the bill as he went along in debate. As originally introduced, the legislation lacked any provision for an appeals procedure. The Home Secretary, responding to a torrent of criticism, announced that two attorneys would be appointed to oversee the decisions of immigration officers in Kenya. Beyond vague references to "humanitarian needs," he did not recite the criteria these officers would use to choose between applicants. Nor did he settle the question of what would happen to the hapless citizens if they were expelled from Kenya or if, by their own choice, they just planted themselves on Britain's doorstep. "Shall we have refugee camps around the airports?" asked Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe.

As anxiety mounted on the back benches, causing all sides to demand an increase in the quotas, Callaghan conceded that the number must be "flexible," not "rigid." If a man were "thrown out of work" or "ejected," he said, "we shall have to take him in. We cannot do anything else in those circumstances." But he refused to write any provision for flexibility into the legislation, and the Home Office spent the next morning backtracking from his promise. What Callaghan meant, officials told reporters, was that expelled Asians would be put at the "head of the queue," not necessarily admitted. Clearly, Callaghan wanted to avoid giving Kenyatta the impression that he could fob these refugees off on Britain, even if they were British citizens. The success of the curbs, said Callaghan, would depend on the "civilized behavior of other governments."

Such fumbling, however, never jeopardized the bill's overwhelming support in Commons and the country at large. Between 80 and 90 per cent of the voters, according to most opinion polls, want to cut off all nonwhite immigration. "Coloreds" now comprise 2 per cent of the population, clustered in pockets of poverty and bound by informal discrimination in housing and jobs. There is widespread fear of a Watts-type racial "explosion," weariness of taking on "other people's" burdens, and anxiety for the future of a country now apparently threatened from all sides. No party can afford to favor immigration these days, and the Labourites still recall with horror how they opposed the first Tory Commonwealth Immigration bill in 1962, and as a result nearly lost the 1964 general election.

So Callaghan might faithfully repeat his contention that "it is a wild exaggeration to refer to this legislation as racist . . . the test that is adopted is geographical, not



Punch

"... To Allow the Bearer To Pass Freely
Without Let or Hindrance . . ."

racial." But only Tory home spokesman Quintin Hogg, who aimed to "keep the temperature down," took him seriously. Indeed, the "responsible" argument for the bill assumed not only the racist character of the measure but the existence of widespread race prejudice. "This is clearly a racial problem, a problem of potential racial tension," said Reginald Maudling, another Tory frontbencher. "The problem arises quite simply from the arrival in this country of many people of wholly alien cultures, habits and outlook. . . . Race prejudice is a basic human instinct; one cannot legislate it away but can only legislate to insure that the damage which it does becomes less and less as the years pass." Restricting the flow of immigrants, so the argument went, would allow the country to build schools and housing for them before they arrived, would allow people to overcome fears and insecurity that fed racial prejudice and would thus be in the interests of the immigrants as well as "our own people."

This argument made strange bedfellows. Extreme Left Socialists like Mrs. Renee Short, who has bitterly attacked her own government for deserting Socialist principles, marched into the lobby with staunch reactionaries like Sir Frederick Bennet, who has sympathized with Ian Smith's Rhodesian regime. Among the strongest supporters of the bill on the Labour side were trade union M.P.s like Charles Pannell. "It is often said with some truth that color prejudice is a working-class vice," said Pannell. "It has to be because these people come into working-class places." How many of the Liberals, he asked, had ever lived next to a colored or entertained one in their homes?

On the Conservative side, the real racists mostly stayed off the floor, fearing no doubt that their speeches might be inconvenient for the consciences of supporters, and left

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the argument for the bill to "realists" like Harold Burden: "I have a responsibility to my constituents. This is where it all starts." While both parties supported the bill, only Labour imposed a full-fledged, three-line whip. There seemed little need for it, since the main vote was a comfortable 372 to 62, and the whip carried no penalties for those who defied it.

Opponents of the bill, like the supporters, came from all over the political spectrum. Some of them, Tories as well as Labourites, argued that Commons must try to fight prejudice, not merely defuse it—or at least avoid enshrining it in a law. "One of the problems of prejudice in this country is that one can never meet an anti-black," said Ben Whitaker, a young patrician Labourite. "Such people always shelter behind their neighbors. If honorable members are to mirror the lowest common denominator of public prejudice, what is the point of being in this House?" Though the government was promising a Race Relations bill, it was now making prejudice respectable, he said, pandering to the worst instincts of the British voter instead of attempting to bring out the best. The government wildly exaggerated the number of Asians who might enter, and shamefully underestimated Britain's capacity to absorb them. After all, these were not destitute, illiterate peasants; they were skilled and semi-skilled workers, shopkeepers and professionals with precisely the talents and resources that Britain needed.

But most of the opponents, particularly on the Conservative side, felt much more deeply about Britain's honor than they did about the immigrants. Though Duncan Sandys might continue to insist with unshakable guile that "no such pledge was given, either in public or private," no one could doubt that Britain had promised the Asians free entry. "My right honorable friend may wriggle and squirm as hard as he likes," said Sir Douglas Glover, the vice chairman of the strongly traditionalist 1922 committee. "What this bill is doing is going back on Britain's pledged word. . . . Let us admit that there is a great deal of racialism in this house, in this country . . . and we shall not get very far by making either a virtue or a sin of it." "It is not a question of color," said Norman St. John Stevas, a progressive Tory, "but of honor, and we must each make our own stand on that." Of all the groups opposing the bill, only the Liberal Party stood united against racialism as the main issue.

Though much of the heart searching and hand wringing rang somewhat false, there were moments of genuine pathos—when the Archbishop of Canterbury, for example,

rose in his streaming white robes before the House of Lords to recall a life's work among the poor, and to proclaim, quietly, that this bill was "very, very wrong indeed." Or when Lady Gaitskell, the gray-haired widow of the late party leader, noted before the Lords that this bill had "the smell of apartheid about it" and made her feel "a bit alien." Or Michael Foot, the silver-tongued intellectual leftist, speaking in the musty, near-deserted chamber as dawn fell through the windows at the end of the Wednesday-Thursday all-night debate: "This is the most melancholy day in the history of the House of Commons."

The turbulent debate, calling forth so much of Britain's fear and insecurity, may count as a prelude to the more turbulent repercussions ahead. The law is bound to wrench, if not rip apart, the Commonwealth. It may not be, as one Indian Congress Party leader suggested, "the last nail in the coffin" of this unique multi-racial institution. But India and Kenya have already begun retaliating, the one by barring its door to Britain's refugee citizens, the other by making the Asians' lives increasingly uncomfortable.

The Commonwealth, so carefully nurtured by Britain as it set its colonies free, was cracking even before this latest bout with racialism. Many British have claimed that this country could continue to play a major world role, in spite of its recent defense reductions, by displaying moral leadership, diplomatic skill and democratic example. But the handling of the Immigration law, whatever the wisdom of breaking the East of Suez commitments, has done little to make credible Britain's moral and diplomatic excellence. The less real hardware power it commands, the more it needs this credibility. As for democracy, the Asians might have easily wished for a good old-fashioned American-style filibuster, an institution designed to prevent the very kind of parliamentary efficiency that the government exploited.

The new law has lowered even further the standing of the present government and the Labour Party at home. The law itself may be popular; but Callaghan's bungling has confirmed the image of a punch-drunk, divided Cabinet, reeling from bouts with the press and lurching helplessly into new measures. When the government introduces its Race Relations bill—still unpublished—it will probably lose many of the friends it gained from the Immigrants bill. The new law has battered party discipline, already eroded by defections of leftist M.P.s in recent votes on cuts in social spending. It has increased friction between Labour Party factions—between the middle-class intellectuals who opposed the bill, and the working-class trade unionists who supported it. And it has all but shattered Labour's claim, or what remained of it, to be the party of principle. In spite of its past measures to protect individual freedom and dignity—reform of laws affecting homosexuality, abortion and capital punishment—this government must now be remembered equally for betraying the rights of nonwhite citizens in Kenya. "The Labour Party is nothing," Harold Wilson once said, "if it is not a principle." That leaves Wilson and his party with precious little for the next election.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The National Book Awards

Robert Bly's acceptance speech and act of civil disobedience dominated all other events of the week of the National Book Awards; but even apart from Bly's overpowering contribution, there was a marked difference this year from earlier book industry celebrations.

The day before the awards ceremony at Lincoln Center, in both the morning "Workshop for Book Editors" and in the afternoon symposium "Poetry Now," there were visibly open rents in the smooth fabric the book and culture industry prefers to present in public. The poets (John Ashbery, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Ronald Gross, Dick Higgins and Walter Lowenfels) built no palpable bridges to the predominantly tradition-oriented book reviewers and book editors who represented publications of smaller cities and towns across the country. In the case of Allen Ginsberg, a most charitable description of his intent would be to say that he hoped to shake up the middle-class audience with a barrage of four-letter words and outrageous opinions; unfortunately he came off more intellectually arrogant and unpleasant than revolutionary, and far from gaining friends for contemporary poetry, he may have lost a few potential allies.

The afternoon session underlined what had been made apparent in the earlier book editors' discussion: that added to the other dangerous splits which exist in the country, there is an enormous gap between the intellectual and creative community on the one hand and those who claim to express the tastes of the nation's mass audience on the other. The division was almost painfully drawn between editors concerned with reviews which describe a book's ability to afford pleasure for the general reader and those who see the book review as a more responsible, creative and authoritative task. It was interesting that the differences appeared to assume a regional aspect, a tug between East and Midwest/West, perhaps because those arguing for a stronger intellectual base and against the concept of book publication as a commercial event, were representatives of Eastern publications. They were Theodore Solotaroff, formerly of *Commentary* and *Book Week* and now editor of *The New American Review*; Saul Maloff of *Newsweek* and Richard Gilman, recently appointed book editor of *The New Republic*. In his talk, Gilman named those book review sections which he felt em-

braced a responsible approach, listing *The New York Review of Books*, *Commentary*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*.

In the poetry symposium, the country's two great wounds, the war in Vietnam and black/white relations were somewhat opened up, but it was the acceptance speeches of Jonathan Kozol for *Death At An Early Age* and Robert Bly for *The Light Around the Body* the following evening which effectively denied the

We have some things to be proud of. No one needs to be ashamed of the acts of civil disobedience committed in the tradition of Thoreau. What Dr. Coffin did was magnificent; the fact that Yale University did not do it is what is sad. What Father Berrigan did was noble; the fact that the Catholic Church did not do it is what is sad. What Mitchell Goodman did here last year was needed and in good taste; the fact that the National Book Committee, in trying to honor those who told the truth last year, should have invited as a speaker Vice President Humphrey, famous for his lies, was sad.

Isn't the next step, now that individual people have committed acts of disobedience, for the institutions to take similar acts? What has the book industry done to end the war? Nothing. What have our universities done to end the war? Nothing. What have our museums, like the Metropolitan, done? Nothing. What has my own publisher, Harper & Row, done to help end the war? Nothing. In an age of gross and savage crimes by legal governments, the institutions will have to learn responsibility, learn to take their part in preserving the nation, and take their risk by committing acts of disobedience. The book companies can find ways to act like Thoreau, whom they publish. A publishing house can take space in *The New York Times* to announce that it opposes more men being sent to Vietnam, or to announce that it thinks Dr. Spock and Dr. Coffin are right; it can refuse to pay taxes.

From Robert Bly's acceptance speech, National Book Awards

country cause for cultural self-congratulation.

With the exception of these two books, the other awards were given to distinguished and safe books, *The Eighth Day* by Thornton Wilder; *Memoirs: 1925-1950* by George F. Kennan and *Soren Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers, Vol. I*, translated by Howard and Edna Hong. The award to William Troy for *Selected Essays* was given posthumously. Troy was for several years a regular fiction reviewer and film critic for *The Nation*.

It was also interesting to note that Jonathan Kozol's acceptance speech echoed a similar insight expressed by June Meyer ("Spokesmen for the Blacks," *The Nation*, December 4, 1967) in her discussion of his study of the destruction of the minds of black children in Boston ghetto schools. He accepted the award "in the names of those many hundreds of Negro kids . . . who have never been allowed to make their voices heard within America," and continued: "It is a part of the crime . . . that with a few notable exceptions black people in this nation have had a hearing only when they were granted the intermediary services of a white person like myself. Reading the reviews and considering the disputations, I sometimes feel that we are almost more interested in the white authors than in the black people that the books are all about."

Kozol said that "for this reason" he wished to redirect the attention of the audience to the issue and that he was giving his \$1,000 prize money to the community leaders within the Boston ghetto. Earlier, he had departed from his prepared speech to associate himself fully with Robert Bly's denunciation of the Vietnamese War.

The most electrifying moment at Lincoln Center came when Bly summoned Mike Kempton (later identified as the son of *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton) of the Resistance movement and counseled him "not to enter the U.S. Army now under any circumstances." In handing over to Kempton his \$1,000 prize money, Bly asked that it be used "to find and counsel other young men to defy the draft authorities and not destroy their spiritual lives by participating in this war."

There were some boos and hisses, but there was no question that on the heart-breaking issue of the war, dissenters of our official policy had grown from the

hundred or so who had walked out on Vice President Humphrey's appearance at the book awards last year to a majority of the 1,200 people from the book industry who stood and applauded Bly's action this year in Lincoln Center.

In the citation for *The Light Around the Body*, judges Donald Hall, Harvey Shapiro and Theodore Weiss wrote: "If we poets had to choose something that would be for us now our Address on the State of the Nation, it would be this book." Bly, in turn, accepted the award by "speaking for many, many American poets when I ask this question: Since we are murdering a culture in Vietnam at least as fine as our own, do we have the right to congratulate ourselves on our cultural magnificence?"

Bly was born in Madison, Minn., in 1926. He spent two years in the Navy at the end of World War II and was graduated from Harvard College in 1950. He founded his magazine and press in 1958 and operates it with his wife from a farm in western Minnesota. The Sixties Press was the subject of an essay by Paul Zweig ("The American Outsider," November 14, 1966), which described its

pioneering work in introducing to American readers many great European and South American poets. In September of 1967, Mr. Bly refused a \$5,000 grant from the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities to The Sixties Press, with the statement: "Since the Administration is maiming an entire nation . . . it is insensitive, even indecent, for that Administration to come forward with money for poetry . . . there could be no pride in such an award."

For many years Bly has been an important influence in American poetry, as much through the work of his magazine, *The Sixties*, as through his own poetry. His critical articles, his translations of the German and Spanish poets, his extensive and impressive work in opposing the war through the formation of American Writers Against the Vietnam War, culminating in his splendid action at Lincoln Center, are exemplary for our time.

The Nation is devoting most of this section to new work by Robert Bly and to a review of his book of poetry, the private work on which all the rest is based.

THE EDITORS

On Pablo Neruda

ROBERT BLY

Mr. Bly's essay which follows will appear as the preface to Twenty Poems of Pablo Neruda, translated by James Wright and Robert Bly (Sixties Press).

Poets like St. John of the Cross and Juan Ramon Jiménez describe the single light shining at the center of all things. Neruda does not describe that light, and perhaps he does not see it. He describes instead the dense planets orbiting around it. As we open a Neruda book, we suddenly see going around us, in circles, like herds of mad buffaloes or distracted horses, all sorts of created things: balconies, glacial rocks, lost address books, pipe organs, fingernails, notaries public, pumas, tongues of horses, shoes of dead people. His book, *Residencia en Tierra*, (*Living on Earth*—the Spanish title suggests being at home on the earth), contains an astounding variety of earthly things that swim in a sort of murky water. The fifty-six poems in *Residencia I* and *II* were written over a period of ten years—roughly from the time Neruda was 21 until he was 31, and they are the greatest surrealist poems yet written in a Western language. French surrealist poems appear drab and squeaky beside them. The French poets drove themselves by force into the unconscious because they hated establishment academ-

icism and the rationalistic European culture. But Neruda has a gift, comparable to the fortuneteller's gift for living momentarily in the future, for living briefly in what we might call the unconscious present. Aragon and Breton are poets of reason, who occasionally throw themselves backward into the unconscious, but Neruda, like a deep-sea crab, all claws and shell, is able to breathe in the heavy substances that lie beneath the daylight consciousness. He stays on the bottom for hours, and moves around calmly and without hysteria.

The surrealist images in the *Residencia* poems arrange themselves so as to embody curious and cunning ideas. In "La Calle Destruída," for example, he calls up injustice, architecture exploding, massive buildings weighing us down, exhausted religions, horses of pointless European armies—all of these things, he says, are acting so as to eat life for us, to destroy it, to disgust us so we will throw life away like old clothes. The poems give a sense of the ferocity and density of modern life.

Neruda's poetic master in the *Residencia* poems is not a European poet but the American, Walt Whitman. He looked deeply into Whitman. Whitman wrote:

*I see the workings of battle, pestilence,
tyranny, I see martyrs and prisoners,*

*I observe a famine at sea, I observe
the sailors casting lots who shall
be kill'd to preserve the lives of
the rest,
I observe the slights and degradations
cast by arrogant persons upon
laborers, the poor, and upon
negroes, and the like . . .
I hear bravuras of birds, bustle of
growing wheat, gossip of flames,
clack of sticks cooking my meals,
I hear the sound I love, the sound of
the human voice,
I hear all sounds running together,
combined, fused or following . . .
I hear the violoncello ('tis a young
man's heart's complaint,)
Hear the Key'd cornet, it glides quickly
in through my ears,
It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my
belly and breast.*

Neruda writes:

*I look at ships,
I look at trees of bone marrow
bristling like mad cats,
I look at blood, daggers and women's
stockings,
And men's hair,
I look at beds, I look at corridors
where a virgin is sobbing,
I look at blankets and organs and
hotels.*

*I look at secretive dreams,
I let the straggling days come in,
and the beginning also, and memories
also,
like an eyelid held open hideously
I am watching.*

*And then this sound comes:
a red noise of bones,
sticking together of flesh
and legs yellow as wheatheads meeting.
I am listening among the explosion of
the kisses,
I am listening, shaken among breathings
and sobs.
I am here, watching, listening,
with half of my soul at sea and half
of my soul on land,
and with both halves of my soul I
watch the world.*

*And even if I close my eyes and cover
my heart over entirely
I see the monotonous water falling
in big monotonous drops.
It is like a hurricane of gelatin,
like a waterfall of sperm and sea
anemones.
I see a clouded rainbow hurrying.
I see its water moving over my bones.*

He shows what it is like, not to be a poet but to be alive. The *Residencia* poems, however, differ from *Song of Myself* in one fundamental way. The *Residencia* poems are weighed down by harshness, despair, loneliness, death, constant anxiety, loss. Whitman also wrote magnificently of the black emotions, but

when Neruda in *Residencia* looks at the suicides, the drowning seamen, the blood-stained hair of the murdered girl, the scenes are not lightened by any sense of brotherhood. On the contrary, the animals and people on all sides isolate him still further, pull him down into his own body, where he struggles as though drowning in the stomach and the intestines.

It so happens I am sick of being a man . . .

I don't want to go on being a root in the dark,

Full of fears, getting larger, shivering in my sleep,

going on down, into the moist guts of the earth,

taking in and thinking, eating every day. . . .

I don't want so much misery.

I don't want to go on as a root and a tomb,

alone under the ground, a warehouse full of corpses. . . .

Pablo Neruda was born on July 12, 1904, in a small frontier town in southern Chile, the son of a railroad worker. The father was killed in a fall from his train while Neruda was still a boy. He said: "My father is buried in one of the rainiest cemeteries in the world." He described his childhood in Temuco in an essay called "Childhood and Poetry," printed as a preface to his *Collected Poems*. His given name was Nefthali Beltran, and his pseudonym was taken very young, out of admiration of a 19th-century Czech writer.

In 1920, when he was 16, Neruda was sent off to Santiago for high school. His poem "Friends on the Road" is written about those days. He was already composing poems, a poetry of high animal spirits and enthusiasm. At 19, he published a book called *Twenty Poems of Love and One Ode of Desperation*, which is still loved all over South America.

I remember you as you were in that ultimate autumn.

You were a gray beret and the whole being at peace.

In your eyes the fires of the evening dusk were battling,

And the leaves were falling in the waters of your soul.

He said later that "love poems were spouting out all over my body."

Body of a woman, white slopes and white thighs,

You resemble the world in your attitude of surrender.

My body, savage and peasant, undermines you

And makes a son leap in the bottom of the earth.

In the preface to a short novel he wrote

THE NATION/March 25, 1968

at this time, he said: "In my day to day life, I am a tranquil man, the enemy of laws, leaders, and established institutions. I find the middle class odious, and I like the lives of people who are restless and unsatisfied, whether they are artists or criminals."

The governments of South America have a tradition of encouraging young poets by offering them consular posts. When Neruda was 23, he was recognized as a poet, and the Chilean Government gave him a post in the consular service in the Far East. During the next five years, he lived in turn in Burma, Siam, China, Japan and India. Neruda has said that those years were years of great isolation and loneliness. Many of the poems that

appear in the first two books of *Residencia en Tierra* were written during those years.

Neruda came back to South America in 1932, when he was 28 years old. For a while he was consul in Buenos Aires; he met Lorca there, when Lorca came to Argentina on a lecture tour. *Residencia I* was published in 1933. In 1934 he was assigned to Spain.

The Spanish poets had already known his wild poems for several years, and greeted him with admiration and enthusiasm. The house in Madrid where Neruda and his wife Delia lived soon overflowed with poets—Lorca and Miguel Hernandez especially loved to come. *Residencia II* was published in

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ANN ARBOR



Spain in 1935. Lorca, Hernandez and many others published their surrealist poems in Neruda's magazine *Caballo Verde por la Poesia* (Green Horse for Poetry). Spain had been for fifteen years in a great period of poetry, the most fertile for Spanish poetry since the 1500s. This period was brought to an end by the Civil War.

On July 19, 1936, Franco invaded from North Africa. Neruda, overstepping his power as consul, immediately declared Chile on the side of the Spanish Republic. After being retired as consul, he went to Paris, where he raised money for Spanish refugees, helped by Breton and other French poets, and by Vallejo. Neruda's poetry now became seriously political for the first time. Neruda had come to love Spain, living there, and he shared the shock of the Spanish poets, which was essentially the loss of their country to the right wing. The growth of political energy in his poetry was probably inevitable in any case. In *Residencia I* and *II*, the outer world is seen with such clarity, and with such a sense of its suffering, that the later development of political poetry does not come as a surprise. He returned to America in 1940, and served as Chilean consul to Mexico during 1941 and 1942. The poems he had written about the Spanish Civil War were also incorporated into *Residencia*, under the title of *Residencia III*.

In 1944, the workers from Antofagasta, the nitrate mining section of Chile, asked Neruda to run for Senator from their district. He did, and was elected. He now found himself in his country's Senate as Yeats had. He took a keen interest in Chilean politics. Several years later he described in a long poem written to the Venezuelan poet, Miguel Otero Silva, how happy the Senators would have been if he had remained a love poet:

When I was writing my love poems,
which sprouted out from me
everywhere, and I was dying from
depression,
nomadic, abandoned, gnawing the
alphabet,
they said to me: "What a great man
you are, Theocritus!"
I am not Theocritus: I took hold of life,
and faced her, and kissed her until I
subdued her,
and then I went through the tunnels of
the mines
to see how other men live.
And when I came out, my hands
stained with depression and garbage,
I held up my hands, and showed them
to the generals,
and said, "I do not take responsibility
for this crime."

They started to cough, became disgusted,
left off saying hello,
gave up calling me Theocritus, and
ended by insulting me
and assigning the entire police force to
arrest me,
because I did not continue to be
occupied exclusively with
metaphysical subjects.

Neruda's experience as a Senator ended, as he mentions, with his pursuit by the secret police. It came about in this way: In 1948, Gonzalez Videla, a right-wing strong man supported by United States interests, took over as dictator. Six months later Neruda, as Senator, attacked him for violations of the Chilean constitution. Videla responded by charging Neruda with treason. Neruda did not go into voluntary exile, as expected, but attacked Videla once more, and Videla ordered him arrested. Most people assumed he would have been killed if he had been arrested. Neruda went underground; miners and working people, to save his life, passed him from one house to another at night, first in Chile, later in other South American countries. He remained in hiding for some months. Finally he crossed the Andes on horseback, and made it to Mexico; from there he flew out of the continent to Paris. All this time he was working on his new book, which he called *Canto General*; it was finished in February of 1949.

The title suggests a poetry that refuses to confine itself to a specific subject matter or kind of poem. Neruda worked on the book for fourteen years. It is the greatest long poem written on the American continent since *Leaves of Grass*. It is a geological, biological and political history of South America. The book contains 340 poems arranged in fifteen sections. The fertility of imagination is astounding. Not all of the poems, of course, are of equal quality. In some, especially those written while Neruda was being hunted by the Chilean secret police, the anger breaks through the container of the poem.

The book as a whole gives a depressing picture of the relations between the U.S. State Department and South American governments. Neruda's *Canto General* is not a great favorite of U.S. cultural organs dealing with Pan-American relations. North Americans, both in universities and in the USIS, who know Neruda's work often say quite soberly that since Neruda became interested in politics, he has not written a poem of any value.

Neruda went from Paris to Russia for the 150th anniversary celebration of Pushkin's birth, and then back to Mexico, where the first edition of *Canto General* was published in 1950.

When Gonzalez Videla's government

fell, Neruda returned to Chile. Since 1953 he has lived on Isla Negra, a small island off the coast near Santiago; in recent years he also has spent part of his time in Valparaiso.

There was a considerable change in style from the inward, surrealist poems of *Residencia I* and *II* to the narrative, historical poems of *Canto General*. However, the style of his poetry has changed several more times since then. Both the *Residencia* and *Canto General* poems used, for the most part, the long loping line into which he could put so much power. In the middle 1950s he began writing odes using willowy lines only two or three words long. They were *Odas Elementales*, or *Odes to Simple Things*. He wrote an ode to a wrist watch, which Jerome Rothenberg has translated very well, an ode to air, to his socks, to fire, to a watermelon, to painting, to salt. Book after book of these odes came out until he had published 100 or so odes in three or four years. More recently he has embarked on a book of autobiographical poems called *Memorial to Isla Negra*.

At the moment, Neruda entirely dominates South American poetry. I heard a young South American poet complain of Neruda's abundance. He said that whenever a new idea appears in the air, and some younger poet manages to finish a poem on it, Neruda suddenly publishes three volumes! But, he said, "how can we be mad at Pablo? The poems continue to be good—that's the worst part of it!"

In "Childhood and Poetry," Neruda speculates on the origin of his poetry.

"One time, investigating in the backyard of our house in Temuco the tiny objects and minuscule beings of my world, I came upon a hole in one of the boards of the fence. I looked through the hole and saw a landscape like that behind our house, uncared for, and wild. I moved back a few steps, because I sensed vaguely that something was about to happen. All of a sudden a hand appeared—a tiny hand of a boy about my own age. By the time I came close again, the hand was gone, and in its place there was a marvellous white toy sheep.

"The sheep's wool was faded. The wheels had escaped. All of this only made it more authentic. I had never seen such a wonderful sheep. I looked back through the hole but the boy had disappeared. I went into the house and brought out a treasure of my own: a pine cone, opened, full of odor and resin, which I adored. I set it down in the same spot and went off with the sheep.

"I never saw either the hand or the boy again. And I have never again seen a sheep like that either. The toy I lost

finally in a fire. But even now, in 1954, almost fifty years old, whenever I pass a toyshop, I look furtively into the window, but it's no use. They don't make sheep like that any more.

"I have been a lucky man. To feel the intimacy of brothers is a marvellous thing in life. To feel the love of people whom we love is a fire that feeds our life. But to feel the affection that comes

from those whom we do not know, from those unknown to us, who are watching over our dream and solitude, over our dangers and our weaknesses—that is something still greater and more beautiful because it widens out the boundaries of our being, and unites all living things.

"That exchange brought home to me for the first time a precious idea: that all of humanity is somehow together. That

experience came to me again much later; this time it stood out strikingly against a background of trouble and persecution.

"I never dreamed in my childhood that by giving something resiny, earth-like, and fragrant, I had entered into the brotherhood of humanity. But just as I once left the pine cone by the fence, I have since left my words on the door

LIES

*Excellent Roman knives
slip along the ribs.*

*A stronger man starts to jerk
up the strip of flesh*

*Do you actually believe
in the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Ghost?*

A long scream unrolls.

More.

*From the political point of view,
Democratic institutions
are being built, wouldn't you agree?*

*A green parrot shudders
under the fingernails.*

*Blood jumps
in the pocket.*

The scream lashes like a tail.

"Let us not be deterred from our duty by the voices of. . ."

*The whines of the jets
pierce like a long needle.*

*As soon as Rusk finishes his press conference,
black wings carry off the words, bits of flesh
still clinging to them; somewhere
in Montana near Hemingway's grave,
they are chewed by timid hyenas.*

• • •

*Lie after lie starts out into the prairie grass,
like lines of Conestogas going West*

*And a long desire for death
flows out, guiding
the enormous caravans from beneath,
stringing together the vague and foolish words.*

*It is a desire to eat death,
to gobble it down,
to rush on it like a cobra with mouth open*

*To take death inside,
to feel it burning inside, pushing*

*out velvety hairs,
like a clothes brush in the intestines*

This is the thrill that leads Johnson on to lie

*Your life finally significant,
prophesied by Isaiah
feeling it deep inside
your warm guts surrounding it*

*Now the President lies about the date
the Appalachian Mountains rose*

*He lies about the population of Chicago,
about the weight of the adult eagle,
about the acreage of the Everglades,*

*He lies about the composition of the amniotic fluid,
about which city is the capital of Wyoming*

*He lies about the birthplace of Attila the Hun,
about the number of fish taken every year in the Arctic
He denies that Luther was ever a German
and insists that only the Protestants sold indulgences,
That Pope Leo X wanted to reform the church
but the liberal elements prevented him,*

*That the Peasants' War was fomented by Italians
from the North*

And Rusk lies about the time the sun sets.

• • •

*This is only the deep longing for death
the longing that someone will come and lead you by the hand
to where they all are sleeping.
Where the Egyptian Pharaohs are asleep,
and your own mother
and all those disappeared children, who went around
with you in a swing in grade school—*

*Do not be angry at Johnson—he is longing to take
in his hand
the locks of death hair*

*And to meet his children sleeping,
his own children,
sleeping and unborn*

He is drifting sideways toward the dusty places

ROBERT BLY

of so many people who were unknown to me, people in prison, or hunted, or alone.

"That is the great lesson I learned in my childhood, in the backyard of a lonely house. Maybe it was nothing but a game two boys played who didn't know each other and wanted to pass to the other some good things of life. Yet this small and mysterious exchange of gifts has perhaps remained inside me, like a sedimentary deposit, bringing my poems to life."

This curious and beautiful story, which Neruda carefully links to the origins of his own poetry, is a conscious rejection of the connection between poetry and sickness, so often insisted on by Europeans. What is most startling about Neruda, I think, when we compare him to Eliot or Dylan Thomas or Pound, is the great affection that accompanies his imagination. Neruda read his poetry for the first time in the United States in June of '66 at the Poetry Center in New York, and it was clear from that reading that his poetry is intended as a gift. When Eliot gave a reading, one had the feeling that the reading was a cultural experience, and that Eliot doubted very much if you were worth the trouble, but he'd try anyway. When Dylan Thomas read, one had the sense that he was about to perform some magical and fantastic act, perhaps painting a Virgin while riding on three white horses, and maybe you would benefit from this act, and maybe you wouldn't. Pound used to scold the audience for not understanding what he did. When Neruda reads, the mood in the room is one of affection between the audience and himself.

We tend to associate the modern imagination with the jerky imagination, which starts forward, stops, turns around, switches from subject to subject. In Neruda's poems, the imagination drives forward, joining the entire poem in a rising flow of imaginative energy. In the underworld of the consciousness, in the thickets where Freud, standing a short distance off, pointed out incest bushes, murder trees, half-buried primitive altars and unburied bodies, Neruda's imagination moves with utter assurance, sweeping from one spot to another almost magically. The starved emotional lives of notaries public he links to the whiteness of flour, sexual desire to the shape of shoes, death to the barking sound where there is no dog. His imagination sees the hidden connections between conscious and unconscious substances with such assurance that he hardly bothers with metaphors—he links them by tying their hidden tails. He is a new kind of creature moving about under the surface of everything. Moving under

the earth, he knows everything from the bottom up (which is the right way to learn the nature of a thing) and therefore is never at a loss for its name. Compared to him, most American poets resemble blind men moving gingerly along the ground from tree to tree, from house to house, feeling each thing for a long time, and then calling out "House!" when we already know it is a house.

Neruda has confidence in what is hidden. The establishment respects only what the light has fallen on, but Neruda likes the unlit just as well. He writes of small typists without scorn, and of the souls of huge, sleeping snakes.

He violates the rules for behavior set up by the wise. The conventionally wise assure us that to a surrealist the outer world has no reality—only his inner flow of images is real. Neruda's work demolishes this banality. Neruda's poetry

is deeply surrealist, and yet entities of the outer world like the United Fruit Company have greater force in his poems than in those of any strictly "outward" poet alive. Once a poet takes a political stand, the wise assure us that he will cease writing good poetry. Neruda became a Communist in the middle of his life and has remained one: at least half of his greatest work, one must admit, was written after that time. He has written great poetry at all times of his life.

Finally, many critics in the United States insist that the poem must be hard-bitten, impersonal and rational, lest it lack sophistication. Neruda is wildly romantic, and more sophisticated than Hulme or Pound could dream of being. He has few literary theories. Like Vallejo, Neruda wishes to help humanity, and tells the truth for that reason.

A Sadness for America

THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY.
By Robert Bly. Harper & Row. 62 pp.
\$3.95.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

Robert Bly's imagination is like a light moving around a central wick. The title of his book describes it well: the light around the body; a darting, flickering illumination, extending the private energies of the body into a circle of images. His poems do not assume the form of an argument, or an ongoing parable. They return to the inward spring of the body and move away again, line by line, until slowly the shape of the poem has emerged. "Those Being Eaten by America," moves in this way from image to image, as if each were somehow beginning the poem again. It ends:

Ministers who dive headfirst into the earth

*The pale flesh
Spreading guiltily into new literatures*

*That is why these poems are so sad
The long dead running over the fields*

*The mass sinking down
The light in children's faces fading at six or seven*

*The world will soon break up into
small colonies of the saved*

The ministers and the long dead and the fading light are groping toward a clarity which comes in the last line: "The world will soon break up into small colonies of the saved." The

moments of the poem need this sudden shift of understanding. Not the accumulated sorrows and images of the poem but now, suddenly, the clear-sighted thought which a man comes upon only when he has lived with the sorrows for a long time.

There are many such lines in *The Light Around the Body*. They have a prophetic ring, inviting the reader to shape the poem into a meditation:

*Come with me into those things that
have felt this despair for so long*

This indeed is Robert Bly's invitation in *The Light Around the Body*. It is lonely, but unhesitating. Above all it is filled with a sense of betrayal. Robert Bly must have loved the places and the names of America very deeply to have been so powerfully stirred by the terror in the land: the tires he evokes, howling on thruways; the ghost train in the Rockies loaded with Indian blood; the generals in Washington who peddle their splinters of black light from country to country, teaching "the children of ritual to overcome their longing for life."

Bly takes us with him into these things. The overpowering sadness in his book is not a closed anxiety. Paradoxically, the voice in the poems is essentially a happy one, healthy enough to say "come with me." We are being invited to look at the real despair of a country where

*Bishops rush about crying, There is no war,
And bombs fall,
Leaving a dust on the birch trees.*

It is a peaceful country:

We drive between lakes just turning
green;
Late June. The white turkeys have
been moved
To new grass.

And yet the peace turns out to be a
mistake. For we have mislaid our
suffering. We have somehow gotten
turned around the wrong way. We are
gay, and yet dangerous to others. There-
fore:

Our own gaiety
Will end up
In Asia, and in your cup you will look
down
And see
Black Starfighters.
We were the ones we intended to bomb!

There are a number of epigraphs
in *The Light Around the Body*, heading
the separate sections of the volume; and
one of them, taken from Jacob Boehme,
describes very well the unique quality of
Robert Bly's poetry:

So then I found in all things good
and evil, love and wrath, in creatures
of reason as well as in wood, in stone,
in earth, in the elements, in men and
animals. Withal, I considered the little
spark "man" and what might be es-
teemed to be by God in comparison
with this great work of heaven and
earth.

In consequence I grew very melan-
choly, and what is written, though I
knew it well, could not console me.

There is a playfulness and an excitement
in the poems; a gift of praise, enlivening
those "things" into which we are being
taken. Without the praise, the melancholy
would be pale; it would be ungenerous.
The danger is real because Bly knows
how precious are those things which the
"spark" of man destroys:

The grave moves forward from its
ambush,

Moving over hills on black feet,
Living off the country,
Leaving dogs and sheep murdered
where it slept;
Some shining thing, inside, that has
served us well

Shakes its bamboo bars—
It may be gone before we wake . . .

Whatever it is, enclosed in the bamboo
cage, it may be gone before we gain our
senses. The grave moves quickly, and
we move slowly. Just as the grave carried
by American planes speeds around the
world; while we, the plane makers, move
slowly. Until we discover that the cage
inside us, the inward place, is empty.
"We are the ones we intended to bomb."

It is this ability to move between the
inward and the outward emotion that
makes Robert Bly one of the finest

political poets in America. The middle
section of *The Light Around the Body*
is entitled "The Vietnam War," and it
contains a number of sobering, wryly
humorous poems, like this one entitled
"Counting Small-Boned Bodies":

Let's count the bodies over again.

If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
The size of skulls,
We could make a whole plain white
with skulls in the moon-light!

If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
Maybe we could get
A whole year's kill in front of us on a
desk!

If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
We could fit
A body into a finger-ring, for a keep-
sake forever.

The words repeat themselves, until
bodies seem to turn into money, and the
money into little souvenirs, like the ears
harvested for trophies from the dead
bodies of the "enemy" in Vietnam. The
poem lets us in on a ghastly practical
joke. In his office an executive is acting
out his name, "executing" the rebellious
lives in those bodies, while he dreams
of gathering his kill in small, clean heaps
on his desk, purified of suffering, as far
from the broken lives and villages as
the pilot in a B-52 bomber, 6 miles
higher than the clouds.

The sadness in *The Light Around
the Body* is a sadness for America. The
book quietly, but firmly, translates the
inward mystery and melancholy of which
Boehme speaks, into an expansive public
language.

To be sure, not all the poems in Bly's
volume sustain this clear language. There
is a tendency in some poems to evoke
a cast of "accountants," "bankers,"
"executives," "dentists," who float heav-
ily across the scene, without ever really
emerging. They are negative characters,
and often boring.

There is another fault which tends to
limit the impact of some poems. At times
the spiritual moment of which Bly writes
has been so entirely transposed into
fantasy, that one misses the enveloping
shape of the human. The poem "Suddenly
Turning Away" is about a crisis of love
between people. It begins:

Someone comes near, the jaw
Tightens, bullheads bite
The snow, moments of intimacy waved
away,
Half-evolved antennas of the sea snail
Sink to the ground.

Missing here is the simple gesture, the
familiar situation which must encircle

"This book is causing a severe case of jitters in official Washington."

Its conclusion is that endless war
may be good for the U.S. Some
say it is grimly serious. Others call
it leg-pulling satire. Sources close
to the White House revealed that
the Administration is alarmed.
These sources say cables have
gone to U.S. embassies, with stern
instructions: Play down discussion
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CHILTON

and anchor the fantasy. By taking us so far inward, Bly has paradoxically left us outside. He has kept the secret of suddenly turning away.

These faults mark a danger in Bly's imagination. But they are only minor blemishes in a book as richly and as variously sustained as is *The Light Around the Body*.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Edward Albee's most recent play (given at the Studio Arena Theatre in Buffalo and there till March 30) is a work in progress. It is that in several senses: the play was written as two separate short plays, one called *Box*, the other *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, but at present they are being played "enmeshed," which I believe is the right way to do them. When I speak of "work in progress" I allude also not only to slight amendments, chiefly cuts, that are still being made in the text but also to the fact that the play reveals Albee in search of new methods and forms.

There is a hint of Beckett in the play but its tone is entirely Albee's. It begins with the sound of an invisible woman's voice as the audience looks into the interior of a large cube which fills most of the stage space. Following her monologue the stage lights are dimmed and there emerges the outline of a boat deck in which, at different points on the stage, are an old woman in bedraggled clothes, an elegant lady of the moderately wealthy

Harold Clurman has received the first Sang Prize for Critics of the Fine Arts, presented by Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. The award carries a \$5,000 stipend. Among those receiving special mention in the competition was Julius Novick, also honored for his *Nation* theatre criticism.

class, a somnolent minister—the latter two sitting on deck chairs—and the figure of Mao Tse-tung who circles about the stage and around the audience whom he directly addresses.

The invisible woman speaks the entire text of the play initially called *Box*, her most significant phrases being intermittently repeated during the independent section originally entitled *Quotations from Mao Tse-tung*. The solo voice is thus both a choral comment and in itself a declaration, a slow, quiet rumination. Its writing reminds me of the author's own subdued, hesitant and occasionally cryptic manner. The voice speaks dispassionately but somewhat mournfully of a "box" as a place to which one may retire and think freely, privately formulating one's innermost reflections. It dwells on the deterioration of the arts into crafts, on the moral apathy of our day, on the past when music was the expression of purity, but above all and most movingly on the waste of substance and lives—the dumping of milk, the killing of children—the total corruption of the times. It is the little things, the small cracks, as well as the glaring horrors, the woman's voice submits, that disclose the general decay. Now the very existence of art—when it is art and not mere craft—hurts. Overhead, a black net of birds rushes by and there is "just one, moving beneath, in the opposite way," the one being emblematic of those precious few among us who refuse to fly toward universal disaster.

These are the play's key themes structured into a polyphonic chamber work, bits of which keep sounding during the play's later "movements." Though still abstract, what follows the introduction contains a "narrative." The wealthy lady on the main deck who has been reading Trollope or James or Hardy tells the mute minister of her 40-year-old husband's death, of her brash and indifferent daughter, of her attempt at suicide by jumping off the boat, and the other passengers' suspicion that she may try to do it again. Her account is a graph of the emptiness and futility of the middle-class world. Will she really kill herself? "Good heavens, no; I have nothing to die for," she answers.

As counterpoint to this the destitute old lady tells of abandonment by her

children in doggerel. ("So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about. . . . So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out.") Her complaint is broken by long pauses during which Mao, in measured, sweetly reasonable discourse, enunciates the plausible Marxist-Leninist doctrine of the inevitability and desirability of world revolution spiced with von Clausewitz's famous dictum, "War is the extension of politics by other means."

In short, we are confronted with banality on three levels: the despair of the middle class, the heartbreak of the dispossessed, the role of the professional insurgent. The representative of religion is mildly perturbed but for the most part sleeps the sleep of the just. It is the ultimate indignity, the woman's voice from the "box" asserts again, when we cannot listen to music any more because it makes us cry and "nothing belongs."

The message is not "new" but in this reading (and especially in retrospect) it acquires a poignancy all its own. It may puzzle at first but it becomes ever more telling as the play proceeds. It disturbs without clamor and yet it is somehow reassuring because along with the ominous black net of birds there remains "just one, moving beneath, in the opposite way." Perhaps the future will tell us more about that particular "one" than the contrariness of its direction.

The play will surely bore many theatre-goers, though further abbreviation may help to mitigate this effect. Thinking of such a reaction reminded me of Bacon's aphorism, "There is no excellent beauty that has not some strangeness in the proportion." There is a melancholy beauty in this play and genuine feeling without tears. The play convinces me that we have in Albee a dramatist who is still growing. *Box-Mao-Box* is like no other play he has written and like very few others written by anyone else.

At the American Place Theatre on West 46th Street Ed Bullins' *The Electronic Nigger and Others* (the others being two short plays called *A Son*, *Come Home* and *Clara's Ole Man*) is the work of a young writer of whom it can be said without condescension that he is promising because he performs. The mark of his promise is the diversity of his attack, subject matter and style.

The first and least satisfactory of the trio is a sketch composed of "impressionist" fragments to suggest the unhappy background of a young poet who on his return to his birthplace and mother recalls the painful stages of his emergence into conscious maturity. There is some juggling with time sequences and no embarrassing stress on the plight of the developing artist, but on the whole this opening piece must be set down as

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a prologue, with perhaps more biographical interest than intrinsic value, to the two "panels" that follow.

The first of these, *The Electronic Nigger*, is a sharply funny satirical farce in which the two main characters, like Bullins himself, are Negroes, but the play is not about Negroes. It deals with modern schools and schooling, with "computerized" thinking and teaching, with the force, attraction and horror of mechanized education. It is, if you will, a parody on "McLuhanism" not as a theory but as a symptom.

A neophyte college teacher on his first day as instructor in creative writing opens his class by introducing himself and confidently explaining the intention of his course. A late arrival enters and with caustic and irrepressible officiousness begins to question every bit of the pedagogic procedure. He disapproves of both the conduct and the idea of the course. He is, he asserts, a "sociological-data-research-analysis-technician-expert," in the name of which he challenges every word uttered on the ground of semantic imprecision. He speaks with machine-gun velocity and projectile power.

The young teacher, failing to halt the bullet-hard hail of apostrophes by polite objection, finally loses his head, pleads and screams: "I was fed on Faulkner, I cut my teeth on Hemingway," to no avail. He gives up in despair, dismisses the class and leaves to be soothed by the ministrations of one of his sympathetic girl students. Other students, fascinated by the streamlined and brazen self-assurance of the "new man," gather round him and will soon become his slavish disciples. The "humanist" teacher has been defeated. The imbecile of "science" triumphs.

The evening's third item, *Clara's Ole Man*, is a naturalistic picture of a poor black family in which the conditions of thousands upon thousands of similarly wretched households are mercilessly exposed.

There are a spastic illegitimate child, a ruthlessly cynical and grotesquely oversized Lesbian who blames her unsightly physique as well as her state of mind on education by "Christians." Also present are Clara, under thrall to the older woman (her "ole man") and Clara's well-spoken, relatively educated suitor, a postal employee. Three hoodlums enter, their viciousness being viewed with equanimity, even some satisfaction by the big female. A woman neighbor, a drug addict, also intrudes on the scene briefly. The young man invited on his first visit by Clara, hoping for a decent husband, escapes the premises in disgust and terror only to be beaten up by the hoodlums for his presumed uppityness.

There is neither a pulling of punches

nor moralizing in this group portrait. There is no Negro or race "question" in it, no plea, pathos, apology or call for a "solution." Some members of the audience found comedy in the human havoc presented—at least they laughed in gleeful accord with its unabashed savagery. The play's effect is shattering and silenc-

ing because it never once tries to trade upon the sense of pity. It also avoids the unpleasant shock of certain plays in which the audience is supposed to appreciate the skill and daring with which ugliness has been depicted. The acting throughout the last two plays is excellent.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

There is clearly a "new wave" in the British cinema, if by that is meant a readily detectable style and some homogeneity of preoccupation. As a term of excellence, however, the phrase cannot be so confidently applied. There is not much force to this wave; it is more gaudy foam than torrent of energy. Ever since the Beatles emerged as a substitute for the lost empire, the English have been on a youth kick, celebrating the exploits of lower-class cubs or attributing cubbish aspirations to characters old enough to feel the strain. And they have been dressing these small tales in Carnaby psychedelia, a commercialized exploitation of hippie revolt. It is stylish enough, all acrylic color, rocking beat and hallucinated interpolation, but it looks like a style generated in the box office and not behind the camera. The British seem more intent on making a pot than a point, and their amiable ripple must be vulnerable to the first fickle breeze. That may be why the pictures seem to work so hard to put their little sensations across.

Thus, *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*. A nice grammar-school boy, his father a decent shopkeeper, his mother taking an extension course in the 19th-century novelists, itches to cohabit with at least one of his mini-skirted contemporaries before going off to a red brick university. He would prefer to cohabit with all of them, but one—any one—will do for a start. He makes it, this attractive scamp, after variously humiliating mishaps, and then, oh irony, finds himself becoming possessive about the hussy of his predatory ambitions. Next time, he will pick a girl who can cook his kippers as well as tickle his fancy.

That's nice enough, but it's also familiar enough, and when it is tricked out with several rock bands, some voyeur sex shots, a little *à la mode* satire and a quantity of stroboscopic dream sequences, the freight seems excessive for such youthful fumbings. The brasses should be muted for recording the acne of the soul.

About the matter of dreams: many pic-

tures are featuring them these days; they give a chance for asymmetric optical effects, with delusions of costume. But, as in *Mulberry Bush*, there is often a trick to this trick, in that the dubiously licit reveries of the audience are also being massaged. It is one thing to make visual the boy's images of himself as an erotic despot, but something else to stage a midnight orgy (how was it arranged?) in the showroom of a bedding concern. The picture also postulates a night away from home when not only the girl but her parents as well become lecherously drunk and pursue one another and a bewildered German *au pair* girl through the corridors; and it is at a sun-drenched, permissive Motel (there is sailing) of sybaritic austerity that the neophyte finally gets himself thoroughly seduced

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by a cool, amused practitioner. These are not his dreams; they are intended as our dreams. Everyone, it is true, has his mulberry bush, and age doesn't necessarily wither it; there comes a time, however, when such exuberant fruit begins to taste waxy.

I once knew a woman who, when she felt the conversation to be sagging, would turn to her son with, "Say something amusing, George." He was a fairly witty fellow, but never on those occasions. Something of the sort has been happening to Dudley Moore—in his recent screen appearances—earlier in the year with Peter Cook in *Bedazzled* and now on his own in *30 Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia*. Moore has certain attributes for comedy: a repertory of humorous accents, a reliable falsetto, fluent parodies on the piano, an ability to look resolutely muddled. He is also short, a characteristic he accentuates, as did Harry Langdon forty years ago, with voluminous and bagging trousers.

A plot for Dudley Moore takes these risible possibilities and hangs them like washing on the line; it instructs him to do his funny routine. In the present instance, a man three months short of his 30th birthday determines to become married and to write a successful musical comedy before he reaches that watershed age. As the film opens he has yet to take a first step toward consummating either of these projects, and no one needs to be told that he will exercise his special gifts to bring them off in a whirl of guileless confusion.

Mr. Moore's young man is somewhat visionary, and a considerable portion of the picture is devoted to his waking

dreams, in which appear a wealth of pretty girls in bridal garb. He himself is seen as Beethoven and Bach and Mozart and Handel, and I saw no reason why he should not have appeared also as Wagner, Verdi, Sibelius and George Gershwin since repetition is never thought a weakness in this picture, and since it is only a question of running up a wig and a proper suit of clothes for each impersonation.

That seems to me the trouble with this unassuming, good-natured picture—it depends too much on wigs, not enough on wit: there is no structure of comedy beneath the funny turns. The energy is prodigious but not the invention: for example, Moore's musical, when at last it opens, offers nothing but pandemonium in the balcony and a blank on the stage. It would be wrong to say that the movie is without laughs—they come, but they come reluctantly, and from the belly. One chuckles at least in part from remembering how very droll Moore was in *Beyond the Fringe*. That early vehicle has been worth a fortune to him, as to Cook, but it won't run forever without gas.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

Chrysalis and scythe, the open-eye camouflage of peacock and moth, hairy antennae and splattered fireworks: these are among the keening images of Lee Krasner's latest paintings at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery. Or rather, they exist as inferences in her art, even below that threshold of recognition that would give these paintings the status of semi-abstractation. Gesture and form are too masticated to evoke the presence of real subject matter. But emerging shape and gyratory rhythm are keyed into a large sense of animal combat and floral growth. Miss Krasner's hooked, flung commas of paint punctuate larger loping mandibles, or swaying tufts and fronds eccentrically sheared off by each other. One can no longer distinguish between the manual activity of the artist and the magnified flutter of movement in the bush.

Pictorial metaphors this much developed, and paint lashing so loose and yet controlled, do not crop up suddenly full-blown in an artist's vision. For twenty years Lee Krasner had tenaciously pursued some of the options inherent in the style of her husband, Jackson Pollock, and behind him, never so evident as now, the malignant entomology of André Masson, the French Surrealist. But in

place of the zigzags and saw-tooths of the European painter, and the unspooled tracteries of the American, there appeared in her work of the early sixties a smudgier, more crumbled dervish of lines, dots and tones. If it was as "all over" as Pollock's, it was a style more of dovetailing than interlacing, more centrifugal than labyrinthine. Out from multiple centers that seemed to funnel across the surface there churned ragged shards of light and dark. Though it already conveyed the force of a strong personality, this art was embroiled in a number of particularly messy problems.

The major difficulty was the conflict between imagery meant to be perceived in one swoop, and complex, episodic passages that detained and absorbed the glance. This condition might have enriched the overall experience had it not been for an intrusive incoherence in the relation of part to whole, and means to ends. For instance, calligraphy flailed about without committing itself fully either to the role of gesture or contour. And space, for this reason, was indiscriminately buckled, crunched or squeezed, preventing a meaningful reading of depth or shallowness. At her 1962 exhibition at the Howard Wise Gallery, these stresses dominated a series of giant, rather monochrome façades, mostly indistinguishable from one another. It was a display of monumentalized irresolution.

The current show, scanning five years of revisions, reveals Krasner first to have pulverized (within much smaller formats) her immense gyrations into a webbing of lines squiggled and smeared from the tube; then to have attacked the problem of color by scraping strong hues into the surrounds as well as assigning them to the handwriting. At first very harmonic, for instance dark cobalt against olive white, this color began to move out into fresher, more surprising combinations for which the precedent is not Pollock but Matisse. Subtle forms of beige and ivory on the unprimed canvas may at any moment counterpoint markings of alizarin, permanent green and cadmium yellow, as in "Pollination," 1968. To the excitement of these contrasts, simultaneously raw and understated, is added the tension of perceiving color as a sharp halo or shadow, rather than as a property or part of the substance of an image. Elsewhere, striations of color are more decorative and synthetic as they splash over goggling forms or are pinched into corners. "Uncial," "Transition" and "The Green Fuse" are all very recent works sprouting quick and knowing variations on the theme of image and ground. They signify that the burgeoning of a mature art has resulted in an incredibly bright and calamitous vision as well.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1242

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It certainly doesn't imply a very objective legal viewpoint, as the sentence might show. (10,4)
- 9 This probably bothered the vision of a wondrous wise man. (7)
- 11 Concerning the common man, possibly reactionary. (7)
- 13 Smaller pictures, perhaps, of how some court battles are lumped. (6)
- 2 and 15 across At least they might on the late, late show! (You've got something to hang onto, here.) (7,6)
- 4 A bit of an insult an American might think to be in a British cake. (7)
- 7 Earned, as they say about a penny. (5)
- 9 Not straightforward, the rest lie like a mule! (7)
- 11 Severely criticizing in reviews of pictures, "Adult" might! (8)
- 3 and 4 down Certainly not formal neckwear sometimes expected in the service.
- 5 It's the job of the maestro to look over the runway. (7)
- 6 Jail, as well as one who ought to be in jail. (7)
- 7 A sudden inclination to be with such as Mercury? Many an account is enriched with their trips. (4,10)

DOWN:

- 1 Found under pictures of the Skate and the Nautilus, for example. (9)

- 2 More people blow them than rub them.
- 3 Poetic description of New England farmers? (9)
- 5 Spotted when the sporting crowd is in changed environment? (10)
- 6 Don't use the brakes, since there's no danger when it's clear. (5)
- 7 The lady a radical type, hence cut off?
- 8 An early patriot brings nothing to its makeup. (4)
- 13 and 21 down Overtaking a small Pontiac, perhaps, doesn't imply wide shoulders. (7,3,4)
- 15 I'm in a magazine such as this? Life, rather! (9)
- 16 Sweeps by the fire? (9)
- 18 Open gallery operated in the Hindu scripture. (7)
- 20 Copy of a bird, but not an early one.
- 22 Produce a vehicle, perhaps. (5)
- 24 The charms of the West Indies might get around in the orient. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1241

ACROSS: 1 On location; 6 Spar; 10 Running; 11 Tagging; 12 Importer; 13 Steer; 15 Ranch; 17 April fool; 19 Prognosis; 21 Dives; 23 Reefs; 24 Mulberry; 27 Isthmus; 28 Advance; 29 Saps; 30 Protestant.
DOWN: 1 and 25 down Ourselves; 2 Line-man; 3 Chino; 4 Tightwads; 5 Outer; 7 Primero; 8 Regardless; 9 Egg salad; 14 Properties; 16 Handsome; 18 Resultant; 20 One-step; 22 Veranda; 24 Miser; 26 Best.

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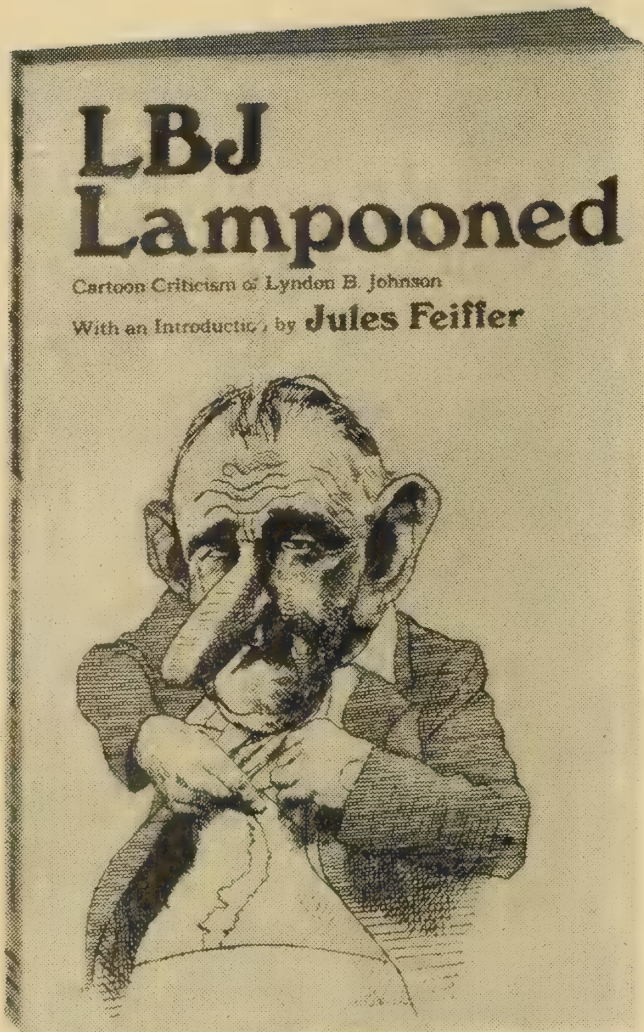
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LETTERS

responsibility in science

Brewster, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I am glad to see in your Mar. 4 letters column a reference by Dr. Esther Milner to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, whose members strive, in accordance with their individual consciences, to exercise their profession for the benefit of humanity. It is deplorable that the SSRS, with its splendid objectives and the self-sacrificing efforts of many of its members, does not have a larger constituency. Now more than twenty years old, it has members in twenty-five countries and its *Newsletter* circulates in forty, but the membership has remained stable at approximately 500 for the past five years.

Dues are adjusted according to income, but at most amount to the cost of a few drinks at a metropolitan cocktail lounge. The \$2 subscription for the *Newsletter* is included in the dues. The president for 1967-68 is Prof. E. U. Condon of Boulder, Colo., and the chairman of the membership committee is Daniel Berger, 6655 Lawnton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19126.

Nation readers in the New York metropolitan area can hear Dr. Milner herself on the evening of Thursday, April 4, at the Community Church, 40 East 35 Street, New York 10016. Admission is free and the public is cordially invited. The subject of Dr. Milner's talk will be announced shortly.

Carl Dreher

napalm

Ottawa, Ont.

DEAR SIR: Following the statement by Joe Alex Morris, Jr. ["The Strategy of Daydreams" *The Nation*, Jan. 22] that napalm had been used in November last by Israeli forces against either Jordanian army positions or a refugee camp—the article did not say which—I wrote to the Israeli ambassador in Ottawa asking if this was a correct statement. The ambassador's reply is enclosed. [Ambassador Arie Eshel declined to answer Dr. Rosenberg's question, but went on to point out that napalm has not been banned by any international convention.]

All weapons of war inflict suffering; but napalm is surely one of the most barbarous, and its continued use is inexcusable. Particularly unforgivable is the use of napalm against guerrillas such as in Vietnam, where the unfortunate civilians caught between two belligerents are likely to constitute by far the largest proportion of the victims. . . . Poison gas was outlawed by international convention; and surely the same could be done with napalm. Could not *The Nation* . . . initiate a campaign to take the issue of napalm to the International Court—or to the greater court of public opinion—and have this torture banned by international law?

Horace D. Rosenberg, M.D.

money pays the bills

Tougaloo, Miss.

DEAR SIR: There is not a *Mississippi Newsletter* this week. There was simply no money. We at Freedom Information Service are writers (and filers, and sorters and pasters). We are not salesmen. If you are not our salesmen, there are none. We've gotten an abundance of promises and sympathy. Only money pays the bills.

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EDITORIALS

LBJ's Moment of Crisis

After the big shake-up of the last two weeks, the political situation should now begin to shake out. In the meantime, a few words of caution. Because of what we had to say (issue of March 18) about the unreliability of polls in this election, it is worth noting that all of them were wrong about New Hampshire. So read and study the polls, by all means, but be wary. For much the same reason be skeptical about those big fat dogmas to which the press is addicted in election years. For example, we have been reminded again and again that "not since Chester Arthur was rejected by his party in 1884 has an incumbent President been denied renomination." Now the fact that it had happened at least once should suggest to the pundits that it might happen again. In fact, it has happened more than once: Tyler (1844), Fillmore (1852), Pierce (1856). But more important than precedent is the fact that this is an exceptional election. "You have to remember," a Democratic politician told a reporter for the *National Observer*, "that we've never had a situation like this before. I mean we've never had so much emotion." Emotion is volatile and hard to measure. Even a brief survey of the post-New Hampshire scene suggests why the dogma that a President can always have the renomination if he wants it is open to question.

In New Hampshire, the President's vulnerability, in his own party, was demonstrated. But Wisconsin is much more important. It has far more voters and shares certain voter characteristics with some eight states in the area. Wisconsin is good political terrain for McCarthy; he has more going for him there than he will have in the other primaries he has entered. The timing is excellent—not too long after New Hampshire and not too soon. The McCarthy partisans are "up" and they will stay that way. McCarthy, in brief, can win in Wisconsin. If he does, the President's assurance of renomination, though not utterly doomed, will be badly shaken. The crisis for both McCarthy and Kennedy will come later, in Oregon (where George Wallace's name will appear on the Democratic ballot), and in California (where the Peace and Freedom and Wallace parties will have some impact). But for Johnson, the moment of crisis is right now in Wisconsin, and this for several reasons.

Sensing the importance of the state, the politicians and party chieftains will begin to desert Johnson if he loses. To them, politics is much too serious a business to be left to chance or voter caprice; they can't afford to be sentimental and, as between Johnson and Kennedy, they can hardly afford to be neutral. If Johnson loses, they will say to themselves: What might Kennedy have done in Wisconsin with his money and organization? And what might he do elsewhere? Kennedy they can understand; he is "big-time politics." He is one of them. He understands organization and believes in money and muscle. They do not "dig" McCarthy in the same way. He has proved himself to be a fine campaigner and a brilliant tactician and more likely to unify the Democratic Party than either Johnson or Ken-

nedy, but considerations of this order are not uppermost in the minds of politicians. If Johnson loses in Wisconsin, the loser tag, which had been reserved for Nixon, will be applied to him. And this is *not* an election in which an incumbent President can rely upon the loyal support of well-organized state machines. With a few exceptions, the Democratic state organizations are in bad shape. Johnson has been an almost total disaster as party leader. When Sandy Levin, the new party chairman in Michigan visited Washington recently, neither the President nor Marvin Watson nor James Rowe, the President's campaign manager, had time to see him; it is reported that Levin left the Capital "less than enthralled" by the Administration.

But the bosses and politicians are not the only ones who will begin to desert Johnson if he loses in Wisconsin. Kennedy's candidacy provides excellent political cover should Walter Reuther now decide to break with the AFL-CIO. If Bobby can risk a rupture with Johnson, Reuther can risk one with Meany, who is backing Johnson. Reuther and Kennedy are in much the same position: it is now or never for both of them. If Reuther wants to get back into the mainstream of labor leadership, he must act soon. Labor policy today must be shaped with full realization, as he himself has said, that "the world is in deep trouble." Three cents more an hour is important, but so are inflation, the "austerity" programs to check it, and Vietnam. Even before Kennedy's announcement the UAW, always a big contributor, had decided not to join the AFL-CIO's political drive this year; campaign funds will be distributed to candidates approved by the union. Nor will its experienced organizers be available to the AFL-CIO.

In Oregon, the AFL-CIO state committee, to its shame, is not supporting Sen. Wayne Morse, but he does have the endorsement of the UAW. It is still not too late for Reuther to break with the Administration, despite his fairly recent mild plug for Johnson ("the best thing we see on the political horizon at this time"). If he were to join the rapidly expanding army of "dropouts," his action might well trigger a rank-and-file insurrection in labor nationally.

Dr. George Gallup reports: "The solid support given President Johnson and his Vietnam policies, demonstrated by the heads of organized labor . . . is not in line with the view of rank-and-file union members." Forty-three per cent of union families disapprove of what the President is doing in Vietnam. Other leaders of mass organizations now face the same hard choice that confronts Reuther. Both the President and the Vice President jetted to Minneapolis to woo the National Farmers Union, but late reports indicate that the membership of the organization is sharply divided on Vietnam. "I have an open mind," said the president of the Illinois Farmers Union, "but we're going to talk to Bobby Kennedy to see how he stands."

It is being said, of course, that the President will certainly not stand aside now, so great is his hatred of Bobby Kennedy. But the "total situation" at Chicago might dictate the wisdom of that decision. The chance may be improbable; it is not unthinkable. And the President is not likely to seek re-election if he feels certain that he would be defeated in November. He is a proud and vain man but

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THE NATION

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he is not the kind who would go down to defeat just to spite the Kennedys.

Will this be then, as most of the pundits are also saying, "the night of the long knives," in which bitter rivalries will hopelessly fragment the Democratic Party? Not if the case against Johnson is made on the issues, as Senator McCarthy has suggested. Since Johnson is, in a real sense, the issue, he can expect rough treatment, the more so since Kennedy is now in the race. But there is no occasion for a Kennedy-McCarthy feud. Senator McCarthy has said that he will support Kennedy if he is nominated; Kennedy must give his support if McCarthy wins. In the District of Columbia, a joint slate has apparently been agreed upon; similar arrangements may be worked out elsewhere. If the fight is kept to the issues, and develops as one between those supporting Johnson and those opposing him, then his renomination is by no means assured and the Democratic Party may emerge the stronger for the challenge. We do not remember just what troubles the unfortunate Chester Arthur faced in 1884, but they could not be as serious as those Lyndon Johnson faces in 1968.

Blockbuster

Governor Rockefeller's decision not to seek the Republican nomination is the most dramatic—and surprising—development to date of this wild campaign. That it was a sudden decision, however long it may have been pondered, is incontestable; some of the Governor's staunchest supporters were caught completely by surprise, including Senator Morton who had agreed to manage his campaign. Was it, asks Tom Wicker in *The New York Times*, "surrender or strategy"? Or was it for compelling, undisclosed personal considerations? The best guess is that it was a combination of all three. About personal reasons it is futile at present to speculate, but it was "surrender," in the sense that the Governor has measurably enhanced Nixon's chances; "strategy" in the sense that some combination of circumstances might, with the polls pitted against the primaries, create an overwhelming demand for Rockefeller as the strongest candidate the GOP could name.

In a way, the New Yorker has made it difficult for Nixon to overcome the "loser" tag, unless Nixon-Reagan fights develop, and has created a vacuum within the party insofar as the liberal-moderate element is concerned. But, on the record to date, it is difficult to place much confidence in that element; they do not act when they should act and when they finally act they do the wrong thing. There were reasons for the Governor to be discouraged. The group of Republican leaders that assembled in his New York apartment to urge him to run was not at all representative, and the inclusion of William Miller, the forgotten Vice Presidential nominee of 1964, merely made the absentees more conspicuous. The more recent meeting in Washington was not much more impressive. Slight wonder that Rockefeller was reported to be "grumpy and pale" when he left this session.

What it comes down to is implicit in the remarkable statement Senator Morton issued a week earlier. "The United States and the Republican Party teeter at the brink of a disaster that is probably without parallel . . . Suicide

is a term not unfamiliar to those who have seen the Republican Party dutifully march over the cliff like a troop of lemmings. At this very moment, my party is once again poised at the edge of the precipice and perhaps, like the Whips a century ago, for the last time." The GOP is a third party today, in numerical terms, and there is little reason, despite the number of Republican governors and fairly good Republican prospects in the Congressional elections, to believe that Nixon can bring in the dissident Democrats and the independents whom the party must attract in order to win. This is a year when "the not-to-be-conceived" has been happening and will probably continue to happen, but it would be something of a miracle if the Republicans, responding to the shock of this blockbuster, were now to rally to the Governor or to one of the bright young talents in the party.

Maximum Security

"Your President," as Mr. Johnson likes humbly to refer to himself, has reached that point of disheveled morale where nothing he does turns out happily. Early in March, he set off with his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, his grandchild and his dog for a weekend of sunny relaxation at Ramey Air Base in Puerto Rico. Inasmuch as security is now approaching monomania with Mr. Johnson, he told no one where he was going and warned no one—at least no Puerto Rican—that he was coming.

He golfed, churched and shook GI hands, but he did not shake the hand of anyone representing the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Since LBJ is a prodigious handshaker, the oversight was felt. And Latin feathers were not smoothed by the report that the Caribbean spot which the President had really preferred was St. John in the Virgin Islands. St. John, it was explained, was insufficiently "secure," though in fact it is today virtually a Rockefeller satrapy. No barbed wire, though, and no lookout towers. When Lyndon plays, he likes to be locked in.

The Event of the Year

Time inaugurated the custom of featuring on its cover at year's end the "man of the year." It was not a bad idea but it suffered from two inherent defects: in some years the outstanding man was so obvious that the cover was anticlimactic; while in other years, *Time* chose someone who looked better to the editors than to anybody else, except possibly the subject's wife. But since the greatness of men is tied up with the events they influence, will one of the media accept our suggestion that they feature the "event of the year"? It may be happening right now.

Vietnam, the run on gold, the remarkable Bobby-Gene-Lyndon political configuration, have obscured the importance of the extraordinary events in Czechoslovakia. It is not only what is now happening that may stand out come Christmas, but the way in which it is happening. The Czech intellectuals are rebelling, and they are doing so in a way that should delight Prof. J. P. Nettl, who suggested in an unpleasantly convincing article (*The Nation*, March 4) that intellectuals might be obsolete. But those were

Western intellectuals. Perhaps Professor Nettl should visit Czechoslovakia as soon as possible and raise his spirits.

Nation readers can't say they were not alerted to the coming events in Czechoslovakia. The editor ("The Outmoded Wall," August 28, 1967), reporting on the writers' congress in Prague, recorded his impression that "the intellectuals were capable of defending their interests; they certainly do not hesitate to say what they think about ■ wide range of issues." Later we ran an editorial, "The Czech Writers" (November 6, 1967) commending them for their courage but, even more than that, for their realism and sense of responsibility. We included in that issue a piece by Josef Skvorecky about modern Czech writers. Now we publish (p. 437) a remarkable article by Jiri Mucha, an outstanding Czech writer who suffered acutely under Stalin. Yet the tone and manner of his piece reflect the essential good sense, the matter-of-fact acceptance of a half-mad world, and the good humor which has survived his personal afflictions. The piece does credit both to Mucha as a man and to Czech intellectuals as a body—at least those who are anything like Mucha.

Can a revolution of intellectuals be both courageous and good-humored? Can it be carried on in a spirit of hope, warmth and freedom from egotism? Above all, can intellectuals understand that, while politicians have their problems and usually are not stupid politically, they are often stupid culturally—especially the ones who are delegated to supervise intellectuals? One must try to understand and humor them as psychiatrists deal with abnormally assertive but not hopelessly psychotic patients.

It may be too early; no one knows how events will turn out. In Poland the outlook is more ominous. The Poles have overplayed their hand repeatedly throughout their agonized history. But the Czechs have the possibility, as the president of their writers' union said recently, of "achieving what has never been done before—produce a Socialist society based on personal freedom . . . which it should have been from the beginning."

That would be a great event indeed. In the meantime, the United States is in the ridiculous position of harboring a Czech general who apparently was ■ Stalinist, while Czechoslovakian socialism is turning toward liberalism. With our anti-Communist obsession, the last thing we would want to see is a civilized, humane type of socialism. We have our scapegoat and we mean to keep it.

Smoke Signal

"A ghetto is a prison" is one of those reversible statements—you can as justly say "A prison is a ghetto." The force of this was evident in comments and explanations that followed the recent \$2-million riot at Oregon State Penitentiary. "I don't believe the riot was planned," said State Corrections Administrator George W. Randall. "It started with a mild spark and picked up from there." Watts? Detroit? Newark?

There are other parallels. The Oregon convicts had grievances specific to their condition, but what principally riled them were more general offenses against human dignity: they had no way of communicating their complaints, they were searched without rhyme or reason, they

were made to walk a line, there was no resident doctor and only one dentist for 1,400 inmates. And the style of the riot was familiar: it was not systematic, not directed at any enemy; everything was destroyed that could be destroyed, everything that would burn was burned. It was really a smoke signal, saying "Look, we are here."

Billy Ray Bolwing, serving life plus three years, summed it up: "You throw men in a cage like animals and expect them to act human." It doesn't much matter whether the cage is ■ cell or a tenement. Keep a man in that cage long enough, and if he has a match he will light a fire.

Red Hunting Beyond the Grave

W. E. B. DuBois was one of the great figures in American history, a leader in the struggle for the emancipation of the Negro, which is still so far from consummation. He was born in Great Barrington, Mass., in 1868, a descendant of Revolutionary ancestors and as much a New Englander as a Negro. Great Barrington, with its neighboring towns in the upper Housatonic Valley—Stockbridge, Lenox, Sheffield, Pittsfield and others—is a center of culture, and recently some of the citizens, and in particular the editors of *The Berkshire Eagle* of Pittsfield, called for a memorial to DuBois to be erected on the site of the farm where he was born.

No one denies that up to the age of 65 or so, DuBois was a great, good and learned man. He studied at Fisk, Berlin and Harvard, where he won his doctorate, and was a friend of Henry James, George Santayana and other noted teachers, who did not see what the pigmentation of a man's skin had to do with his scholarship. In 1909, he was one of the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and beginning in 1910 he was the editor of *The Crisis* for twenty-four years. In the opinion of most historians, black and white alike, no one has done more for the cause of Negro equality than W. E. B. DuBois.

But DuBois did not die, or retire, at 65. He lived to be 95. And as he viewed the meager progress of the Negro over his long life, and despite his own valiant efforts, he grew impatient. He accepted the Lenin peace prize, renounced his American citizenship and became a citizen of Ghana, and shortly before his death in 1963 he joined the Communist Party. Therefore, the American Legion in the neighborhood, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Knights of Columbus, as well as some residents who maintain that their views are unbiased, oppose the memorial.

This is a current example of the Communist phobia that has distorted the judgment of a large section of the American people for the past fifty years, with a brief interlude in World War II. In the eyes of such opponents, the taint of communism is enough to make all of a man's achievements count for naught—although there is not the slightest danger that the United States will adopt a totalitarian philosophy, except possibly fascism. The enlightened, patriotic citizens of the Housatonic Valley should be proud of their distinguished son, and they should proclaim their pride to the world by erecting the proposed monument to W. E. B. DuBois.

VIETNAM & THE GOLD DRAIN

PETER L. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, an investment counselor, lectures on economics at the New School for Social Research. His latest book is A Primer on Money, Banking and Gold (Random House).

The forces that have unleashed the crisis in gold are strikingly and distressingly similar to the forces that brought on the military crisis in Vietnam: persistent underestimation of the enemy's resources and determination, paralysis of policy and leadership, naive hopes that soothing words would make the trouble disappear and a credibility gap of appalling and widening dimensions.

This combination of circumstances makes prediction unusually difficult, but perhaps some perspective on how the United States got where it is today will provide at least a tentative look at where we might be going.

The origins of the crisis go back a full ten years to the time when it first appeared that expenditures by Americans abroad for foreign goods and services, for investments in foreign countries, in aid to developing nations, and on military activities in Europe and Asia were going chronically to exceed outlays by foreigners in the United States. For a time, foreigners were willing to hold the excess dollars they received, because Fort Knox contained more than enough gold to pay them off if they chose to cash in their chips. However, as some did cash in their chips and as our gold stock shrank, the growing accumulation of claims against our gold grew increasingly ominous to the financial communities abroad.

Yet no one could argue that the dollar was a weak currency or that America's situation was in any way comparable to Britain's. We continued to show a comfortable excess of exports over imports. We were building up an

enormous array of highly profitable investments abroad—the output of American-owned enterprises around the world ranks today with the output of the entire Soviet economy. The rate of increase in our price level and wages was persistently below Western Europe's—and is likely to remain so. Our well-balanced economic growth and prosperity were the envy of the world.

With the escalation of the war in Vietnam in late 1965, however, three things happened to intensify the difficulties that had been building up for the dollar. First, military outlays abroad turned sharply higher (and most of the outlays in Vietnam end up in French banks). Second, the overheating that developed in the economy sparked a significant increase in imports of foreign merchandise and services. Third, the war itself created among Europeans a crisis of confidence in America's leadership and use of power, leading in turn to a desire to humble us.

Led by the French, they told Washington that there was a limit to the number of dollar bills they would take to finance our deficit. De Gaulle and his associates insisted that excess payments abroad had to be settled in cash rather than in IOU's. Pressures, doubts and controversy swirled through the financial centers as the United States took only half measures to bring its affairs to order. No one could afford longer to ignore the possibility that the United States might one day have to raise the price of gold. Then the value of its gold hoard would comfortably exceed its liquid liabilities and would thus provide more breathing space to work matters out.

Some observers believe that at this point the United States made a series of strategic errors in policy. We forgot that monetary stability rests upon confidence, decisiveness and ruthlessness toward speculative forces. On the contrary, we humbly agreed with General de Gaulle that gold is the kingpin of the monetary system. Instead of stressing the dollar's enormous strength and instead of emphasizing that gold has value only because we stand ready to convert each ounce of it into \$35, we followed de Gaulle right down the line by acting as though it is gold that gives value to the dollar. Thus, by pouring our golden treasure into the hands of private speculators in the hope that this would hold the price down to \$35, we actually increased the likelihood that the price of gold would some day have to go up.

Consequently, the stage was set for the denouement when sterling caved in last November. Indeed, the British experience acted only to encourage the attacks on the international monetary system as a consequence of two extremely important related factors.

First, these events proved that the pledges of statesmen are never to be believed. As Abraham Lincoln reminded us (and in contrast to the rest of the world), Anglo-Saxon statesmen both want to be believed and *expect* to be believed. But when the President of the United States has declared, "We seek no wider war," and when the British Prime Minister has pledged that "We will never devalue," and when both statements turn out to have been gigantic



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Bullion Run

and tragic untruths, the credibility gap becomes immeasurable. In this atmosphere, a pledge to preserve the \$35 price for gold means nothing.

Second, the British experience showed the power that speculation can generate. Many experts doubt that the pound was fundamentally in serious trouble, although some short-run difficulties (mostly the seamen's strike and the closing of Suez) had developed. As the speculation against the pound built up, however, it became self-justifying: the lower the British exchange reserves fell, the more likely became a devaluation, which further increased the attractiveness of selling sterling; that in turn depleted the reserves further and encouraged still more selling. Recently, the identical pattern developed in the gold markets abroad: the greater the run on gold, the greater the chance of an increase in its price. Thus, speculation again became self-justifying, no longer bearing any real relationship to the strength or weakness of the dollar.

An important factor that greatly intensified the speculation was the absence of risk. The man who sold sterling in November for \$2.80 knew that at worst he would not be required to pay more than \$2.80 if he decided to repurchase sterling. Similarly, the man who buys gold at \$35 has been reassured repeatedly that he can always sell it back for at least \$35. Given the lure of gold and the disarray in which the world finds itself, the wonder is that the crisis took so long to develop.

From this it is clear that the most immediate way to stop the speculation is to give it an element of risk. Since we seem to worship too stubbornly at the feet of the golden idol to suggest that we might cut the buying price of gold, the next best thing is to allow its price to private buyers to rise above \$35. The closing of the London gold pool thus serves two purposes: it ends the drain on officially owned reserves and, because it exposes the speculators for the first time to the risk of loss, it is likely to reduce the private demand.

However, in order to persuade our European friends—and adding up all the pluses and minuses they are indeed good friends—to refrain from making a fancy profit by buying gold from us at \$35 and selling in the free market

at a higher price, we must meet some of their demands. We shall be forced to deflate.

This is an uncomfortable, unpleasant and in many ways paradoxical condition. The pressure is clearly on to raise taxes and interest rates and to cut public spending—a move that few think will reduce prices but that most expect will reduce incomes and employment. But we are being asked to do this in an economy where industry is operating at no more than 85 per cent of capacity, where capital spending shows no real upward thrust, where inventories except in strike-infested industries are more than ample, and where consumers are saving an abnormally high proportion of their incomes. These are hardly the ingredients of a hyper-inflationary situation. Furthermore, postwar history has demonstrated repeatedly that inflationary episodes in this country are relatively brief. Finally, taking demographic and labor-supply factors into consideration, cost-push inflationary pressures in Europe are endemically more intense than they are here.

The battle for gold and the dollar thus involves much more than America's domestic economic picture. It seems odd indeed that we should squeeze ourselves down when we are not suffering from (or enjoying) excessive demands on our productive resources. It is even stranger that we should be spending \$30-odd billion on a war when there are such strongly competing demands here at home. The greatest paradox of all is that a balance of payments deficit of only \$2 billion to \$3 billion should force our \$800 billion economy into even more deflationary policies and into program cuts whose ultimate impact will fall most heavily on the poor.

This is why, in the end, Vietnam is the crux of the dilemmas that affect us at home and that shake international monetary stability. Much of the deficit in our balance of payments is well worth some sacrifice: imports provide us with goods and services we enjoy; foreign investments are highly profitable; foreign aid makes friends. But our military expenditures abroad seem to accomplish none of these objectives but do account for much more than our total balance of payments deficit. If, then, we really want to stop the golden hemorrhage, it is the military side that demands attention.

THREE PRISONERS

THE PETTY ROUTE HOME

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn, a frequent Nation contributor, teaches courses in political theory and civil liberties at Boston University. He is the author most recently of Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal (Beacon).

Somewhere between Bangkok and Paris on the flight home, our tensions beginning to ebb, I confessed to Dan Berrigan (after all, he is a Jesuit priest) that, despite heroic efforts to match my political science colleagues on the Cynicism Scale, I had somehow retained in my bones

a granule of naiveté about governments, especially my own. And this despite my recent talks to students about Machiavellianism in the contemporary world, and my entranced reading of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* (which can be seen as a modern-day version of William Godwin's early anarchist novel, *Caleb Williams*, where a man is viciously hunted by *all* governments). But let me explain . . .

The State Department had learned from Radio Hanoi that North Vietnam was about to release three captured American fliers, and had read in *The New York Times*

(all this is known as Intelligence) that Hanoi had wired David Dellinger, inviting a "responsible representative" to come to Hanoi to receive the fliers. After Dellinger had phoned Father Berrigan at Cornell and me in Boston (What was his thinking? That the two of us might, with strain, comprise one "responsible representative"?), Ambassador-at-large Harriman's office asked for a meeting with the two emissaries before their departure. The next day, a State Department man arrived in New York, while Berrigan and I were talking with Dellinger and Tom Hayden, two veterans of the New York-to-Hanoi peace run. Hayden was also a recent escort of three prisoners of the NLF from Cambodia to the United States.

The man from State had several things on his mind. First: the government would be happy to validate our passports for travel to North Vietnam. (No, thanks, we said; we don't recognize the government's right to validate or invalidate anyone's right to travel anywhere.) Second: if the Vietnamese would like some reciprocal act, perhaps the United States could release a few captured North Vietnamese sailors. (If the circumstances of the capture were similar, these men would have been picked up at Coney Island; otherwise it was *not* a parallel offer; nevertheless, we absorbed the suggestion.)

Third (this came near the end, almost as an afterthought): we might make clear to the Vietnamese that the United States would negotiate on the basis of the San Antonio formula, and would not require, for a cessation of bombing, that the North stop all supplies to the South—only that it not increase the present flow. (I wondered if henceforth all major international crises were to be settled by formulas made in Texas towns; it seemed to me Geneva, for all its difficulties, was more neutral than San Antonio.)

However, what was most important to the man from State—quite clearly it was his main reason for approaching us—was the question: How would we return home with the fliers? By what route? By which aircraft? We didn't really know; all we had to go by was one cablegram from Hanoi. We suggested that we would wait and see what developed when we got there. To the proposal that we and the fliers all return to the States from Vientiane, Laos, by military aircraft, Father Berrigan and I said this would not please us. The man from State then said they could provide a plane which was "as far from the military as you can get"—but he did not mean Mohawk Airlines, only another kind of government plane. Nevertheless, we tentatively agreed that the decision as to how we should go would, as far as possible, be left up to the released fliers themselves.

That Wednesday evening, January 31, we departed Kennedy Airport. The next twenty-eight hours were spent almost continuously on airplanes as we dashed halfway around the globe (Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Rome, Tehran, Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Vientiane) in order to intercept the Friday flight to Hanoi via Vientiane. This was a special plane run by the International Control Commission six times a month (every Friday, every other Tuesday), departing Saigon in the morning, to Phnompenh to Vientiane to Hanoi (arriving at night), and back. We

made it to Vientiane on schedule, only to be informed that the NLF offensive in Saigon had closed Tan Son Nhut airport, and kept the ICC plane from taking off.

So we spent a week in Vientiane (the next scheduled flight, Tuesday, was also canceled), waiting until the plane could manage to leave Saigon. In the meantime, we visited the North Vietnamese embassy, which offered tea, sympathy and visas to Hanoi. We visited the Cambodian embassy (beginning to think the ICC plane would never make it) to obtain transit visas for Phnompenh, because the only other way to get to Hanoi is via China, and there is a flight from Phnompenh to Canton. We also approached the Chinese embassy for transit visas, but were tersely discouraged at the embassy gate, and turned our hopes to the more substantial Chinese mission in Phnompenh.

We talked with journalists (N.B.C. and C.B.S. crews had flown in from Tokyo and Seoul to record our mission). We talked with young Americans in the International Volunteer Service (these IVS people were the best informed of all; they spoke Lao or Vietnamese, lived with the villagers rather than in the sprawling American Levittown outside Vientiane, and harshly criticized United States policy in both Vietnam and Laos). We spent a day with Lao villagers, and also interviewed a Pathet Lao spokesman in Vientiane.

From time to time we met with the folk at the U.S. Embassy. (An embassy man had met us on arrival at the airport, said the Ambassador would be happy to see us, but considering the "delicacy" of our position, would understand if we did not visit him.) They asked us once again if we wanted our passports validated (the last approach was: "Not even *verbally*?"), discussed the problem of the canceled ICC flights, and once more showed great concern over how the pilots would come home. Again we agreed: we would leave it to the men themselves to decide.

My first reaction to the question of the route home was to consider it rather unimportant. Yet it became evident that the United States Government was much concerned, indeed (and this took me by surprise) apprehensive. Why? Did they want to get the pilots out of the deadly hands of the peace movement (Berrigan and Zinn)? That didn't seem to be the point; they offered to take us back on the same plane. Apparently, they did not want the pilots to meet the world press in an unfettered series of interviews—in Bangkok, Paris, New York, and wherever else the commercial airline would stop. Why? Did they think Radio Hanoi was accurate in describing the pilots as "repentant"? This did not seem likely. These were not reluctant conscripts but career military men who had gone through intensive training: an Air Force major, an Air Force captain, a Navy lieutenant. They had been prisoners a short time (all were shot down in October, 1967). And judging from the three NLF prisoners released to Tom Hayden, the other side was either not using "repentance" as a condition for release, or had very loose criteria.

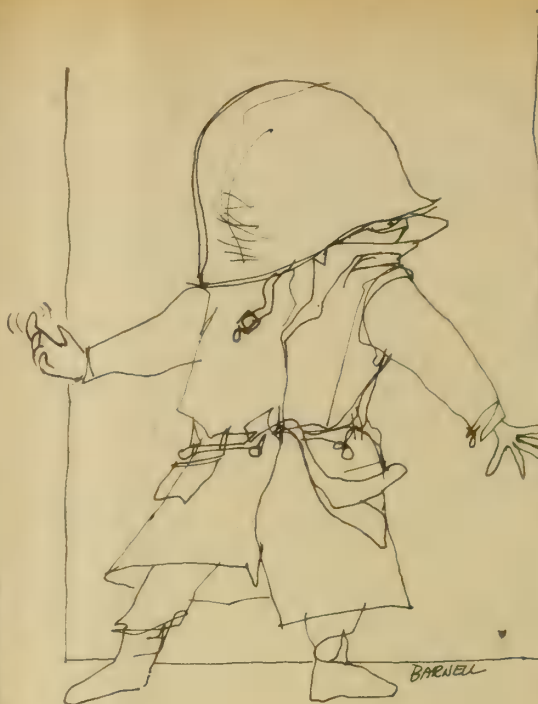
What it seemed to come down to (and all this is inference, because the embassy people never discussed their anxiety explicitly; Father Berrigan and I were scarcely viewed by them as psychiatric counselors) was worry, not



about desertion or denunciation (although this was always an outside chance) but merely the possibility of embarrassment, perhaps by the men showing a bit of warmth toward the Vietnamese, or (at the worst) offering implied criticism of the bombing of the North. We who spend much of our time denouncing governments for their insensitivity to human need cannot really comprehend how delicate are the antennae of governments to any criticism, to any disturbance of the carefully constructed but frail image they hold up to the world. Thus, Dan Berrigan and I, assuming cool rationality on the part of the Leviathan, could not predict that it would remain so fiercely determined to have its way on something as minor as the route home—and even at the risk of hurting (as it turned out) its “own.”

On Friday, the 9th of February, the ICC plane got special dispensation to take off from harassed Saigon, and arrived at Vientiane, ready to take us and a handful of others (mostly ICC personnel and their families; also an elegantly dressed young British Foreign Service officer) to Hanoi. It was a very old four-engine Boeing craft; we were told that only six of them had been left in the world as of two years ago. Since then, three had crashed, including one lost with all aboard on the run from Vientiane to Hanoi (apparently shot down, but it was still a mystery).

The plane flew along a narrow, pre-arranged corridor, at prescribed altitude, at agreed-upon time and air speed (so that all those anti-aircraft batteries below would hold fire), and had a last-minute check by radio with Hanoi before take-off to make sure Hanoi was not being bombed. As we crossed the Laos-Vietnam border, the French stewardess handed out flak helmets, but it was an easy flight. Over the Hanoi airfield, a searchlight picked us out, and we were soon on the ground, received warmly by members of the Peace Committee of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, holding out two bouquets of flowers (it is hard to be unmoved when the people who have been bombed for three years by your countrymen extend their hands). Then followed an eerie auto trip through the night into Hanoi, past bombed-out buildings, anti-aircraft crews



bunched in the darkness, people on foot and on bicycles moving along the road in an endless, thick stream.

In that first get-together with the Peaceniks of Hanoi (it was like visiting friends in San Francisco: “What would you like to see while you’re in town, fellows?”) we hit it off right away. They were a far cry from the *apparatchiks* of East or West—a relaxed bunch, young, dressed in rough jackets, hands in pocket, great guys: Oanh, Hieu, Vann, Phan. Three spoke English; one spoke French. That first night, the airmen were mentioned briefly and then that subject disappeared from the agenda while we explored people and places in Hanoi—a fascinating, intense learning of history, politics, day-to-day living. This went on for five days, and Berrigan and I were beginning to wonder about the prisoners. On Wednesday evening, returning from one of our discussions over tea, we found our friend Oanh waiting for us at the hotel. (A composer, his casual slouch deceptive; he was unerringly efficient.) He said: “Please eat supper quickly. In one hour we will meet the three prisoners.”

We drove through dark streets to the prison; it seemed, like so many other government buildings, an old French villa adapted to the new exigencies. Inside, there was the usual introductory tea session. The prison commandant read us his data on the three fliers: Maj. Norris Overly, 39, flying out of a base in South Vietnam, wife and two children in Detroit; Capt. John Black, 30, flying out of Udorn airfield in Thailand, wife and three kids in Tennessee; Lt. (j.g.) David Methany, flying off an aircraft carrier, 24, single.

Then we moved into another room, where Berrigan and I were seated at a small table with two of our Peace Committee buddies. Along the wall to our right was a table for the prison commandant and his interpreter. Along the wall to our left, below a photo of Ho Chi Minh, another table with three empty places. On all the tables were tea,

cookies, cigarettes. Hieu whispered to us: when they come in, we will introduce you briefly. He hesitated: "Whether or not you shake hands is up to you."

There was a curtained door to our left, and a very short, very tough-looking soldier came quickly through it, followed by the three fliers, who stood behind their seats, bowed to the commandant, and sat down. Dan and I were introduced. We walked over and shook hands. Then followed an hour of what can be described only as small talk: "You fellows are looking good." (They did; they looked well fed, indeed more rounded than Dan Berrigan and me, though that is not saying much.) "Where are you from?" "Oh yes, I know that town." "Do you know so-and-so in Des Moines?" And so on. An absurd conversation under the circumstances? Perhaps.

About half an hour through our chat, Major Overly became aware that we had left the Vietnamese out of the conversation, and turned to the prison commandant with a mild apology for our immersion in American-type subjects. The commandant was gracious. He wore spectacles, and his manner was mild. But he dropped one disturbing statement into the room: "You realize that if Hanoi is bombed before you leave, we may reconsider our decision to release you." Back in the hotel later, Dan and I mused and pondered over the encounter.

Hanoi had not been bombed in our first five days there, although, from the first morning, there were alerts which sent everyone into shelters. After our return to the States, newspaper men kept referring to the "bombing pause" over Hanoi—but on those five days of "the pause" the skies were completely overcast. The day after our first meeting with the fliers, Thursday, the sun shone for the first time. And on that day, the bombers came. We crowded into a shelter with several Catholic lay leaders whom we had been visiting, and heard the bombs exploding in the outer districts of Hanoi, planes droning overhead.

We wondered later about the priorities of the American Government. They knew we were in Hanoi to pick up three fliers; did it not occur to them as at least a slim possibility that to bomb Hanoi at exactly that time might endanger the release? Granted that the military objectives of the bombing were more important to the United States than any consideration for the lives of Vietnamese (with hundreds of schools, hospitals, churches destroyed; with whole villages razed, with anti-personnel bombs dropped in huge quantities, that much was clear); but were these military objectives also more important to our government than the freedom of three American fliers, who themselves had been engaged in that same military action? The insistence that the bombing should go on anyway could be seen as an admirable lack of chauvinism on the part of the U.S. Government: to it, all people, even Americans, were created equally expendable. Exactly this equalitarian ruthlessness would be revealed again (yes, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*) when we brought the three airmen back from Hanoi.

We prepared to leave Hanoi on Friday, the next scheduled departure of the ICC plane. This was two days after our first formal meeting with the airmen, one day

after the bombing. As if to provide what scientists call a "control" on the thesis that a bombing "pause" meant bad weather, that Friday the skies were murky, and there was a "pause" over Hanoi.

In the afternoon, we met with Pham Van Dong, the Premier of North Vietnam, a man of high intelligence, oceanic calm, exuberant personal warmth (altogether a man of such stature as to make us cringe thinking of the Kys, Chiangs, Parks, Duvaliers, Humphreys and other leaders of the free world). His grasp of political realities was both firm and subtle: "Your leaders make a mistake when they think we are depending on the American peace movement. It is our own efforts, our own determination that we count on. We have no illusions about the power of the peace movement. However, it is a fact that as the war goes on, your own problems at home will intensify, and as the social issues in the United States become more difficult to solve, the war will become an intolerable burden on your society, and your people will demand that the war end, for their own sake."

Several hours before take-off from Hanoi, we "received" the three airmen from the North Vietnam Peace Committee in a little formal ceremony: Oanh made a brief statement for the committee; Dan Berrigan made one for us; Lieutenant Methany for the fliers. ("We thank the North Vietnamese Government for its treatment of us.") Then we went back to the hotel, where the committee had arranged for Father Berrigan and me to have supper alone with the fliers. (Throughout, the handshake incident being only one example, they treated with sensitivity our relationship with the fliers.) The supper was splendid, served by a battery of waiters (endless bowls of hot *potage*, cold cuts, chicken, bread, beer). Methany (the youngest, blond, only a few years as a Navy flier, not as sure as the other two about a military career) said, in the nearest we got to any discussion about the war: "I hope we get a chance to talk about the war with you fellows. You know, I'm a flag waver from way back; I believe in fighting to defend my country. But I hope we get to talk."

Over supper, we discussed the route home from Vientiane. We laid out the alternatives carefully: the government would probably have an Army plane waiting at Vientiane; it would get the men home faster (perhaps twelve to twenty-four hours faster) than a commercial flight. (Air France could take us from Bangkok to Paris to New York, arriving Sunday noon.) It would also mean less press harassment—although Methany had handled the press quite coolly at the just finished ceremony, despite a wild scene of flash bulbs, whirring cameras, importunate questioners from the world press. We noted that the U.S. Government obviously preferred that the men take a military plane, yet had assured us at least twice that the fliers were free to choose their own route home.

On the side of a commercial flight was only one factor: the North Vietnamese had indicated to Dan Berrigan and me that (without setting it as a condition for the release) they would not be pleased if the fliers were immediately trundled into a military plane and taken to a military base. Somehow, they thought that would violate the spirit of the release. It was not that they had illusions about the men rejecting military life after their arrival in the States;

indeed, they had said to Berrigan and me that it was even conceivable that the three would return to bomb North Vietnam again, and that this would sadden them. But even if this occurred, they said, they would retain their basic feeling that the American people, even the American fighting men, were not their enemies.

After that summary of the alternatives, Major Overly spoke very firmly: "Our first concern must be for the fellow prisoners we left behind, and the possibility of



future releases by the North Vietnamese. It's clear that we should go back to the States together by commercial flight." The other two agreed immediately.

The flight from Hanoi to Vientiane was smooth; the stewardess served candies and aperitifs and we all relaxed. I sat between Major Overly and Captain Black. Father Berrigan sat with Methany. Overly told me about his experiences in captivity. "I was shot down north of the DMZ. The next twenty-eight days—the trek, under military guard, north to Hanoi—were an experience I never want to have again. I was abused, spat on, threatened, beaten. But I could understand exactly why those people would want to kill me. My guard saved my life three times. It was all strange. One moment, someone would want to kill me. The next minute another Vietnamese would act toward me with such compassion that it just staggered me. I had a huge infection on my back and was in great pain. They gave me sulfa, and after a long time it was cured. When I got to the regular prison, the worst was over. We were well treated. I got no indoctrination, just a few books on Vietnamese history. We got plenty to eat, medical care as needed. The Air Force has a rule against men shot down returning to the combat zone; that's fine with me. I've got three years to go before I can retire. I'd like to do something State-side maybe."

Overly and Black knew I had written some books; they wondered how they could get copies. I promised to send them some, took their addresses. Overly said: "Before this trip is over, I'm going to tell you my whole story, in detail. I think we owe that much to you fellows."

That never happened. As we taxied into the Vientiane

airfield, the pilot relayed a message from the tower: "Will the five men connected with the prisoner release please remain aboard the plane while the other passengers descend?" We could see a great gathering on the field of newsmen, cameras, lights. The other passengers got off. Four neatly dressed men got on, and introduced themselves. One was the American Ambassador to Laos, William Sullivan. The others were his air attaché, his naval attaché, his press attaché. Sullivan asked the fliers if they needed medical attention. (His whole manner was crisp, neat, cool toward the three; but perhaps Berrigan and I could not understand the sentiment that lies beneath official exteriors—did not McNamara choke up when saying good-by to the Pentagon?) They said no, they had no urgent medical problems. (One of the statements made later by a Navy spokesman was that the men took military planes so they could have medical attention. We have developed the technology of the lie far beyond the crude days of the Commandments.)

Sullivan moved quickly to his most important business: "You men can choose whether you go home by commercial line or by military plane. However, you do understand that you are still members of the armed forces, and it is my duty to report to you that the Department of Defense has expressed the preference that you go home by military aircraft. About 100 feet away on this airfield is an Army jet, waiting and ready to take the three of you to Udorn Airfield in Thailand, and then tomorrow you will fly home. I might add that this decision was made in Washington." He hesitated just a moment. "Indeed, it comes from the White House."

There was a bit of silence. Then Major Overly responded. "Sir, I have been in the Air Force seventeen years, and when my government speaks like that, I know what it means. We will go back by military aircraft." Captain Black quickly assented. Lieutenant Methany was obviously upset. He said: "Wait a minute. Let's talk about this." Then followed forty minutes of tense argument in the confines of the old Boeing plane. We agreed on the advantages of the military plane (speed, less harassment by the press), but asked if this overrode the matter of future prisoner releases by the North Vietnamese. Whether or not the Vietnamese released future prisoners, the Ambassador said, was a cold matter of political calculation with them. (In the grade-B movies about the Red Menace, the thickset man with the heavy Russian accent says: "There is no room for sentiment in our considerations, comrades.") We have not yet done justice in grade-A movies to the same point made by slim, dapper men, speaking in our own clear tongue.)

The Ambassador turned to me: "I didn't know the North Vietnamese were setting conditions for this release." They were not setting conditions, I replied; it was a more subtle problem, one of psychology and spirit. The Ambassador questioned how we knew this was indeed what the North Vietnamese preferred. Major Overly cut in: "The North Vietnamese told us exactly the same thing." (This was news to me; I had not known that they expressed their feelings also to the fliers.)

What advantage of the military plane, we persisted, could be more important than the question of future

prisoner releases? Well, the Ambassador countered, it might be hurtful to such releases if the men met the press and said the wrong things. We told about the very first press encounter in Hanoi, where the fliers had handled themselves admirably, with no embarrassment to anyone. Besides, the simple device of a prepared statement could take care of such problems. So: what other objection was there?

The Ambassador could only keep saying: "They have considered all the alternatives in Washington before making their decision. The best minds in Washington have been involved." (We let this slide; the NLF offensive was still going on, so why rub it in about the "best minds"?) We did suggest that the men in Washington, smart as they were, had not been recently in North Vietnam, had not spoken with North Vietnamese, were hardly in a position to judge this specific situation as well as the fliers or us. Sullivan's reply, a stunning *non sequitur*, was a good example of how an intelligent man, trapped in a bureaucratic decision, makes unintelligent statements: "The man in Washington who had much to do with this decision came out of a Japanese prison camp in 1945 weighing 97 pounds."

Berrigan had had enough. "Let's go," he said to me. The fliers were very troubled. Methany was fighting back some indefinable emotion. They shook our hands. "We're sorry," they kept repeating. "Good luck," we said. Overly whispered something to me, quite warm, quite personal. They walked out, talked to the cameras, lights, crowding newsmen, then went to the Army jet. They were no longer prisoners, yet not quite free.

As I write this, two weeks later, that argument about the route home seems as it did at the start of our trip, ludicrously trivial; an almost childish dispute on both sides. Three men released from war—how puny a fact was even that, with millions still trapped in the cauldron of death that is Vietnam. Why should these be released, these who dutifully bombed villages, roads, people, schools (not deliberately, let's agree—only inevitably)? Why not the three tiny Vietnamese kids we found one day squatting in the entrance to the air-raid shelter? Perhaps there was a larger issue involved. Perhaps we move closer to the end of the war whenever even one of the parties shows compassion, in a unilateral act, and toward the most guilty of warriors—the blind bombardiers.

Now don't get sentimental, even my most radical friends insist; there must have been *some* political motive on the part of the North Vietnamese in this prisoner release. Well, all right. But all decent acts in this world are marred to some degree by selfish motivation; if we let that fact determine how we respond to such acts, the possibility of ending the vicious cycle of reciprocal cruelty is foreclosed. If people and nations can react only on the basis of the most cynical interpretations of the other party's conduct, the world doesn't have much of a chance.

There is something else. I asked Oanh that last day (as we sat next to each other at a little good-by luncheon) if there wasn't *something* we should ask from the U. S.

Government in return for the release. He shook his head. "You don't understand. We have released these men in the time of our lunar New Year. That is a very important holiday to us, very deep in our tradition. It is the time when, wherever we are, we return to our families for the New Year. So, we thought of a small gesture, even in the midst of war, in the spirit of the holiday: to release three men to go back to their families." And so they preferred that the fliers return directly to their homes, rather than what did take place: the immediate flight of the pilots to the very air base in Thailand from which one of the men (Black) had taken off to bomb North Vietnam.

Against the cynicism of the Ambassador (as well as my own) another fact must be measured: it is canonized in the revolutionary ideology of North Vietnam that enemy soldiers are to be treated with compassion. From the start of the war against the French, Ho Chi Minh insisted on this. In a message (September 26, 1945) meant not for the world but for his own troops, he said: "I want to recommend to our Southern compatriots just one thing: as far as the Frenchmen captured in the war are concerned, we must watch them carefully, but we must also treat them generously. We must show to the world, and to the French people in particular, that we want only independence and freedom, that we are not struggling for the sake of individual enmity and rancor. We must show to the world that we are an intelligent people, more civilized than the homicidal invaders."

The word Ho used was "show," not "tell." If the prisoner release was "propaganda" (as newspaper men kept saying, before and after our flight to Hanoi) it was propaganda by *deed*, which, if generally adopted, would improve the world overnight. The United States, if envious, could respond with its own propaganda move: stopping the bombing in the North. Or with the greatest propaganda of all: withdrawing all its bombers, all its guns and troops, from Vietnam.

The pinched, mean reaction to the prisoner release (a "propaganda ploy," *Life* said lifelessly) is an indicator of what has happened to the spirit of generosity we always liked to believe was characteristic of America. Some future generation will catch the irony better: that a tiny country, under daily attack, should deliver back to the behemoth three of its marauders. And the behemoth, meanwhile, seeks to imprison five men who have not bombed or killed a single soul—but who have spoken the forbidden words to the behemoth's children: Thou Shalt Not Kill.

Whatever softening possibility came from that small act of the Vietnamese was destroyed by this country's fear. Never in history has a country been so rich, so powerful, and so fearful. In this case, it was a fear of something as small as three very straight American airmen saying something that would slightly embarrass Washington—an event so unlikely, and so minor if it did occur, that only a government almost hysterical in its anxiety would behave as ours did. True, a government so harassed by fact as ours today, so trembling on the brink, fears even the slightest nudge, the smallest breeze from an unexpected direction. It refuses to take even the tiniest of risks.

In risk, however, lies the only hope of escape from deep troubles—the risk of humane response to humane acts, or even the risk of unilateral initiatives. This is not possible, however, when a nation has forgotten its professed values and is instead obsessed with political advantage as an ultimate objective, when it has adopted as a universal criterion for all its actions that of Colonel Cathcart in *Catch-22*, who measured everything in the world by a simple test: “Will it give me a black eye, or put a feather in my cap?” Our sickness is even worse than that, because our single test is (and we are ready

to blow up the world on the results): will it give *them* a black eye, or a feather in their cap?

This obsessive fear, that if the next point is won or lost, the game, the world, and all the galaxies are lost (those deadly dominoes again), leads to disregard not only of the lives of the enemy's children but of one's own. When the American people discover this—that our government is not only indifferent to whether the Vietnamese live or die but also to whether Americans live or die—then we shall have a great commotion through the land, and the war will come to a grinding halt.

THIS SPRING IN PRAGUE

JIRI MUCHA

Mr. Mucha, one of Czechoslovakia's most distinguished writers, is the author most recently of Living and Partly Living, an account of his stay in a Czech prison during the Stalin era. He was sentenced to six years, spent some time in solitary confinement, and later worked in a coal mine.

Prague

As the winter wears on toward spring, a hopeful, invigorating atmosphere can be sensed in this old wistful town. After a dangerous December (“another Hungary?” asked the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, a usually well-informed paper) things seem to be settling down. A new pattern slowly emerges, and with it new people. No doubt the unyielding stand of the writers, following their much publicized summer meeting, was what triggered the events. The underlying malaise, till then carefully camouflaged, was forced into the open, and progressive elements within the party were able to judge on whose side the majority of the population stood. The outcome is known; the old guard was outvoted, a new first secretary was elected in a secret ballot, and the road became open to sweeping changes.

A preliminary draft for the future policy of the party, issued on the 19th of February, opened to discussion subjects that hitherto have been presented as doctrine, and made no hazy excuses for failures of the past. Among the subjects brought up for debate was the dominant role of the party itself, a crucial problem of Socialist structure. The assumption of party supremacy, applied rigorously and without exception, has led to results that might be compared to the trials of a distance runner, obliged to obey the orders of his coach at every step. Now it seems that a more subtle approach will be sought, a more remote control giving some discretion both to individuals and to various forms of enterprise.

An equally important paragraph deals with personal liberties. If, as it claims, the draft wants to secure greater freedom for the individual than exists in fact in capitalist society, then it must face the need to abolish at least those restrictions that do not exist in the other system. No less interesting is the stress the document lays on building up the authority of the Parliament and the constitution, hitherto endowed only with symbolic power. Intellect is to

be the governing consideration, and socialism will thus catch up with the requirements of the technical revolution.

The fact that while these principles were being proclaimed, radio and television were being given almost complete freedom for the expression of opinions, indicates at last a readiness to match action to theory. It seems to me that never, since Stalin's dethronement, has there been so much frank public criticism. The difference is that after Stalin comment smacked of bitter disillusion, while now there is good will and people are ready to lend a hand. After years of stock phrases and resigned lassitude, one hears words worth thinking about.

All this sounds surprisingly cheerful, given the Czechs' ingrained skepticism, but it is the feeling that prevails here today. A tooth that stops aching produces euphoria, even though one knows the hole is still there and must be filled eventually. And in any case, I do not think a return to the old methods is possible. The people now at the top know that they can succeed only if they attract wide popular support. Should they fail the public, the country would revert to morose indifference and it would be almost impossible to rouse it again. Every new society must reclaim all the freedoms that had been attained in the past, but were then lost in the process of gaining others.

As for the writers who have played such an important part in these events, they have seen most of their wrongs made good. They got back their weekly paper, which as punishment had been handed over to the ministry of culture, and the man who agreed to be its officially appointed editor in chief earned general scorn. Moreover, a complaint that has been lodged with the journalists' union demands an investigation of the whole matter. This and the way in which the paper was restored to the writers are good examples of the new approach to political issues. Despite the government's new pledge, the ministry of culture was reluctant to vacate the paper's premises and delayed the registration of the new weekly. Not long ago, this sort of contest would have been waged behind closed doors, the public being informed only of its result. But this time the Writers' Union sent a complaint to the government and handed the full text to the press, which published it under big headlines. The ministry was obliged

to make a statement, defending itself as best it could, and shortly thereafter it gave way. The procedure would have been unthinkable even two months ago.

Preliminary censorship of films has either been or is in the process of being abolished. All film scripts awaiting decision for the last ten months or more have been passed for production—a relaxation vital for the survival of the “Czech Wave.” Books waiting years for publication have gone to press. The whole question of censorship—the focus of the writers’ concentrated attack—is being examined anew.

As a matter of fact, I am not an unconditional enemy of censorship. Paradoxically, it is a tangible proof of the writer’s impact on the public—even though, I fear, the effect is not as great as the censor likes to imagine. It is a tribute, a grim tribute, to the writer from someone who rather dislikes him. As long as there is a censor, the writer is never alone, he knows he will have at least one attentive reader, and his feeling of importance is in direct proportion to the number of sentences deleted.

However, few writers here share my views on this matter. At present, they are wary, waiting to see whether the present benevolence will be permanent. For the present, they feel a strong attraction to the new regime and are willing to support it wholeheartedly, knowing that if it means serious business it will sooner or later run into trouble. There will be much opposition to its program, much ill will. The stagnant, unproductive part of the population, which was the main support of the old guard, will be shocked to find that it can no longer fatten on egalitarianism, that mediocrity can no longer defend itself against wit by accusing active minds of anti-social individualism. There will be no work for loafers and no money without work. It is an obvious economic principle, but alas not so obvious in a Socialist state.

If truly democratic relations are re-established in the country, the writers will no doubt be on the government’s side. I hope, however, that as in the past they will keep one or two steps ahead, mobilizing public opinion against the temptation to compromise, and enjoying, at least for some time to come, the honor of being censored.

On the morning of March 18, The Nation received from Mr. Mucha the following postscript to his article:

Events that were galloping in Czechoslovakia seem to have reached a moment of marking time. Tomorrow or the day after will probably bring more big news, but as of now the new forces are consolidating their gains and probing the ground for a further thrust. Radio and TV are flooding the country with harangues, discussions, commentaries and attacks on top figures of state so vehement that many ordinary people are frightened by the unaccustomed freedom. It is difficult to say exactly what worries them. When I ask the question they shrug, remarking that “It can’t be good,” or that “There must be some limit.” Probably they fear that an atmosphere so suddenly permissive will produce a reaction of strict and severe control. They agree wholeheartedly with the issues, but smell the bonfires.

And they want their peace—a mediocre, slightly sordid

and unostentatious peace of body and mind. It took them twenty years to attain a degree of constitutional security. Private property is once more guaranteed, the laws now offer a fair amount of protection, it is even possible to make money—not much, but enough to annoy the neighbors. So why, in a world bristling with rockets and gallows, run unnecessary risks for moral principles?

According to a recent poll, however, 55 per cent of the population has declared itself emphatically in support of the new way, the rest being either indifferent or without an opinion. Only 1 per cent is against change. But—and this I think is the crux of the situation now developing—what exactly is this new way; where does it lead? No one



Picha (Belgium): Ben Roth

The De-Stalinization of Czechoslovakia

should suppose that what is taking place in Prague is some Castroism, Maoism, Titoism, or whatever variant “ism” of Communist rule. If the road goes on, it will lead—for the first time in history—to a free, nontotalitarian state, testing, with the general consent of the population and under conditions of true democratic freedom, new patterns of a working Socialist order.

This, I agree, sounds somewhat less plausible than the promise that a wolf will change into a sheep. But from here, and when one looks back into Czech history, the prospect is credible enough. Czechoslovakia is the only country of the whole Socialist bloc that has the advantage of a serious democratic experience and background. (I apologize if this sounds rude to our Polish or Hungarian neighbors.) The country’s experience in the 1930s of being a working democracy surrounded by totalitarian states cannot be forgotten—the more so since it was living up in those years to the whole history of the country. For more than 1,000 years the region had been an outpost of progressive ideas.

Prewar Czechoslovakia, led by the philosopher, Masaryk, trusted more in its ideas than in its industry and weapons, even though it had become an industrial power supplying or smuggling weapons to the trouble spots of five continents. The fact that Czech democracy was beaten at Munich, means only that the ardent but frail idealism of the Czechs was incongruous in a world rushing toward war. Now—and this is where Czechoslovakia links up with its history—the country will try again. In a world

bristling with rockets and gallows, it wants to create a free, democratic state, based on Socialist economic principles. It was no idle symbolism that moved the papers to publish on March 7, Masaryk's birthday, the first long articles about him that have appeared here in twenty years. And the students were not indulging in nostalgia

when they laid wreaths on his grave. What Masaryk did, the people want to do again, under different conditions and with somewhat different premises, but in the same conviction that truth, freedom and decency must prevail. If we succeed, we shall prove that it has been worth while living through these last twenty years.

THE COUNTER CULTURE: PART II

POLITICS of the NERVOUS SYSTEM

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak, an associate professor of history, is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College, Hayward. He edited and contributed to The Dissenting Academy (Pantheon Books).

On October 21, the Pentagon was besieged by a motley army of civil demonstrators. For the most part, the 50,000 protesters were made up of activist academics and students, men of letters, New Left and pacifist ideologues, housewives, doctors and such. But also, we are informed: "witches, warlocks, holy men, seers, prophets, mystics, saints, sorcerers, shamans, troubadours, minstrels, bards, road men, and madmen"—who were on hand to achieve the "mystic revolution." The picketing, the sit-down, the speeches and marches: all that was protest politics as usual. But the central event of the day was a contribution of the "superhumans": an exorcism of the Pentagon by long-haired warlocks who "cast mighty words of white light against the demon-controlled structure," in the hope of levitating that grim ziggurat.

They did not succeed—in floating the Pentagon, that is. But they did manage to convey their generation's political style, a style so authentically original as to border on the bizarre. If the youthful political activism of the sixties differs from that of the thirties, the difference reveals itself in an unprecedented penchant for the occult, for magic, and for exotic ritual which has become an integral part of the counter culture. Even protesters who didn't participate in the rite of exorcism took the event in stride—as if they understood that here was the style and vocabulary of the young, and one had to tolerate its expression.

Religiosity has been characteristic of the postwar youth culture since the days of the beatniks. One finds the quest for God in many of the earliest poems of Allen Ginsberg, well before he and his colleagues had discovered Zen and the mystic wealth of the East. In his poetry of the forties, he showed a sensitivity for visionary experience—"Angelical raving" as he was to call it—which suggested even then that the social dissent of the younger generation would never quite fit into the adamantly secular mold of the old Left. Ginsberg spoke then of seeing

*all the pictures we carry in our mind
images of the Thirties,
depression and class consciousness
transfigured above politics
filled with fire
with the appearance of God.*

These early poems contrast strongly with Ginsberg's style today. They are often brief, tightly written affairs, done in a short, orderly line. The more familiar Ginsberg line, rambling and ham-fisted (the line based on "Hebraic-Melvillian bardic breath") does not appear until the 1949 poem "Patterson." But the religiosity was already there, giving his work a sound very different from the social poetry of the thirties. From the outset, Ginsberg was a protest poet, but his protest runs back not to Marx but to the ecstatic radicalism of Blake. The issue is never as simple as social justice; rather the key words and images are those of time and eternity, madness and vision, heaven and the spirit. And as early as the later forties Ginsberg is experimenting with marijuana and writing poems under the sway of narcotics.

By the early fifties, Ginsberg had abandoned the conventional virtues of poetry in favor of a spontaneity that comes across as an unchecked flow of language. From then on, everything he writes has the appearance of being served up raw. There is never the trace of a revised line; rather, another line is added on: instead of revision, there is accumulation. To rework would be to rethink, hence to doubt the initial vision. For Ginsberg, the creative act was to be a "come-as-you-are" party. Lack of grooming marks his poems as "natural," therefore honest. They are the real thing, not artifice.

There is a good deal of Charlie Parker's improvisation in Ginsberg's work, and of the action painters. Jackson Pollock worked at a canvas with a commitment never to erase or redo or touch up; but to add, add, add, and let it all somehow work itself into a pattern. Similarly, Jack Kerouac came to the point of typing out his novels non-stop onto enormous rolls of paper—6 feet a day—with never a revision. At last, a deal of Ginsberg's late work sounds very much as if it were taken off a tape recorder as dictated.

That this improvisatory method of writing produces a great deal of trash is, for our purposes here, less important than the light this choice of method throws on the generation that accepted Ginsberg's work as a valid form of creativity. It is a search for art unmediated by intellect; or rather, since the application of intellectual control is what makes art of impulse, it is an effort to extract and indulge the impulse, without regard to the nature of the product.

Poetry defined as an oracular outpouring has a genealogy running back through the Hebrew prophets to the

shamans of dim antiquity. The Hebrew term for prophet is *nabi*: mutterer, babbler, one who speaks with tongues. Unhappily, Ginsberg is no Amos (though perhaps we should have a poorer opinion of Amos if we had the whole of his life's utterances to get through instead of only the most elegant passages), but he belongs within that tradition. He belongs there, however, not as an artist but as a conjurer with subterranean forces, a kind of witch doctor. It is as if, initially, Ginsberg set out to write poetry: to say something about the anguished state of the world. What came of that was a howl. But at the bottom of the howl Ginsberg discovered what it was that Moloch was most intent upon burying: the non-intellective powers.

Every artist has discovered something of that in the creative process. What sets Ginsberg's career apart is that, having once experienced the powers, he set out to make over as much of his own life and as much of the culture as he could lay hold of in the image of that experience. For Ginsberg the use of narcotics was not simply a perverse Bohemian vice; it was another, more effective way of short-circuiting the intellect and tapping the energy beyond. It was a way of subverting Moloch by reorganizing the politics of the nervous system.

There is something more to be noted about the visionary impulse in Ginsberg's work and life. The ecstatic power he and most of the early Beat writers reached for was never sought in other-worldly sources. Their mysticism was never escapist or ascetic; it did not lead them, like T. S. Eliot, into a transcendent rose garden. Theirs was to be a this-worldly mysticism, an ecstasy of the body and of the earth that somehow would embrace and transform mortality. Joy was to be had even (or perhaps especially) in the commonplace obscenities of existence. As Ginsberg put it in one of his early poems:

*This is the one and only
firmament . . .
I am living in Eternity.
The ways of this world
are the ways of Heaven.*

Or, even more powerfully:

*For the world is a mountain
of shit, if it's going to
be moved at all, it's got
to be taken by handfulls.*

William Carlos Williams observed in the poems of the young Ginsberg "a beat that is far removed from the beat of dancing feet, but rather finds in the shuffling of human beings in all the stages of their life, the trip to the bathroom, to the stairs of the subway, the steps of the office or factory routine, the mystical measure of their passions." This is, in fact, a remarkable anticipation of the Zen doctrine of the "illuminated commonplace."

Popular Zen

If one can believe the account Jack Kerouac gives in *The Dharma Bums*, the book which was to provide the first handy compendium of all those Zen catch phrases that have since become more familiar to contemporary youth than any Christian catechism, it was from the West

Coast poet, Gary Snyder, that he and Ginsberg learned their Zen upon going to San Francisco in the early fifties. But behind Snyder stood Alan Watts, who had recently begun teaching at the School of Asian Studies after leaving his position as an Anglican counselor at Northwestern University. When he arrived in San Francisco, Watts, who was only 35 years old in 1950, had written at least seven books dealing with Zen and mystical religion. He had in fact, been a child prodigy in his chosen field of study: at 19, he was appointed editor of *The Middle Way*, an English journal of Buddhist studies, and at 23, co-editor of the English "Wisdom of the East" series. Along with D. T. Suzuki, Watts, through his televised lectures, books and private classes, was to become America's foremost popularizer of Zen.

Of the two, Watts's influence has been the more widespread, for often at the expense of risking vulgarization, he has made a most determined effort to translate the insights of Zen and Taoism into the language of Western science and psychology. He has approached the task with an impish willingness to be catchy and cute, and to play at philosophy as if it were an enjoyable game. It is a style that has exposed him to a deal of rather arrogant criticism, on the one hand from serious Zen devotees who have found him too discursive for their mystic tastes (I recall one such telling me bluntly, "Watts has never experienced satori"), and on the other from professional philosophers who have been inclined to ridicule his popularizing bent as making him, in the words of one academic, "the Norman Vincent Peale of Zen." It is the typical and inevitable sort of resistance encountered by anyone who makes bold to find a greater audience for an idea than the academy or any restricted cult can provide—and it overlooks the fact that Watts's books include such solid intellectual achievements as *Psychotherapy East and West*.

There is a sense, however, in which it would seem impossible to "popularize" Zen. Traditionally, the insights of the religion have been communicated only directly from master to student as part of an extremely demanding discipline in which verbal formulations play almost no part. Zen is neither a proselytizing creed nor a theology but a personal illumination that one must be tricked into while intellectually off guard. Thus, the best way to teach Zen might be to talk about anything but Zen, allowing the illumination to break through of its own unpredictable accord—which is rather the way the composer, John Cage, one of Suzuki's students, uses his music. Similarly, I have watched one of Watts's colleagues in San Francisco try to bring students around to the key experience through what purported to be rehearsals of a drama that was never intended to reach production. Much the same intention seems to underlie the sensory awareness classes of Charlotte Selver, with whom Watts often works.

If this sort of psychic jujitsu is the essence of Zen, then it may very well be that on the religion's own terms, all the youthful confabulation with Zen over the past decade or so has been less than useless. "Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know"—and I would have to leave it to the Zen adepts to decide whether anything that deserves to be called authentic has actually taken root in our culture. What is indisputable, however, is that the

San Francisco Beats, and much of our younger generation since, *thought* they had found in Zen something they needed, and that they proceeded to use what they understood of this exotic tradition to fulfill the need. The situation is rather similar to Schopenhauer's attempt to integrate his limited knowledge of the Upanishads into a philosophy that was primarily an expression of his generation's Romantic melancholia.

What did Zen offer or seem to offer to the young? It is difficult to avoid feeling that Zen's great advantage is its unusual vulnerability to what one might call "adolescentization." Zen, vulgarized, dovetails remarkably with a number of adolescent traits. Its commitment to a wise silence, which contrasts so strongly with the preachiness of Christianity, can easily ally with the inarticulateness of youth. Why do Zen masters throw their disciples into a mud puddle?, asks Kerouac's Sal Paradise in *The Dharma Bums*. "That's because they want them to realize mud is better than words." A generation that had come to admire the tongue-tied incoherence of James Dean and which has been willing to believe that the medium is the message, would welcome a tradition that regards talking as beside the point. Similarly, Zen's commitment to paradox and randomness could be conveniently identified with the intellectual confusion of unformed and restless minds. Perhaps above all, Zen's antinomianism could serve as a sanction for the adolescent need of freedom, especially for those who possessed a healthy distaste for the competitive exactions and conformities of the middle-class life from which they came.

The Radical East

But with that much granted, it must also be recognized that what the young were vulgarizing in this way was a body of thought which, as formulated by men like Suzuki and Watts, constituted a radical critique of the conventional scientific conception of man and nature, which has been long due for reappraisal. Even if they seized on Zen with shallow understanding, they grasped it with a healthy instinct. And grasping it, they bought the books, and attended the lectures, and spread about the catch phrases and, in general, helped to provide the platform from which a few good minds who understood more deeply could speak out in criticism of the dominant culture. Perhaps what the young took to be Zen has little relationship to that venerable and elusive tradition; but what they went for was a gentle and gay rejection of a positivistic and compulsively cerebral technological society.

This is another way of saying that beyond a certain point it becomes little better than pedantic to ask how authentically "Buddhist" are poems like Ginsberg's "Sunflower Sutra" (1955). Perhaps not very, but it *is* a poem of great tenderness, expressing an unashamed wonder for the commonplace splendors of the world and calling into question that anthropocentric arrogance with which our society, in the name of progress, has gone about mechanizing and brutalizing its environment. And it is a commentary on the state of what our society regards as its "religion" that the poet who still commands the greatest attention among our youth should have had to cast about

for an exotic tradition from which to take inspiration in expressing these humane sentiments.

The same holds true for Ginsberg's more recent interest in Hinduism. It is, at the very least, a fascinating Odyssey of the contemporary spirit that takes a young Jewish poet from Paterson, N.J., to the banks of the Ganges to become America's most renowned Hindu Brahman. But is his Hinduism the real thing? Again, the question is beside the point. What is far more important is his deeply felt need to turn away from the dominant culture in order to find the spirit for such remarkable poems as "The Witch-ita Vortex Sutra" and "Who Be Kind To"—both compelling expressions of humanity and compassionate protest. And even more important is the social fact: Ginsberg the mantra-chanting Hindu does not finish as an isolated eccentric but rather as one of the foremost spokesmen of the younger generation.

Following Ginsberg, the boys and girls don cowbells and tuck flowers behind their ears—and listen. Ginsberg claims a greater audience among dissenting youth than any Christian or Jewish clergyman could hope to reach or stir. Perhaps the one exception to this might have been the late A. J. Muste in the final years of his life. But then Muste always kept his ministerial identity as unobtrusive as possible.

After Christianity

Indeed, we are in a post-Christian era, despite the fact that minds far more gifted than Ginsberg's—like that of Thomas Merton—continue to mine the dominant religious tradition for good treasures. But it has been a decided mistake to expect that the death of the Christian God would be followed by a thoroughly secularized, thoroughly positivistic culture, dismal and spiritless in its obsession with technological prowess. That was the world Aldous Huxley foresaw in the 1930s when he wrote *Brave New World*. But in the 1950s, detecting the rising spirit of a new generation, Huxley's utopian image had brightened to that of *Island*, where prevailed a nonviolent culture elaborated out of Buddhism and psychedelic drugs. It was as if suddenly he had seen an emerging possibility: beyond the Christian era and the "wasteland" that was its immediate successor, might lie a new, eclectic religious revival.

That is precisely what confronts us now as one of the massive facts of our youthful counter culture. The dissenting young have indeed got religion. It is not the brand of religion that Billy Graham or William Buckley would choose for youth's crusade, but nonetheless it is religion. What began with Zen has now rapidly, perhaps too rapidly, proliferated into a phantasmagoria of exotic religiosity.

Who would have predicted it? At least since the Enlightenment, perhaps with the exception of the early Romantics, the major thrust of *avant-garde* thought has always been anti-religious, if not defiantly atheistic. And even among the Romantics, the most pious tended to become the most politically reactionary. Would-be Western revolutionaries have always been strongly rooted in a militantly skeptical secular tradition. Rejection of a corrupted religious establishment has carried over almost automatically into a root and branch rejection of all things

spiritual. "Mysticism" has always been one of the dirtiest words in the Marxist lexicon.

But now the psychedelic weeklies, sprouting like mushrooms across the land, splash across their pages pictures of Christ and the prophets, mishmashed mind-bogglingly with Zen, Hinduism, primitive shamanism, theosophy, the Left-Handed Tantra. The youthful counter culture is cluttered with satanists and neo-agnostics, would-be witch doctors and self-proclaimed swamis. The Berkeley "wandering priest" Charlie (Brown) Artman, who was in the running for city councilman in 1966 until he was busted for confessing to possession of narcotics, strikes the right note of eclectic religiosity: a stash of LSD in his Indian-sign necklace, Hindu cowbells, and the campaign slogan, "May the baby Jesus open your mind and shut your mouth."

No anti-Vietnam War demonstration would be complete without a hirsute, bell-festooned contingent of holy men, bearing joss sticks and intoning the *Hare Krishna*. The *Berkeley Barb*, an underground weekly, gives LBJ a good left-wing slamming on page 1, but devotes the center spread to a crazy mandala for the local yogis. And in its back pages, the "Servants of Awareness," "a unique group of aware people using 136 symbols in their meditation to communicate directly with *Cosmic Awareness . . .*," are sure to take a 4-inch ad. The San Francisco *Oracle* runs photos of stark-naked madonnas with flowers in their hair, suckling their babies . . . and the effect is not at all pornographic, nor intended to be.

At the level of youth, the mid-1960s begin to resemble nothing so much as a cultic hothouse of the Hellenistic period, when every manner of mystery and fakery, ritual and rite, intermingled in a marvelous indiscrimination. And, for the time being, the situation makes it next to impossible for many of us who teach to convey much in the way of education to the radical young, given the fact that the conventional curriculum, even at its best, is grounded in the dominant Western tradition. If you asked the kids to identify (a) Milton and (b) Pope, their answers are likely to be: (a) Milton *who?* and (b) which Pope? But they may do no mean job of rattling off their *Kabbala* or *I Ching* (which the very hip get married to these days) or, of course, the *Kama Sutra*.

Magic & Counter Magic

What the counter culture offers, then, is a remarkable defection from the long-standing tradition of skeptical, secular intellectuality that has served as the prime vehicle for 300 years of scientific and technical development in the West. Almost overnight (astonishingly, and with no great debate on the point), a significant portion of the younger generation has withdrawn from that tradition, as if to provide an emergency balance, often by occult aberrations just as gross, to the gross distortions of technological society. As often happens, one cultural exaggeration calls forth another to be its opposite equivalent. In the hands of a Herman Kahn, science, logic and the precision of numbers have become their own caricatures as part of a mystogogy of mass murder. Even official Washington calls its Sino-Soviet advisers "demonologists"—and the

designation is scarcely a wisecrack. Mumbo-jumbo is indeed at the heart of human affairs when so-called scientific decision making reveals itself as a species of voodoo. ("Crack-pot realism," C. Wright Mills called it; and Allen Ginsberg "a communion of bum magicians.")

When science and reasons of state become handmaidens of political black magic, who can blame the young for



diving headlong into the Jungian stew, in search of "good vibrations" that might ward off the bad? Of course, they are soon glutted with what they find. Whole religious traditions become baubles to play with. A light-show group in Detroit names itself "The Bulging Eyeballs of Gautama," and all of a sudden the Beatles become the contemplative converts of a particularly simple-minded swami who advertises in every London underground station.

One does not unearth the wisdom of the ages by shuffling about a few exotic catch phrases—nor does one learn anything about anybody's lore or religion by donning a few talismans and dosing on LSD. The most that comes of such superficial muddling is something like Timothy Leary's brand of easy-do syncretism—"somehow" all is

one, and never mind precisely how. Fifty years ago when Swami Vivekananda first brought the teachings of Sri Ramakrishna to America he induced a gaggle of high-social dilettantes to say as much. The results were as ludicrous as they were ephemeral. Yet things are just beginning. In the present state of affairs, in the turgid flood tide of discovery, sampling and restive fascination, it would perhaps be too much to expect disciplined order—as surely it would be folly to try to deduce order from this happy chaos. The young have happened upon treasure trove long buried and are busy letting the quaint trinkets spill through their fingers.

Science ■ Superstition

Still, for all its frequently mindless vulgarity, for all its tendency to get lost in exotic clutter, a powerful and important force is at work in this wholesale willingness of the young to scrap their inherited culture's entrenched prejudice toward myth, religion and ritual. The life of Reason (with a capital R) has all too obviously failed to produce the agenda of civilized improvements the Voltaires and Jeffersons foresaw. Reason, materialism, the scientific world view have revealed themselves too often as simply a higher superstition, based on dubious but well-concealed assumptions about man and nature. Science, it has been said, thrives on sins of omission, and for 300 years those omissions have been piling up like the slag tips that surround Welsh mining towns: immense, precipitous mountains of frustrated aspiration and metaphysical yearning, which threaten to come cascading down in an impassioned landslide. It is impossible any longer to ignore the fact that our conception of intellect has been narrowed disastrously by the prevailing assumption, especially in the academies, that the life of the spirit is: (1) a lunatic fringe best left to artists and marginal visionaries; (2) a historical bone yard for antiquarian scholarship; (3) a highly specialized adjunct of professional anthropology. For along none of these approaches could the living power of myth, ritual and rite penetrate the intellectual establishment and have any existential (as opposed, at best, to merely academic) significance. As Lewis Mumford has suggested in his recent study, *The Myth of the Machine*:

... the whole sphere of early man's existence which the modern scientific mind, in its consciousness of intellectual superiority, rejects, was the original source of man's self-transformation from an animal into a human person. Ritual, dance, totem, taboo, religion, magic—these provided the groundwork for man's later higher development.

This blind spot has made it possible, in the name of intellectual respectability, to ignore the obvious fact that not only early man but man through the ages has always devoted as much of his wit, care and energy to the creation of mythologies, ritual forms and world systems as to gathering the physical "necessities." And yet the standard stance of every "good" college teacher who is confronted with the task of breaking in a freshman class and introducing it to the life of the mind, is still that of the old village atheist, wielding a ruthless, positivistic skepticism.

The anti-religious prejudice of the intellectual establish-

ment has severely crippled science and scholarship by fanatically ruling out whole areas of experience from systematic inquiry. If conventional scholarship touches those areas of life it is usually with the intention of compiling knowledge, not with the hope of salvaging value. And yet it was "science" in the highest sense of the word that brought William James to his study of religious experience, and Aldous Huxley to his experiments with the hallucinogenic drugs.

The Dark Side

Similarly, when Lewis Mumford insists—as he does in all his work—that historical studies must come to grips with the undeniable power of dream, myth and the sacred in human affairs, he is upholding the highest standards of scholarship. But when academics and intellectuals arrogantly truncate this greater conception of science and scholarship, they come up with that "middle-class secular humanism" of which Michael Novak has aptly said:

It thinks of itself as humble in its agnosticism, and eschews the "mystic flights" of metaphysicians, theologians and dreamers; it is cautious and remote in dealing with heightened and passionate experiences that are the stuff of great literature and philosophy. It limits itself to this world and its concerns, concerns which fortunately turn out to be largely subject to precise formulations, and hence have a limited but comforting certainty.

I think we can anticipate that in the coming generation large numbers of students will begin to reject this reductive humanism, demanding a far deeper examination of that dark side of the human personality which has so long been written off as "mystical" by the dominant culture. It is because this renaissance of mythical-religious interest promises such enrichment of Western culture that one is led to despair when, as often happens, the young reduce it to an esoteric collection of peer-group symbols and slogans, vaguely wicked and ultimately trivial. Then instead of culture, we get collage; a miscellaneous heaping together, as if one had simply ransacked *The Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* and the *Celestia Arcana* for exotic tidbits. For example, the *International Times* of London prints a major article on Aleister Crowley, but the treatment goes no further than the sensational surface. It is a simple inversion of what too often dominates the underground press: the straight papers say "scandalous"; the underground says "marvelous"; but understanding gets no aid.

This is the point at which the young, who are offering, I feel, a great deal that is good to work with, need the help of mature minds, in order that distinctions can be drawn between the deep and the shallow, the superstitious and the wise. It is important to discern the underlying connection between the inspired seer on the one hand, and the side-show charlatan on the other, and to recognize that the skeptical, en bloc rejection of both has been a prime disaster. That much the young have seen. But between seer and charlatan there is also an all-important difference, and it is apparent only upon reflection. But who, among the alienated young, constantly on the lookout for the narks, has time for reflection?

THE CALIFORNIA SURVIVAL KIT

PHIL KERBY

Anaheim, Calif.

The volunteer 30,000-member California Democratic Council (CDC), distrusted by the New Left as bourgeois liberal and feared by the right as a vanguard of socialism, is predominantly white, middle class and reformist in the tradition of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. But the shock waves reverberating through the nation from the war in Vietnam and the racial insurrection have shaken this essentially comfortable group of liberal activists. Over the weekend of March 16, the state-wide CDC convention proposed revolutionary changes in American political life.

The significance of the convention action was lost even by many of the delegates themselves in the wake of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's sudden announcement that he would contest President Johnson for the Democratic nomination. The 757 delegates were at once repelled and fascinated by Kennedy's action. Buoyed by Senator McCarthy's dramatic showing in New Hampshire, they had gathered in Anaheim still not fully convinced that the Minnesotan could win at Chicago. They criticized Kennedy for the manner and timing of his announcement, but conceded his potential was greater than McCarthy's. Their anger was oddly mixed with the hope that Kennedy actually could mobilize enough political strength between now and the convention to force Johnson into retirement.

The night before Kennedy's announcement, CDC leaders quickly pushed through a pledge of "total support" to Senator McCarthy. That pledge will hold good for the hard-core CDC leadership group, but rank-and-file defection to Kennedy was quickly apparent. A sizable percentage of the membership may swing to Kennedy in the June 4 primary, when three delegations will be on the ballot: the CDC peace slate pledged to McCarthy, the Kennedy delegation now being formed and the dissension-riddled stand-in slate for Johnson headed by Atty. Gen. Thomas Lynch. Several state legislators on the pro-Johnson slate already have announced their intention of dropping out in favor of Kennedy, and other members of the delegation are likely to jump ship. Jesse M. Unruh, speaker of the State Assembly, and Kennedy's chief supporter in California, is trying to push through the legislature a law that would permit delegation members to switch allegiance. Under present law, delegates who resign may not join another slate.

CDC leaders, who tried frantically to persuade Kennedy not to enter the California primary, warned that he would split the peace forces and hand the state's convention votes to Johnson. But Unruh, who once served as John F. Kennedy's Southern California campaign chairman, believes that Kennedy can so divide the vote and still win the primary. He bases this belief on the assumption that Kennedy's campaign will reach far beyond the peace issue and bring into the primary hundreds of thousands of additional votes from labor and from the Negro and Mexican-Ameri-

can communities. Kennedy's appeal to these groups, excluding perhaps the black militants, is potent. "Senator Kennedy," Unruh said, "will clearly win, whether it's a two-cornered, three-cornered or five-cornered race."

Speaking to the convention by telephone from Indianapolis, Senator McCarthy said he had no intention of making any deals or concessions. "If I tried to deal them [his supporters] off, I'd have a revolution on my hands." CDC leaders are hoping that "some sort of accommodation" can be worked out between McCarthy and Kennedy before June 4. Nobody at Anaheim could know how that might be done. Rep. Philip Burton of California, a long-standing CDC favorite, flew to Anaheim from Washington to advise the delegates, in a tortured, convoluted speech, not to "eat one another up," advice that earned him the least applause he has ever received from the organization. Burton stopped just short of announcing for Kennedy.

Kennedy, McCarthy and the warring state Democrats will monopolize California headlines up to June 4 and perhaps beyond. The CDC endorsement for the United States Senate went to state Sen. Anthony G. Beilenson.



Interlandi, Los Angeles Times

"Why Not—All the Others Are Just as Ridiculous!"

Alan Cranston, founding president of CDC but now at odds with the organization over the issue of Johnson's candidacy, will also enter the race; Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles is or is not a candidate for the Senate, depending on which hour of which day he is interviewed.

It indicated the temper of the times that the war in Vietnam was the least controversial issue among a broad range of proposals adopted by the convention for submission to the Chicago convention platform committee. The convention called for an immediate end to the war in three steps: a halt to the bombing, negotiations which would include the National Liberation Front, and a phased withdrawal of American troops. That is a standard position that even Johnson would accept under certain conditions, but the CDC went further. Our foreign policy, it stated, has failed in the post-World War II years because "an exaggerated fear of communism . . . has produced a distorted view of the world and an oversimplified approach to its problems In a vain pursuit of 'absolute security,' we have involved ourselves in needless foreign intrigues and conflicts . . . and we have contributed to the danger of nuclear war."

The convention urged a series of foreign-policy changes: admission of Peking into the United Nations; an agreement between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations for withdrawal of all foreign troops from Central Europe; recognition of East Germany and the Oder-Neisse frontier with Poland; international guarantees by the great powers for the security of Israel and the Arab states in the Middle East, with an embargo of arms sales to both sides.

The CDC issued a routine call for an end to poverty in America and the junking of our "inadequate and ancient public assistance program that embitters millions of Americans whom it is intended to serve." To accomplish this, the convention advocated an income floor of \$3,000 to \$4,000 for every family, a goal which the delegates said is easily made possible by advanced technology.

The adventurous temper of the convention was then reflected in a proposal for the federal government to take over the production of military hardware, "thereby eliminating private profit as a factor in military procurement." In a statement on "public ownership" the convention said: "One of the most persistent special-interest lobbying efforts in American politics has been to equate any form of public ownership with alien social and economic doctrine. As a result, a vast amount of public money and public assistance has been poured into virtually every phase of our national economy with little or no return to the American people. This form of subsidizing private profits with public funds should be thoroughly reviewed with the aim of nationalizing those areas of the economy where the public interest could be better served by public in place of private ownership, such as the railroads and utilities."

As though that were not enough, the delegates proposed tax reforms which would: treat capital gains and income from bonds and dividends like other income for tax purposes; use taxes to discourage urban land speculation; eliminate sales taxes on necessities; shift the cost of education and welfare to the federal treasury to lower the

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burden on home owners, and levy all taxes on the basis of ability to pay.

Racism, as the convention views it, is essentially economic discrimination. The delegates proposed: creation of jobs at adequate wages for the unemployed; vocational training financed by federal funds; construction of metropolitan school areas designed to meet the special needs of students from minority groups; rehabilitation of the black ghettos and other blighted housing areas; and low-cost urban transportation. (Lack of transportation prevents many Negroes trapped in ghettos like the Watts area of Los Angeles from reaching available jobs.)

The CDC said the quality of education offered in the black and Mexican-American communities is a "national scandal," which is "largely due to the cultural chasm between the educational structure and the students." The convention, composed largely of middle- and upper-class professionals and held in the depressingly luxurious Anaheim convention center (adjacent to Disneyland) asked: "How can the poverty-ridden and often hungry child relate to the well-fed, comfortable middle-class teacher who follows a curriculum dictated by middle-class values?"

National dissent against the war and mass protests against racial discrimination have produced the first signs of a reaction which caused the CDC to warn: "The kangaroo-court methods of governmental investigative agencies, the subversion of organizations by the CIA, the FBI assumption of political-police power have spread rapidly to local and state enforcement agencies. The politicalization of the police, supported by anti-democratic statements from high military personnel, is rapidly leading toward the use of new instruments of physical intimidation that go far beyond the limits of reasonable standards of law enforcement." To restore and guarantee the right of dissent and protest, the CDC, as it has done before, proposed the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The delegates advocated gun-control laws, stricter laws against wire tapping and declared their opposition to all forms of censorship, cultural and political.

As a vehicle of practical politics, these proposals are highly impractical. Acknowledging this fact, one CDC official explained: "They were not tailored to practical politics but are intended as a realistic assessment of what has to be done to enable this nation to meet its problems and survive." Dr. Martin Luther King, who understands the use of practical politics as well as anyone, refrained at Anaheim from endorsing either one "of these fine men"—Kennedy and McCarthy—but asked for the defeat of Johnson. That is no panacea for the country's present ills, but it is probably the essential first step for recovery.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Wolfe Among the Monstres Sacres

THOMAS WOLFE. By Andrew Turnbull. Charles Scribner's Sons. 374 pp. \$7.95.

MINA CURTISS

Mrs. Curtiss is the author of *Bizet and His World* (Knopf), and the translator and editor of *My Friend Degas* by Daniel Halevy (Wesleyan) and *Letters of Marcel Proust* (Vintage).

To someone who knew Tom Wolfe and Aline Bernstein well, the impulse behind this biography is puzzling. What drove the author to work his way through masses of unpublished and often redundant material, to spend his time interviewing 700 people, in order to recount again this oft-told tale? For surely, apart from Proust and Joyce, *monstres sacrés*, a category in which Tom and the admirers of his work thought he belonged (all nine volumes of Proust in the Modern Library edition run to 4266 pages, the first edition of *Ulysses* has 732 pages, Wolfe's four major novels add up to 3012 pages), no writer's life in this century has been more fully documented. His autobiographical novels are literally and chronologically true. Seven hundred and seventy pages of his letters have been published as well as his agent's biography of him, and an account of their relationship by Aline Bernstein, whom Mr. Turnbull describes as one of "the twin engines that got Wolfe's heavy plane off the ground." There are also personal interviews, articles and books by members of his family and by friends. Why, then, did Mr. Turnbull feel impelled to add to this mass of material another biographical study of a writer who describes himself as an "unhappy monster who can do nothing else but write [and] never come to the end of what he is writing"?

The reason is not because he fell in love with Wolfe's work. I remember when he came to interview me I mentioned to him the contrast in tone between the description of an incident in one of the books and the letter Tom had written me the day after it actually happened. Mr. Turnbull said that he had not yet reread the books because he wanted first to talk to all the people who had known Tom. And in his note on *Sources* he admits not having read *Look Homeward, Angel* until he started the biography. It is not then his own reading of Wolfe's work that

caused him to accept as the hypothesis of his biography Tom's early statement: "... by God, I have genius . . . and I shall force the inescapable fact down the throats of the rats and vermin who want the proof."

But it was not rats and vermin, however much he may have treated them as such, but a brilliant, devoted editor and a loving, dedicated mistress, who enabled him to transform his dysenteric stream of verbose self-expression into a meaningful and communicable novel form. His gigantic presence, his animal magnetism, the dynamism and massiveness of his personality, both actual and as it translated itself into his work, made him a legend in his lifetime and for a decade or more thereafter. It is this legend which seems to have seduced Mr. Turnbull and deprived him of the detachment necessary for a truthful account of the life of a monster, the kind of detachment that Henri Troyat managed to preserve in his biography of that greatest of all modern *monstres sacrés*, the author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. One never ceases being appalled by Tolstoy's behavior. But one goes back and reads those two books, loses oneself in a world that seems truer than life itself, and marvels at the complexity, the inconsistency, the near madness of genius. Of the genius there is never any doubt.

Mr. Turnbull's biography sent me back to Wolfe's books. Forty years ago I read *Look Homeward, Angel* and was deeply moved by the description of his brother's death and its aftermath. Again I find it moving, one of the few passages in his work where Tom's permeating self-pity is quite absent. Of his second book *Of Time and the River*, I must honestly admit that, at the time of publication, I read only the last few pages where there is a brief description of me which, as I reread it, seems to be rather in the style of Marie Corélli or Ouida. I have made some effort to read the rest of the book, but it is a *roman à clef* to which I lack the keys. As a result the characters seem at best two-dimensional, and the narrative is interrupted by purple patches of the hero's self-indulgent moaning and groaning:

... In his heart a dogged and furious resentment was beginning to glow and moulder—a savage hate of hate, a fear

of fear, a murderous intensity of desire to strangle the shapes of death and barrenness—a resistance still passive, but growing in bitterness and pugnacity with every passing day, as he saw how uselessly and horribly men allowed themselves to be duped, cheated and beaten by the living rat and by the fraud of fear, and that was being strengthened momentarily [*sic*] now by an implacable conviction, a dogged and incontrovertible memory that, incredibly sharpened by his fury and desire, awoke and netted out of the sea-depths of the past, the shining fish of a million living moments.

Six pages of this hyperbole form an introduction to a passage about his teaching at New York University, a class made up, he writes, "of thirty or forty Jews and Jewesses, all laughing, shouting, screaming, thick with their hot and swarthy body-smells, their strong female odors of rut and crotch and arm-pit and cheap perfume, and their hard male smells that were rancid, stale, and sour. . . . He spoke to them out of the lips of Herrick, Donne and Shakespeare, of all the things that never change, of all the things that would abide forever," implying, it would seem, that in the good old days of Queen Elizabeth and James I, poets and clergymen, if not the *hoi polloi*, smelled like roses.

In the last two novels, *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*, Wolfe changed his pseudonym from Eugene Gant to George Webber, but the chronology in the telling of his life story remains unchanged. When *The Web and the Rock* was first published, I read the portions that concerned people I knew. Then I was merely shocked by the exhausting, repetitious account of his and Aline Bernstein's love-hate affair. On rereading parts of it now I can see that his portrayal of Aline's attitude toward her work, her mannerisms, her speech, and even the eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too side of her character, which she was the first to admit, are accurate. But of the particular quality of warmth and empathy for which her non-infatuated friends loved her there is little hint. The satirical portraits of such then well-known writers as Alexander Woollcott and Carl Van Vechten are easily recognizable and show a certain Pickwickian gift. However, when I explored some pages I had not previously read, I was ap-

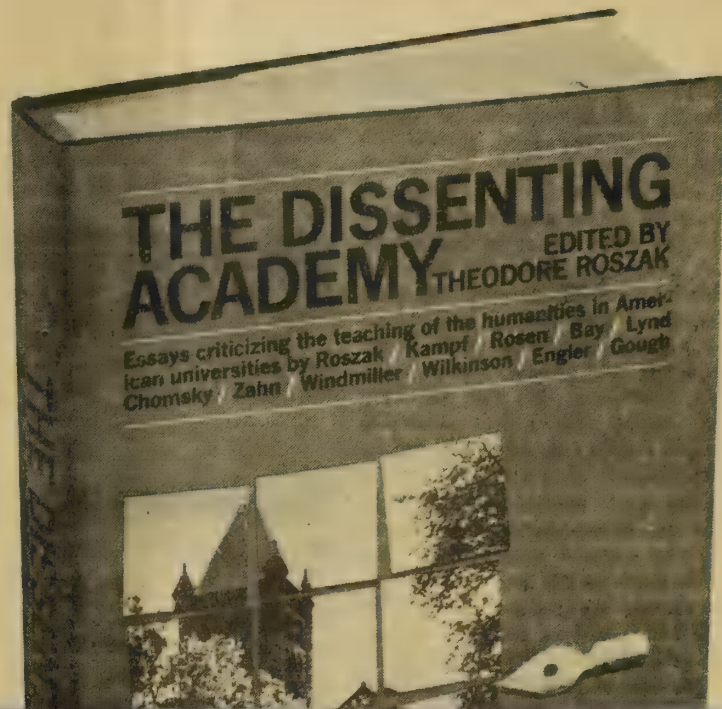
alled by a vulgarity that had never appeared in the volumes edited by Maxwell Perkins.

The hero is indulging in a fantasy of the kind of love affair he would like to have, and here is how he imagines the Park Avenue lady of his dreams with whom he dines in her elegant apartment. "In unadorned but costly evening dress, of heavy, pearl-colored silk, with silver hose, and black, jewelled slippers, she would reveal an unsuspected maturity, depth of breast and fullness of limb. . . . Later in the evening, they would sit before the fire, he in a deep upholstered chair, she on a chaise-longue, where they would have small cups of black coffee, a glass of green Chartreuse, or of Grand Marnier. He would smoke fragrant, toasted, loose-drawing Lucky Strikes; she would smoke Melachrinos. From time to time he would move her limbs slightly, and her silken calves, sliding gently apart together, would cause an audible and voluptuous friction." Because this passage evoked for me the advertisements in *The New Yorker*, I looked at the end of the chapter to make sure that it was not intentionally satirical. It is not. He would wear her love like a most invulnerable target over his heart. She would be the heart of his desire, the well of his passion."

The hero's susceptibility to this phantom, blonde, gentile lady contrasts strikingly with his subsequent remarks about "those fine Jewish ladies on Park Avenue with their million dollar soul earnings and their fancy fornications . . . the simple pleasures of the Jewish millionaires and the innocent adulteries of their wives," which he shouts at his Jewish mistress in one of the quarrels.

From the few excerpts I have quoted in this review it is clear that a biographer would have to face the problem of Tom's anti-Semitism. The way Mr. Turnbull treats this subject seems to me to show one of the dangers of basing a writer's biography on his day-to-day life rather than on his work. "The anti-Semitism evident in Wolfe's treatment of Aline cannot be blinked but must be qualified," Mr. Turnbull says: ". . . If Wolfe was anti-Semitic he was also at times anti-German, anti-French, anti-Irish, and even anti-American." Yet in Germany in 1936 Wolfe wrote in his notes: "I don't like Jews and if most of the people I know would tell the truth about their feelings, I wonder how many of them would be able to say that they liked Jews." In spite of this statement, Mr. Turnbull bolsters his defense with at least two of the clichés that always make Jews laugh. A Jewish girl with whom Tom had a brief

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affair says that he was not "deeply anti-Semitic," not deeply enough, obviously, to keep him from making an exception of her. And Maxwell Perkins, that most intelligent of Wasps, who even after Tom's betrayal of him continued to regard him as a combined "archangel and rascal," said that Tom had "no anti-Semitic leanings," indeed some of his best friends were Jews.

The prejudices of an author are of no importance as long as they do not diminish his gifts as an artist. Henry Adams would never have denied his anti-Semitism, but not until his letters were published would a reader of *The Education* or of *Mont-Saint-Michel* and *Chartres* have been aware of it. However, over and above the repeated references in Wolfe's last two volumes to "great, proud and potent beak-nosed Jews . . . great beak-nosed Jews filled with insolence and scorn," there is an important episode at the end of *You Can't Go Home Again* that illustrates the extent to which this prejudice weakened his judgment as a writer.

When he was leaving Germany in 1936, one of the passengers in his compartment was arrested and held at the border. The man turned out to be a Jew trying to escape from the country. "As the car in which he had been riding slid by, he . . . looked once, directly and steadfastly, at his former companions, and they at him. And in that gaze there was all the unmeasured weight of man's mortal anguish. George and the others felt somehow naked and ashamed, and somehow guilty. They all felt they were saying farewell, not to a man, but to humanity; not to some pathetic stranger, some chance acquaintance, but to mankind; not to some nameless cipher out of life, but to the fading image of a brother's face. The train swept out and gathered speed—and so they lost him."

That paragraph is a perfect ending for this section of the book—intensely felt, yet objective and controlled. But this simple statement of shared experience is not enough. It is followed by the purplest of patches, the dirge for Tom's own personal loss of his beloved Germany. "It was the other part of his heart's home, a haunted park of dark desire, a magic domain of fulfillment. It was the dark, lost Helen that had been forever burning in his blood—the dark lost Helen he had found.

"And now it was the dark, found Helen he had lost. . . . Ended now for him, with the sharp and clean finality of the closing of a door, was the time when his dark roots, like those of a pot-bound plant, could be left to feed upon their own substance and nourish their own little self-absorbed designs." And so on and so on.

After his return to America, following the episode in the train, Wolfe was outraged by a reporter's version of a newspaper interview he had given. "I wonder," he wrote to Hamilton Basso, "just how much longer we've got to sit by meekly and submissively while the scavengers, the shysters, the traducers and filth-purveyors of every sort are allowed to go their way unchecked. It almost makes me long for dear old Adolf and his S.S. men. They at least could put a stop to a good many of our own accepted forms of thugdom. Of course, in doing so they would establish another and much more powerful one of their own, and there's the rub."

The last thing I ever heard Tom say he shouted at Aline Bernstein in one of their last quarrels: "Hitler knows what to do with people like you."

Geniuses are never "nice" men, and the greater the genius the less "nice" he is likely to be. But their master-

pieces live after them, and after they are dead their very monstrosity can become a gauge of their achievement. As a prejudiced critic, I am clearly incapable of judging whether Wolfe's books are sufficiently enduring to warrant this additional personal history. But there is one page in this biography more or less hidden away in the notes that I find fascinating. It reproduces a portion of the original manuscript of *Look Homeward, Angel*, with Max Perkins' corrections, or rather deletions.

Mr. Turnbull, after the publication of his excellent life of Scott Fitzgerald, edited a volume of Fitzgerald's letters. One would like to think that he might follow this devoted biography of Wolfe with a volume of excerpts from his manuscripts, collated with the editorial changes. Such an undertaking might not settle the question of Wolfe's genius but it would be an illuminating study, very useful to students and teachers of so-called creative writing.

Versions of Rural America

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 440 pp. \$5.95.

A PLACE ON EARTH. By Wendell Berry. Harcourt, Brace & World. 550 pp. \$7.50.

RICHARD CLARK STERNE

Mr. Sterne is associate professor of English at Simmons College.

These two authors respond very differently to the sinister dreariness of a Muzak-and-murder society, in which we all tend to the condition of displaced persons. While Miss Oates's characters, whether migrant farm workers or men of property, move and have their restless being in a kind of torture garden that we see as through shattered glass, Mr. Berry's rural figures live an essentially ordered life, in whose course not only birth and familial love but the pain of grief over death by flood and in war imply the author's rejection of "absurdity" as the inevitable human condition. *A Garden of Earthly Delights* is a mechanized domain of witches who sometimes transform the despised poor into the despising rich; *A Place on Earth* is a Virgilian landscape, painted to suggest what a sane life might be.

Miss Oates's novel, its title borrowed from Hieronymus Bosch, focuses disturbingly on three generations of an American family—from unlettered, indebted and openly violent migrant laborer to literate, power-fearing, power-loving

landowner. Carleton Walpole, the first member of the family we meet, carries with him as he travels with his wife and children from Arkansas to South Carolina to New Jersey to Florida in the late 1920s and early 1930s, a yearning memory of his Kentucky home and land. Dying of cancer while futilely searching for a daughter who has run off with a man, he feels he must go on living because his death would be the death of his memories:

It terrified him that people and places and dates should fly off into nothing . . . belonging to no one and making no sense—who else could know what that photograph meant . . . and who else could remember his father's face, who else could remember the mistake he'd made with Rafe that time, ending up with Rafe dead and for what reason? . . .

His runaway daughter, Clara, knows only that she wants "somethin'." Her home has been one migrant labor camp after another: she has been called "white trash" by a schoolteacher, and Carleton has taken a mistress—after his wife's death—who is almost as young as she. The young vagabond to whom Clara succumbs, after being struck by his resemblance to her father, acts almost paternally toward her. He makes her wash herself, and teaches her to read—at the level of romance magazines. But he is restlessly violent and suddenly takes off for Mexico, leaving her pregnant in a Southwestern town called Tintery.

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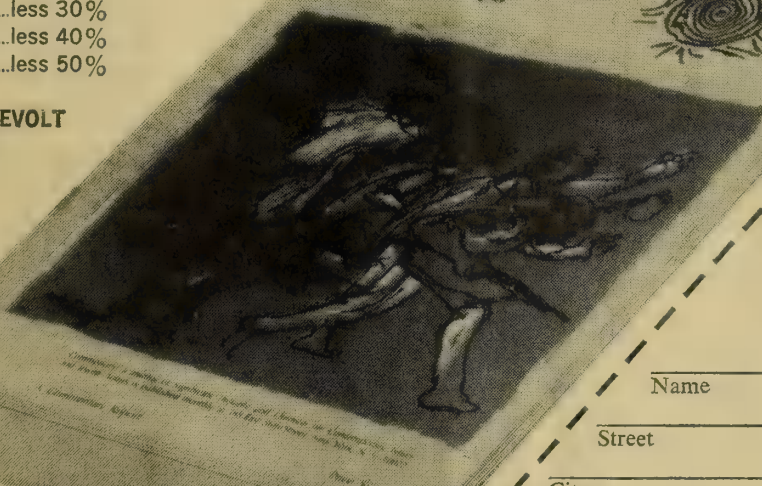
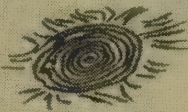
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With no Wordsworthian remembrances to help her see "into the life of things," Clara becomes the mistress of a wealthy, sanctimonious married man—Revere. This somber personage sets her up with a car and a house, believes the child she gives birth to is his own, and marries her seven years later, after his own wife's death.

Clara calls her child "Swan," although his legal name is Steven, because swans "look real cold, they're not afraid of anything." Significantly, she has thought of "Clara" (the name of one of her father's sisters) as having "nothing to do with her at all." And "Swan" proves to be shrinkingly apprehensive rather than intrepid. Thus, in the course of three generations, from Carleton Walpole who vividly recalls his father, to Clara who has mixed feelings toward hers, to the illegitimate "Swan" who comes only to suspect who his real father is, names become increasingly dissociated from the persons who bear them.

Coincident with this incremental dissociation is a growing preoccupation with power and status. Carleton took pride in his own physical strength and his superiority to "Niggers" and "Mexes"; Clara becomes intensely possessive of her house and garden (as a little girl she had stolen an American flag from the porch of a middle-class house), admires strength wherever she finds it, and is contemptuous of her son's timidity. "Swan" early in life sees power as the deepest reality in human relationships, and because of his inability to reconcile his fear of having it with his drive to possess it, he goes mad. In his childhood he has been, and felt, responsible in an ambiguous way for

SNOW LODGE

*The door is open
Winter
I send back
This word
Winter
Shape
Sounding
A man's voice
Going where it goes.*

*I have said you
Winter
And lived
And my heart is
The same
As anyone's heart
But let winter in
And said it.*

*The snow in my palm
Melts
And can be drunk.*

LEONARD NATHAN

the accidental death by shooting of one of his three foster brothers. In his early 20s, torn between his "strange mystical love" for the Revere land of which he has become a kind of steward, and his desire to "destroy everything," he kills the foster father who incarnates power, then kills himself.

At the end of Miss Oates's impressive *lumpen-Buddenbrooks*, the middle-aged Clara has moved to a nursing home, where she is visited frequently and "for the rest of Clara's life" by her oldest foster son, whom she had once encouraged to try to make love to her, and then rejected. She does virtually nothing except watch television:

She seemed to like best programs that showed men fighting, swinging from ropes, shooting guns and driving fast cars, killing the enemy again and again until the dying gasps of evil men were only a certain familiar rhythm away from the opening blasts of the commercials, which changed only gradually over the years.

There are flaws in the novel. The last third of it, dealing chiefly with "Swan" and Revere, seems diffuse, less carefully worked out than the superbly controlled first part about Carleton, or the complex, vivid second part which focuses on Clara. The symbolism is sometimes too blatant, as when the saturnine Revere makes love to Clara—who is thinking of her lost young lover—in a parlor, their bodies surrounded by "drifting bunches of dust and the corpses of insects and odd pieces of furniture hunched beneath

soiled sheets." But this book, which reminiscent of at least one of Miss Oates's short stories, "First Views of the Enemy" is not only distinctly better than her first novel, *With Shuddering Fall*, but constitutes as penetrating an examination of our American sickness as the best work Dreiser, Fitzgerald or Faulkner.

A Place on Earth is less familiar ground. Wendell Berry has written not a novel but a long georgic and elegiac poem in the form of a prose narrative. Essentially, he is attempting to affirm the secular sacredness of life by creating an atmosphere of grief, a weathered pain. He could have used as epigraph line from one of his own poems, "Canticle for Robert Hazel": "A creed a grave never did equal the life/of anything."

The setting (like that of *Nathan Coulter*, Berry's first novel), is Kentucky tobacco country shortly before and shortly after the end of World War II. Mat Felton, a farmer in his early 60s, learns at the rainy beginning of March, 1945, that his only son, Virgil, is missing in action. A tense quietness falls upon him, his wife Margaret, and their pregnant daughter-in-law, Hannah. The months that follow are a hopeless-hopeful waiting, until one day in June Mat breaks the spell in which they have been living:

Virgil is dead. He's not going to come back. He's dead, Margaret. Hannah, he's dead. Say so. We'll kill ourselves trying to pretend anything else.

Berry's concern throughout the book with the individuality of every person and his irreplaceability in the minds of those who love him, is balanced by an evocation of a natural order—always threatened by chaos—of which each person is a part. The war that destroys Virgil and his neighbor Tom Coulter, the flood that takes the life of little Annie Coulter, the lonely despair that drives the late carpenter Ernest Finley—to suicide, are chaotic eruptions, as are the hideous events which the radio and newspapers mechanically inform villagers and farmers: camps discovered by our armies in Europe; the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. It seems to Mat, when he hears of the destruction of the Japanese cities

that the years of violence have at last arrived at what, without his knowing it, they had been headed for, not by any human reason or motive or wish but by the logic of violence itself.

More than ever before, the relatively communal, unacquisitive life embodied in Mat's easy relationship with his tenant and in his care for and pleasure in his orchard and garden, newborn granddaughter and newborn lamb, seems menaced by the world's madness.

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The special music of *A Place on Earth* is stayed in my mind. But this pastoral almost intolerably slow moving, and is musically too sentimental for my taste. While Wendell Berry knows and shows that there have been violence and unbearable unhappiness in rural Kentucky, he is too intent on evoking a way of life antithetical to that of anxious self-seeking

and compulsive destruction. I liked the quirks and ribald eccentricities of such well-drawn characters as Jayber Crow, Old Jack, Big Ellis and Whacker Spradlin. But I wish there were one country feller hungry for power, and sufficiently clever to win high public office, and to astonish and frighten the home town with his acts.

are you so afraid of?" His attempts to extricate himself, with dignity and generosity toward all, from the charge of denying a birthright that in fact is not his, loses him the intimate attentions of his wife and the friendship of a fellow editor (a diminutive and one-man London Irgun) and shortly he finds himself the symbol of rabid anti-Semitism in the whole humane community. Similarly, Griffin's care to avoid any suggestion of a patronizing gesture in an encounter with a handsome young Negro woman earns him the maternal epithet that black power seems to have made peculiarly its own.

What Mortimer cannot recognize is a degree of malice lurking in the lesser breeds he is so eager to embrace. He goes blundering through the racial undergrowth, crying "friend, friend," and never sees a guerrilla until he has been zapped.

The other protagonist is a pseudonymous Greek known as Star Maker, who owns all of Hollywood and is steadily buying control of the world's communications industries. But power seems to be less the preoccupation of this enigmatic and curiously asymmetrical figure (his arms and legs are poor matches) than is the quest for immortality; and it

Man With a Marvy Lymph System

COCKSURE. By Mordecai Richler. Simon & Schuster. 250 pp. \$4.95.

ROBERT HATCH

was about to call *Cocksure* derivative, if the word is insufficient for the book's vacuity. There are in it patches of *Andy*, *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, *Lucky Jim*, the short stories of *Levi*, *Goldfinger*, and I have no idea what other fiction that Mordecai Richler has read and I have not. The book feels like a syllabus of satiric observations from about the period of World War I to the present.

There are two reasons, though, why its acquisitiveness should not be held a fault (that it may put some readers off is another matter). In the first place, it seems to be entirely deliberate. Richler is writing Pop fiction, and Pop is a style that draws, not from life but from the warehouse—its point is that it is second-hand. Beyond that, I think Richler is not much interested in creating plot and character—at least, he shows no sign of any such design. He has made his reputation over the past few years as a social critic of impressive acuity and singular good nature, and though he turns from time to time to fiction I could judge from *Cocksure* (I have not read his other novels) that he does not change the direction of his interest. He is in a hurry to document some of the more aberrant tendencies of our present and can work faster with prefabricated materials.

Like many of its sources, *Cocksure* is often a very funny book; it is also, being the most recent, more obscene than any of them. Indeed, it is so wildly indecent in spots that I should find it awkward were to indicate even the nature of the encounters described. For all that, the book is less erotic than *Mansfield Park*, and I take it to be one of Richler's principal charges that, from excess of permissiveness, clinical mindedness and generally indiscriminate experimental jizzling, the age has lost its sexiness. Isn't the most persuasive section of the book (though at moments absurdly hilarious), and a degree of stridency

makes me think that the author knows it.

The two other matters that principally engage *Cocksure* are the scrupulosity of the liberal ethic and the parasitic basis of large entrepreneurial activity. The hero of the first of these is Mortimer Griffin, editor for a small London publisher, whose Wasp superego is in pawn to the victims of prejudice. Disaster strikes Mortimer when, after a lecture he has given, one of his auditors comes forward to congratulate him as a fellow Jew. Griffin modestly denies the relationship, eliciting the predictable, "What

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soon becomes evident that he exploits his enormous staff in a shockingly direct way. His absorption of enterprises seems motivated primarily by a quest for ebulliently healthy potential donors, whom he binds to him financially and by the cannibalistic sentimentality that pervades really big business. A man very much of his times, Richler earns the good luck of his topicality. The recent heart transplant publicity has raised ghoulish speculations in precisely the area of Star Maker's solicitude for the organic welfare of his junior associates.

There are also several sub-themes, my favorite being that of Polly Morgan, a girl so drenched in the screen "medium" that her life, cinema style, tends to "cut" rather than to flow. Thus a guest, caught in her time pattern, may find himself blipped from the promise of cocktails to a stack of empty dishes suggesting a recently completed feast; and later in the

evening he may be unnerved by an abrupt transition from shy approaches to the sight of his hostess lying in bed, mussed and replete, and murmuring: "It was super for me, darling; was it super for you?"

The main themes and the subsidiaries are efficiently threaded together. Mortimer's son attends the Beatrice Webb school, scene of some of the more outlandish pornographic exploits, and he has attracted Star Maker's favorable attention because of what the old man calls his "marvy lymph system." He has also spent a night with Polly, hoping for some respite from the wars of social justice, but gaining little refreshment from the ellipses of her reality.

It is indeed a marvy book, an easy night's reading of riotous social terrorism designed to provide inoculation against the madness now seeping down the air shafts of all our bomb shelters.

characters or the thrust of the plot—*A Hall of Mirrors* the urban setting evoked with a brilliant sensory concreteness that is palpably true, and is also resonant of the psychic and moral anxieties which press upon the characters.

The novel's central character is Rheinhardt—we never learn his first name—an alcoholic, sometime classical musician of great but unfulfilled promise, who drifts into New Orleans as the book opens. Relying on his con man's gift for talk he eventually gets a job as an announcer on a right-wing radio station whose racist message furthers the sinister political ambitions of its millionaire owner.

Drenched in self-loathing and assault by alcoholic nightmares, Rheinhardt quiets his conscience by turning on the marijuana-smoking world of some near-beatnik types who live in his apartment house, and by wearily making love to a tough, unlucky bar girl whose desperate circumstances mirror Rheinhardt's own. Rheinhardt's nightmares are brilliantly described and prefigure the nightmare of violence and brutal madness at the political rally turned race riot with which the novel concludes:

The last dream went on in some littered darkness, a dim loft-like place—he was pressed into a glass booth the size of a coffin from which he could see a floor of worn wooden planks that was strewn with burned charcoal and wrapping paper. There were piles of coal and heaps of green sticks, rusted nails upright—and stretching into the darkness, rows of dusty glass display cases where shapeless artifacts lay covered with mold. . . . He kept trying to rise on his toes to test the top of the booth, but it was always higher than his head; he sank down, bending his knees to look at the planks of the floor and saw small bright-eyed animals with furred parabolic ears rising from their heads, who came forward in darts and rushes to peer in at him and pressed bare teeth and quivering nostrils against the glass walls. Cavies, he thought, they were called covies.

The essential qualities of this passage—its eerie vividness, its fine desperate intensity—are characteristic of the whole novel; and the nightmare fear of entrapment and savage attack which is projected here is the book's defining metaphor. If Rheinhardt is imprisoned from within, his girl Geraldine moves in the novel through a series of small enclosed places, tiny bedrooms, the dirty waiting room of a bar to which she retreats from a threatening lover, finally to the human steel closeness of the jail cell to which she hangs herself.

The cold damp links chilled the back of her neck, pressed at her throat. I'm there.

A Fearful & Mindless Violence

A HALL OF MIRRORS. By Robert Stone. Houghton Mifflin. 409 pp. \$5.95.

DAVID THORBURN

Mr. Thorburn teaches English at Yale University.

This remarkable first novel was one of the best works of fiction published last year. It received a good deal of attention in the daily press, but there is more to be said about it, primarily because it confronts with unique directness the fearful and mindless violence in which America is presently immersed.

In bare outline *A Hall of Mirrors* resembles dozens of similar books whose estimate of our circumstances is bleak and even despairing, whose central characters are maimed victims and sufferers, whose modern urban setting, as the

blurb (rather nicely!) puts it, "is that rootless one of the all-night tenth-run movie, the mission house lunch, the corner where everyone has to move on, buddy." But this novel is distinguished from the conventional *roman de malaise* as gold from dross.

Where in other superficially similar novels the despair seems forced or modish, in this one it is earned. Where other writers have been content with the abstract idea of the passive or suffering hero, Stone gives us characters whose weaknesses and deformities are projected with extraordinary and persuasive energy. Where in less successful novels the menace and violence and sordidness of the city are either indifferently rendered or are presented in descriptive set pieces—self-serving interludes really, which deflect our attention from the life of the

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Geraldine closed her eyes, took a breath, and kicked her bunk up against the wall; above her head the slack chain played out with a terrible sound, went taut, held. She stiffened with the shock; her fingers stretched in fear and pain over a dangling hem of cloth blanket beside her body.

Mistake, mistake, she thought. Nobody could want this. But she knew there was no mistake. It was very familiar.

At its core, this book is about the disease of violence which it takes to be the essential condition of American life. It sees that this violence is ubiquitous and inescapable, and that, like all true evil, it has a complex character. It has, for example, its bizarre, half-comic side:

Woody was holding her arm and talking slow—making the speech about the gun and how—talking real slow—he was gonna take that little old gun and stick the ever lovin' barrel right smack up against the top of her mouth and when he pulled the trigger her brains were going to smear the ceiling and so forth. It was one of his favorite lyric recitations and Geraldine always found it a little fascinating to hear.

It has, even, an aspect of gaiety:

The razors were [displayed] in concentric circles, or rather in a wide dazzling spiral that carried the eye graciously from one degree of craftsmanship to the next. Those on the perimeter were . . . modest . . . a man might conceivably use them to shave with. In the next circle, they were smaller, but much prettier. . . . In the deepest circles, the razors were altogether festive, merry with carnival colors, brilliant in riotous plastic—some had wooden finger grips for when the palm sweated; the cutting edges of the blades had a happy sparkle and looked wonderfully precise.

And it possesses also, at times, a sinister gentleness:

"You'll be all right, little one," the man said. She looked up at him then. He looked wise and kind. . . .

"Go ahead, little one." He kept holding the brass knuckles to her mouth; she could taste the sour brass afterward in dreams. "Move out."

He had the gentlest voice she could ever remember hearing.

Unpretentiously, and without resort to fable, this novel tells us that we are drowning in the inhuman and the violent; it confronts us with precisely those visions which paralyze one of its characters: "If he looked back, he thought, there might appear against the awful clarity of that evening some dreadful procession of things as they are. . . ." It is not a perfect book. One feels in

particular that its plot is somewhat contrived and that one of its central characters is less credible than the others. But these flaws barely affect the novel's power, its seriousness, its impressive authority as a kind of inspired report. It gives us things as they are, and with a lyrical evenness in which there is not a trace of surprise or even outrage.

This is what is most disturbing about the book. Stone's recognition of the violence and malignity which oppress his characters has about it something casual, something taken for granted. None of this is unusual or unexpected, the novel, in its pain, tells us; this is just the way things are.

And, more, unlike Mailer's heavy-handed allegory of brutality, *Why Are We In Vietnam?*, and unlike Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (where the violence is distanced as history), Stone's novel will not allow us to regard it as a metaphor; we are not protected from its insights by the comforts of analogy. In this book the people who feel compassion or human affection are pursued relentlessly. They are caught and destroyed. The places of power and authority are held by malignant and insane men. These men are the victors.

In its earned hopelessness, *A Hall of Mirrors* sees, and dramatizes with terrible

conviction, a truth which has afflicted men at all times but which presses upon us in this moment with particular intensity: that we are all prisoners, our humanity imperiled, and in the grip of monsters.

Thumb-Sucking

THEE: A Poem. By Conrad Aiken. Drawings by Leonard Baskin. George Braziller. 14 pp. \$5.

RICHARD EBERHART

Mr. Eberhart, who teaches at Dartmouth, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1966. His most recent book is *Thirty One Sonnets* (The Eakins Press). A new book of poems, *Shifts of Being*, will be published this year by Oxford University Press.

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poem. The ideas are extremely simple. It is a simple-minded poem, really a song not a prayer.

If it is a prayer the cleverness of Aiken is to use a word usually used to praise God or Christ, at least in Christianity, without going that far. He refuses outright religious commitment, deviating into aestheticism where he has always

dwelted. The poem idea, then, is schizothymic. It is modern in this sense. The **THEE**, then, is not God or Christ, to whom he does or does not pray, but if he does not pray, he celebrates. He celebrates everything—life and death, doubt, the spirit, "what fatal question" of the **THEE**, the ultimate eyes, breath and identity as prime terms thrown on the page.

He celebrates the mysteries of being. He does mention God once, as follows:

*Self-praise were then our praise of
THEE
unless we say divinity
cries in us both as we draw breath*

*cry death cry death
and all our hate
we must abate
and THEE must with us meet and mate
give birth give suck be sick and die
and close the All-God-Giving-Eye
for the last time to sky.*

The mystery of the poem is that the **THEE** is unknown, manifold. But it is not unknown, and is single. It is obvious that Aiken is sucking his own thumb. The solution is that Aiken is his own **THEE**.

Baskin's drawing of the morning-glories is delightful, but his representations of the human form are ugly. Aiken's lines are not.

PUBLICATIONS

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Gore Vidal's *Weekend* (Broadhurst Theatre) has some amusing quips about LBJ and Nixon ("anti," of course), a funny scene in which a conservative Southern lady attempts integral cordiality with a Negro couple, the slight "twist" being that the Negro couple is in almost every respect reactionary. Still, it is a trivial play; its topicality no deeper than a barber shop sun tan.

The situation Mr. Vidal offers is that a liberal Republican Senator makes his bid for the Presidential nomination at the moment when his son returns from study abroad with a black fiancée. The play's "switch" is that the Senator insists his son marry the girl (she is pregnant) even though the boy is reluctant to do so and had never seriously intended marriage. But instead of ruining the Senator's political career, the contretemps appears virtually to assure his nomination, since the polls indicate public enthusiasm for his liberalism.

The play is such a drummed-up affair that the normally sensible Joseph Anthony's direction shows signs of desperation. Obvious points are made embarrassingly more so by a hammering so energetic that I imagined it could be heard inside Sardi's restaurant across the street.

Nice performances are nonetheless provided by most of the cast, notably on the distaff side: by Rosemary Murphy as the Senator's wife, by Kim Hunter as the Senator's mistress (Miss Hunter is even more attractive now than she was ten years ago), and by Eleanor Wilson who is most entertaining as the simple-minded lady from Dixie.

I have on several occasions noted my pleasure at the City Center Joffrey Ballet. There is of course a special delight in such purely choreographic numbers as (Vivaldi's) *Cello Concerto* or in

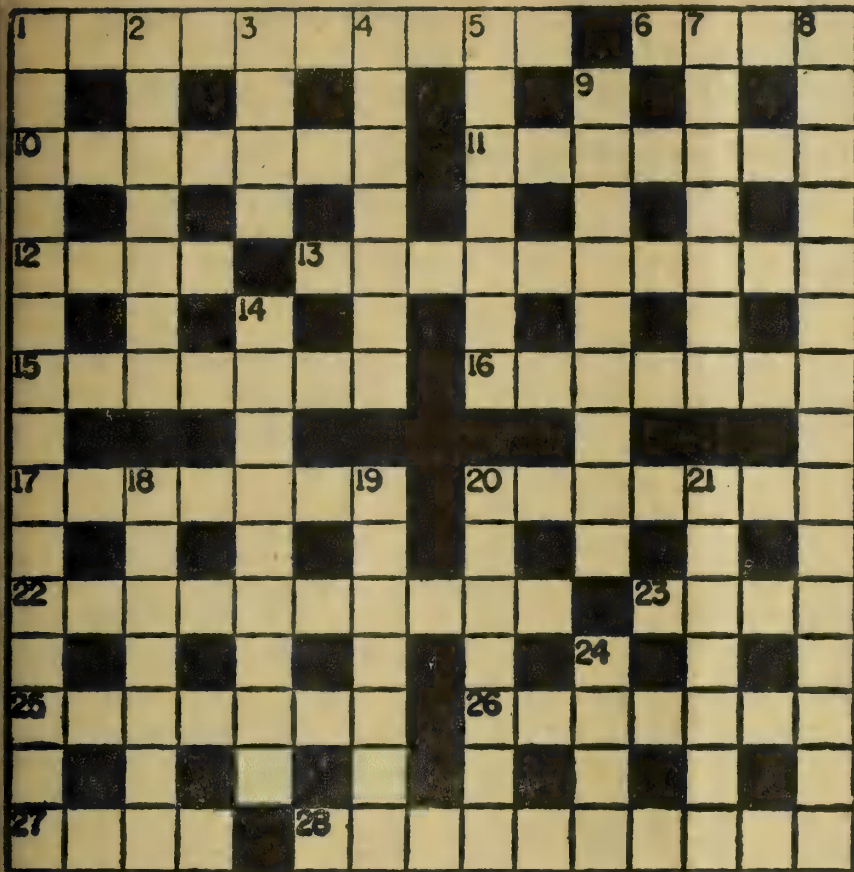
the *Donizetti Variations*. There is also great theatrical excitement in *Astoria* with its erotic drama—superbly carried out by Trinette Singleton of a beauty both tantalizing and disturbing, and by the proud and powerful Maximilian Zomosa—who move against a background of colored images slithering and melting in anticipatory or complementary replica of the stage movement. All of this is accompanied by the freewheeling rock and roll sound at once cacophonous and exhilarating. The piece offers agony and release, the whole being sort of extended epigram of tormented desire and ultimate liberation of the individual person amid the chaos of modern cars and the attendant machinery of the contemporary landscape.

The climax in this vein of theatrical symbolism is to be seen in a new number called *The Clowns*, with serial music rendered popular in the expert orchestration of Hershy Kay. Clive Barnes has interpreted this production as the struggle of those persons of good will in the holocausts of civilizations who arise from its debris, only to be destroyed again in an eternally recurrent cycle. It did not occur to me to interpret the piece at all—it may very well mean what Barnes says it does or something entirely different—but I was much taken with it as a visual stage phenomenon.

I enjoyed seeing these two ballets; they will bear repeated visits. I was also pleased by the few "boos" they provoked among those who resented the breach of ballet aesthetics, and the faint admixture of Music Hall sport in these numbers as well as in the humorous entertainments of the *Distractions*, choreographed by Lew Christensen to music by Joseph Haydn. Controversy and dissidence in the ballet world—regarded much too complacently by most of us—is a healthy sign.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1243

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Doesn't sound like one of the things that would fit into a square hole as a matter of course. (5,5)
- 2 The chances are someone is missing from 22. (4)
- 3 The female of the species, when it comes to such as Coccinellidae? (7)
- 4 Does it go well with a swagger stick? (7)
- 5 Slight hint, possibly. (4)
- 6 At the same time I'd be in the money and after more money! (10)
- 7 Richmond's state before its conqueror became a wanderer? (7)
- 8 Cheese at least one foot high this way? (7)
- 9 A spot around nearby? Calm down! (7)
- 10 He certainly shouldn't keep you from dropping off! (7)
- 11 Lodge with those who shouldn't be even there? (10)
- 12 It might take its turn at the opening. (4)
- 13 Last longer, like an overcoat? (7)
- 14 One might on the back, and wind up sort of reddish. (7)
- 15 An artist's subject, but just barely! (4)
- 16 The secret dupe of the oppressed? (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Who, for example, should refer to your mother or sister like this! (8,7)
- 2 Immortal. (7)
- 3 Little quantities of fish? (4)

- 4 Goat, but hardly recognizable as one that should pull something. (7)
- 5 Are they less likely to be colorful personalities? (7)
- 7 Certainly not the cheapest term of affection. (7)
- 8 By doing this does one get only half a loaf, or just extended musical fare? (10,5)
- 9 Spain's air, though hardly balmy, is too far south for them. (9)
- 14 Equal to a yard-plus as a mathematic variable. (9)
- 18 Studied the books, and listened to the speech? (7)
- 19 Make a big deal out of what was just a snap? (7)
- 20 Such as Tom in the woodyard? (7)
- 21 A place of high calling in religion? (7)
- 24 Pertaining to the force of poetry? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1242

ACROSS: 1 Subjective case; 9 Bramble; 10 Reagent; 11 Insets; 12 and 15 across Western saddle; 14 Sultana; 17 Saved; 19 Sterile; 21 Berating; 23 and 4 down Casualties; 25 Conduct; 26 Brigand; 27 Bank messengers.
DOWN: 1 Subtitles; 2 Brasses; 3 Embattled; 5 Variegated; 6 Coast; 7 Sheared; 8 Otis; 13 and 21 down Passing the buck; 15 Animation; 16 Enfilades; 18 Veranda; 20 Emulate; 22 Truck; 24 Obis.

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LETTERS

'there will be solidarity'

New York City

DEAR SIR: Jean Carper ["The Real Crime of Dr. Spock," *The Nation*, Mar. 11] puts her finger on one of the few encouraging factors in our whole situation today: "The government cannot tolerate the kind of rebellion Dr. Spock represents." Cannot tolerate it because of the dimensions of the threat.

For we are not going to allow Benjamin Spock and a few others to take the rap for the rest of us. There will be solidarity. May I call the attention of *Nation* readers to two possibilities, one small, the other larger, in which they might want to cooperate? David Mitchell is in jail right now for refusing induction because he insisted that "patriotic obedience in crime does not establish innocence"—the Nuremberg verdict on Goering. A benefit to help pay Mr. Mitchell's continuing legal expenses was held at the American Place Theatre, Sunday, Mar. 17. The larger matter is this. At Columbia University over 100 faculty members have signed a statement expressing solidarity with Columbia students who refuse induction. Those of us who helped draw up and distribute the statement recommend that the faculties of other colleges follow suit. Copies of our statement can be obtained from David Caplovitz, Social Research, 605 West 115th Street, New York 10025.

Eric Beniley

command performance

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: John Horn's column in the Mar. 11 issue of *The Nation*, as it referred to *Meet The Press*, contains some errors which are damaging and which I hope that you will want to correct:

(1) The President did not "order a command performance from a network." We had been trying for some time to get McNamara and Rusk for *Meet The Press* interviews, and when we heard that both might be available, we sold the White House on the program. *Meet The Press* was not commanded to do anything, nor do we accept commands.

(2) The President did not designate "in advance who shall sit on the panel." I picked the panel, as I always do, and when I had picked it, I told Bob Fleming of the White House who would be questioning. The panel was one we had already picked and announced for a program with General Taylor, except for Elie Abel of *NBC News*, who was substituted for Ronald Gorski of *NBC News*.

(3) I don't know what you mean when you say *Meet The Press* is "a controlled environment." Certainly there are a "limited number of reporters" and time limits the number of questions we can ask, but a reporter is always free to ask any question he desires and to press as hard as he wishes for an answer.

Lawrence E. Spivak

The phrase, "designating in advance who shall sit on the panel," was added to Mr. Horn's analysis on the basis of news reports published after his column was submitted to the magazine. We are glad to accept Mr. Spivak's statement that he alone selected the panelists. As to his other points, Mr. Horn comments as follows: "If there is any doubt about the President's ability to order a command performance as stated in the context of my column ('A mayor, governor or President does not make news so much as he is news'), it should be cleared up by the following two statements:

(1) The President seems to have, I believe, sufficient

(Continued on page 476)

EDITORIALS

Once More, With Blood

The massive retaliatory raid staged by the Israelis following a wave of Arab terrorist acts conducted from bases in Jordan has compounded the problems besetting the peace efforts of UN representative Gunnar Jarring. This seemed to be the main concern of the major powers when the Security Council met again in emergency session on the latest round of violence in the Middle East. Even before that outbreak, a negative response from the United Arab Republic had forced Ambassador Jarring to shelve a promising device whereby Israeli and Arab diplomats might have coexisted, if not actually conversed, at Mr. Jarring's headquarters in Cyprus. The flaring up of hostilities across the Jordan River reopened wounds that show exceptional resistance to healing.

The Security Council debate occasioned still another outpouring of emotional arguments on both sides, but the desire of all concerned to keep the Jarring mission alive (from lack of any alternative course) was reflected in efforts to obtain a unanimous resolution dealing strictly with the present incidents, and without touching upon the balanced set of principles given as a mandate to the Swedish diplomat. The large-scale Israeli attack, launched to wipe out bases of terrorist raids in Jordan, was condemned in severe terms in the resolution adopted by the Security Council; but the acts of provocation which had preceded the raid were not ignored completely, being deplored under the label of "violent incidents in violation of the cease-fire." This was the price for the affirmative vote of the United States, a price readily accepted by the Soviet Union, which supports the Arab position up to the point where it threatens a new eruption of armed violence. Nevertheless, the American and Russian representatives immediately after the vote gave diametrically opposed interpretations to the text that they had both approved.

Since the June war, this has become the pattern in UN decisions on the Middle East. Jordan and the U.A.R. go along with the equivocal approach, which is denounced violently by more extremist Arab governments like Algeria, and humorously by the representative of Saudi Arabia, Jamil Baroodi, self-appointed guardian of international morality and candid observer of "Emperor's clothes." (At a recent meeting of the Security Council, after Arthur Goldberg had demonstrated a knowledge of the Russian language, Mr. Baroodi exclaimed: "If the representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union begin to speak Russian to each other, God help us!")

The latest blood-letting has called attention to new and serious problems in the development of Arab terrorist groups and the methods which Israel has chosen to cope with them. There is no doubt that Israeli soldiers discovered on the east bank extensive evidence of para-military activity in locations alleged to be refugee camps or civilian villages, but it is less certain that a full-scale offensive against such bases will stop acts of terrorism and sabotage for any length of time. Much was made in the Council of the patriotic character of "acts of resistance to

occupation forces" and the abhorrent nature of official expeditions of reprisal. Some speakers had in mind World War II, some thought of anti-colonial liberation movements, some of Vietnam. These analogies tarnish the moral prestige of Israel. Localized responses to terrorism, on an approximately congruous scale, are more acceptable to the international conscience, and possibly as effective.

Yosef Tekoah, UN representative of Israel, implied that further raids would be met by further reprisals. Such a cycle of violence could hardly add to the security of the Jewish State. Furthermore, a repetition of the armed attack of March 21, while bringing UN sanctions into the realm of possibility, would make it more and more difficult for Jordan and the U.A.R. to move toward peace.

On the other hand, these governments, especially Jordan, cannot avoid the responsibility for and consequences of terrorist organizations they do not sponsor but refuse to disavow or curb, letting guerrilla warfare on a rising scale serve as a substitute for a policy. They must understand that, in the absence of any indication on their part of a readiness to move toward some acceptance of Israel, the latter's policy is bound to be based on force and military occupation as the only instruments available.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

The Great Cleavage

The cries of agony, the recriminations and counter-recriminations that resound through the land, the skipped heartbeats and the eyes looking fearfully over the shoulder—all these are signs of the New Politics. The Old Politics is being torn asunder, and many a politician knows not which way safety lies—or if there is any longer a locus of least danger.

The conflicts are within the parties, even within families. Between fathers and sons bitter contention is to be expected at such a time, but in *The Wall Street Journal* Alan Otten writes. "It's a commonplace at Washington cocktail parties and dinners to watch an influential Johnson aide or Johnson backer in Congress squirm while his wife blasts away at the President's Vietnam policy—and often at the President himself." And it's only April. What emotions may be expected to boil up as the weather and the campaign grow warmer!

Between the various opposing candidates there will be personal as well as political differences, in which Eugene McCarthy may be expected to play the most gentlemanly role and Lyndon B. Johnson the least. Both Johnson and the Kennedys have long memories; among the latter it goes back to Joseph P. himself, a dangerous and formidable enemy, as many a businessman had occasion to learn. So if you decide against Robert—whoever you are and wherever you may be—be sure that it will be noted and that the memory will still be fresh in 1972, when Kennedy will be only 46. As a hater, Johnson cannot be excelled. While Kennedy is dispassionate in public, the President is a poor dissembler when anger wells within him, as it does these days most of the time. By these two and by their cohorts, arms are being twisted, toe holds applied. And again the pressure is only beginning.

Sectional loyalties are disintegrating. In Texas ■ strong

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THE NATION

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candidate is running for Johnson's old Congressional seat under the slogan "Bring Lyndon home." Campuses are divided (but none is for Johnson as far as one can see). Labor is splitting, especially in California. Paul Schrade of Los Angeles, a district director of the 1.5 million-member United Automobile Workers, is the third prominent labor leader in that state to come out against Johnson. He and Gilbert Simonson of the United Packinghouse Workers are for Kennedy; Leonard Levy, a vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, is running on a slate pledged to McCarthy.

Money talks, but those who give it often squeal. In Washington, the bite is being put particularly on civil servants of Grade 15 and higher, with salaries ranging from \$18,400 up. They are being invited to a \$250-a-plate dinner on April 4. Some have always objected; this year the objections are more numerous and more vocal because of the Vietnamese horror. In some cases bargain rates are offered: five officials may pay \$50 apiece and share one plate. According to a *New York Times* report (March 26), one participant in a Maritime Administration meeting quoted the acting administrator of the agency as stressing the usefulness of keeping a "clean file." The administrator denies it.

Money is probably less of a problem for Kennedy than for Johnson, but politically the splits in one camp are matched by splits in the other. Richard Goodwin is still working for McCarthy, Arthur Schlesinger (no surprise) for Kennedy. And some of the Kennedy people in Washington are "loyal to Lyndon"—Orville Freeman, Stewart Udall, Averell Harriman, Nicholas Katzenbach, and of course Dean Rusk, who was trying to sweet-talk Vermont Gov. Phil Hoff into not endorsing Kennedy (Hoff did). And Sargent Shriver is going to Paris, far from the bivouacs along the Potomac. But it is best not to name too many names, for no one knows what the morrow will bring.

Nor are the Republicans united behind Nixon, although their divisions are less noisy. A coalition has been made up to seek alternatives—Hatfield, Percy, Lindsay, besides Rockefeller, who, if he takes a sane stand on Vietnam, may still cut the ground from under Nixon.

Even as recently as St. Valentine's Day, American democracy seemed to be somnolent, but who will say that now? The result no man can predict, but certainly the action should pump some health into the body politic.

The McCarthy Phenomenon

The emergence of Eugene McCarthy as a genuine contender for the Presidency is a once-in-a-lifetime political happening. He entered the contest purely on principle, and said himself that he had no thought of actually wresting the nomination from Johnson. All he proposed to do was to bring the issue of Vietnam before the American people and force a change to a policy befitting a civilized nation.

But the nation, especially some of its younger members, proved to be more civilized than the conduct of the Johnson Administration had led most of us to suspect. It was like drilling a water well, expecting to pump up a few gallons a minute, and hitting a gusher. If Wisconsin follows the lead of New Hampshire, a flood might start which

would actually sweep McCarthy into the White House. The odds are against it, but if it happens it will be a tribute to the sagacity and humanity of the American people.

Even if McCarthy loses, the significance of the showing he is sure to make is beyond exaggeration. What he has done is to start the conversion of the old parties, with their spurious appeals to the voters and their dominant interest in the spoils of office, into new national groupings revolving around national values that had been all but forgotten. McCarthy had intuition that this potential remained among a large proportion of the voters, and he had the courage to act on it—almost alone.

In this issue we feature an article by Dr. Grant McConnell that goes into this matter in more detail. The new issues have a "value" aspect that makes them awkward to handle through the old-style "economic" or interest-group type of coalition. Value issues, being essentially *moral*, cut right across and through all kinds of interest groups, as in the case of labor, part of which is for the war (war means jobs), part against (war means sending sons to die, and for what?). No less important, these new constituencies tend to be *national*, ignoring regions, sections, localities and even interest-groupings. So McCarthy, aware of this shift, is making an intelligent and conscious appeal to the new national constituencies.

He speaks to these constituencies quietly, sensibly, as if he respected them and expected them to respect him. Part of his base is the approximately 30 per cent of the voters, some independent and some affiliated, who are disenchanted with the leadership of both parties.

Whatever happens between now and the conventions, the McCarthy phenomenon is likely to be regarded in the future as one of those breakthrough campaigns of great interest to political scientists who search for significance amid the ephemera. He is doing, in a new way consonant with the changing times, what Al Smith did in 1928. Smith lost, but the coalition he put together sent Roosevelt to Washington and kept the country from falling apart. We are now witnessing another breakthrough—it had better succeed.

Put Spain on the Agenda Now

One factor that cripples democratic politics is that the mass media live exclusively in the present, exaggerating the salable triviality of the moment beyond all bounds of taste or reason. Consider the British import, Twiggy.

When it comes to serious matters, the opposite policy is followed. In 1953, we made a "defense pact" with Spain rather than a treaty, since the latter would have required Senate ratification. Under this pact we built four major bases, spent billions of dollars, made the Falange's position impregnable for the time being, created a pleasant life for our embassy people in Madrid, and buttered up Franco with ceremonial visits from Dean Rusk, Adlai Stevenson and other statesmen of note. The pact ran for ten years and was duly extended in 1963 for another five. It comes up for renewal or reconsideration in September of this year. From reading the newspapers or newsmagazines, who would know it? Presumably State Department officials at the appropriate desks are gravely weighing the pros and

cons, but as far as the media are concerned, the expiring pact does not exist. As one consequence, public opinion on the subject does not exist either, except among the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the Committee for a Democratic Spain, and a few other interested parties who, precisely because of their interest, are regarded with suspicion by ignorant Americans.

The September date should now be put on Senators' calendar pads, and the Foreign Relations Committee should be preparing to hold hearings on the matter. At home Franco is politically weaker than ever before; he may live another five years, but it is better than an even bet that within that period he will be politically dead. His troubles increase with every passing day. The ordinary Spaniard, who is possibly less afraid of death than the man of any other nationality, is speaking up louder and louder; legal defense in political cases is becoming bolder; elements of the Roman Catholic Church are in open rebellion. The whole Franco edifice is shaky, and what are our molders of public opinion doing about it?

The fraud of "nonintervention," underwritten by France, Britain and the United States, sealed the fate of the Spanish Loyalists and brought on World War II. Franco thereupon aligned himself—covertly at least—on Hitler's side. We no longer need the bases (if we ever did need them). After the H-bomb crash at Thule, and the loss of four similar bombs off Spain two years ago, the Pentagon is finally coming around to the view that the airborne alert is useless. If, despite these conditions and purely on the basis of obsessional "anti-communism," we give Franco another lease on life, and predictably at a higher price this time than last, we shall have proved that we are the world's greatest political suckers.

The Farce of the Year

By a vote of sixty-seven to one, with thirty-two abstaining, the Senate has finally adopted a code of ethics for its members, and for Senate employees earning more than \$15,000 a year. The single Nay vote was cast by Senator Aiken, who has a low tolerance for eyewash. He felt—and the terms of the resolution bear him out—that the code gives the impression of dealing with a problem that has bothered the Senate for a long time, but actually does no more than cover it up. After the Dodd affair, and by comparison with the tough talk when the ethics investigation was first projected, the outcome is ludicrous.

In some respects the situation is worse than it was before the resolution was adopted. Part of the problem was—and still is—that certain "gray areas" call for clarification. Many of these borderline activities have never been problems to the more scrupulous members of the body; they just didn't do such things. For example, should members of a Senator's staff—employees paid by the public—be used for campaign purposes, particularly for money raising in connection with campaigns? Many Senators regarded this as improper; for one thing it gives an unfair advantage to a Senator running for re-election against an outsider contesting his seat. But now the Senate has given its approval to the practice by declaring that if a Senator's employee makes \$10,000 a year or more he may partici-

pate in such activities. In other words, the key people may pitch in; only stenographers and such are barred.

Another point concerns the collection of money for non-campaign purposes. This has often presented more of a problem than campaign expenses per se, especially when such contributions come from lobbyists. Yet now the Senate has opened the door wide by stipulating that such panhandling is perfectly in order, as long as the contributions are used to defray travel expenses, TV appearances, printing and mailing of speeches, newsletters and reports to constituents (actually a form of electioneering), telephone, telegraph, postage, subscriptions, etc., in excess of official allowances. But for what other purposes could the Senator use such contributions legitimately? Presumably he is not given the money to buy roses and perfume for female members of his staff, or bonded bourbon for visiting constituents. In these respects the resolution actually lowers the existing informal or implied standard, enabling a Senator to do with assurance what was previously regarded as somewhat dubious if not downright improper.

What the resolution says about Senate staff "moonlighting" is probably as effective as can be expected, but this relates back to the Bobby Baker case, on which the Senate was substantially united from the start (how could it be otherwise?). But taking it in its entirety, about all that can be said for this enactment is that it is a first, small, timid, ineffectual step. The view that any straw should be grasped was what impelled Sen. Joseph S. Clark and other strong proponents of tough ethical standards to vote for it. Some felt the requirement that each Senator must file a copy of his income tax return and certain other data with the Controller General may have an inhibiting effect, despite the fact that the tax return may leave much to be desired on the score of disclosure, and that the documents will be held in a sealed envelope, to be examined only on a majority vote of the ethics committee. Such examinations, we may be sure, will be rare.

A Faculty Speaks

Bowdoin College's contribution of distinguished citizens to American life goes quite far back into the past—forgotten President Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne and Longfellow (both of the class of 1825), Gen. Joshua Chamberlain (hero of Little Round Top), explorer Robert Peary. The college abides peaceably amid the pine forests of Maine, a few miles from Winslow Homer's ocean. Last week, however—perhaps remembering that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been written by a Bowdoin professor's wife—more than 50 per cent of the Bowdoin faculty signed a statement pledging "support to those of our students who nonviolently resist a war which repels their consciences and ours."

The statement was not merely a product of "young faculty militants"; eleven full professors signed it. And while several colleges and universities have issued declarations of amnesty to students jailed as draft resisters, the Bowdoin group becomes the first faculty majority willing to risk prosecution for its moral support of students trapped in the dilemma which the Johnson Administration has created for them.

OFF AND RUNNING

What Works for McCarthy

W. DAVID GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a Massachusetts newspaper man and freelance writer.

Boston

One reason why Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy selected Worcester for his first major address in the Massachusetts primary campaign was that Joseph C. Casdin, the city's Mayor, had publicly endorsed him. At that time in February almost no one gave McCarthy a chance of winning Massachusetts' seventy-two delegates to the Democratic convention, and reporters covering the Worcester trip—well versed in the Bay State's Byzantine politics—speculated as to the Mayor's game. On the local level, to support Senator McCarthy in conservative Worcester was tantamount to committing political suicide. On the state level, Mayor Casdin was clearly defying the State Democratic Committee. And on the national level, backing Senator McCarthy would not help Worcester to obtain the federal favors that the city desperately needs.

On being questioned, Casdin said he was supporting Senator McCarthy as a "matter of conscience." When politicians make that sort of remark, reporters turn cynical—at least, they do so in Massachusetts where the typical politician, if he has a conscience at all, seldom follows it. Nevertheless, the reporters tended to accept the Mayor's explanation, because they could imagine no other. Casdin had nothing to gain and everything to lose.

In many ways, the people like Mayor Casdin who support Senator McCarthy's anti-war campaign in Massachusetts are even more interesting than the Senator himself. When McCarthy captured the Massachusetts delegation after President Johnson declined to enter his own name or to back a stand-in candidate, enthusiasm for McCarthy had been expected to peter out from lack of opposition and a clean contest. Exactly the opposite is happening. Senator McCarthy's supporters are more determined than ever, forming committees, sponsoring rallies, throwing art shows, canvassing voters door to door with increased vigor throughout the state. Indeed, they are working out their anti-war aggressions in activity that looks as much like therapy as campaign work.

McCarthy and his aides, coming from sparsely populated New Hampshire, were clearly surprised by the size of the Massachusetts crowds the Senator drew. At an afternoon rally in the Sidney Hill Country Club in suburban Boston, for instance, the Senator attracted some 2,000 persons. The great majority of them were suburban, middle-class housewives, many of whom had to hire baby sitters. A similar middle-class audience of 1,500 came to hear Senator McCarthy speak at Holy Cross College in Worcester. At both Holy Cross and the country club, the audiences were openly sympathetic to the Senator and his views against the war. The audiences responded to his

now famous "low-key" style in a low-key manner—polite but firm applause without cheering and whistling.

McCarthy's most vocal support is centered in the state's colleges, among both students and faculty. An indication of the depth of this anti-war sentiment occurred at Smith, where more than one-half the 2,300-member student body went on a liquid-diet fast to demonstrate anti-war sentiment there. A leader of the fast at this women's college said its purpose was "to dispel the conception of dissenters as self-interested draft protesters."

The President's refusal to run himself or to sponsor a stand-in candidate in the primary offended many students. Several of them phrase their feeling as follows: The Administration complains that many student demonstrations and anti-draft activities are unpatriotic and illegal. The students, however, now feel that they have no other recourse since the President turned his back on the democratic process when he ducked the primary.

"No large number of people has moved across the line into active opposition to the war," McCarthy said in Massachusetts, "but I think people are moving much closer to that line, to a point where they could become outspoken against the war."

That statement is a leitmotif that runs through the Senator's campaign, and the middle-class make-up of his Massachusetts supporters indicates that he may be right—than anti-war sentiment in the state has moved from the professional radicals and is now entrenched in broad segments of the population. In a recent referendum on the war in Concord, Mass., a conservative Republican town, nearly 40 per cent of the voters opposed the war. There are more than 150 active McCarthy for President Committees in communities across the state and his aides in Boston say that the only communities that aren't now covered by their own committees or by regional committees are small communities in remote areas.

The Cape Ann Regional McCarthy for President Committee is typical of the committees around the state. Beginning with a handful of persons in Gloucester in early February, it has grown to cover a cluster of cities and towns in the North Shore area of Metropolitan Boston. The towns with well-established McCarthy for President Committees send organizers into towns where the going has been slow. Joseph E. Garland, chairman of the Regional Committee, says there are no political professionals involved in the regional effort. Garland himself, a writer has never before been active in politics.

Hatred of the war is what holds all the volunteers together and there have been surprises among the people who have come into the group (William Bundy's sister-in-law is active in the campaign in one town; a woman from the South who likes George Wallace is so strongly opposed to the war that she is campaigning for Mc

arthy). It is impossible to type the volunteers—they come from different professional, ethnic and religious backgrounds. Youth is represented by a group of Brandeis students, who campaigned in New Hampshire. They are canvassing voters in a door-to-door drive and are bringing more “student power” from other campuses. On the other hand, a few volunteer workers are more than 70 years old.

The volunteer workers also cut across party lines. Some come from Republican backgrounds and admire Nelson Rockefeller, rightly or wrongly assuming that he will eventually take a dovish stand. As for Robert Kennedy, most had originally looked to him to lead the charge against the president and the war. When he at first balked at entering the primaries, they turned to McCarthy and now there is some resentment against the New York Senator and the Massachusetts politicians who remained aloof in the early days. Nevertheless, since most McCarthy supporters originally favored Kennedy, and since the war issue outweighs all other considerations, it seems likely that most McCarthy people in Massachusetts would be able to support Senator Kennedy if it comes to that.

Both the state and local McCarthy groups suffer somewhat from the absence of professional politicians. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the Democratic Party leader in Massachusetts, was at first committed to neutrality in the primary, and most of the political professionals followed his lead. In addition, Paul G. Counihan, McCarthy's state campaign manager, observes that professional politicians seldom get involved in a political venture unless there are spoils to be divided among the victors. There are not likely to be any spoils in the McCarthy campaign. Lacking professional experience, some of the local McCarthy groups have been floundering. They are poorly financed; few have headquarters or public meeting places; they have no patronage to offer; many lack direction; some are little more than anti-war forums. But the important thing is that there are so many of them.

The dearth of professionals tells on the state level, too. Political naiveté runs through the organization. One handbook prepared by the state headquarters, for instance, discusses at great length the best methods of conducting successful cocktail parties, coffee meetings and cheese parties. (A helpful suggestion for throwing a cocktail party: “You should make sure that someone who really knows how to mix drinks is in charge of the bar and that you order enough ice.”) Tucked away in the back of the handbook, almost as an afterthought, is a section explaining how to register voters.

Robert Kennedy's advice to his supporters to assist McCarthy means that political professionals are suddenly available in Massachusetts, but the McCarthy campaigners feel now that they don't need them and are continuing along as they would have done if Robert Kennedy had stayed out of the race.

State campaign manager Paul Counihan and Stephen Boulton, executive director of the campaign, have been struggling to weld the community committees and the state headquarters into a political machine. They are confident that as his campaign picks up momentum, the efficiency of the organization will improve on all levels. There



Albany Times-Union (Ben Roth)

"Tell Me Again, Harry, About Those 1948 Polls"

could be a problem here: as McCarthy picks up steam, he may find it more difficult to work out an amicable arrangement with Robert Kennedy.

The press has been an important factor in McCarthy's campaign. His exposure has been particularly good in Massachusetts, partly because of his campaigning in the Bay State and partly because the Boston television stations have sizable audiences in New Hampshire and devoted a great deal of time to his campaign there. His measured, low-key style wears well on television, particularly when he gets repeated exposure. He gets along with reporters, with whom he is candid and honest. He is accessible, mixes easily with the writers, and handles the inevitable inane question with aplomb. He obviously does not suffer from the press paranoia that plagues some of the other candidates.

McCarthy's often irreverent wit helps him. When he spoke at Holy Cross College, he compared the Johnson Administration with the Vatican, observing that he often detected "a hint of infallibility now and then in the Administration." He noted that the White House and the Defense Department often brought up the issue of heresy. "The real warning signal," he added, "will be when everyone in Washington begins speaking in Latin."

The largely Catholic audience roared and, in a way, the incident illustrated the changes that have been moving through the Catholic population in Massachusetts. A few years ago, such joking would have been thought near blasphemy in a state where old-line Irish politicians have been known to destroy other men's political futures by spreading the word that they had been seen eating meat on Fridays.

Among the Catholic voters of Massachusetts politicians are still often measured by the degree of their anti-Communist militancy. The Catholic population remains generally conservative on the Vietnam issue, but it has grown more relaxed about the Communist bugaboo. At Holy Cross, most of the faculty is against the war, although the editors of the student newspaper think that a majority of the students still support it. Nevertheless, some fifty students and faculty are working in a McCarthy for President

Committee. The conservative militants on campus are working for George Wallace. There is no Johnson for President committee, despite the fact that Holy Cross's most powerful and influential graduate is Joseph Califano, President Johnson's top aide.

While it is interesting to see who supports McCarthy in Massachusetts, it is equally interesting to see who does not support him. Many of the militant New Left groups in the Boston area are dissatisfied with his moderate proposals to de-escalate the war. Thus, most draft-card burners, militant student groups and professional radicals are not supporting him. Most SDS chapters in the Boston area are opposed to McCarthy.

"We don't have much support from organized labor," McCarthy said in Massachusetts. The comment was an understatement. When President Johnson decided to avoid the Massachusetts primary, Salvatore Camelio, president of the State AFL-CIO, withdrew from the state delegation in protest over McCarthy's capture of the delegation. Three other state labor leaders likewise pulled out. Reports circulated that George Meany, a loyal Johnson man, had talked to the state labor leaders before they withdrew.

Also resigning from the delegation was House Speaker John W. McCormack. The speaker comes from a "safe" district in Boston and, while there had been some talk of his running as the President's stand-in, his chances of winning a state-wide race were remote. A defeat in the primary would have certainly stepped up the efforts already under way in Congress to replace the 78-year-old speaker.

Another who withdrew from the delegation was state Senate Pres. Maurice A. Donahue, whose gubernatorial aspirations would have received a tremendous boost if he could have gotten his name on the ballot as Johnson stand-in. Actually, Donahue had been approved for the role of ghost, and he had dusted off his favorite hawk speech. At the last minute, however, the President withdrew his support. Donahue then pulled out from the delegation, saying: "It would be senseless to engage in a campaign where there really is no contest." He neglected to mention that he faced a stiff primary fight in his home district. His opponent was John Fitzgerald, a young and attractive anti-war candidate who was wounded and decorated for bravery in Vietnam.

Most vociferous of all was state Sen. Joseph E. Ward of Fitchburg, who threatened to go to the Democratic convention and vote for President Johnson as "an act of civil disobedience," although the entire delegation would be committed by law to vote for McCarthy. When the deadline for withdrawing from the delegation came, however, Senator Ward quietly took his name off the ballot. He, too, faced a stiff fight in his home district. He was just one of scores of Democratic politicians who were left holding the bag when Johnson decided to avoid the primary. Many feel they were abandoned by the President.

In turn, the President must have felt abandoned by Sen. Edward Kennedy, who declined to run as a stand-in. The irony for Senator Kennedy now is that he supported the legislation that established the Presidential primary in the first place. This had been enacted with the idea of sewing up the entire Bay State delegation for Robert Kennedy.

Kennedy in Disneyland

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Robert Kennedy's first campaign foray into California over the weekend of March 23 was an immense success. This was conceded in all quarters, and he left the state amid serious speculation by political leaders that he may indeed break the eighty-four-year-old dictum that an incumbent President cannot be toppled by his own party.

From the time he landed in San Francisco and swept through a series of appearances between there and Los Angeles, Kennedy was greeted by large and frenzied crowds. At the San Francisco airport, police had difficulty controlling a thousand people who surged around the Senator, and the scene was repeated the next day at the International Airport in Los Angeles, where several persons were knocked down in the rush toward Kennedy. His caravan required two hours to travel from the airport to the Old Plaza in downtown Los Angeles, where he spoke to a predominantly Mexican-American crowd of 5,000. Traffic was stalled in all directions leading to the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, where Kennedy made his third appearance of the day in Los Angeles. Six thousand peo-

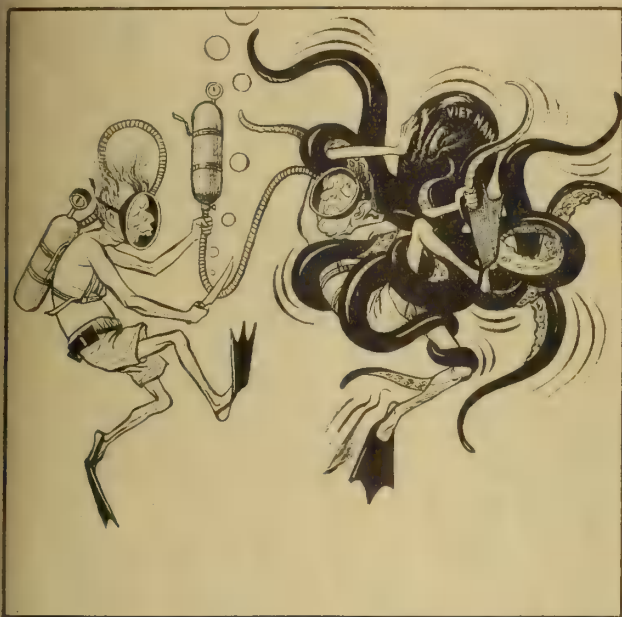
ple crowded into the 4,500-seat outdoor arena, with an estimated 3,000 more outside; next day he drew a cheering crowd that police estimated at 20,000 at a State College campus in Los Angeles. It was here that Kennedy said, in answer to a question, that he would not reopen the Warren Commission investigation into his brother's assassination, if he were elected President. Later a wildly cheering audience of 5,000 Negroes jammed an intersection in the Watts ghetto to hear him speak.

On his California swing, Kennedy's theme was crisp and clear: close the gap between white and black, between rich and poor, between young and old—and end the war in Vietnam. As he entered the Central Valley, Kennedy said: "It is indecent for a man to have to work with his hands and with his back in the valleys of California with no hope of sending his sons to college."

Kennedy's ability to attract crowds and to stir them to sustained peaks of enthusiasm was evident at every appearance he made in California, but there were pockets of dissent. A small number of supporters of Sen. Eugene McCarthy met him at the Los Angeles airport, bearing placards reading "Stay clean with Gene," and he was heckled briefly by a cluster of the right-wing Young Ame-

ans for Freedom. At the San Francisco airport, a few Peace and Freedom Party members distributed leaflets describing Kennedy as a synthetic peace candidate. Peace and Freedom leaders fear that many of their party's members under the magic age of 30 will in this time of defection, defect to Kennedy.

The Senator from New York predicted that if he wins the June 4th primary in California, capturing the state's 72 national convention delegates, "we will win in Chicago and we will in November." California Assembly speaker Jesse H. Unruh, who is directing Kennedy's California campaign, is confident that he can outrun both McCarthy and Johnson in the state, even though the two senators will divide the peace vote. And a decisive Ken-



Macpherson, Toronto Star

nedy win here would weaken the already shaky allegiance of party leaders to President Johnson across the country. The day Kennedy arrived in Los Angeles the latest Gallup poll reported that he was the choice of 44 per cent of the nation's Democrats for the Presidential nomination, with Johnson lagging four points behind. This deepened the pessimism that besets party regulars in the state.

Kennedy came to California during a period of psychedelic confusion in the state's Democratic Party. A day earlier, Mayor Samuel W. Yorty of Los Angeles, just back from a New York chat with Richard Nixon, announced that he would not seek the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate. Yorty, who from his strategic post in Los Angeles has been urging an escalation of the war in Vietnam, offered a curious reason for his decision: "I want to tell the American people the truth about the peril to this country," he said. "I think as Mayor of the city of Los Angeles I can do it better than I can as a candidate."

Pro-Johnson (although the President is not sufficiently hawkish to suit the Mayor), but still more pro-Nixon, Yorty, who endorsed Nixon over John F. Kennedy in 1960, will likely support him again if he is nominated.

Yorty may foresee that a Nixon administration would call him to higher duty, and this may explain the unsolicited advice he has been giving Gov. Ronald Reagan. Yorty coupled his decision not to run with a statement urging Reagan to forget his Presidential aspirations, to concern himself solely with state problems and to promptly endorse Nixon. (Yorty has brushed aside similar advice in the past. One Los Angeles city councilman told him that "he had made a great mistake" when "he decided to concentrate his efforts on the problems of Southeast Asia rather than upon those of the city of Los Angeles.")

The Mayor and the Governor are friends, but not friendly enough for Reagan to suppress his own ambitions in deference to Yorty's presumed ambitions. Reagan, who is convinced that anything is possible in a country in which he could be elected governor of the largest state, has looked upon himself as the ideal compromise candidate to break a Nixon-Rockefeller deadlock in Miami. When Rockefeller made his unexpected contribution to this season of spectacular political surprises by refusing to enter the primaries, Reagan had to reassess his strategy. At this point, helping Nixon is not part of the Governor's reassessment.

Robert Kennedy's candidacy has produced no signs of unseemly defection in the McCarthy campaign. McCarthy's quiet manner, his avoidance of bombast and his obvious courage have evoked a protective loyalty from those around him. His attraction to California liberals is similar to the feeling that Adlai Stevenson aroused and for much the same reasons.

The same cannot be said of the stand-in Johnson slate led by Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch. Many delegates who were loyalist before Kennedy took off are redefining the term to conform with their new political visions. State Sen. Al Song, Southern California Democratic party chairman, is on the pro-Johnson delegation, but he has announced he will work for Kennedy. Mrs. Song and the wives of four other state legislators on the Lynch slate have joined the New Yorker's delegation. Former Gov. Edmund G. Brown, who is supporting the President, concedes that ten to fifteen members of the Lynch delegation will switch to Kennedy if a bill to permit this, now pending, is passed by the legislature. The defections may be much greater than he anticipates.

The California Democratic Council, with 25,000 to 30,000 activists, is the main force behind McCarthy in the state. The CDC put together an anti-Johnson peace slate before McCarthy announced, and then adopted him to lead it into the June primary. Two former presidents of the CDC are supporting Kennedy. Alan Cranston, founding president of the organization, resigned from CDC two years ago when Simon Casady, then CDC president, publicly attacked the war and Johnson. Cranston, running for the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate, has now come out against the war, but he will not take sides in the primary battle among Johnson, Kennedy and McCarthy. Cranston said, "I respect what all three are doing." As the weeks roll on, the mood in California is likely to heat up a good bit beyond that tone of bland amiability.

Capsules of Salvation

THEODORE ROSZAK

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At the bohemian fringe of the disaffected youth culture, all roads lead to dope. The drug experience emerges persistently as the common denominator of the many protean forms this counter culture has assumed over the past decade or so. Correctly understood (which it seldom is), the drug experience participates significantly in youth's radical rejection of the parental society. Yet the frantic search for a narcotic nirvana can destroy many of the young, as well as all that is most valuable in their rebellion.

If one accepts the proposition that the counter culture is, essentially, an exploration of the politics of the nervous system, then drugs fall into place as one, but only one, possible way to conduct that exploration. It becomes a limited chemical means to a greater psychic end: the reformulation of the personality upon which social ideology and culture generally are ultimately based.

That was the spirit in which, at the turn of the century, figures like William James and Havelock Ellis experimented with hallucinogenic agents. The prospectus of these early experimenters—James using nitrous oxide and Ellis the newly discovered peyote (on which James was able to achieve only stomach cramps)—was highly enthusiastic with respect to the cultural possibilities that might flow from an investigation of hallucinatory experience. Ellis, reporting to the Smithsonian Institution in 1898 on his introduction to the "saturnalia for the specific senses," observed that:

If it should ever chance that the consumption of mescal becomes a habit, the favorite poet of the mescal drinker will certainly be Wordsworth. Not only the general attitude of Wordsworth, but many of his most memorable poems and phrases cannot—one is almost tempted to say—be appreciated in their full significance by one who has never been under the influence of mescal. On all these grounds it may be claimed that the artificial paradise of mescal, though less seductive, is safe and dignified beyond its peers.

James, who, as a pragmatist philosopher and behavioral psychologist, had a vested interest in the standard academic forms of cerebration, was even more candid in hailing the importance of the nonintellectual powers he had not only tapped directly through narcotics but had surveyed extensively in his ground-breaking study, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*:

... our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness; whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. ... No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. ... They forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality.

When, some fifty years later, Aldous Huxley and Aldous Watts undertook psychedelic experiments that were destined to have far greater social influence than those of Ellis and James, the investigations were still characterized by the same controlled samplings and restrained observations. Once again, the object was to gain a new, internal perspective on certain modes of consciousness and religious traditions that a narrowly positivist science has swept into an outsized pigeonhole labeled "mysticism"—meaning "incomprehensible," "meaningless."

The proposition that Ellis and James, Watts and Huxley were testing has always seemed to me wholly sensible. The province of science is the disciplined examination of human experience, then abnormal (or transnormal) states of consciousness must also constitute a field of scientific study. As James had contended, the mystics, by relating their insights to direct personal experience, would seem to qualify as rigorous empiricists. Why then should their experience and the knowledge that appears to flow from it be screened out by science as somehow illegitimate? Is perhaps the case that the mystics, in accepting the fullness of human experience, have been more truly scientific than the conventional scientist, who arbitrarily declares that only a limited range of consciousness deserves attention? Such a prejudice would seem all the more untenable now that artificial chemical agents provide discriminate access to these transnormal forms of consciousness. Why should they not be used as a kind of psychic depth charge with which to open up courses of perception that, given the entrenched cerebral habits of Western intelligence, have become severely log-jammed?

I doubt that anyone could have predicted what a wretched aftermath these pioneering experiments were to have. It is only by hindsight that we are now in a position to comment caustically upon them. But it is easy enough to see what went wrong.

Both Huxley and Watts drew the analogy between drugs and such exploratory devices as the microscope. The hallucinogens were to function as a lens through which the shadowy layers of consciousness could be studied. But the microscope in the hands of a child or the laboratory janitor provides nothing but a kind of barbarous and superficial fascination. Drugs can perhaps be made to yield significant knowledge at the command of a mature and cultivated mind, but the experience has, all of a sudden, been laid hold of by a generation of youngsters who are pathetically acultural and who have brought nothing to the experiment but a vacuous yearning. In adolescent rebellion, they have thrown out the corrupted culture of their elders and, along with that soiled bath water, the very body of the Western heritage. At best they do so in favor of exotic traditions they only marginally understand; at worst, in favor of an introspective chaos in which the seventeen or eighteen years of their own unformed life float like atoms in a void.

Some minds are too small and too young for such psy-

chic adventures, and the failure to recognize this fact is the beginning of disaster. There is nothing whatever in common between a man of Huxley's experience and intellectual discipline sampling mescaline, and a 15-year-old tripper whiffing airplane glue until his brain turns to oatmeal. The prospect held forth by drug experimentation—that of consciousness expansion—has proved abortive at the level of disaffiliated adolescence. Dropped into amorphous and alienated personalities, dope has precisely the reverse effect: it diminishes consciousness by way of fixation. The whole of life comes to center despotically on one act, one mode of experience. Whether or not pot, acid and speed are addictive remains moot—largely because of the ambiguity of the term “addiction.” Are fingernails addictive? We all know people who bite them constantly and compulsively. Is chess addictive? There are players who will go without food or drink rather than abandon the board. Is Julie Andrews addictive? In London there is a lady who, incredibly, has seen every performance of *The Sound of Music*.

The Drug Life

What is obvious is that the drugs are a hangup which too many of the young can't shake. It is not that they have all become hopheads; it is rather that, at the bohemian fringe, they are trying strenuously to inflate dope to the size of an entire culture. The vice is typically American: start with a gimmick; end with a *Weltanschauung*. Madison Avenue's strategy of strategies: don't just sell them a new can opener; sell them a new way of life.

Here follows an example of how the dimensions of “expanded consciousness” envelop the hippest versions of the underground press. (In this case, an issue of the Southern California *Oracle*—but the point could be made with any number of other underground journals.) The art throughout is officially psychedelic: melting, soft-edged, bejeweled . . . not good but official. The lead article is an interview with Timothy Leary, on the topic (what else?) of LSD. The substance is slight and the ideas are garbled, but the tone is pontifical and the piece strings together all the right slogans.

Comes next a feature by a local “philosopher-ecologist” who has permitted the *Oracle* “to plug a tape recorder into his frontal lobe for a view of paradise as he perceives it.” It begins, “When I turned on once in Yosemite with 250 micrograms of acid. . . .” Then another interview, this time with a rock star (again, “a tape-recorded probe of his lobes”) about “How I Get High.” Next, the first of a new series on “Ecstatic Living” which is described as “insights gleaned from a three-year creativity study conducted in Mexico under the sponsorship of Sandoz Company, makers of LSD-25”—which is in about the same category as research in international relations under the sponsorship of the CIA. The subtitle is “Your Ecstatic Home—cheap ways of changing your home to reflect the changes in your consciousness.” It advises:

Everyone should invest in a little electric motor of the kind that revolves things from the ceiling. Then you can take a large tin can and puncture it with holes and cause it to revolve around a light bulb . . . it shines little bits of starlight all over the room. In addition . . . we

might also have a little revolving stage of the kind you see in jewelry store windows. . . . Cover this with any visionary object. For a list of visionary objects, you can read Huxley's classic *The Doors of Perception*.

The science department reports on how *not* to catch hepatitis—a disease widespread among users of speed. (It comes from contaminated needles.) The tone of this piece is hip-avuncular:

. . . doing your thing doesn't have to include dumping bad Karma on your soul-brothers. Don't touch food or drink or prepare it, without first thoroughly washing your hands, especially if you've just been to the john. . . . You can even afford to get up tight about it, especially if your home is of the tribal kind.

My pretribal father used to phrase this piece of folk wisdom as “You wash up before you sit down at this table!” But I remember being about 5 years old at the time.

The issue closes with recommended reading (“books to expand your consciousness”), a page of ads for psychedelic posters, and an Art Nouveau back page of boy and girl in sexual congress below a curvaceous “LOVE.”

The letters columns of the underground weeklies are cluttered with new narcotic brews, some of them blood-curdling. Editorials blow up narcotics laws and the dodging police into the alpha and omega of politics. The advertising betrays the fact that the journals have grown progressively more dependent on a local hip economy, most of whose wares—clothing, light shows, rock music and its clubs, posters, electronic strobes, jewelry, buttons, bells, beads, black-light glasses, dope pipes and assorted “head equipment”—are designed to be perceived through a narcotic haze, or at any rate go a long way toward glamorizing dope, deepening the fascination or the need.

“Decadent” is the word used to describe such fastidious immersion in a single small idea and all its most trivial ramifications, such precious efforts to make the marginal part stand for the whole of culture. And decadence, unhappily, is the quality that a substantial segment of the youth culture is currently assuming.

Crime and Sanctity

If the narcotics hangup were no more than the symptom of cultural impoverishment, things would be bad enough. But one must complete the grim picture by adding the sweaty, often vicious and, in a few instances, even murderous relationships that inevitably grow up around any illegal trade. Money is still what it takes to survive in an urban environment, even if one is only eking out a subsistence. And dope, with its subsidiary merchandise, is what brings the money into the East Village and Haight-Ashbury. In a perceptive series on the Haight-Ashbury dope commerce written for *The Washington Post* (October 15 to 29, 1967), Nicholas Von Hoffman was forced to the unhappy conclusion that, whatever else they may take themselves to be, the hippies constitute “the biggest crime story since prohibition.” The account he has to offer is far from pretty. Even if the majority of flower children manage to steer clear of the most cynical and criminal aspects of the trade, their communities have nevertheless become a market increasingly dominated by entrepreneurial interests that have about as much concern for expand-

ing consciousness as Al Capone had for arranging Dionysian festivals.

To be sure, the authorities with their single-minded determination to treat narcotics as a police problem, and the mass media with their incorrigible taste for simplification and sensation, are both to blame for turning the psychedelic curiosity of the young into ugly and furtive channels. But the young bear a primary responsibility for letting themselves be trapped in the vicious ambience that the dominant society has created. On their own terms, they are old enough to know better than to let themselves be driven into the same bag with drug merchandisers who are only the criminal caricature of the American business ethos, and who will scarcely be reformed by being given docile new populations to exploit.

Beyond this, it is no easy matter to pin the blame for the narcotics obsession. Dope has been touted, in the post-war period, since the days of the San Francisco beats, and by now the number of those who have added to its luster is legion. Still one figure—Timothy Leary—does stand out especially as the promoter, apologist and high priest of dope. When one asks how far dope can conceivably be pushed toward becoming a total and autonomous culture, Leary emerges as the chief strategist of that lamentable campaign.

Word has it that, as of the last six months or so, Leary no longer enjoys the highest repute among the hip young. Where fashions, jargon and personalities are concerned, the youth scene is as fickle as the garment trade—though who, besides the mass media, determines these comings and goings of favor is a mystery. Perhaps, it is in beat-hip bohemia as in show business: too much exposure hurts. And Leary, over the past two years, has invited lethal amounts of exposure, far more than he could service with his limited repertory of ideas.

Moreover, there has been more than a touch of fraudulence (though perhaps self-convinced fraudulence) about Leary in recent years. In December, 1965, still more the off-beat academic psychologist than the full-blown swami, Leary was caught smuggling 2 ounces of marijuana across the Mexican border. The sentence which still hangs over him for this innocuous transgression is absurdly severe: thirty years imprisonment and a \$30,000 fine. With his academic career already washed up (he had been fired by Harvard in 1963) one can perhaps hardly blame Leary for grasping at the best legal straw available to him, namely, to draw the protective cloak of religious freedom over his inept violation of the narcotics law. Such interpretation of Leary's recent behavior may be too cynical, but the fact remains that, while he has been a much publicized pioneer in the field of psychedelic research for some five or six years, it is only since his arrest in 1965 that he has blossomed forth in any public way as a self-proclaimed "visionary prophet." The first "psychedelic celebration" of his League for Spiritual Discovery was held in September, 1966, within six months of the time when his lawyer proposed that Leary's narcotics conviction be reversed as a violation of religious freedom.

But even if Leary's psychedelic cult began as a legal gambit, it need not be contemptuously dismissed. Psychiatry recognizes a condition of mind called Ganser's syndrome—or the syndrome of approximate answers. It de-

scribes the behavior of people who seem to be faking insanity, but faking it so well that they eventually take on their insane role for keeps. In a sense, they calculatedly drive themselves mad. In Leary's case, "madness" has assumed the mantle of the divine, but it seems to involve the same process of systematically losing oneself in an eccentric identity. Whatever the explanation for the recent turn in Leary's career, the change has been of great significance for the development of our youth culture. For it is Leary who has managed to embed the younger generation's psychedelic fascination solidly in a religious context. The connection which far more gifted minds had discovered between the drug experience and visionary religion is finally being retailed by Leary to masses of teen-agers and college students.

Revolution through Nirvana

There is no way to tell whether Leary has turned on more boys and girls than novelist Ken Kesey, creator of the "acid test" during the early sixties. Both can claim a notorious success at the specialty act of organizing mass, public "trips." But Kesey's sessions were mainly fun and games: LSD served up in a heady brew of amplified rock bands, strobe lights, and free-form dance. The intention was, at best, aesthetic. Leary, on the other hand, preferred to come on during his LSD camp meetings with all the solemnity of the risen Christ, complete with white cotton pajamas, incense and the stigmata of his legal persecutions—though light and sound effects were still part of the act. (So were high admission prices: up to \$4 per seat.) Doubtless the psychedelic fascination would have spread among the young, though more slowly, without the proselytizing of Kesey and Leary. But Leary, appearing at just the ripe moment and gaining access to thousands of adolescents, has been the figure primarily responsible for impressing upon vast numbers of young and somewhat addled minds (which do not easily hold more than one idea at a time) the primer-simple notion that LSD has "something" to do with religion. And it is that notion—even if imperfectly grasped—which makes the narcotics hangup of the young a great deal more than another naughty vice.

When the flaming youth of the twenties took heavily to bootleg liquor, it was in no position to reach for metaphysics to legitimize its bad habits. For the contemporary young, however, dope carries the justification of esoteric wisdom, and they defend its uses with pious fervor. Leary has taught them that getting turned on is the sacred rite of a new age. They know, if only vaguely, that somewhere behind the forbidden experience lie rich and exotic religious traditions, occult powers, salvation—which, of course, the adult society fails to understand, and indeed fears. By way of a mystic religiosity, Leary has succeeded in convincing vast numbers of the young that dope is "a sacrament that will put you in touch with the ancient 2-million-year-old wisdom inside you," that will help you "get back in tune with God's harmony," that will free you "to go on to the next stage, which is the evolutionary timelessness, the ancient reincarnation thing that we always carry inside."

But the promise of nirvana is not all. LSD also moves

in mysterious ways to achieve the social revolution. When Leary is criticized, as he frequently is, for preaching political quietism, his critics are told that they overlook the fact that his pitch to the young makes ambitious political claims:

The last few years I've been advising everyone to become an ecstatic saint. If you become an ecstatic saint, you then become a social force. . . . The key to the psychedelic movement, the key to what's going on with the young people today, is individual freedom Liberals and left-wing people, Marxists, are opposed to this individual pursuit. . . . They're attempting to wash out these seed-nific energies. We do go into action on the political or social chessboard to defend our individual internal freedom. . . . We're trying to tell the youngsters that the psychedelic movement is nothing new. . . . The hippies and the acid heads and the new flower tribes are performing a classic function. . . . The empire becomes affluent, urbanized, completely hung-up in material things, and then the new underground movements spring up. . . . They're all subversive. They all preach a message of turn-on, tune-in, drop-out.

So, one is to believe, dosing on LSD and going underground is enough to transform society and reroute the course of history. At his psychedelic arcadia in Millbrook, N.Y., Leary is, despite all appearances to the contrary, in the vanguard of the revolution. "It will be an LSD country within fifteen years," he predicts. "Our Supreme Court will be smoking marijuana within fifteen years. It's inevitable, because the students in our best universities are doing it now. There'll be less interest in warfare, in power politics. You know, politics today is a disease—it's a real addiction."

Universe of Dope

The "psychedelic revolution," then, comes down to the simple syllogism: change the prevailing code of consciousness and you change the world; the use of dope *ex opere operato* changes the prevailing mode of consciousness; therefore, universalize dope and you change the world.

When the promise of so much gets tied into the opportunity for unlimited free sexuality—which is a basic aspect of Leary's cult—is it any wonder the alienated young go for it headlong? "CAN the World Do Without LSD?" asks a feature in *The East Village Other*. "Here's where those who have and those who have not had LSD part company—at least as far as knowing what the subject under discussion is Can a person be human without LSD? Or, let us say, without THE PSYCHEDELIC experience? The answer, as far as writer of this article can see, is a highly qualified, cautiously rendered, but emphatic, definitely NOT. BUT" (One breathes a sigh of relief for the qualifying "BUT." Perhaps after all, there is some special dispensation through which Socrates, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Tolstoy and the like may be granted their humanity.) "BUT, the psychedelic experience is not tied exclusively to LSD. There are at least five other effective psychedelic drugs." (No such luck.)

When the claims of psychedelia take on such proportions, one is surely justified in digging in one's heels and registering heated protest. But dope is not simply an excrescence that can be surgically removed from the youth culture by indignant rejection. Leary and his followers



Cover design by Spain

"The East Village Other"

have succeeded in entrenching it within such a lore and *mystique* that it now seems the very essence of that politics of the nervous system in which the young are deeply involved. And this is ironic because one could make an excellent case that the revolution which Leary purports to be leading is pure illusion.

Viewed in wider context, the quest of the young for visionary adventures begins to look like the symptom of a much larger social development in which their rejected elders also participate. For the fact is that the whole of contemporary society is well on its way to becoming distressingly drug dependent. At a meeting of the World Psychiatric Association held in London during November, 1967, it was revealed that Great Britain, which is not nearly as advanced in this respect as America, consumed a "staggering total" of more than 43 million prescriptions for psychotropic drugs in a recent three-year period. And this total did not include the tranquilizers, anti-depressants and sedatives used in general and in mental hospitals or in private practice but only those dispensed under the National Health Service.

Speaking on the subject, Dr. William Sargent concluded that drugs were becoming the standard technique for dealing with anxiety and emotional disorder, largely replacing psychotherapy, psychoanalysis or, needless to say, any attempt to alter the environmental factors that generate the suffering. The largest single group in this increasingly drug-dependent population was identified, not as rebellious adolescents but as older women.

Thus, adjustments and functions that used to be left to the unaided human organism—sleeping, waking, relaxing,

sexual potency, digestion, elimination—are being turned over to an expanding repertory of artificial concoctions. Old-fashioned organic processes are not measuring up to the demands of contemporary civilization; whatever it is that we are designing our environment for, it isn't the human being. But the most convenient way to meet such an unlivable state of affairs without thwarting "technological progress" is to patch up the organism with pharmacological bandages.

Happiness Pills

Within this framework, grass, acid and speed assume a different significance. If society is committed to solving its organic problems with chemical agencies, then why should the line be drawn at the so-called "consciousness expanders"? Why not a pill or a needle to provide temporary emotional and perceptual liberation? "Speed" is nothing but a slightly different form and dosage of benzedrine, which legions of harried students and fatigued executives take without qualms to ward off drowsiness. No question has been raised in any quarter about the professional use of LSD by therapists and researchers. In each case, the public objection and the legal authorities, I suspect, are reacting at least in part from an honest concern for the health hazard involved when the drugs are used without some knowledge and discipline. The drugs are potent and the concern is legitimate. Even the underground press has begun to spread the word that "speed kills." The objection to pot is, as many impeccably straight individuals and groups have already admitted, inconsistent in a society that allows free use of alcohol.

But if the spectrum of drugs on which our society is willing to become dependent has been interrupted at marijuana, LSD and the amphetamines, I think it is also because these substances are associated in the public mind with the aggressive bohemianism of the young. Unwilling to blame themselves for the alienation of their children, mother and father have decided to blame drugs. So dope becomes the convenient scapegoat for juvenile misbehavior. And the more banners the young fly for dope, the more hostile adult society becomes toward what is essentially an epiphenomenon of youthful rebellion.

In the last analysis, the psychedelic line on which the disaffected young have chosen to fight is false: there is nothing to be won or lost in the skirmish. It wasn't bootleg liquor that created the bohemianism of the "lost generation," and it isn't dope that has bred the beat-hip generation.

One begins to suspect the supposedly revolutionary character of the psychedelic crusade when one realizes that publications as squarely conservative as *Life* and *Time*, whose lead the disaffected young wouldn't follow three faltering steps in any other direction, were giving the psychedelics a glamorous build-up as far back as 1957. That was the year when *Life* produced its splashy and appetizing feature called "Seeking the Magic Mushroom." The authors were R. Gordon Wasson, a J. P. Morgan vice president, and his wife. The piece recounted the visionary adventures which they and a New York society photographer had had in 1955 among cultists in Mexico. The article, providing detailed illustrations and descriptions of

the mushrooms, made all the familiar connections with occult and Oriental religions, and, bowing in the direction of William Blake's ecstatic verse, finished by assuring its readers "that the mushrooms make those visions available to a much larger number." Since then, the psychedelics have enjoyed a glowing reputation in *Time-Life*, except (significantly) where they have been mixed up with obstreperous bohemians.

Whatever its failings, the Luce press has sound instincts as to what the establishment can and can't assimilate. I suspect it shrewdly recognized that a nice, private thrill pill might soon come in handy as a means of maintaining some degree of emotional stability in the *status quo*. The young who take their psychedelic text from Huxley's *Doors of Perception* forget that in *Brave New World* the unbearable was made endurable by a visionary chemical called "soma"—the purpose of which was to produce "sane men, obedient men, stable in their contentment." Recently, when some young Englishmen launched a group whose purpose it is to study the psychotropic drugs and "methods of altering consciousness in general," and to liberalize the British narcotics law, they appropriated the name SOMA for the organization: Society of Mental Awareness. They are tempting fate.

In *One-Dimensional Man*, Herbert Marcuse coins the phrase "repressive desublimation" to remind his readers that the most up-to-date forms of totalitarianism are not based on brutal, across-the-board repression but on controlled and cleverly selective permissiveness:

Invalidating the cherished images of transcendence by incorporating them into its omnipresent daily reality, this society testifies to the extent to which insoluble conflicts are becoming manageable—to which tragedy and romance, archetypal dreams and anxieties are being made susceptible to technical solution and dissolution.

It is difficult to see why dope cannot be comprehended within such a program. History certainly suggests that the role of narcotic substance has been to tame and stabilize. DeQuincey, confessing his own vice in the 1820s (and at the same time hinting wickedly at the prevalence of opium eating among English aristocrats and artists), was convinced that addiction flourished among the long-suffering cotton-mill workers. While the role of dope in damping social unrest in early industrial England has not been extensively investigated, every historian of the period knows that it was common practice at the time for working mothers to start the habit in the cradle by dosing their hungry babies on laudanum ("mother's blessing," it was called).

Pot in the Sky

At the turn of the century and during the stress of industrialization, America passed through a fit of narcotics addiction that probably hasn't since been surpassed, on a national scale at any rate. The main agent then was the morphine one could, until the passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act, enjoy in most of the painkillers physicians openhandedly prescribed. Even if one turns back to the more artistic narcotics connoisseurs of the mid-19th century—like those who congregated around Theophile Gautier's *Club des Hachischins*—one is scarcely in the com-

pany of social revolutionaries. All the familiar visions appear in their reports—"the lilies of gold," "the myriad butterflies," "the fireworks display"—but as Baudelaire made clear, the "artificial paradise" was at bottom an escape "from the hopeless darkness of ordinary daily existence." The language is loftier, but the sentiment is what one would expect from any one of the bleary-eyed dock workers of Hong Kong who spend their meager wages "chasing the dragon." And yet, if narcotics consumption is the measure, then Hong Kong, rather than San Francisco, must be regarded as the world's most "turned-on city."

In the late 1950s, an English writer underwent a series of LSD sessions which were later written up and published under the pseudonym "Jane Dunlap" (*Exploring Inner Space*, 1958). Judging by her gushy, saccharine style, Miss Dunlap is the sort of writer whose creations ordinarily come blazing out of the pages of the *Ladies Home Journal*; but I fear that she is a great deal more typical of the ordinary user than either Aldous Huxley or Allen Ginsberg. If so, the chances seem slim that the psychedelic society for which Leary is crusading will qualify as a cultural renaissance.

Miss Dunlap had heard of LSD by way of the Wasson feature in *Life*—a magazine whose "many excellent articles" she has admired and collected since its very first issue. She volunteered for a run of psychedelic sessions at the local university and dictated reports of her revelations, which sound like an autistic collage of Jules Verne, Flash Gordon and Nick Kenney. One has the off-putting sense that Miss Dunlap is finding what she feels she is supposed to look for, and that the experience is falling into a Kitschy mold: "I saw the tiny grasses bend in prayer, the flowers dance in the breeze, and the trees lift their arms to God." The visionary adventure that was supposed to vault ordinary humanity to the heights of Blake and Wordsworth has been scaled down to the cultural level of Forest Lawn's plaster reproductions of Michelangelo's "David." And what could the most oppressive powers that be take exception to in a chemical that guides the Miss Dunlaps of the world to the consoling conclusion that "to one who accepts

the God pull of reversed gravity and maintains a geological time sense, the future seems gloriously bright?"

The technological society might well accept into its arsenal of social controls methods of emotional release as sophisticated as LSD or pot. An occasional turn-on, a periodic orgy, a weekend freak-out . . . such private kicks pose no threat to the established order—provided that they don't become associated with disruptive forms of dissent. The brain stormers at RAND have already flirted with the notion of introducing tranquilizers and psychedelics into the most hideously repressive of situations—life in the post-attack fallout shelter—as a means of draining off the pressure of desperation.

Moreover, dope is already being widely used, though less obtrusively than by the bohemian young, by otherwise closely barbered citizens. Purged of its social nonconformity, it is becoming an integral part of swinging society—like wife swapping in suburbia, or group-grope parties among the *Playboy* junior executives and their wives. Within my own circle of acquaintances the number who indulge in discreet little trips—just for the fun of it—grows constantly.

What if the psychedelic crusaders had their way then, and American society could be turned on legally? No doubt the marijuana trade would immediately be taken over by the major cigarette companies—an improvement over leaving it in the hands of the Mafia. And surely the major pharmaceutical companies would move in on LSD. What then? Would the revolution have been achieved? Would we be, all of a sudden, living in a society of love, gentleness, innocence, freedom? "Better things for better living through chemistry" says one of the prominent hippie buttons, quoting E. I. DuPont. But the slogan isn't being used satirically. The kids mean it the way DuPont means it. The gadget-happy American used to be an international figure of fun because of his facile assumption that there was a mechanical solution to every human problem. It only took Timothy Leary and his ilk to formulate the proposition that personal salvation and the social revolution can be packed in a capsule.

AN END TO BARTER

NEW POLITICS OF CONVICTION

GRANT MCCONNELL

Mr. McConnell is chairman of the Department of Political Science, the University of Chicago. He is the author, among other books, of Private Power and American Democracy (Knopf).

Until recently, one of this country's major sources of national pride has been the quality of its political life. By contrast with the tumultuous and often downright bloody ways of foreigners, our pattern of politics here has been generally orderly and on the whole sensible and practical. Forgetting the period of the Civil War, we can claim that the results of our national elections, whatever their incidents of absurdity and general noisiness, have been accept-

ed by the losers as a matter of course, and that sportsmanship has characterized the attitude of the winners. The national government has not suffered the turnover of regimes that has bedeviled other countries—in fact the term "regime" has an alien ring in this country—and there has been no succession of first, second, third, fourth and fifth "Republics." Here is but one republic, the Republic, and we all know what we mean when we pledge allegiance to it. And like "regime," "class struggle" and "ideology" are foreign terms and, we remain convinced, foreign experiences.

Looked at over the past two centuries, American politics may be characterized as a system designed and adapted to the settlement or adjustment of economic conflicts. That

is not quite all there is to it but, in general, the great bulk of the work of government has been to deal with competing claims for the material goods of the world. That it would be so was specifically foreseen by that most perceptive of all American political thinkers, James Madison. In his most celebrated passage, he wrote that the great problem of government had been "faction," an evil which found its most common and durable source in the unequal distribution of property, which in turn created distinct interests in society—a landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, and so on. In one degree or another this understanding of the problem of government has been shared by other thinkers, from Calhoun through Charles Beard and down to more recent times. In one degree or another most of us have believed that politics is a reflection of economics.

And to a considerable degree we have been right about American politics. The bulk of the important work of American Government has been economic: development of railroads, subsidies for this or that interest, regulation of competition, distribution of land, etc. The statement of one Senator to a freshman colleague near the turn of this century, "Young man, tariffs are the whole of politics; study them," was only an exaggeration of the reality. More recently, we have extended the work of government to other groups than those originally favored—to industrial workers—and now we are at least doing some thinking and talking about the poor. The "what" or "Politics, Who Gets What. . . ." has very largely been economic.

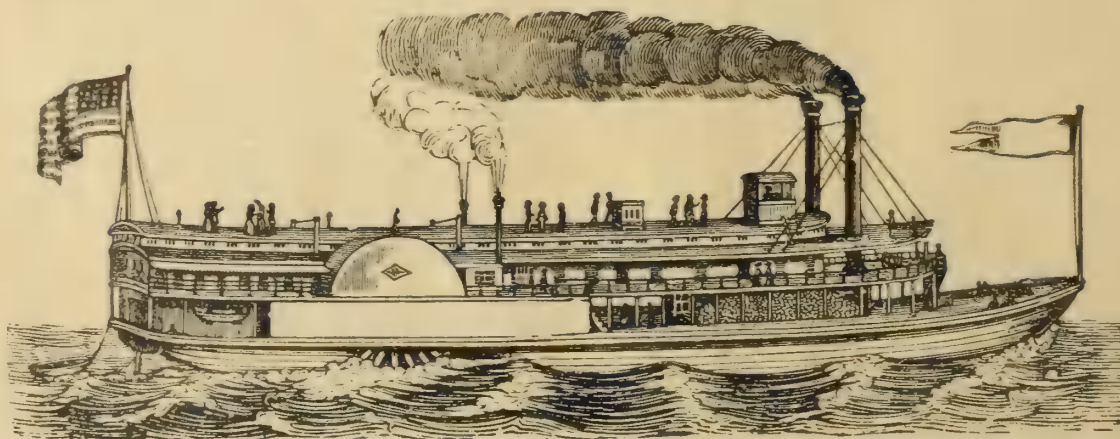
In recent years, however, a new wind seems to have been blowing in America. Our politics has been taking on a new note, marked by an attitude that at times can be characterized only as mean and hateful. The name calling we hear is not new; the *manners* of American politics in the 19th century were probably worse than those of today, and it wouldn't take much research to turn up evidence of attitudes toward FDR in his time quite as bitter as some of those now directed at LBJ. Not long ago some observers were proclaiming the breakdown of America in a final conflict of classes. Perhaps it is possible to recall that time with equanimity now, because we know the outcome: it wasn't a really fundamental class struggle and it didn't result in breakdown. But I doubt that we are justified in assuming from this that events are certain to turn out all right in the future.

Everyone is aware of the evidence. We are in the midst of a large war whose legitimacy and necessity are denied with passion by a very considerable segment of the American people. Large numbers of individuals, including some conspicuously excellent citizens, openly advocate courses of resistance to the war that go beyond the bounds of law. Many of the young, again conspicuously including a large number of the best, are heeding the call to resistance. Negroes—or black people, as militants now insist the correct term to be—increasingly scorn the ideal of integration and are groping for some formula of apartheid of their own. After the death and destruction of several long hot summers, we are preparing, on the testimony of the President himself, for more. While rumors fly as to the stocking of firearms, some public officials take actions seemingly calculated to aggravate the situation. Just recently the sheriff of Cook County, Ill., began enrolling gun enthusiasts in a vigilante gang.

Justifications are offered for all this activity. The society is corrupt from top to bottom; we are all alienated; it is time for direct action; we must fight back or "they" will take over. For both sides, liberals are the worst enemy.

It is tempting to perceive these discontents as the product of two issues, the war in Vietnam and the racial crisis. It is easy to demonstrate what a host of evils are either rooted in or made worse by the conflict in Southeast Asia. As for the rest of our difficulties, a great many seem to come down to questions of race. Certainly as a practical matter, we can formulate no better agenda than to deal effectively with these two topics.

However, if we seek to understand the full sweep of our situation, this reduction of the problem to two items is not adequate. Note that in the past external war has been a means of rallying the nation and of quieting signs of internal discord. This has been true even of some of our most unsavory wars, of which we have had rather a number. Vietnam is having quite the contrary effect. And the racial crisis, while more intense today than in the past century, has existed below the surface for longer than a century. Indeed, it is arguable that the eruption of great discord on matters of war and race represents a moral advance in America. But the point to be made here is that even on these two scores our present troubles arise from something additional.



A perspective can be gained on this point by looking at the style of politics developed by some of the less pre-occupying and less dramatic issues of the day. Look, for example, at the pattern of politics of what may be called the environmental issues. Consider the struggles to achieve clean air and water; consider also the bitterness of the fights over the protection of scenic and wilderness areas, the Redwoods, the Grand Canyon, and so on. Think also of the utter intransigence of the student leaders who demand "freedom" and "participation" on some campuses. What is at the root of this very general change?

We are certainly too close to the events to give more than a partial and tentative answer to this question. With that caution, my answer in brief is that we are just now beginning to confront the important problems of governing this country. The fact is, economics is no longer the single overriding issue of American political life.

One of the most interesting phenomena of the post-World War II period is the recent articulation in this country of a body of political doctrine that celebrates the American scheme of politics. This doctrine now seems to go by the name of "pluralism," a tag partly adopted by those who have formulated it and partly pinned on by their opponents. The term is borrowed from a now largely forgotten body of English and European thought and is misleading in some ways. Moreover, the doctrine by no means is to be regarded as a complete political theory. It has had, nevertheless, much popularity until quite recently. It is an important bit of evidence in its own right.

Perhaps the outstanding quality of American political life, as the pluralists see it, is pragmatism. American politics is not ideological. Its outstanding virtues are compromise and tolerance. Americans do not seek to murder one another with politics. When they get into political contests they do not insist that the losers be executed or exiled. At moments of succession, losers smile gamely and settle down to ordinary life—and are allowed to. After a noisy bit of verbal hair pulling, "deals" are quietly made—bargains in which nobody entirely loses, and which are subject to review and readjustment. Nobody ever gets all he wants and nobody is left without hope that next time he will do better.

This is in marked contrast with European politics. There they have had a real and bitter class struggle. There they had the Russian Revolution with all mass slaughter and hatreds unleashed. There they have had fascism, again with slaughter and hatred. And why? Because they have never learned the American attitude which looks not to utopia and the distant tomorrow but to the here and now. There has always been something millennial in European thinking. By contrast, Americans restrict themselves to what they can do now—maybe not something that will utterly transform our lives, but something practical and available. And, in the process, they *have* transformed their lives and left Europe behind.

The American lesson has been learned by virtually all segments of society. In fact, one of the best and earliest formulations came from organized labor. Samuel Gompers and his early colleagues in the AFL came to this outlook as a kind of revelation. One-time Marxists, driven to

escape from Europe and still clinging for a while to the precepts of that doctrine, they eventually saw that, in America at least, great strides were possible if workers would simply concentrate on three matters: wages, hours and working conditions. By avoiding grandiose goals or "ultimate ends," by turning their backs on the class struggle, they could fit themselves into American life and in time come to enjoy a standard of living about which their European brothers could only dream.

Industrial relations in America are in some respects a paradigm of American political life. With parties free of ideology, directed simply to the winning of regular elections; with undisciplined legislatures devoting themselves to the trifling concerns of pork-barrel politics—yes, even playing relatively harmless games of boodle—American politics has lacked the sting and danger of politics elsewhere. Public affairs have not always been neat or even wholly admirable, but America has reaped the enormous benefit of domestic peace on a continental scale.

This leaves much to be said of pluralism as a doctrine, but it is the part that calls for our attention here. What is its validity? Within some limits, it has much. The seemingly chaotic and meaningless character of our political parties *has* given major benefits. The party system has been open to a variety of groups. Its failure to dominate legislatures has permitted a vast number of petty bargains that in sum have given satisfaction to elements that might otherwise have taken to building barricades in the streets. Perhaps most important, this general looseness and seeming triviality have allowed energetic entrepreneurs and workers the freedom and incentive to build an expanding economy while simply seeking their own individual, immediate and mundane ends. Not wasting too much time on the division of what goods there are, they have gone on to make so many more goods that nearly everybody gets more than he had before.

There are qualifications to this, of course. Some people are still poor. Moreover, American politics has not been quite as free from ideology and bitterness as I have just made out. In industrial relations, for example, there has been a good deal more class struggle than we like to remember, and it has been marked with genuine violence. What is important to note, however, is that where genuine battles have been fought, the issues have not been wages, hours or working conditions. Rather, the issue has been legitimacy of the unions—i.e., recognition. Once recognition has been won, strikes could occur (even with a bit of violence) without very great disturbance or danger to the political order. It is a remarkable fact that few people today can name the largest strike in American history, although it occurred only a few years ago. That steel strike of 1959 simply did not raise any fundamental issue.

The most impressive fact of this whole record is that the system has worked. America is a great success story in that such a vast and powerful nation has emerged from enormously diverse elements. But the next most striking fact is that the benefits which the system has allocated have largely been economic and material. These benefits have been the coins with which the acquiescence of different groups in the making of a nation has been

bought. And with every passing year our common capacity to make this kind of payment has increased. It would seem obvious that Americans have been getting what they wanted.

And yet . . . something is false here and we all sense it. All history may be the history of class struggles—in America perhaps not of classes in the Marxist sense but of “classes” in much greater numbers and drawn on a much smaller scale. Nevertheless, we know intuitively that men care deeply about other things than material advantage. In other societies the record is plain that nonmaterial, even abstract issues have been the important ones. Nonmaterial values were strongly cherished in ancient Athens. Art occupied an important place in the life of Florence in its great period. Men have valued military glory. For centuries, religion was at the heart of political life. Important as the economic component of politics has always been, it is simply wrong to say that economics lies at the heart of all politics or that men in fact always and invariably place material values first.

Madison and Beard were on firm ground insofar as they assessed the reality of the political life of their own times and the times near to them. American politics has been largely about material things, and it has been arranged structurally so that this should be so. But in its preoccupation with economics America has been successful, enormously successful, perhaps dangerously successful. The figures on this success are beyond rational appreciation. Who can assign any real meaning to a GNP of \$700 billion or \$800 billion? Consider also the general calm that greets the current proposal for a negative income tax. This scheme asserts that the trouble with the poor is that they don't have enough money; the solution, accordingly, is to *give* them money. This notion, which not long ago would have shaken most Americans to their boots, occasions some controversy, but it is clear that as a nation we could afford it easily and nobody is deeply troubled by the idea.

The change implied here is not easy to grasp. To attempt to assess its importance, consider a passage J. M. Keynes wrote in the terrible year of 1930. It appears in an article entitled, “Economic Possibilities for our Grandchildren”:

I draw the conclusion that, assuming no important wars and no important increase in population, the *economic problem* may be solved, or be at least within sight of solution, within a hundred years. This means that the economic problem is not—if we look into the future—the *permanent problem of the human race*. . . . [This] is startling because, if instead of looking into the future, we look into the past we find that the economic problem, the struggle for subsistence, always has been

hitherto the primary, most pressing problem of the human race . . . not only of the human race, but of the whole of the biological kingdom from the beginnings of life in its most primitive forms.

Thus we have been expressly evolved by nature—with all our impulses and deepest instincts—for the purpose of solving the economic problem. If the economic problem is solved, mankind will be deprived of its traditional purpose.

Will this be a benefit? If one believes at all in the real values of life, the prospect at least opens up the possibility of benefit. Yet I think with dread of the readjustment of the habits and instincts of the ordinary man, bred into him for countless generations, which he may be asked to discard within a few decades.

Thus for the first time since his creation man will be faced with his real, his permanent problem—how to use his freedom from pressing economic cares, how to occupy the leisure which science and compound interest will have won for him, to live wisely and agreeably and well.

Is it too much to say that we are beginning to see, at least in the United States, the realization of this prophecy? Poverty and hunger still stalk large parts of the world. Keynes's proviso—no major wars and no increase of population—has not been met, and as a result much of the earth is in a sorry economic condition and still has a sorry prospect. In America, nevertheless, the prophecy is visibly in the process of realization.

If this is true in any substantial degree, we are in trouble. It is marvelous and wonderful trouble if we look back to the depression days when Keynes chose to be so exasperating. But recall that Keynes warned of what we would be in for when the change came. He mentioned some of the prospective moral difficulties; there are also prospective political difficulties.

If we are on the way to solution of the economic problem, clearly economic matters will lose their former urgency. As Keynes pointed out, other preoccupations will rise to the surface, and these will be important ones—and important in an ultimate sense. We shall probably find, indeed we are already beginning to find, that they are more difficult to solve, politically less tractable.

Consider the advantages of dealing with an economic politics. Once a society is past the condition in which it must continually fear famine, once it is beyond a pervasive terror of economic failure, a wide range of bargains, deals and accommodations opens up. Men may compete with one another for the goods of the world, but they have almost endless room for settling their contests. As Gompers and his associates discovered, if one forgets ultimate things, immediate things become available. By



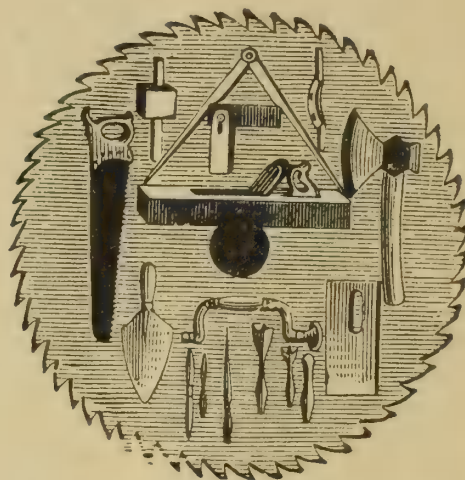
ignoring shibboleths like "control of the means of production," workers can have better wages, hours and working conditions—and can have them now. If a union will not try to challenge the boss's ownership of his factory, it can get him to agree to a wage increase. The union leader asks for an increase of 50c an hour. The boss offers an increase of 10c. After some haggling, perhaps after a rather harmless strike, the two sides settle on 20c. Good fellowship is renewed; everybody is satisfied for a while. If the satisfaction passes, the process can be run through again. And the process works: it works quite beautifully.

But consider what happens when I begin to suspect that you are attacking my religion. If you seem to be trying to suppress my forms of worship on the ground that you think them immoral, I am going to resist you bitterly and there will be no compromise between us. As a moral person, I must lay things, perhaps even my life, on the line. And you do the same. That is a formula for the most savage kind of politics, the sort that led to centuries of really terrible warfare in the past. Remembering that history, the founding fathers carefully took religion out of politics and established the principle of religious toleration. We have done our contending about economics, and by comparison it has been mere squabbling. In a money fight, sooner or later, you sit down with your opponent and bargain; in a religious fight, you must destroy him.

To some degree, the same applies to most issues of principle, that is, to most issues that are not primarily economic. If, for example, you are a black man and concerned with human dignity, the time may come when you are prepared to kill or be killed. Or if you are white and determined to protect the purity of your women from the vilest of threats, you may do the same. If you are convinced that a given war is simple murder, you may defy the laws and spit on the flag. However, if you are a patriot of the elemental sort, you may hurl yourself upon the defilers of the flag.

These are extreme examples, and yet we see them before us today. But there is more to the potential change in political priorities than just these two appalling issues of war and race. Americans are beginning to have time and energy for other, less conspicuous issues. Conservation, for example, used to mean sensible care not to waste natural resources of wood, minerals, etc.—concern for the economic resources. Today it means the intangibles of scenery, wilderness, threatened species like the whooping crane. One of the great political phenomena of recent years is the rapid growth of the new conservation movement. Individuals in all walks of life and of all political allegiances are banding together in some parts of the country to defend and protect such values. Many of these individuals are good solid middle-class citizens, clean-cut and without beards (although some of the beards are joining up too). Yet they often behave without regard to the conventions and niceties of traditional American politics, tending to ignore the appeals to be reasonable and to make bargains. Last year, there was bitter resistance to a scheme to put a big dam in the Grand Canyon. The statement of a leading conservationist sums up the matter very precisely: "It's the *Grand Canyon* they are talking about!" Here no compromise is possible. For the

moment that dam project is in abeyance, but if it is ever built in any form it will not be because the conservationists struck a bargain. For them, any appeal to compromise is without meaning, and while they may conceivably be



defeated, they can hardly be expected to accept their defeat in a spirit of good fellowship. When the Grand Canyon is filled with a fluctuating reservoir, when the 2,000-year-old redwoods and the whooping crane are gone, something final will have happened, and nothing offered in return will pay for it.

If these and similar issues come in the future to be the preoccupying problems of politics and bring about a general change in the quality of political life, it still remains to be asked why haven't they been more conspicuous in the past. Part of the answer, the major part, is that hitherto we have simply found the economic and material problems more urgent. But why did they continue to be more urgent in the United States even past the time when most people had more than enough to eat? In different times and places in the nonaffluent past nonmaterial concerns have been thought more urgent. Probably much of the answer to this lies in the American commitment to equality; we have not been satisfied to relax our headlong rush for production and consumption of goods until most of the population among whom political power is diffused has had a substantial margin over sheer animal necessity.

But there is more to the answer than that. We have structured our political life *as though* economics were the substance of politics. We have framed things politically so as to treat nonmaterial problems as though they were economic, material and bargainable issues. The fiction works—up to a point. Thus we have been able to bargain with political counters of appointive jobs for immigrant ethnic groups and so in time have brought their members into full membership in our republic of producers and consumers. The process has worked far better than might have seemed possible if its basis had been made explicit in the beginning. But today we are having doubts that it will work with Negroes, our largest, oldest, and least assimilated ethnic group.

Beyond that, the general system of an economic politics is necessarily founded on some means of suppressing the

nonmaterial and principled issues that can prove so divisive. We have found different ways to do just that—and have certainly paid a price in the inculcation among too many individuals of the belief that only material matters are serious. However, it is probably untrue that Americans at large are really committed to such belief. There is a tough, questioning spirit among Americans which belies the assertions of foreign critics that we are a wholly materialistic people. And the solution to this paradox of an at least partially nonmaterialistic people behaving politically as though life were wholly an economic matter goes back, I believe, to the fact that our political system has been devised to favor such behavior. Specifically, the pattern of decentralization and devolution of political life has on the whole offered better prospect of selfish and material than unselfish and nonmaterial rewards. In general, the tactics available to small communities are appropriate to small and immediate ends. These, in turn, are most probably, in the American culture at least, material and economic. With issues of principle, say social justice for men of all races, left in the hands of localities or private firms, what remains open is getting and spending. With so much political power defined into the hands of Arizona, the task of defending the Grand Canyon in all its natural and wasteful splendor is far more difficult than it would be if the decision were put up to the nation as a whole. The American people have a far smaller per capita money stake in damming the Canyon's potential kilowatts than do the people of Arizona.

But now we are rich beyond the dreams of yesterday. For many individuals, greater wealth has a sharply dimin-

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ishing attraction. The large generation of college age has no memory of general depression. It is beginning to be free of "those pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for two hundred years, by which we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of the highest virtues," once again to use the words of Keynes. And the division of America into a multitude of small constituencies as decreed in the political system which has served us so well in the past is also changing. Instead of the constituencies of states, towns and firms, we are perhaps being divided into opposing camps to contest values of a more fundamental sort. And just because the values are more fundamental, the quality of our political life may be becoming more tense, more bitter and more dangerous.

It would be a mistake to leap to the conclusion that the quality of political life we may see in the future will be worse than what we have known so far. My own view is that probably in an ultimate sense it will be better. But I am sure it will be more difficult.

LETTERS (Continued from page 458)

prestige as the head of our country to request and receive time on television whenever he desires. (*Letter from Senator Fulbright to Mr. Spivak, a copy of which the latter has sent to me.*)

(2) Apparently after LBJ decided that a TV appearance was desirable, feelers came out of the White House in various directions. N.B.C. claims it simply acted faster than anyone else. (*Variety.*)

"It is clear to everyone in television that all the networks hold open invitations to the President and to his chief Cabinet officers, which the President can accept at short notice, as he did in the case of *Meet The Press*. That, I submit, is a command performance.

"What was meant by a 'controlled environment' is clear by full quotation from my column: '*Meet The Press* is a controlled environment: limited questions by a limited number of reporters, with little power to press for answers. Senators, who don't have to be respectful to their news sources, would be more critical, responsible and knowledgeable interrogators.' Senator Fulbright made essentially the same points in his letter."

The Editors

Chessman

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Frank Donner's review of *The Farther Shores of Politics* [*The Nation*, March 11], while noting many of Mr. Thayer's errors and misstatements, accepts as fact the

reference to Caryl Chessman as "this convicted murderer."

Chessman, whom I represented for twelve years, was never accused of murder. He was charged, convicted and executed under California's kidnapping statute, the so-called Little Lindbergh Law.

Regrettably, Mr. Donner lapses into further error in his next paragraph. Contrary to his statement, Chessman's guilt or innocence was—and is—very much an issue in the case.

Rosalie S. Asher

passing the nuclear buck

New York City

DEAR SIR: A telegram addressed to the President—urging him not to authorize the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam—was answered from the Pentagon. This seems an odd procedure. It is widely assumed that only the President can make decisions about the use of nuclear weapons, either tactical or strategic, so why should the White House send such a telegram to the Pentagon for answer? . . .

For some time our media have been full of statements, from a wide variety of sources, urging that tactical nuclear weapons be used to bring "victory" in Vietnam. It might be supposed that a President determined not to use them would welcome a word from dissenters to strengthen him against the proponents. To have the White House appear to defer to the Pentagon is not reassuring.

Helen Mears

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Our Literary Anglo-Jewish Cousins

GERDA CHARLES

Miss Charles is a British novelist who edited *Modern Jewish Stories* (Prentice-Hall). Her latest novel is *A Logical Girl* (Knopf).

It was Jonathan Miller, one of the most brilliant of the younger Anglo-Jewish intellectuals (if not quite a writer pure) who declared every night during the long run of *Beyond the Fringe* that he wasn't a Jew but he was Jew-ish.

The statement, however sprightly, deserves consideration if only because a definition was tried for from the kind of acute, penetrating American angle seldom attempted in this country. Generally speaking the Anglo-Jewish writer and/or intellectual does not hold an endless, passionate and public dialogue with himself about the fact of his Jewishness. He is not nearly so committed, so interested, so unashamed of it as are his opposite numbers in America. The nerve of his Jewishness is there all right but for the most part lies quiet.

There are many well-documented reasons for this; most of them the result of the milder virtues of our society but equally a by-product of the tougher pressures of our class system. To the Anglo-Jewish writers (so newly arrived anyway) the act of creation is not only a marvel but a delicate marvel; not to be shaken or damaged by too heavy an insistence on where it comes from. Romantic about class, keen not to be included out, they have watched their step in a society where the confessional American qualities of curiosity and candor are not yet taken socially for granted. Similarly, the Jewish tradition of examination and argument has become somewhat muted in Britain—as against the impression one gets, reading some American-Jewish novels, of having stumbled into an updated version of 19th-century Talmudic discussion in a Lithuanian Yeshiva.

Considering that so much of the heat has been taken off the Jewishness of the Jewish writers in Britain, the fact that they have turned to their Jewish backgrounds as much as they have in their work is still a somehow unexplained mystery—as is the general Jewish renaissance in creative literature. It must be remembered that since Zangwill published *Children of the Ghetto* in 1892 there had hardly been any writing worth mentioning either by Jewish authors or about Anglo-Jewish life till, in 1958, the publication of *The Bankrupts* by Brian

Glanville let loose, as if by a signal, the new wave—or small flood—which shows no sign of abating yet.

I call it a "small" flood since that is what it is. Though the phenomenon has been noticed, of course, it has had nothing like the impact which Jewish writing has had on the American scene. British critics, even eminent Jewish ones, on the national papers have preferred to seize on, say, the political or working-class content in Arnold Wesker's plays rather than the Jewishness. When a volume of short stories by Brian Glanville (in his other hat a well-known sporting journalist) was reviewed, it was his football stories which got all the attention, the Jewish stories which were largely ignored.

Mr. Glanville, it should be mentioned, is one of the very few authors who have taken the trouble to analyze the Jewish writers' situation here at all. The general—one can hardly call it disinterest but the general limpness—is sharply highlighted by the difference between such comparatively healthy and influential Jewish journals as *Commentary* or *Midstream* or *Chicago Forum* and their one pale reflection over here, the *Jewish Quarterly*. This little magazine, miraculously still alive after some fifteen years of struggling existence, attempted a couple of years ago a symposium (on the lines of the famous *Commentary* survey of intellectual-Jewish opinion) which elicited some eight or nine declarations of attitude from our writers revealing some interesting if slightly dispiriting information; not least the fact that the sparkier, more fashionable and younger the writer, the shorter the contribution. There was a faint feeling (some of the best-known opting out altogether) of really not wanting to be bothered *thinking* about themselves as Jews any more. They were unaffected by the kind of relentless curiosity, at once stern and tender, about their Jewishness which so consumes the Americans.

Of those who did bother, by far the longest, finest and most deeply felt contribution came from Alexander Baron. Yet Baron's best work is not to be found in his "Jewish" novels but in his very remarkable war books. Baron's position neatly crystallizes the dilemma of the Anglo-Jewish writer whose Jewish consciousness goes one way, while the most powerful forces at work in his creative imagination operate in quite another

part of the forest; an altogether different situation from the American-Jewish writer whose most creative strengths seem to be intricately woven together (whether in hate or love really doesn't matter) with his Jewishness.

Perhaps I am being a little unfair both to Baron and to one or two of our younger writers who have made a valiant attempt to give, without love perhaps but certainly with honesty (indeed rather too many warts for some tastes), some truths about Anglo-Jewish life as they see it. Brian Glanville's specialty is the Jewish family, particularly, of course, the parents, whom he has presented with an accuracy tart enough to elicit sharp cries of angry pain from those like enough to feel the sting.

An interesting comparison can be made between Glanville's mothers in such novels as *Diamond* or that small masterpiece *A Second Home* and, say, Bruce Jay Friedman's Meg in *A Mother's Kisses*. If Glanville, exact, deadly, uncannily perceptive as he is, does not penetrate to quite the depth to which Friedman's wild and hilarious plunges take him, this is not because he does not see as far but because he dare not put it down. In England the present context of literary manners, whatever anyone might say, is still dominated by peculiarly British standards of what may or may not be revealed. Our newly permissive society has its own conventions still. The English may have cast off all restraints on the length of their hair or skirts, drawn away the last veils from their vocabulary, may criticize royalty with impunity and satirize their politicians beyond all the calls of duty, but they still turn their heads away in a kind of agony of shyness from the naked workings of temperament. The vast range of implications behind the phrase "personality problem" (which Americans—and Jews—understand at once) either bores or shocks them.

The imagination of another of our younger writers, Frederic Raphael, has been wounded somewhere along the line (probably by anti-Semitism encountered at school), by the inescapable fact of Jewish persecution. At least two of his novels, *The Limits of Love* and *Lindmann* attempt to cope not with the Nazi phenomenon direct but with its effects on the safe, English Jew. For a time it seemed that Raphael and Philip Roth were going to develop along parallel lines at least technically (both of them showing

a penchant for long, long stretches of short, short lines of dialogue), but with each of their later books they have drawn steadily apart. If Raphael now has any affinity at all to any American novelist it is not with the Jews but the gentiles; O'Hara crossed with Auchincloss perhaps. Roth, courageously going outward beyond his own experience, has somehow lost grip; Raphael, withdrawing to a certain articulate and fortunate level, has become aristocratic but self-centered.

If our novelists have not as yet produced a name to conjure with, the same cannot be said of our dramatists. Any reference to the London theatre of the past decade will automatically ring up the names of Arnold Wesker and Harold Pinter, both of whom have managed to impress themselves in a way the novelists haven't on the contemporary British scene; though this may well be due to their initial good luck in hitting the kitchen sink note at the precise moment when it became the rage.

In terms of sheer numbers and prestige this is so contrary to the American situation that one finds it tempting, with so many names to flourish—apart from the other two there is Peter Shaffer (very stylish), Bernard Kops, Frank Marcus, and a great many more—to say that dramatically the British Jews have it over the Americans. Yet it is really not possible to say that we have one enormous and serious talent to compare with Arthur Miller either in quality or even, the enigmatic Pinter apart, in sheer status.

Two final differences impossible to discount between the two groups: first, the curious fact that apart from Raphael, Chaim Bermant (primarily a humorist) and Wolf Mankowitz (a restless, maverick, bridge figure who actually confesses to *liking* the Jews), hardly one Anglo-Jewish writer has had the benefit of a university education. Wesker, Pinter and Kops never set foot on a campus. Glanville was diverted into journalism at 18. Baron never got there. Insofar as a trained mind accustomed to deep digging is more helpful than an untrained mind, this matters.

The second even more significant fact is that of age. There is simply no comparable equivalent here at all of that marvelously fecund group of middle-aged, American high talent (to put it at its least) now in its full, ripe, rushing glory. We have no Bellow, no Malamud, no Salinger, no Mailer, not even a Shaw or a Wouk. No one on the English scene has yet created archetypal figures of the order of Holden Caulfield—or even Hyman Kaplan!

Richly conscious Jewishness being so thin on the ground here it is difficult not to relate this paucity to our lack of giants. Anglo-Jewish writers, where they concern themselves with the Jewish ex-

perience, do so still very much from the outside. They are interested either in what other people do to them or in themselves as individuals who happen to be Jews. What they do not, perhaps cannot, bring themselves to examine is the mystical element at the center of Jewish nature. They avert their eyes from the demands which might be made upon them should they concede to the idea of group destiny. The possibility of the "specialness" of the Jew which would include a special kind of responsibility, a special

Bills Past Due

A BILL OF RITES, A BILL OF WRONGS, A BILL OF GOODS. By Wright Morris. *New American Library*. 176 pp. \$5.50.

PETER BEREK

Mr. Berek teaches English at Williams College.

Is it a measure of the sickness of our age that essays which take our temperature and find it feverish can seem so lacking in fresh insight? Do we nod because the patient needs no doctor to tell him where he hurts, or because the malady has weakened our capacity for feeling the shock of truth? Perhaps the patient is already dead. One of Wright Morris' better essays in *A Bill of Rites*, *A Bill of Wrongs*, *A Bill of Goods* is called "Reflections on the Death of the Reader." The reader is dead, says Morris, because he concerns himself with tracking reputations in the *New York Review of Books* instead of reading the books that journal is supposed to review. Having the dope—knowing Pritchett on Bellow, Mailer on McCarthy—is more important than the experience of reading imaginative literature, because the world cries out for communicable data. What happens, Morris asks, to Keats's belief in the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of the imagination when the heart becomes an interchangeable part?

Wright Morris, after fourteen novels, all worthwhile, some of them excellent, tries to tell us how we are, not in fiction but in fact. If the death of the reader has stifled Morris' imagination, the loss is serious, all the more because Morris is a better diagnostician when he lies like a poet than when he tells the truths of the social scientist.

In his novels, Morris likes to take a small observed object, idea or phrase and let the imagination play with it. In *Love Among the Cannibals*, the gorgeous Greek kicks off her shoes before getting into bed, and Morris' metaphysical imagination turns the simple gesture into a metaphor for the novel's central act,

brand of humility, appalls them. As a result, there is not one Anglo-Jewish writer who could have kept his unwilling eye long enough on the Jewish *Why?* to write *The Fixer*.

Greatly talented, elegant, showing every sign of developing that other American characteristic, sheer horsepower, our writers nevertheless have not as yet unloosed their gifts onto these larger, deeper questions which include the mystery, passion and pain at the heart of Jewish destiny.

"bolting." A garish American convertible stripped of everything portable by cheerful Mexican thieves tells us something about the metaphorical stripping the hero of the novel is undergoing, and also something about parking a convertible in Acapulco. But while there are vivid bits of observation in *A Bill of Rites*, most of the time the object observed is one with which we are all too familiar. A sight-seeing old lady overtipping a waiter is (as Morris himself says) a character from one of his novels come to life, and she tells us far more about growing old gracelessly than does the *Dear Abby* letter about drinking senior citizens he quotes in the essay, "Going Crazy in Miami." But more commonly, Morris finds himself trying to freshen Los Angeles, the ears of Mr. Johnson's beagles, or the resonant voice of the Senate Minority Leader reciting the Pledge of Allegiance on the Red Skelton show. He cites these in an essay called "Mom & Pop Art" to argue that the banalities of real life outdo the banalities of Pop art at their own game. But most of his book tries to turn phenomena equally prevalent and equally fatuous into metaphors for the Modern Condition. What, one asks, can such things stand for either sillier or (alas) more significant than themselves?

A world so bizarre that art can hardly imagine what to do with it is Morris' major subject in his book. He gazes upon the Vietnamese War, the space program, Haight-Ashbury, television commercials, Mr. McLuhan, Mr. Warhol, and to nobody's surprise he discovers selfishness, mindlessness and hopelessness. What can a man do? He can rage. A book written in anger is likely to suffer from the defects of anger—petulance, repetition, disorganization. These are certainly the vices of *A Bill of Rites*. An epigraph tells us, in Henry James's words, that the case was "magnificent for pitiless ferocity." But ferocity must exclude self-pity along with pity for abuses, and Morris hasn't done

so. Morris also quotes T. S. Eliot on "The conscious impotence of rage/At human folly." Conscious impotence may be the only stance available to a serious writer today, but Morris' rage doesn't make for orderly social criticism.

"Of our rapidly diminishing natural resources one remains inexhaustible," says Morris: "our genius for coining the memorable word or phrase for things we do not like." Indeed, the rage of this gifted writer occasionally produces a passage of lively railing. "The American novel and the American adolescent," he says, "seem to emerge equally from the nursery and the attic." Marshall McLuhan "runs a rake through the bins of history and hastily assembles his own collage." The hucksters of the New Sensibility "specialize in gorging and upchucking. . . . It has been found that the mind can be emptied as easily, and to better effect, than the stomach." Of the inevitable day when the acidhead hippie passes 30 and ceases to be trustworthy: "It is interesting to speculate what will happen when he tunes in on his first dry martini, and experiences the strange, rocky euphoria of the cocktail hour. That will be new. . . . The full circle of this syndrome will be complete when the alcoholic hippy, put into dry dock, is treated with LSD to put him back on his feet." One hundred seventy pages of such writing is too much.

Before he became an autobiographical symbol, Norman Podhoretz wrote a famous essay in which he announced that one traditional function of the novel, "bringing the news" about the current scene, had now been assumed by essays and magazine articles. Morris makes that claim seem even more tenuous than it is. His novel, *In Orbit*, describes the coincidental joint passage through a freshwater college town of a motorcycle-riding young draft dodger and a tornado. As a commentary on the strange spinings of men and events as they orbit from where they were to where they are going, the novel is to *A Bill of Rites* as dinner at Julia Child's is to potluck at a diner. There are good jokes in the book—the helmeted and goggled cyclist is described as "a spaceman" by the half-witted farm lady he tries to rape—but the jokes also give the reader some cause for reflection about the problems of making sense of someone young, free and aimless. Reading *In Orbit* serves as a fresh reminder of what we have known all along: that the discipline of form gives to an artist's perceptions a fullness far exceeding anything available to a purveyor of information. Wright Morris implies this very point in *A Bill of Rites*, *A Bill of Wrongs*, *A Bill of Goods*; he ought to have acted accordingly. We readers may be weakened, but reports of our death are greatly exaggerated.

The Relevance of Nietzsche

JAMES GUTMANN

Mr. Gutmann is professor emeritus of philosophy at Columbia University. He has translated works of German philosophers and edited Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations* and Spinoza's *Ethics*.

Nietzsche's extraordinary relevance in the present juncture of affairs makes the publication of these four volumes a particularly notable occasion. Nietzsche's work as a whole has long seemed to me to be best understood as a study of the corrupting influence of human weakness and the possibilities of strength capable of elevating men beyond mankind's present limitations. In an age which gave lip service to Acton's dictum about power, while engaging in a ruthless scramble for social, economic and political power, the Nietzschean warning that weakness corrupts went largely unheeded. Recent events, including such phenomena as the struggle for black power and psychological investigations which Nietzsche anticipated, make these products of Walter Kaufmann's fresh and vigorous scholarship most welcome.

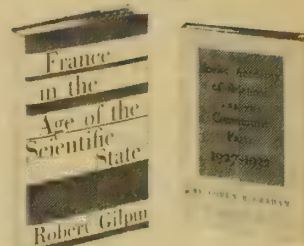
Ever since Kaufmann published his

Nietzsche: Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist in 1950, he has been recognized as an authoritative interpreter of Nietzsche. The publication, in 1954, of *The Portable Nietzsche* with Kaufmann's versions of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, *Twilight of the Idols*, *The Antichrist*, *Nietzsche contra Wagner* and excerpts from other texts, plus the appearance during the past year of four additional volumes of translation and commentary, gives ample evidence of Professor Kaufmann's pre-eminence as Nietzsche scholar and interpreter for all who read Nietzsche in English. For these volumes are not only admirable translations but skillfully edited texts with helpful introductions, appropriate commentary and other pedagogical devices including a useful bibliography (in the *Birth of Tragedy—Case of Wagner* volume), all well designed for students and for a wider range of readers. There is no artificial attempt to secure uniformity of treatment which would have been most inappropriate in presenting an author who eschewed conventional modes of systematic philosophy.

(Continued on page 481)

France and the
brain drain—

Russia and the
brain pool—



FRANCE IN THE AGE OF THE SCIENTIFIC STATE By Robert Gilpin, Jr.

The author of *American Scientists and Nuclear Weapons Policy* examines France's leadership in the battle against United States and Russian scientific hegemony in Europe. He warns that if Europe remains disunited in its administration of scientific policy and continues to be "the main world importer of discoveries and exporter of brains," it may become steadily weaker in international affairs. Published for the Center of International Studies, Princeton University. \$12.50

THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY, 1927-1932 By Loren R. Graham

No other academy, university, or research foundation dominates the field of science in its country to the degree that the Soviet Academy does. This study describes the eventually successful efforts of the Communist Party to control the Academy of Sciences which before 1928 had not a single party member. "This book more than anything we have had before presents a clear picture of the social history of Soviet scientific organizations." — *Derek de Solla Price, Studies of the Russian Institute, Columbia University.* \$6.50

Princeton
University Press
Princeton, N. J. 08540

Fragments of the Verse Play 'Venise sauvée'

by Simone Weil

Among the papers which Simone Weil left at her death in 1943 was the manuscript of a dramatic tragedy titled *Venise sauvée*, in three acts, composed partly in verse and partly in prose. She had not finished the play, though she had worked on it, with prolonged interruptions, during the last four years of her life, first at Vichy in the summer of 1940 immediately after the fall of France, and last in London the year she died. To say that the play is unfinished is not, however, to classify it as a fragment in the usual sense. In the case of *Venise sauvée*, Simone Weil filled in the as yet uncomposed parts with extensive notations showing what she intended to do, and also toward the middle and end of the play, in Acts II and III, she virtually completed the composition.

As her biographer, Jacques Cabaud, has shown, there was an increasing devotion in Simone Weil for the value of the work of art above almost all other human endeavors. She embodies her respect for beauty in the attitude of Jaffier, the central character of her play, and in the image of the city of Venice. The city is threatened by rapacious politics, represented in the characters of Pierre and of Renaud, most intensely in the latter, two of whose speeches are printed here—his dream of power and the subsequent collapse of that dream.

To purify politics, to humble force before the vision of beauty is the major theme of Simone Weil's play. The burden of this theme falls upon her character, Jaffier, whose nature leads him to surrender power and suffer the helplessness that follows from this surrender, for Simone Weil was always a realist about politics. There was no painless resolution for her in this realm.

1.
PIERRE

(to Jaffier)

*My friend, near to my heart, you are at the point of triumph.
This city's yours, tonight you will clasp her
With a mortal grip in which her whole body will obey you.
You will possess her. How thrilling to be the master!
You were born for that, to conquer, to command.
Tomorrow, friend, how sweet it will be to meet again.
You'll tell me of our victory, while we walk
This great city that will be ours entirely!
Ours, the two of us, my friend. Ah! I want tomorrow to be here.*

—ACT II, SCENE 4

2.
RENAUD

(to the mercenaries)

*See, at your feet, the city full of murmurs.
All that is yours, to do with as you please;
To kill at random, playfully, whom you wish.
Those who survive will owe you the light of day.
Tomorrow, the days following, each will step aside;
Before you the proudest of them will lower their eyes.
No one will dare oppose your desires.*

—ACT II, SCENE 9

3.
RENAUD

(before the prison)

*I could have governed a State great as the world.
I was born for that. My whole soul thirsted for it.
Not even for a single day did I possess my destiny.
What I dreamed—I will have done nothing to make it be.
My dream is finished; they're going to come to kill me now.
I carried in my heart, in secret, the kingdom of the world;
There is nothing more in me but emptiness; I am void.
There, in that prison, before dawn, in an instant
The two hands of a hangman will become my universe.
Why, why is that? I have no more strength. I am like ice.
All I wished for is going to vanish forever.*

—ACT III, SCENE 3

JAFFIER

(to the Secretary of the Council)

*Have pity on me on the ground at your knees,
Who yesterday held your fate in my hands,
I, who saved you. Yesterday, yesterday, you heard me;
Can my voice no longer reach beyond my lips?
No answer! I am nothing; all is deaf around me.
If I had wanted, the whole city now
Would hold its breath at the least word I said;
And you, you would have me for master. Oh! who, who held
me back?*

—ACT III, SCENE 4

Note and Translations
by William Burford

Kaufmann presents Nietzsche as "not only a great thinker but also a fascinating human being of exceptional complexity and integrity." He views him as "one of the greatest German writers and philosophers of all time and one of the most interesting and influential Europeans of the nineteenth century." So regarded, he is a climactic figure in the great succession of post-Kantian thinkers, the special heir, however much he differs from them, of Hegel and of Schopenhauer. But Nietzsche can also be read as part of another tradition in which, as he himself acknowledges, he often seems more at home, and which includes Montaigne, Voltaire and Emerson. If I lean to this view it is, perhaps because of the influence of Ernst Cassirer, one of the most hospitable philosophic minds of our day who, in a conversation, told me he would have none of Nietzsche's speculations though he esteemed him as a man of letters.

Kaufmann by no means neglects this aspect of Nietzsche's eminence: indeed he constantly calls attention to it. Thus, in his introduction to *The Will to Power*, he asserts: "Nietzsche is Germany's greatest prose stylist, and his language is a delight at every turn like a poet's—more than that of all but the greatest poets." Whether or not one assents to this judgment, it should be noted that Kaufmann is not uncritical of Nietzsche as a stylist or, for that matter, as a philosopher. He writes that "much of *The Birth of Tragedy* is badly overwritten and murky," but adds that Nietzsche himself pointed this out. Commenting on the "Aftersong: From High Mountains," which concludes *Beyond Good and Evil* Kaufmann confesses that he does not admire the poem which to him seems sentimental. He adds, again with questionable hyperbole, that "Nietzsche did know loneliness as few men have ever known it."

As noted, Kaufmann wisely makes no attempt to secure uniformity in guiding his readers through these four volumes, but provides appropriate apparatus, brief introductions to each of the six works and hundreds of footnotes by way of running commentary. This mode of interpretation is facilitated by the fact that Nietzsche himself did not make use of footnotes, except in *The Case of Wagner* in which there were three. There is clear indication of changes which Nietzsche introduced into successive editions (particularly variations from the first edition of *Beyond Good and Evil*, which Kaufmann used for his translation). There are appendices with passages which Nietzsche cites from his own writings (in the *Genealogy of Morals* most of the aphorisms to which Nietzsche refers are provided and others besides), relevant selections from Nietzsche's correspondence,

and in the case of *Ecce Homo*, for which Kaufmann wisely gives more comprehensive and detailed commentary than for any of the other works, previously untranslated variants in Nietzsche's drafts. All of this apparatus is offered with unpretentious tact and—with one possible exception—should interest general readers as well as students.

The possible exception is the supplementary material included in the volume of *The Will to Power*, consisting of eight facsimile pages of Nietzsche's *Nachlass*—the posthumously published selections from Nietzsche's notebooks which his editors assembled to form the work which has, ever since, caused confusion and special problems for Nietzsche scholars—together with an appendix giving Kaufmann's commentary on the facsimiles.

Here Kaufmann renews an attack which he made in a 1964 article, "Nietzsche in the Light of his Suppressed Manuscripts," criticizing the 3-volume edition of Nietzsche's works by Karl Schlechta. He argues that the alterations of Nietzsche's manuscripts made or approved by Nietzsche's sister and revealed by Schlechta when, after the Second World War, the Nietzsche archives were opened to scholars, are philosophically unimportant and probably have slight philological significance. When Schlechta first presented his findings they roused

By Friedrich Nietzsche

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY and THE CASE OF WAGNER. 223 pp. \$1.65. BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL. 256 pp. \$1.65. Both translated by Walter Kaufmann. Vintage Original paperbacks.

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS and ECCE HOMO. Vintage Original paperback. 367 pp. \$1.95. THE WILL TO POWER. Both translated by Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale. Random House. 576 pp. \$10.

special interest, in part because of the use which Nazi editors had made of the *Nachlass*. The matter is further complicated by the fact, as Kaufmann remarks, that "Schlechta's edition is less faithful to the manuscripts than the edition of 1911 (vols. XV and XVI of the revised Grossoktav edition), notwithstanding his explicit claims which have been widely taken on credit on both sides of the Atlantic."

Be all this as it may, Kaufmann is surely right in stating that the books Nietzsche "finished are his legacy and that his notebooks are of secondary interest." Though students should continue

Public welfare vs. poverty — the concept & the controversy

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SECURITY 1900-1935

Roy Lubove



George Eastman House Collection

In this first over-all study of the evolution of the social security concept in the United States up to the New Deal, Mr. Lubove analyzes the violent controversy it ignited over fundamental issues of liberty, welfare, and the responsibilities of the state in a democratic society. In looking closely at the conflict—the debate over such issues as workmen's compensation and old-age pensions—this book provides a thorough examination of broad themes in the social history of 20th-century America, and a valuable clarification of the role of public and private institutions that has special relevance for today's anti-poverty struggles. *Center for the Study of the History of Liberty in America.* \$6.95

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

to consult *The Will to Power* and see how Nietzsche used some of the notes assembled in it for his finished works and his discarding of others, it is hardly a book to be read and, in my opinion, the last to be recommended to the general reader. *Beyond Good and Evil* is probably the best introductory reading, to be followed by *The Genealogy of Morals*. Thus *Spoke Zarathustra* like *The Will to Power* illustrates the epigram which Kaufmann quotes from Hegel: "What is well-known is not necessarily known merely because it is well-known."

In translating *On the Genealogy of Morals* and *The Will to Power* Kaufmann had the collaboration of R. J. Hollingdale, author of an excellent biography, *Nietzsche: The Man and His Philosophy*, and translator of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in the Penguin series.

Nietzsche's thought and vision are increasingly relevant. His analyses of human weakness and his vision of the possibilities of human power, his awareness of the dissolution of traditional values of Christendom, his sense of

urgency of a revaluation of traditional values, the almost apocalyptic anticipation of wars to come, make his writings singularly topical. Of course he has been foolishly held responsible for the conditions which he foresaw—much as physicians' diagnoses are blamed as being a cause of disease. He, the "Good European," the critic of Prussian nationalism, was bracketed with the saberrattling Treitschke during the First World War. When the Nazis attempted to claim him he had to be bowdlerized, among other reasons, because of his vigorous opposition to anti-Semitism.

There is an extraordinary photograph of Hitler on a visit to the Nietzsche archive. The *Führer*, scowling, is at the extreme left, separated as far as possible from a bust of the philosopher or, rather, one half of the statue which the photographer, with true symbolism, included in his frame. Readers of Kaufmann's volumes should be able to interpret the symbolism and recognize the significance of the photograph as a historical document.

Going "behind and beyond the facts" he detailed the day-to-day struggle of the New Mexican, first under the Spanish conquistadors, then the Mexicans, and finally the Americans. He saw that geography had indeed created a sort of "cultural isolation" where "literacy became the exception rather than the rule," where religion, music and fiestas became the cultural sustenance of the people. "In the march of imperialism," he wrote, "a people were forgotten, cast aside as the by-product of territorial aggrandizement."

The southwestern territories may be the fruits of American conquest; but for the Hispanic southwesterner, the Anglo conquest has come to be—to use a phrase coined by André Gide—"a fruit filled with bitter ashes," indeed "like those colocynths of the desert that grow in a parched and burning soil." And unfortunately the parched and burning soil produced only the most primitive kind of agricultural economy, as Dr. Sanchez discovered. This 16th-century agrarian mentality has left the New Mexicans "unprepared to act in their new environment." For as Dr. Sanchez pointed out:

"A populace, ignorant of modern ways, was thrown into a situation which would task the most enlightened societies. Centuries behind the times, without a democratic tradition, unaware of their rights and status, and incapable of voicing their views and feelings, they became cannon fodder for political guns."

By 1940, some New Mexicans had taken great strides forward, but for the most part social status simply reflected economic insufficiency. Furthermore, lack of education was a handicap "in the exercise of . . . political power." Things have improved only slightly since. In the southwest, the average number of school years completed by Spanish-speaking children is about seven years, while for the Anglo child it is about twelve. The disparity is still great. This educational hiatus is reflected further in the unemployment rate among the Spanish-speaking adults. And because he speaks a foreign language, the New Mexican has become a foreigner in his own country. Only recently, at the insistence of Senator Yarborough (D., Tex.), has bilingual education loomed as a reality.

But Dr. Sanchez saw the problem of his people as more than that of bilingualism; he saw it as one of cultures in conflict, necessitating massive federal aid and the education of Americans (particularly administrators) to the inherent problems of the New Mexicans. His vision did not take in direct political activism as a part of the solution, for he believed in the orderly process of social and economic evolution.

In a new preface to the reissue of *For-*

People of Sanchez

FORGOTTEN PEOPLE. By George I. Sanchez. Calvin Horn. 98 pp. \$5.75.

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO

Mr. Ortego is a cultural linguist who teaches English language and literature at New Mexico State University.

In the publisher's introduction to the reissue of George I. Sanchez's definitive study of New Mexicans, Calvin Horn states: "It is a privilege to republish this long-standing New Mexico classic which 27 years ago dramatized the essence of the inherent problems of the people of northern New Mexico." And unfortunately Mr. Horn is right when he says: "It is sad to note that since the appearance of *Forgotten People* in 1940, little has changed in the condition of the northern New Mexican except the passage of time."

Underwritten by a Carnegie Corporation grant, Dr. Sanchez set out to study the plight of his people in rural New Mexico in those waning depression years of 1938 and 1939. His report of the economic, social and political conditions of Taos County, New Mexico, became the first edition of *Forgotten People*; the subsequent edition of 1940 was brought out by the University of New Mexico Press.

In those prewar days, the status of the Spanish-speaking New Mexican (a term which Dr. Sanchez prefers over the designation Spanish-American or Mexican-American) was pretty grim when

measured with the Anglo socio-economic yardstick of the time. Then, as now, the Spanish-speaking New Mexican constituted more than half of the population of the state. And though descendants of Spanish colonials are a proud—one is almost too quick to say arrogant—people, the years of Anglo domination have reduced many of them to a pathetic level of economic peonism.

Dr. Sanchez declared his intent in the preface to the 1940 edition of his study: "to go behind and beyond the facts in an attempt to achieve subjective identification with the New Mexican and to give life to the facts and color to their portrayal." He did. And as a social philosopher he was right of course in his conclusion that "cold facts alone do not portray a society."

Of special interest to *Nation* readers is the publication of *Gothic Politics in the Deep South: Stars of the New Confederacy*, by *Nation* Washington correspondent Robert Sherrill (Grossman, \$6.95). Several lengthy sections of the book first appeared in these pages. It is a study of the careers of seven Southern politicians: Leander Perez, Orval Faubus, George Smathers, James Eastland, Herman Tamadge, Strom Thurmond and George Wallace.

gotten People, Dr. Sanchez comments reluctantly:

In those distant younger days, though I did not ignore reality, I did harbor a modicum of optimism. Maybe, somehow, the forgotten people of my homeland would be remembered and redeemed. Maybe as the nation grew more affluent, and wiser perhaps, it would roll back the pages of history and pay the long overdue debt it incurred when it forced itself on my people. I had hopes, though very slim ones, that, at the very least, a repentant nation would help us lift ourselves by our bootstraps. Instead, it took away our boots! Where are our land grants, for example?

These are the land grants that were to

be vouchsafed by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which transferred the southwestern territories from the Republic of Mexico to the United States and which the firebrand northern New Mexico leader, Reies Tijerina (el Tijere), with his diminishing Federal Alliance of Land Grants is trying desperately to reclaim now.

Dr. Sanchez concludes sadly: "For many of us, things are better than they once were. We eat better, we dress better, and we speak English without an accent. This is a good life. But, mine are still forgotten people."

Forgotten People is as relevant today as it was in 1940. It is one of the great books in the literature of the Southwest.

A Here and Now Hell

A CHANGE OF SKIN. By Carlos Fuentes. Translated by Sam Hileman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 462 pp. \$6.95.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of *The Bowery Man* (Thomas Nelson).

To medieval man, as to fundamentalist preachers, hell was real but remote, waiting in an afterlife that made the sinner fear to die. Mid-century man, freed of myth, brings hell to life.

That is the particular horror of Carlos Fuentes' *Inferno*, passionately described in his latest novel, *A Change of Skin*. It is a hell of barbed wire and extermination ovens, napalm and corruption. Satan, in Fuentes' demonology, is power, wherever it is wielded: in Berlin, Washington, Moscow, or in the beds of sexual combat. Disenchantment is the food of hell's inhabitants, and romantic ideology the black mass.

The avenging angels are a band of pot-smoking, guitar-strumming youngsters in skintight pants. (No flower people, these.) Appropriately called the Monks, they hand down their judgments while

fornicating in a Saturnalia that would revolt the demons of Hieronymus Bosch, although it may stir mere clinical interest among present-day readers.

Fuentes also differs from medieval explorers of hell in that he offers no clue to salvation. Or if he does, this wandering shade mistook it for another category of damnation. This is not impossible because Fuentes leads his readers through a tangled forest where symbols hang like Spanish moss and all the paths are quicksand.

The journey starts in a car driven by an architect who once planned the ovens for the Nazis while he mooned for his lost Jewish sweetheart. With him is an American Jewish woman, her Mexican husband who was once a promising romantic poet, and her husband's young Mexican mistress. They are bound from Mexico City to Veracruz during Holy Week.

Their lives are slowly pieced together in flashbacks that accumulate detail like a canvas on which a painter piles pigment until his figures seem like bas-reliefs. What at first appears to be romantic fiction—a poet and his bride on an Ionian island—turns slowly into something else. Sweet embraces become deadly duels and the bed turns into an arena. The Sudeten German student of architecture listens to Brahms, walks the ancient streets of Prague with his love, only to see her again in a death camp of his own design.

The poet who sacrifices women in the name of art—a pathetic, unfulfilled scholastic sort of art, at that—shares a Nazi-like guilt of cruelty in the name of a cause. And even the victims, however beautiful, turn unlovely at the end.

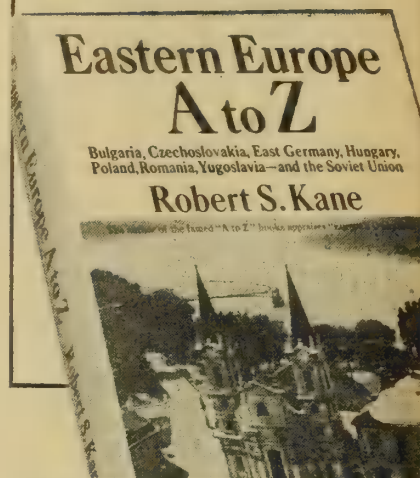
If this were not enough, a narrator, who cross-examines the characters and preaches to the reader, remorselessly

A Kane's-eye view of 'Europe's Other Half'

In this newest of his "A to Z" series, Bob Kane opens the curtain — wide: beds are frequently too narrow but bikinis are happily synonymous with beaches... Czechs can be bores but Poles perky... Americans and Russians are similarly gregarious, sensitive, fun-loving. Here it is — Romania's muraled monasteries, Hungary's still-great cuisine, Bulgaria's new Riviera, Yugoslavia's East-West mélange, Ulbricht's Berlin — a characteristically unvarnished Kane appraisal, from politics to packing, hotels to handicrafts, Moscow to the Moldau.

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DOUBLEDAY



strips away whatever prettiness remains and lets the horror in. It is perhaps merciful that halfway through the book Fuentes stops the pretense that his characters are flesh and blood with whom a reader can identify. They become symbols like the skulls and skeletons that adorn the celebration of All Saints' Day in Fuentes' native Mexico.

Readers who expect a novel to be inhabited by people may at that point abandon hope and leave the book to those with a taste for modern miracle

THE SHOWER

*In the steam of the shower
that conquers the mirrors,
your body drops its outlines
to waver like a breath not taken
between form and memory.*

*A moment before
this flesh
which now so easily abandons you
bound me in love.*

MICHELE MURRAY

plays and parables, magical portents and oracular mysteries.

A lesser writer than Fuentes following such a pattern might become ridiculous. And even Fuentes narrowly escapes that fate on occasion. Although his mysteries tantalize, his obscurities tend to irritate. Yet when his narrator becomes too explicit the prophet goes pedestrian. Those moments are awkward but they are only moments, however bad, and they pass. What saves the day for Fuentes is the intoxicating prose we have been led to expect from him. Here it is rendered from the Spanish into brilliant luxuriant English by Sam Hileman.

A Change of Skin can be—must be—read on many levels. As a philosophic plea for nihilism—if that is what it is—it is unimpressive. As social criticism it is devastating, but the shambles has been itemized before and the denial of even the tiniest light leaves a darkness one cannot see. There may be a kind of compassion, expressed most clearly for a manikin child born in the midst of a brothel's orgy, but pity is smothered in the sternness of Judgment Day.

As a new Old Testament prophet, however, Fuentes demands attention, and if the times call for an oracle to warn of doom, at least we have a voice that makes music when it cries in the wilderness.

Book Marks

THE SOPHOMORE. By Barry Spacks. Prentice-Hall. 207 pp. \$4.95.

Spacks's hero is a runner; at 22 he is still a sophomore in college, has been trying to complete a paper on Aristotle and Plato for five weeks and likes to collect the last words of famous men. When the girl he's been living with lies to him and tells him she's pregnant, the sophomore guiltily leaves and accidentally meets his old roommate, an unhappily married college professor. The roommate and his wife return with the hero; naturally the roommate just barely does *not* make love to the girl friend, nor the sophomore with the roommate's wife. Until the runner becomes the coach, the track he follows is a never-ending circle. Luckily, Spacks's imagination is capable of a gentle self-irony that allows his characters to become more important than their problems; and though in his striving for a prose style he occasionally achieves the same faults for which he criticizes his characters—an arched mannerism that resembles wit but is only the absence of it—his honest feelings allow his novel to make a comment upon a quality of American middle-class life that is not solely restricted to those who

comfortably nest within the groves of Academe.

HAIL, HERO! By John Weston. McKay. 215 pp. \$4.50.

Mr. Weston's lyrical sensibility is on the side of the angels—that is, he is against war and hate and for youth and love; if his hero were the least bit attractive, he might have turned out a good propaganda novel. Instead this book about the day in a young boy's life when he sees his family for the first time in two years and is due to leave the next morning for boot camp because he has joined up, leaves one with the impression that the hawks are right: demonstrators are stupid, uppity kids. Karl, the hero, quotes some Shakespeare and knows Beowulf—so much for his brilliance; he has helped cripple his brother—so much for his sensitivity; he runs around his father's ranch in several different loin-cloths, or nude—so much for his love for freedom. His father, of course, is a brute; his mother is misunderstood and his crippled brother is going to pull through, while Karl goes off to war hoping to make his murderer love him. The real demonstrators and draft resisters on the contrary are circled by mortality and grow up; and the shedding of many of their obnoxious personal attitudes—so amply manifested in Karl—without the loss of their radical political sentiments is one of the most heroic things about them, worthy of one's respect; all Mr. Weston's hero commands is a vague sympathy—the kind we might feel for a sad buffoon.

PAXTON QUIGLEY'S HAD THE COURSE. By Stephen H. Yafa. Lippincott. 195 pp. \$4.50.

Epithets from famous novels give impressive weight to insubstantial efforts; and the quote from *Notes from the Underground* that begins Mr. Yafa's first book at first seems only remotely concerned with this novel about an intelligent fraternity boy who, having affairs with three Bennington girls at the same time, is locked up in an attic by all of them and made to service them regularly every four hours. But, like a fraternity prank, the nature of the action quickly alters from cute to horrific, resulting in a small tragedy. The change, while it gives a certain interest to the novel—art imitating life—demands that the reader spend his time discovering the subject matter rather than the author's and his own points of view toward it—a definite weakness, but the only one in the book. Mr. Yafa is a writer of real talent and possesses an impressive and compassionate imagination; he has his own characters and prose style that at its best is neither cute nor mawkish. His

achievement can be measured by the fact that, by the end of his lyrical narrative of first love and early squalor, Dostoevsky's prefacing remark seems more an accompaniment to Mr. Yafa's text than a gloss on it.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Joe Orton's *Loot* (Biltmore Theatre) was a hit in London and the winner of a critics' prize there three seasons ago. I have no very strong feelings about it. Its black humor did not offend me, its boldness provoked no great gusts of laughter in me. I came, I saw and I tried to understand why it left me very nearly indifferent.

It is a well-written play: its dialogue is fleet and spanking. Though its plot and technique are farcical, the play may be thought a satire. A couple of young men—one an undertaker's assistant, the other the son of a woman who has just died—have robbed a bank. They have hidden the booty in a wardrobe in the widower's home where the deceased is also lying in state. When a detective threatens to inspect the wardrobe the two culprits contrive to remove the loot by placing it in the coffin, having first wrapped the corpse in a blanket to make it look like a tailor's dummy and thrust it into the wardrobe. From this point the corpse—which has been undressed—is trundled back and forth, like a piece of troublesome luggage, in a series of imbrolios too frequent to enumerate.

Besides the youthful scamps and the stupidly brutal and corrupt sleuth from Scotland Yard, there is present a notorious killer who in the guise of a nurse has murdered the lady in the bundle as a first step toward marrying the widower, who would himself eventually be knocked off. At the final curtain it is arranged that the lethal lady will instead marry the undertaker's assistant who will probably fare no better than the other men whom she has wed.

The police are the butt of most of the jokes. Religion—especially the Catholic—is almost equally derided. Nor are love, sex, death spared mockery. The English, being a most respectful and respectable people, enjoy kicking over the traces in play. They make the best audiences for every sort of buffoonery, every "game" which permits them to loosen the braces of their etiquette. Hence the success of this play in London, where its whacky irreverence conveyed in smart speech meets with special appreciation.

Just as bedroom farce has almost disappeared from the stage because nowa-

days adultery is no longer of particular moment, so it seems to me that amorality can induce only a slight tremor of mirth in a time when a sense of morality has become more residual than real.

Loot makes the impression of having been written without any feeling at all; it seems disengaged even from the objects of its scorn. Orton's coldness leaves me cold. The horror in Pinter is cutting or funny because for all his air of detachment he is horrified. His jokes provide a mask to hide his hurt.

A further cause for my lack of response to *Loot* is the peculiar flaccidity in the production by Derek Goldby. Rapid-fire movement and delivery do not, as commonly supposed, make for pace. There is plenty of bustle in the show but little comic spirit. For all the dashing about the effect is one of inertia.

A capable cast—George Rose, Carole Shelley and others—ought to be hilarious, so the audience behaves as if they were. They aren't.

The extraordinarily fine company of the Vienna *Burgtheater* (Austria's national stage established as such in 1776) has opened a four-week season at the City Center. People interested in acting excellence should not fail to see at least one of the scheduled four productions. Theatre buffs will wish to see them all. For those who have no German, translations through earphones are supplied for a modest sum.

The first play given—a solid piece of writing and social observation—was Arthur Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardt*, written in 1912. Schnitzler, best known here for *Anatol* and *La Ronde* (or "Roundelay"), composed either piquant or delicately mournful and always thoroughly civilized comedies and dramas reflecting the honeyed cynicism of Vienna's love life as the empire of which it was the capital waltzed to its extinction. But *Professor Bernhardt* is an altogether different sort of play. Fundamentally grim, it retains the grace of the gently melancholy smile characteristic of its author.

What is explored without heat or grimace is Austria's endemic anti-Semitism. Schnitzler was a doctor and *Bernhardt* concerns the scandal set in motion when the head of a hospital who happens to be a Jew refuses to allow a priest to administer extreme unction to a young girl about to die. Bernhardt's action is founded entirely on medical grounds: he maintains that the girl is unaware of her condition, is in fact living her last moments in a state of euphoria, hopeful of recovery. He wants her to pass away without the anguish which the sight of the priest would bring about. The girl does die immediately after she is informed that the priest has come to perform the final sacrament.

Due to various professional pressures within the hospital itself, in addition to the more or less declared anti-Semitism of certain factions within and around it, the incident becomes an "affair." Hitler and the consequences of the *Anschluss* are far in the future, but Schnitzler exposes the seeds from which they sprang.

There is no great strife or tragedy in the play—while sober its tone is generally light—however, Bernhardt is sentenced to prison for two months. On his release, he is reinstated in his position with the congratulations of most of his colleagues and the acclaim of his students. The play shows a great deal of Austrian society of the period (1910)—its manners, politics, charm, arrogance, constriction and self-deprecation.

The silken smooth acting is subdued, unemphatic, utterly convincing. This is a realism remarkable above all for its refinement. It is not psychological or soulfully profound in the Russian mode, nor distressed and turbulent as it occasionally is with us. It is a suave realism in which breeding, intelligence, a covert humor and genuine maturity are everywhere evident. It is "chamber music," with every actor in the cast playing like a master.

There is too a slight tinge of theatricality, an artful though never obtrusive exhibition of sheer skill—like a fragrance or a form of illumination which creates an aura the source of which we cannot detect. It is the very cream of Austrian craftsmanship, traditional and yet ever tasteful. Whether it can rise to the romantic heights of Schiller's *Maria Stuart* we have yet to see. But in the Schnitzler comedy, the company is supreme. I name no one in the large cast because all the actors stand on an equally high level according to the nature of their parts.

I love Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* too much to speak of the shortcomings of its production at the Lyceum by the A.P.A. Besides I have been spoiled in regard to this masterpiece because I first saw it staged by the "original" Moscow Art Theatre, with Stanislavsky as an unforgettable Gaev, and by several other Muscovite performances of a later date. The play is well nigh indestructible.

Though I have often discoursed—even ranted—about theatre art as an organism in which text and performance constitute the Play, I am tempted in this instance to reverse myself and say that if you have never seen *The Cherry Orchard* or only seen it once before (and that long ago) you will not be sorry to see it now. Chekhov's genius honestly treated—and one can credit its current presentation with honorable intentions at least—still shines through.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Producers is a trivial and largely unsuccessful slapstick comedy so complex as to plot and so stocked with only partly relevant incident that if I were to go into detail sufficient to make the action intelligible, it would take more space than the occasion warrants. So readers will have to accept much of what follows on faith—unless they care to check on me by seeing the picture themselves, a course I do not recommend.

Zero Mostel, playing a Broadway producer in decline, is given the larcenous idea of raising a great deal more money than he needs to produce a play, finding a script that is certain to flop, thus wiping out the backers' equity, and skipping the country with the balance of the kitty before the tax auditors catch up with him. Of course, if he intends to skip, there is no reason to put on a play of any sort; and again of course, anyone in show business knows you cannot raise money for an unspecified production (Mostel does it by being irresistible to lecherous old women). But plausibility is not a requirement of popular farce (*Three Men on a Horse, The Captain's Paradise, Charley's Aunt*). What is required is a steadily accelerating rhythm of belly laughs, and in this respect *The Producers* is worse than disappointing, it is frustrating to the point of physical distress. At least, I find two hours of aborted laughter a strain on the system.

Oddly, Mostel's great talent creates the discomfort. He is probably the great-

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est comic actor of the day, having combined a grotesque body and a demonic behavior with clear evidence of a brilliant and sophisticated mind to create numberless variations on the anomalies of human personality. If he were not in this film, there would be no reason to anticipate hilarity, but as it is he employs his prodigious energy to build the tension for one ecstatic explosion after another, only to have the climaxes misfire from

some ineptitude of plot or inadequacy of supporting performance.

Thus, the play he finds, *Springtime for Hitler*, is marvelously promising, and its mad author, a still-fanatic subject of the Führer now raising pigeons on the lower East Side of New York, is played with splendid paranoia by Kenneth Mars. But when it is produced for the first-night audience, the show is an anticlimax. The opening scene, to be sure, is a very funny production number, its unrestrained bad taste kidding the corn of Broadway polish, but the following scene, when the theatre audience comes suddenly to life (thus destroying Mostel's con game), is so inane that the premise of the film collapses on the spot.

Thus also, Gene Wilder, who has the second major role as Mostel's co-conspirator, has been coached by Mel Brooks, author and director, in no response but petulance. Every time the camera switches from the fat man to the pale man, the laughter is snatched from your throat.

Lacking other inspiration (Mostel's tumbling of ready old ladies is not subject to much elaboration within the bounds of the most permissive taste), *The Producers* relies heavily on homosexuality. The theory is, presumably, that the sight of a man twitching his hips will infallibly knock a middle-class audience into the aisles. It used to be so—the anxious laughter booming hollowly through the house—but the dodge has been used too often of late to guarantee the old automatic response. And when flagrant mincing and eye-flapping is harped on as a major support of the jollification, the effect becomes mean, turning the theatre into a kind of bear pit. There is a homosexual way of being funny, but the assumption that it is inherently funny is as compassionate as milking laughs out of a cleft palate or a withered arm.

The last thing on earth that Zero Mostel needs for the display of his talents is a second-rate scenario. Next time, if he can't get a good script and a director who understands what he can say about the human species, he should come on screen as himself and improvise. Indeed, it's a good idea.

The book, *Up the Junction*, is a series of articles by Nell Dunn, most of which appeared first in the *New Statesman*, and which recorded the life she had found living and working with the factory girls of Battersea. The movie of *Up the Junction* centers on Miss Dunn, here called Polly and played by Susy Kendall, as a rich girl who has moved across the river from Chelsea to escape the hypocrisy of her parents' life and to share in the warm, colorful reality of the poor. She is no longer a writer (though the ghost of Miss Dunn is eerily

suggested by passages in which Miss Kendall engages in what appears to be "observing"; that is, she abruptly turns catatonic and can be seen to "drink in" the atmosphere), and lord knows she is not interested in improving the conditions of the poor. She is an idiot (and this is rough on Miss Kendall, who is forced to say asinine things in a deeply thoughtful manner) who thinks that since the rich are miserable the poor must be having a ball. Watching her education at the hands of a van-driving boy friend is tedious at best, and infuriating if you know the savage, witty and heartbreaking documents from which the malarky is derived. A particularly irritating habit of the film is to derive "copy" from incidents in Miss Dunn's chronicles, but to pass them over without ever getting to the essence of what she was describing.

Otherwise, the picture is another in the current British working-class parade—filled with brutal detail but oddly polished and expensive looking. Are the "rock" bands up Clapham Junction way really that good, do the birds really wear their frippery with so much style, are the houses that clean and the boys that handsome (no bad teeth, no dandruff)? I begin to suspect that British film interests have built a Potemkin slum somewhere outside of London, for the use of directors interested in filming the lower depths under hygienic conditions. The director of this example was Peter Collinson.

Movies are booming in Eastern Europe, but that would be a poor reason to buy the product sight unseen. Something of the sort must have happened with *I Even Met Happy Gypsies*, a Yugoslav import that is first cousin to a Romany encampment at Radio City Music Hall. These gypsies, to be sure, play rough with knives and women and clomp about surrounded by great flocks of geese (they traffic in feathers) and up to their knees in mud. But it is still much ado about nonsense, crudely motivated, stiffly acted, morosely photographed and directed in a style of ill-connected short takes with mawkish regard for a steamy countryside. The bloodletting and lechery are punctuated by picturesque weddings, funerals and café scenes; there are gypsy fiddlers and a sultry singer who performs in a low register with much flinging of raven hair. One inexplicable scene has village maidens waltzing in couples on the mucky street while a man on a white horse curvets among them.

The hero, Bekim Fehmiu, much resembles Belmondo, and has capitalized on this good fortune by adopting some of the Frenchman's mannerisms. Even at second hand, it is instructive to see how Belmondo handles the ladies. Or so it seemed in the meagre context of *Happy Gypsies*.

PERSONALS

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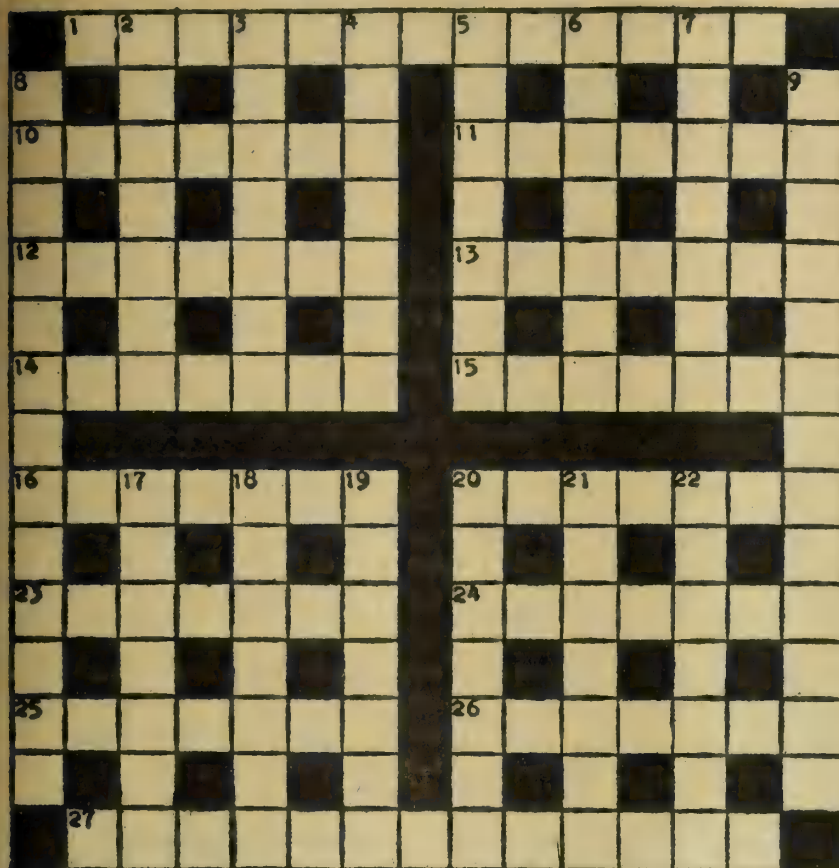
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1244

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Bat that should take care of both low and high pitches. (3,10)
- 10 One might think it old-fashioned in an honest Episcopalian. (3-4)
- 11 To some, it may sound like how to make pork better, but it has cordial connotation. (7)
- 12 Precipitate reaction, perhaps. (7)
- 13 One of Solomon's three thousand? (7)
- 14 In lieu of twists and ties. (7)
- 15 Fair, and not a frowner on birth, Gray recorded. (7)
- 16 We might look for them in business to get put wrongly to burial places. (7)
- 20 Act fast, if you want to catch who might be giving 8 to politicians. (3,4)
- 23 There are no such any more, said Edna St. Vincent Millay. (7)
- 24 It's rough around fifty to save anything! (7)
- 25 Very poor by comparison. (7)
- 26 Was Macbeth's tale-teller so? (7)
- 27 Wells Fargo bosses? Strange game, as strange as the answer! (5,8)

DOWN:

- 2 Certainly not a warlike theology. (7)
- 3 Temporary diminution of excitability. (7)
- 4 No longer valid as a permit. (7)

- 5 Leaves out. (7)
- 6 Marc Antoni was extremely inventive, it seems. (7)
- 7 Relative article, as a self-proclaimed sign of danger long ago. (7)
- 8 Paupers and papers might both appreciate them. (13)
- 9 Monkey all around this, after one going "pop"? You're likely to find one here at last! (8,5)
- 17 Everything in the examination should be tip-top. (7)
- 18 Managed the biggest office in some countries, putting things in order. (7)
- 19 Used to be rattled in the service! (7)
- 20 What a cleaver causes. (7)
- 21 Having an inclination to be acting like Don Quixote? (7)
- 22 It makes some tools fit, fit inside a red sort of container. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1243

ACROSS: 1 Round steak; 6 Odds; 10 Ladybug; 11 Bravado; 12 Thin; 13 Coincident; 15 Vagrant; 16 Stilton; 17 Placates; 20 Sandman; 22 Oddfellows; 23 Knob; 25 Outwear; 26 Endorse; 27 Nude; 28 Persecuted.
DOWN: 1 Relative pronoun; 2 Undying; 3 Dabs; 4 Tugboat; 5 Albinos; 7 Dearest; 8 Shortening bread; 9 Parisians; 14 Parameter; 18 Audited; 19 Enlarge; 20 Sawyers; 21 Minaret; 24 Odic.

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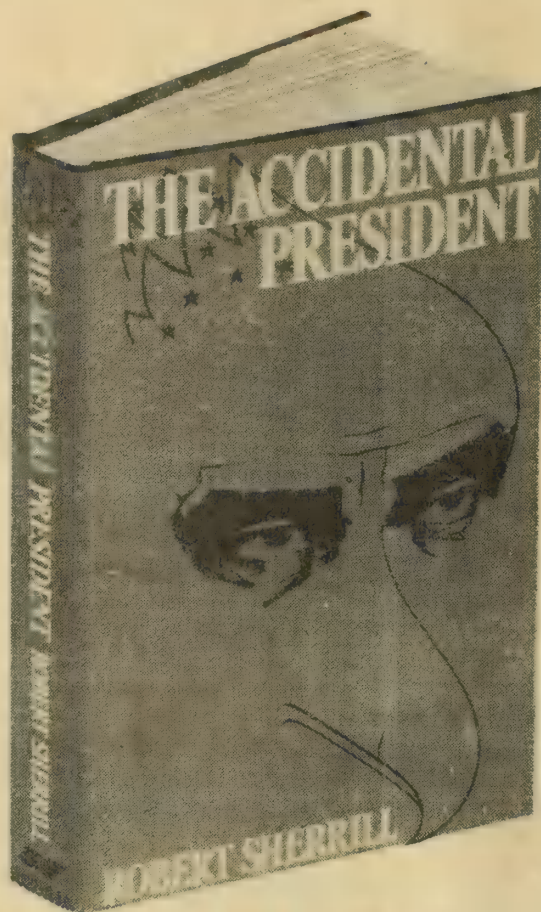
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for this country."***

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LETTERS

classroom reality

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIR: I have not read *How Children Learn* by John Holt, but Chandler Brossard's diatribe ["The Child's Style of Learning," *The Nation*, Mar. 11] about the "degrading" educational experience, "especially on the primary level," reveals an abysmal lack of acquaintance with pedagogical reality in this country. As an elementary schoolteacher, and a teacher of teachers, of forty-three years' experience, in one-room rural schools on through to graduate schools, here and abroad, I must state that Mr. Brossard is talking through his hat—and irresponsibly.

Maybe Mr. Holt is expert enough to be critical. I would want to know his credentials. Mr. Brossard, as "a novelist and author of a forthcoming book on Spain" offers not an iota of qualification for his condemnation of elementary schoolteachers and what goes on in classrooms.

I am tired of upstarts who tell us why Johnny can't read or, in this case, "why the child is systematically disengaged from his fragile dignity. . . ." We have empirical evidence that Johnny can and does read, avidly and extensively. Ask the book publishers, or just check the book stores and the libraries. . . .

George I. Sánchez

Mr. Brossard has taught at C. W. Post College and Fairleigh Dickinson. His ongoing interest in education has taken him to the experimental campus of the new State University College, Old Westbury, where he is associate professor in literature and social science.

Editors

Boeing

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR: As an otherwise appreciative reader, I wish to correct the impression you seem to have of the Boeing Company as a war profiteer (an opinion I have noticed two or three times in recent issues).

The Boeing Company does the least defense work of all aerospace firms, that is, about 40 per cent of its sales for the past four years have been for the government.

Most of this 40 per cent is unconnected with the Vietnamese War. It includes such work as the Minuteman missile, the Saturn and the SRAM. The only work the Boeing Company does that is connected with the war is the Chinook helicopter, which is built by Vertol in Pennsylvania. The Chinook was conceived as a civilian helicopter, and was contracted for well before the Vietnamese build-up began.

As you see, the unfortunate opinions of Senators Jackson and Magnuson cannot be attributed to the location of the Boeing Company. Besides, Rep. Brock Adams, who comes from a district that is well described as all Boeing, is not exactly a flaming hawk.

C. I. Crawford

abortion law

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Governor Reagan is not as blundering as you imply ["Humane Doctors: Inhumane Law," *The Nation*, Feb. 26]. The new California abortion law is so worded that, on maternal psychiatric grounds, it indirectly covers rubella (as you state) and any other deforming diseases—without naming them specifically. This broadly worded law is all that is needed—more specific listing of legal indications for abortion would be coercive to the physician and would be out of date much quicker than the previous 100-year-old "inhumane law."

Richard Thomas Barton, M.D.

EDITORIALS

MARTIN LUTHER KING

Within the shock of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. rests the additional shock of realizing that he was only 39 when the gunman found him. Dr. King emerged as the leader of his people's strength and dignity in Montgomery in 1956 (he was 27), and since then his has been the senior voice of moral integrity and humane determination in the United States. As Dr. Kenneth Clark said on the night of the slaying, "You have to weep for this country."

And it is by the grace of Dr. King's spirit that this whole country may mourn its loss. His generosity excluded no one, not the most complacent, not the most heedless, not the most bigoted, from the dream he had. He was a man capable of magnificent anger, but hate was not in him; he denounced the act, never the man. Hatred, indeed, was his single foe—both the hatred that steamed out of prejudice and the hatred which, in retaliation and frustration, the black people have been calling down on white society. Violence is now expected, but if Dr. King's spirit can live with us in the next few weeks it need not occur.

'Let Justice roll down like waters in a mighty stream,' said the Prophet Amos. He was seeking not consensus but the cleansing action of revolutionary change. America has made progress toward freedom, but measured against the goal the road ahead is still long and hard.

For many years, it was *The Nation's* privilege to publish Dr. King's annual report on civil rights, an address on the State of the Nation in the true sense of the phrase. The above quote comes from his article of March 15, 1965; it is typical of how his mind worked: Proud, unhampered by passion, perfectly understanding the size of the job to be done and utterly confident that men endowed with his spirit could do it.

The road is still long and hard, and this terrible killing, which could be motivated only by the malice of ignorance, makes it the more difficult to a degree no one can yet estimate.

But one thing is certain: we must march. We must march all together and in his name; violence is always irrelevant, in the context of Dr. King's life it is obscene. As the country knows, he had planned to enter Washington later this month at the head of a "Poor People's Crusade." That appointment must be kept—it is the solemn duty of the government to see that it is kept and that it goes forward in the spirit of magnanimous determination to let justice roll down that animated every action Dr. King took. And we should all be there, for now that Dr. King is slain, the title of his crusade takes on a different meaning: in his shadow, we are all "Poor People." Decency is all he ever asked of the country, and only by the decency of social justice and human respect can the country heal itself of this intolerable deed.

OCT 20
JAN 25

The President's Decision

Mr. Johnson made the decision we had repeatedly predicted he would make, and for the reason we had advanced—the logic of politics left him no alternative. The necessity was twofold: the war in Vietnam, for which he was primarily responsible in its phase of intervention with U.S. troops; and, as Ted Lewis pointed out in these pages (January 29), the fact that the Johnson personality itself had become a factor dividing the country and militating against his re-election. The news from Texas, as reported in the *Dallas Morning News*, that the war and his conduct of it had lost majority backing even in that most hawkish of states, must have been the iron that pierced Mr. Johnson's soul.

As for the President's personal make-up, it was hardly something that he could change, yet he could not but be aware that it had alienated a very large number—by all indications a majority—of his fellow citizens. Ironically, even after those traumatic moments when he suddenly announced his intention not to seek re-election, widespread skepticism persisted, and many people still are not wholly assured that he meant what he said. One of these, for example, is General Gavin, a soldier of distinguished achievement who has become wise in the ways of politics and business after his retirement from the Army. Rep. Wright Patman, a Johnson supporter, came on the air immediately after the speech to argue that the Democratic Party would never accept anyone but Mr. Johnson as its candidate. The President was not responsible for Mr. Patman's reaction, but it is worth noting that Mr. Patman did not take Mr. Johnson's solemn word as binding.

We do not read the statement that way; we take it at face value. The question that does trouble us is the validity of the policy change which the President coupled with his withdrawal. Had he not announced the latter, the former would have been of little consequence. One can see it in perspective by dismissing from one's mind the broadcast presentation and instead reading the text as it appeared in the early editions of the morning papers. This was the version the White House released to the press before the President went on the air, and it does not contain the withdrawal announcement. Without it, the gesture of de-escalation amounts to no more than a restriction of geographical area, which for the moment exempts most of the North Vietnamese population from bombing and in effect makes Hanoi and Haiphong open cities as long—and only as long—as that is the President's pleasure.

In every other respect the Administration's interpretation of history is reiterated without an iota of change: South Vietnam was invaded by North Vietnam, a total aggressor: the United States intervened, not in a civil war but to protect all Asia from the Red Chinese tyranny hovering over the continent; the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese are solely responsible for the devastation wrought by the Tet offensive, which was a failure for the enemy except that (one small concession) it did draw some ARVN forces back from the countryside into the cities. The lawfully elected government of South Vietnam was going to try harder, we would supply its forces with better weapons, and still another 13,500 American troops

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THE NATION

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were being sent in. And the end: a "strong and confident and vigilant America" stands ready to make an honorable peace and to defend an "honored cause whatever the price, whatever the burden, whatever the sacrifice that duty may require." Except for the "duly elected" government of South Vietnam, it could all have been said two years ago.

Rumors of a response are coming in by short wave from North Vietnam as this is written. What position Hanoi will be found to have taken—dismissing the rodomontade which it will well understand is intended for domestic consumption and to protect Thieu and Ky from heart seizures—depends on many factors. How hard up are they militarily? What diplomatic pressures are being brought to bear by friendly nations and by U Thant and perhaps by the USSR? Do the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong feel that they have been a factor in Johnson's withdrawal and that they have thus gained a victory of sorts? Do they think he will be reasonable to deal with at the conference table—first, if he wishes to be; second, if he can defy extreme hawk sentiment at home? These are only samples of the parameters acting in a situation of this sort.

From Mr. Johnson's standpoint, only if he can come up with at least a cease-fire, or an armed truce like that in Korea, before the end of his term, can he count on the honorable place in history which is now the only thing left for him to seek. If Mr. Johnson's desire for peace has not become genuine, if by an "honorable" peace he does not mean one of mutual accommodation, he is victimizing all of us, but most of all himself.

Dissent and Politics

An argument which *The Nation* has consistently advanced finds vindication in the sequence of events culminating in the President's decision not to seek renomination. We have argued (the arguments were summarized in a talk by the editor on "Dissent and Politics" at the University of Michigan on March 28) that there can be no meaningful politics without dissent and no meaningful dissent without politics.

Politics is not a self-generating activity; it must be fueled by dissent. Politicians will repeat outmoded dogmas from one election to the next until—by pressure of strong, sustained dissenting opinion—they are finally forced to address themselves to new realities and new issues.

With dissent in eclipse throughout the cold-war years, a large measure of rot accumulated in the political system. Not surprisingly, therefore, there was no immediate political response when dissent over the war in Vietnam began to assume significant proportions. In anger and dismay, the efforts of the dissenters were redoubled; still there was no response. Then the rhetoric of protest became more vehement and the demonstrations more militant, as dissent "took to the streets." Still the same stolid brush-offs and stereotyped rejoinders. In despair, some of the protesters began to correlate the increased size of the demonstrations with the military escalations in Vietnam: the bigger the demonstrations, the more savage the escalations. Many participants in the growing resistance began to feel that the demonstrations were futile and that the political process

had failed. Unnoticed, however, was the fact that public concern had deepened and the number of "converts"—in Congress, in the media, in mass organizations—had begun to increase. Even so, if anyone had suggested prior to January 1 that the protest movement might force the President to bow out, he would have been dismissed as a dreamer.

Yet the recent events are clearly a belated political response to the growing force and momentum of the protest movement. True, headlines have been a powerful catalyst—the Tet offensive, the gold drain, etc.—but events alone would not have produced the remarkable shift in opinion that has taken place since the early summer of 1967. The resistance (it is more that than it is a peace movement) can take major credit for what has happened. Again and again in these pages we have expressed admiration for the ingenuity and persistence of thousands of "concerned citizens" who, in default of political leadership and with virtually no organization, discovered—in many cases invented—unconventional means through which to give political expression to their feelings about the war. In volume, variety and inventiveness this movement has been quite without precedent: when the story is told in detail, it will constitute one of the most extraordinary chapters of our political history.

Ironically, this amazing demonstration of political vitality has been effected by a movement many elements of which professed to have abandoned all confidence in the political process! Yet the moment a means was found by which the mounting volume of disaffection could find political expression, the stalemate was broken. That means was the candidacy of Senator McCarthy. From then on, the accumulation of "unthinkable thoughts" rapidly set in motion a sequence of "impossible" events. At the moment, all that can be safely said is that the relationship between dissent and politics, between thought and action, is being re-established. But it is a good omen. Today as yesterday, thought without action is empty, just as action without thought is blind.

What Now?

The first duty of contenders for the Presidency—those now in the race and those who may enter—is to keep the Administration under constant pressure to seek a peaceful settlement of the war. The fact that the President has withdrawn from the race creates for him an opportunity to negotiate that is free of the suspicion that he might be using the negotiations for personal political advantage.

This is a net gain. But it would be a mistake to grant him carte blanche in the conduct of the war and the handling of whatever negotiations finally shape up. He is entitled to the "national unity" which he asserts as his paramount aim only if he seeks to unite the nation in pursuit of a peaceful settlement at the earliest possible date. That is what a clear majority clearly wants. If the President moves in this direction, he will need all the support he can get. If it comes to negotiations with the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front, the hawks will be standing invisibly behind our negotiations and making a

difficult task next to impossible. The President will also have to stand firm against hawkish pressure from the Joint Chiefs. Also, our dear allies in South Vietnam are quite capable of trying to upset any negotiations that may be undertaken. In brief, the President expects too much if he expects that he should now be granted unrestricted freedom of action simply because he is not a candidate.

By retiring from the race, the President has focused a new and sharper light on all those who aspire to succeed him; these contenders will now be put to new tests of their fitness for the Presidency. "Running against Johnson" is out; the contenders must now address themselves to issues, to policy questions, and to their conception of what Presidential leadership entails. They must demonstrate courage and intelligence in criticizing the President should he hesitate to pursue a peaceful settlement, and in supporting him when he does. By removing himself as the target, the President has made all the contenders subject to a new and closer scrutiny. For it is quite likely that the President's successor will have to carry on any negotiations which may get under way between now and the end of the year. Which of the candidates, of both parties, would prove most reliable and skillful in pressing negotiations to a successful conclusion? Which man would be most likely to place such negotiations in jeopardy?

One of the windfall benefits of the President's decision is that it must place all the contenders on their mettle. At such a time, in such a situation, the public should look for qualities other than the ability, for example, to incite a frenzy among students. What the public must determine is which candidate best exemplifies the qualities essential to Presidential leadership—an extremely difficult and dangerous phase of our national history. These qualities, in some respects, are different from the ones that have applied in the past.

It is part of Mr. Johnson's personal tragedy that he has never understood what Presidential leadership entails in the context of the New Politics. In our view, Senator McCarthy's most notable contribution to the campaign to date consists in his clear specification of the nature of Presidential leadership today. As he sees it, a President must recognize the limitations of his power, precisely because so much power is vested in the office. He must not conduct a "personal" Presidency, of the type that President Johnson enforced, with results that are now painfully evident. He must not operate the Presidency in a conspiratorial manner, with emphasis on "secrecy" and intrigue; nor must he seek to manipulate (as opposed to rallying and leading) public opinion. On the contrary, he must be able to win and hold public trust and confidence through demonstrated personal and political integrity—i.e., the integrity of his conception of the office—and through his ability to communicate with the people. He must conduct an "open" Presidency, in which the people can participate. Before November, voters must engage in some hard thinking about the Presidency as an institution, and the executive qualities that it requires. President Johnson's misconception of the office, and the style of leadership it requires nowadays, makes it the more imperative that his successor should understand the role of the President in the setting of the New Politics.

The Chorus and Miss McCarthy

Chorus (Second stasimon, *Oedipus, the King*):

My lot be still to lead
The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed

The press, like the Greek chorus, is the expression of vaguely opinionated norms. It seldom ventures, it seldom shows any but minute alterations. Now and then a Thespis comes out of it in the form of a Lippmann or a small-circulation periodical such as this one, but it usually turns out that Thespis was never really in the choric guild, that he has worn the outfit only to promote solidarity.

The choric nature of the press shows itself clearly in Presidential election years: the candidates it settles upon, the questions it asks those candidates. Thus Senator McCarthy is always asked if he will release his delegates to Senator Kennedy at the convention; but, oddly enough, Senator Kennedy is rarely asked if he will release his to Senator McCarthy. The press, on the whole, has settled them into roles: Senator McCarthy (to paraphrase Shaw) is to play horse to Senator Kennedy's Lady Godiva.

The erosive power of choric insistence was charmingly illustrated the other day by Senator McCarthy's marvelous 18-year-old daughter, Ellen. Asked again if it were true that it was she who'd suggested that her father run, she said: "In January, I was denying it, in February, I'd forgotten whether or not it was true. Now I'm admitting it."

The nice thing about press and chorus is that, except for personal safety, they have no long-term interests. Thus the press must be credited for reporting Miss McCarthy's contribution to what we can hope will be the popping of its own bubble.

RICHARD STERN

Act of Sanity

For the first time in three decades, California's Criminal Syndicalism Act, adopted during the red-scare era following World War I, was invoked in 1966. A Los Angeles man was indicted under the statute, which forbids teaching, advocating, aiding or abetting crimes of violence to effect political change or to change industrial ownership. The man's offense was to distribute Progressive Labor Party leaflets outside an inquest into the death of a Negro shot by a policeman. The leaflets said in part: "Revolution is necessary . . . Revolution means a complete overthrow of the system. No accommodation! No compromise!"

No act of violence was charged against the man, 24, a Negro and a former Mississippi civil rights worker. His attorneys, losing in the state courts, appealed to the federal district court. They argued that the law was so broad that it suppressed free speech. Agreeing with that contention, a three-judge panel unanimously held: "The assertion of doctrinal justification of criminal syndicalism, or of any other doctrine, however repulsive or unpatriotic, clearly falls within the protection of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, and such conduct may not be proscribed by statute." After a half-century of nonsense, the federal judges countered California's Syndicalism Act with an act of sanity.

NO LONGER A SICK CAMPAIGN

TED LEWIS

Mr. Lewis is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Washington

President Johnson's political exit removes from the campaign the man whom millions of thoughtful Americans strongly felt they could not endure for four more years. Now the nation is in a position to express its preferences among a group of Presidential candidates, any of whom (except George Wallace) it could "live with" through 1972. An immediate assessment of the impact of Johnson's withdrawal on the remaining Presidential aspirants in all parties would be witless and parochial. What is nationally vital and sublimely relevant is that his voluntary action has eliminated the deplorable "hate issue" from this year's campaign.

From now through the November election the partisan debate will be no longer sick but comparatively healthy. The fundamental issue of Johnson's image, a national calamity in itself, is gone. From this time on, it can be said hopefully, the country will no longer be obsessed by anti-Johnsonism, and can turn its attention to more profitable concerns.

This then is the gain that can be assessed without delay. It means for the Republican Party that it cannot expect "just any old candidate" to lure the votes of Democrats and independents who have been disillusioned, disgusted, or discouraged by the way Johnson has handled the Presidency. A constructive approach is now required of Richard M. Nixon—clear, specific alternatives to the con-

troversial foreign and domestic policies of the present Administration.

The same return to normalcy in campaign procedure must similarly be followed by Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. They cannot continue to promise simply that they will lift the country out of the swamp of despair, an appeal for support aimed at attracting those millions of Democrats who are upset by Johnson's response to the war, inflation and slum unrest. Thus, in any count of blessings, the chief one is the elevation of the campaign to a more decent and substantive level. The personal involvement of so many millions has, as a result, already begun to be less emphatic. The youth movement, for example, must begin to lose its punch, because the political villain is no longer there to supply the anti-hero adrenalin that induces the crusade spirit.

While it lasted, this personal involvement of an unprecedented number of millions of Americans was an uncontrollable and incalculable force. It clearly was of such dimensions as to greatly disturb the President, convincing him that the popular will demanded de-escalation in Vietnam and that in order to change his policy effectively he would, at the same time, have to renounce second-term intentions. But it was a force which, while it might produce good, sprang from prejudices, coupled with deep frustrations and distrust of the President that fed on racial discord, on economic and sectional schisms. Its prime rallying point was not to achieve some goal; it was, rather, antipathy for the President, as a person.

It therefore follows that this force has now lost much of its reason for being. This change may not be imme-



Jensen-Sunday Telegraph, London (Ben Roth)

diately apparent, but it will become so during the summer and fall. The threat of riots in the streets, surpassing those ugly disturbances of a year ago, has diminished. The mere departure of the President will make it definitely less hazardous to travel to and from the convention auditorium in Chicago next August. So in a real sense, personal involvement in this campaign now becomes more constructive than destructive, less fiery and more tolerant.

Any effort to analyze the effect of Johnson's retreat on the nomination chances of McCarthy and Kennedy must be hazardous. Each has already changed his political style. Each hopes that the President will remain neutral. Each must of necessity refrain from further hard thrusts at Johnson's conduct in office, both in connection with the critical problems at home and with those in Southeast Asia. Johnson has not changed the past by vacating the Presidency, but he is now a noncombatant and voters will want his critics to respect that aloofness.

So it can be confidently expected that what barbs are fired by the two candidates in his own party will be aimed at Hubert Humphrey in the climactic months before the convention. Humphrey's chances for the Presidential nomination look now to be exceedingly remote, but he must speak out politically as the chief Administration partisan

orator. He will be tied to the past in a sense that Johnson now is not, and he will be thought fair game.

At this time of writing, the dust of the President's speech is far from settled. Victories in one or two primaries, New Hampshire and Wisconsin, do not hold much portent for McCarthy. Neither, for that matter, would Kennedy triumphs in Oregon, California and Indiana point unmistakably to his nomination. Too many unpredictable events are likely between now and late August. The present key issue of Vietnam would fade away should Hanoi show a disposition to negotiate. The crisis in the cities could turn on the basic issue of law and order rather than on more federal funds. The popularity polls could show McCarthy stronger than Kennedy in a race against Nixon, or Humphrey stronger than the other two Democrats.

There are political uncertainties for Nixon too. Nelson Rockefeller might suddenly find that events have worked to his advantage, producing a genuine grass-roots draft.

But what was once the foremost and most tragic issue of this election year has disappeared for good. The question of whether one likes or violently dislikes the personality of Lyndon Baines Johnson is not going to be the decisive factor.

POLAND: ANTI-SEMITISM AS USUAL

SAMUEL L. SHARP

Mr. Sharp is professor of international relations at The American University in Washington, D.C., and the author of Poland: White Eagle on a Red Field (Harvard University Press). He is currently in Germany on sabbatical leave.

To someone who spent thirty years of his life in Poland, the noises currently emanating from there have, somewhat perversely, the reassuring quality of the familiar. Whether it is "the Jews" or "the Zionists" who are being blamed for the unrest among young intellectuals and students, it all sounds, in a way, "normal." In the period between the World Wars a joke of sorts often heard in Poland was built around the statement that anything untoward was the fault of the Jews and the bicycle riders. The humor lay in the standard reaction to this statement: Why the bicycle riders? It was normal to blame the Jews, and apparently it still is. What puzzles and distresses many outsiders is that this should be so after the cataclysmic changes which have affected Poland in general, but most radically the once flourishing Jewish community there. How is it possible—many ask—that there should be virulent anti-Semitism in a country whose Jewish population has been reduced from more than 3 million to less than 30,000? Why do the authorities still find it convenient to cater more or less officially to anti-Semitism?

Such puzzlement betrays an ignorance of the psychology and sociology of prejudice. It is precisely the quasi-total success of Hitler's "solution" that exposes those who survived it or returned after it to an attitude of resentment which operates on various levels. On the lowest

"zoological" level, the Germans were blamed for not living up to their reputation for thoroughness. Resentment was directed against those who would show up in their former haunts and attempt to reclaim property—a piece of real estate or merely a pair of candlesticks—that had somehow been "inherited" by Poles (not necessarily collaborators with the Nazis). On another level, anger was directed at the disproportionately large number of Jews in the apparatus of the new regime, including economic and cultural management. Why "so many" Jews were to be found in the postwar governing elite is obvious. Interwar Poland easily bred alienation, especially among the ethnic minorities, and there were indeed many Jews in the ranks of Poland's then illegal Communist Party. After World War II the bulk of the ethnically Polish intelligentsia was in exile or hostile to the new regime, and the apparatus had to be recruited from those available and willing to work.

Poles have somewhat strict standards as to what constitutes "too many" Jews. The peculiar circumstances of postwar Poland made the now tiny Jewish minority stick out even more than before. As a result of the expulsion of the Germans, extermination of the Jews and frontier changes which put the Ukrainians and Byelorussians within the borders of an enlarged USSR, post-1945 Poland was more homogeneously Polish (and technically more Catholic, too) than it had been before. This national homogeneity was one of the few things which the masses of the Polish population liked about the new regime. In a privately circulated report written after a visit to Poland in 1948, I suggested that under the specific circum-

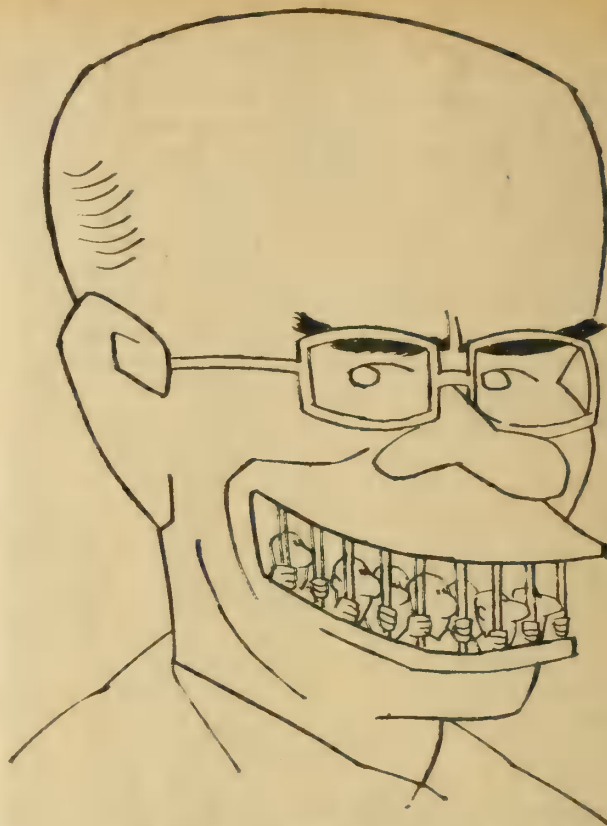
stances of the country the position of its Jews, although on the surface not too bad, was precarious:

The maintaining of a distinctly separate cultural pattern and even separate political institutions by a group of some eighty thousand people in a strongly nationalistic country cannot, in my opinion, continue indefinitely. In this respect there is little "hope" beyond temporary survival. Genuine hopes of most Jews in Poland are connected, as they were before, with the possibility of leaving the country. . . . Should the possibilities of a regular and orderly emigration reappear, it is safe to assume that 70 per cent or more of the Polish Jews would choose to leave the country of haunting memories and precarious survival. . . . The hope of emigration is the only specific hope entertained by the majority of Polish Jews, i.e. by those who either do not want to lose their national and cultural identity or do not believe genuine assimilation possible. . . .

The prediction of the number of Jews who would want to leave the country proved to be almost perfectly accurate once the possibility of emigration reappeared after 1956. The last passage of the cited report also seems to have retained its validity twenty years later, not because of any particular insights on my part but because it addressed itself to the persistent dilemma of an ethnic minority in an environment of prejudice. Those who look for "reasons" to explain prejudice which is by definition irrational, forget that it has nothing to do with what its target group does or fails to do. In Poland after 1918, Jews were blamed when they stuck to their traditional ways—they were then called an alien element in the body politic; but they were also blamed when they tried to lose their Jewish identity and gain recognition as genuine Poles. Much of this attitude has survived, in spite of misleading appearances to the contrary and contrary to some recent official statements.

There has been something unreal about the surface vigor of social and cultural activities among the surviving Jews in postwar Poland; and an air of particular unreality to the appearance of special government solicitude for those activities. To mention just one example: the state support of a Jewish (Yiddish language) theatre directed by the famous actress Ida Kaminska, a theatre whose potential audiences are dead. A defector from Kaminska's troupe on the occasion of its recent visit to this country stated flatly that the theatre was kept alive "as a tourist attraction and an export that brings in a double income: money and propaganda" (Henryk Grynberg, in *Midstream*, March, 1948). However, the really poignant group is not the Jews who want to preserve their identity but the assimilated who consider themselves Communists first or Poles first. Their situation, especially in the higher ranks of the government, was at all times tinged with unreality; their very presence belied the only gift of the regime that was meaningful to the masses: a Polish Poland. Some were removed from power as "Stalinists," others are now being attacked as Zionists or as "rootless cosmopolitans" in a belated echo of Stalin's line.

The situation, in spite of the disturbing example set by developments in the Soviet Union, need not have become acute. In the current flush of interest in what the Czechs are doing, it may be forgotten that it was in Czech-



Pierre, Aux Ecoules, Paris (Ben Roth)
Gomulka and the Students

oslovakia that people were executed years ago as "Zionist spies." In Poland, even at the peak of Stalinism, extreme measures were rare. That, incidentally, is how Gomulka survived when his counterparts in other Eastern European countries went to the gallows. High officials of Jewish origin might have continued their precarious hold on leading positions in government, the national economy and in the universities had it not been for the intrusion of external factors which transformed a latent issue into an explosive one. In fact, there was a convergence of factors: the Arab-Israeli war and its repercussions in the Soviet bloc countries, the outbreak of student unrest which combined the global *malaise* of youth with specific local grievances, and the storm kicked up against this background of dissatisfaction by the intervention of the censors in the production of *Dziady*, a 19th-century piece of romantic grandiloquence by the poet Adam Mickiewicz, with anti-Muscovite digs which can be either understated or "escalated" by stress and intonation.

The June, 1967, war between Israel and the Arab states had called forth manifestations first of anxiety, then of relief and pride among the Jews in Poland (and elsewhere in the Soviet bloc countries). This would in itself cause no particular reaction were it not displayed in the face of an officially anti-Israeli stand taken by the Soviet Union and faithfully echoed by the Polish authorities. Much more disturbing than the feelings of pro-Zionist Jews has been the reaction of certain elements in the military leadership. As some Polish generals saw it, the Soviet Union was pouring more and better equipment down the Arab rat

hole than was being made available to Warsaw Pact countries. To counteract such an attitude, it had to be denounced as "Zionist," although few if any Jews were involved in this phase of the action. The alleged assistance of West Germany to Israel was also dragged in, and it is always fairly safe to play on anti-German attitudes in Poland. In the process, the distinctions between "Zionists," "Jews" and "Neo-Nazis" were somehow blurred.

Beset by various problems, most of them of a structural nature and not capable of an easy solution even by brighter planners than those who run Poland, the regime is also in the throes of a struggle for political power and, apparently, for the succession to the ailing Gomulka. The less pressure a country of the Soviet bloc suffers from Moscow, the more "native" does the style of its internal political struggles tend to become. In Poland, therefore, something would definitely be missing if the Jewish issue were not pulled in. Though there is no direct connection between the repercussions of the six-day Arab-Israeli war and the current unrest among students and intellectuals, it was convenient to lump the two, because the first one may be claimed to involve the international position of Poland, and deviation from the government line on such issues can be easily classed as akin to treason.

In the struggle for power, Gomulka occupies the "centrist" position and it is therefore not surprising to see him resort to typical "centrist" tactics. Since he could not quite give the "Partisans" a free run with the Jewish issue, he decided to use an aspect of it himself—the plausible sounding attack on "Zionism" as an imperialist tool.

However, as study of the full text of his by now notorious speech to the party activists of Warsaw shows, he went beyond the "Zionist" aspects of the problem and raised the basic issue of what he described as the need on the part of Jewish citizens for a clear self-definition (*samookręślenie*) of their position in today's Poland. He described some Jews as being connected rationally and sentimentally with Israel rather than with Poland; he promised emigration passports to those who wished to go where their real loyalties lay. Gomulka specifically attacked the

distinguished writer Antoni Slonimski for clinging to "cosmopolitan" attitudes, and stated rather ominously that people with such feelings and views should not be employed in areas where "national affirmation" is necessary. Slonimski is a fascinating case of a life-long attempt to legitimize the desire for a genuinely Polish identity. Though born to a father converted to Catholicism, Slonimski is also the grandson of Chaim Zelig Slonimski, editor and publisher of the first Hebrew weekly in Poland. He has in the past written some foolish things about Jews (Gomulka quoted at him an "anti-Semitic" piece he had written back in 1924), but he has also taken a very courageous stand on cultural freedom. To round out Slonimski's problems one must add a detail of not-frivolous meaning in Poland; an apparently vengeful Jehovah has endowed this son of a defector from the fold with a strikingly Semitic appearance. He is an ideal target.

This leads to the brunt of Gomulka's attack on some Jews—his statement that certain participants in the recent student disorders were "of Jewish origin or nationality" and the offspring of parents occupying responsible and even very high positions in the government. In Gomulka's somewhat obscure language, this has caused a "distorted interpretation of the slogan of struggle against Zionism." Yet, distorted or not, the procedure of visiting the sins of sons on their fathers has already extended to the removal from his top party and government position of an old and devoted Communist, Roman Zambrowski, born Reuben Nussbaum. Others will no doubt follow. What role the children of the privileged have played in the recent unrest we do not know, although by inference from other societies, East and West, it would not be surprising to find them among the leaders of a protest against the system. They most certainly were not agents of any CIA-Zionist-West German conspiracy. But it is quite possible that these sons and daughters of parents who had hoped to gain for their children a lasting and unquestioned place in the Poland of their choice have become converted to a militant Jewish and even Zionist identity by the evidence of stubborn rejection staring them in the face.

COUNTER CULTURE IV

THE FUTURE AS COMMUNITY

THEODORE ROSZAK

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A middle-aged man—a novelist and social critic—is watching several kids play a game of "down the river" in a busy city street. In particular, his eyes fall admiringly on a 17-year-old boy who has organized the game and who is his homosexual partner. The boy is a college dropout, a gifted social misfit in a society that cannot make place for his irrepressible, if tactless, honesty. But he knows how to

organize a ball game and can lose himself gracefully in the spontaneous fun of the little community of players that has crystallized around him. And for that, especially, the man loves him. The game gathers pace, taking on the beauty of lively young bodies immersed in play. But then the shop owner whose wall has been appropriated for the game appears, and for no sensible reason, calls a cop to disperse the kids. The man does not, and the boy cannot, stand up to the cop's authority. The kids scatter. The boy turns on the man for having failed to challenge the cop, for having "betrayed natural society." Afraid that the boy will go sour-cynical, the man skillfully maneuvers their confrontation through tears, outrage, sardonic humor. And

yet, the man himself is stricken with a shame and powerlessness that must be vented. That night he is scheduled to broadcast a social commentary over New York's listener-supported radio station. The subject he chooses is the traffic problem, and he enters an impassioned plea for outlawing the private automobile from the city and giving the streets back to the natural activities of play and leisure. He produces a practical proposal to that end.

The scene is from Paul Goodman's most recent novel, *Making Do*. Located in the middle of a work of fiction, the chapter is called "Banning the Cars from New York" and is a serious discussion of that issue. Surrounded by a cast of fictitious characters, the central figure of the novel, the middle-aged social critic, is pure autobiography. Thus, the scene, like the whole book, is a peculiar mix of the actual and the imaginary: in the small space of a single incident, it neatly distills much of what Paul Goodman is all about.

Focusing on a spontaneous and joyous human activity, the civic issue builds up from the problems of children. The wide-ranging social analysis is rooted in the thwarted animal needs of young bodies at play. The philanthropic care for society emerges from a man's physical love for a boy. The man and the boy in their confrontation relate as Gestalt therapist to patient, channeling their anger and frustration into a rough, immediate give and take aimed at producing tears and then humor. The man's political *modus operandi* is precise intellectual discourse via an independent radio station. The initial object of his practical proposal is the reclamation of the city, of a particular city—New York—in order that it might become a human community once again. And behind the contemporary scene there looms the Socratic paradigm: the wise citizen loitering in the agora to play mentor to a youth he loves body and soul, and in whom the future of the polis resides. So the incident ends with the bitter-sweet credo: "This I did with all my will and apparently indefatigably (but I will one day drop with weariness)—I invented a different practical world than this world that made no sense and took the heart out of me. Instead of resigning, I reacted, in moments of despair, by thinking up something else, and behaving as if this more pleasing landscape might indeed come to be the case."

Where and how does one begin to understand a figure as complex as Paul Goodman? Much of what the young, whose champion he has become, know about him derives from his essays and lectures in social criticism. But a novel is perhaps the best place to begin, for it is primarily as a novelist (and poet) that Goodman understands himself: a creative writer who cannot, however, exclude the torments of the real world from his imaginative excursions, and who in both his novels (*Empire City*, *Making Do*) has chosen the frustrated aspirations of youth in quest of education as his primary means of expression.

From his early background as poet and novelist, Goodman draws the visionary gift that distinguishes his style of social analysis. With this vision he has created the vivid images of a new society to which the young, in their desperate need to grow up sanely in an insane environment, have responded. An artist who sets himself to making a critique of social ills is bound to play the role of a utopian,

an inventor of better worlds, who cannot, like the conventional sociologist, let the tyranny of established fact monopolize the discussion of human possibilities.

If Goodman's *Communitas* (his first major social statement, written in collaboration with his architect brother, Percival, in 1947) is the best study of city planning to appear in postwar America, it is not only because the critique insists on treating the problems of the city as part of the problems of the economy at large but mainly, I think, because the spirit of artistry hovers over the book from start to finish. It has wit, satirical bite, the power of imagery. Only a novelist could have depicted the impending idiocy of our postwar affluence as Goodman did in his projected "City of Efficient Consumption"—one colossal department store whose citizen-shoppers indulge, at the end of each year in a Walpurgis Night of riotous destruction which clears away the inventories and ungluts the economy.

The city emerges from the pages of *Communitas* not as a depersonalized amalgam of real estate values, traffic and utilities control, zoning legalities, etc., but as an arena of human drama: "a choreography of society in motion and in rest." Thus, the city becomes a background against which people loom large in their erratic, inventive search for organic and spiritual fulfillment—which is how Balzac saw Paris, Joyce saw Dublin, Dickens saw London. One realizes at once that, compared to human community as Goodman discusses it, "city planning" in modern society is a species of low-level gadgeteering. Lacking the utopian imagination Goodman brings to the subject, it creates no "city" and no "planning," but only bureaucratic tinkering within the disintegrating *status quo*.

'Those People Outside'

In the lethargy of postwar America, the utopian theorist inevitably finds his audience among the disaffiliated young. To be sure, the depth and complexity of Goodman's thought deserves an audience of greater maturity, but where is it to be found? In October, 1967, he was by some weird happenstance invited to address a conference of the National Security Industrial Association, representing the adult power structure of the warfare state and the rampant proliferation of technical prowess. Being responsible adults endowed lavishly with the power and treasure of the nation, the conferees *should* have taken Goodman's words to heart as serious matter for discussion, even though his proposal was that the association phase itself out of existence as rapidly as possible.

Of course they *should* have. But of course they didn't, as Goodman well knew they wouldn't. He did not speak to them or for them. And when he reached his conclusion—"We believe . . . that [your] way of life itself is unnecessary, ugly and un-American; . . . we cannot condone your present operations; they should be wiped off the slate"—he was greeted by shouts of "Who are *we*?" His answer: "We are I and those people outside." And who were the "people outside" for whom the country's leading social theorist spoke? They were a contingent of college students whom Goodman had invited to picket the auditorium during his presentation. Again and again Goodman bemoans the fact, but his force as a public voice derives

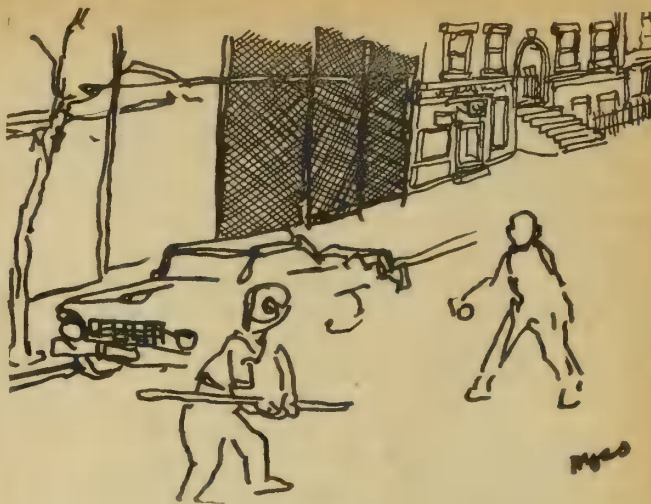
in the end from his "crazy young allies." Whenever he speaks, one feels sure there is a contingent of the young somewhere nearby, already inscribing his words on a banner.

But it is not utopianism alone that has made Goodman the foremost tribune of the youthful counter culture. "Mad Ireland," Auden said, speaking of Yeats, "hurt him into poetry." So mad America hurt the would-be poet Goodman into political activism. His criticism, like that of C. Wright Mills, is shot through with the imperative need to "do something" about the mess at hand. His utopianism functions as the hypothesis of a true pragmatism, the beginning of a real project. This urgent effort to marry action to idea has not only won him the allegiance of young radicals but has served also as a highly important discipline upon the anti-intellectuality toward which they weaken. Youthful restiveness with talk and thought—the desire to get on with the picketing and demonstrating—is a reaction against the academicism of many social critics who, despite their own spleen, have been content to settle for a good analysis and some verbal sniping.

Goodman, in contrast, has been the example of an intellectual in whom *both* precise, even scholarly, thought and action can reside. He has shown that the balance can be held gracefully. (Those who want to meet Goodman at his academic best should turn to his *Structure of Literature*; 1954.) In an essay of the early 1960s on "The Ineffectuality of Some Intelligent People," Goodman coined the phrase "a practical syllogism" to illustrate the intellectual paralysis of the time. "I need an X," the critic says. And his analysis leads him to the conclusion, "Here is an X." Then *take it*, Goodman urges, and *use it*. Is it a "general strike for peace" we need? During such a strike in 1961, Goodman was on the street outside Random House, picketing his own publisher. Is it a new form of university we need? Goodman ends his critique of higher education in *The Community of Scholars* with the call for a mass defection from the universities and the establishment of new dissenting academies—a "something" that can be done *now*. The defection has since taken place, spilling over into the many "free universities" that are springing up, and Goodman was on hand at one of the best of them, San Francisco State's "Experimental College," to offer a year of his time in residence. Most recently, he has been among those who, like Dr. Spock, have been willing to place their own fortunes and sacred honor behind the student draft resisters. The contribution he has made by such activity is inestimable, for if the respect for intellect is to be preserved among the disaffiliated young, the job must be done by those intellectuals who have demonstrated that thought is not sheerly "academic," but the concomitant of principled action.

Revolution as Psychology

There is still another reason why Goodman has caught on among the young. As I tried to show in preceding essays, the counter culture provides a limited market for the Old Left ideologies with their final appeal to the metaphysics of the class conflict and their primary commitment to institutional reorganization. I suggested that youthful



fascination with exotic religion and narcotics is a symptom of the quest for some new foundation that can support a program of radical social change. And so, sociology has yielded to psychology as the generative principle of revolution. Consciousness, not class, is now taken to be the root of social reality—hence the often absurd, but always intriguing exploration of mystical and psychedelic experience.

In 1951, well before he had made much of a mark as a social critic, Goodman contributed the lengthy theoretical section to *Gestalt Therapy* (co-written by Frederick Perls and Ralph Hefferline). It is probably among the least read of his writings, but it is surely one of his most important. For the ground of Goodman's style of thought lies as much in his work as a Gestalt therapist as in his novels. Gestalt psychiatry provides the skeletal structure of any "system" Goodman's thought possesses; it defines him clearly as "New Left" in his conception of human and social reality.

I claim no special authority on Gestalt, one of the more controversial schools of post-Freudian psychotherapy. Even Goodman loses much of his lucidity when writing on the subject—and he is by far the most accessible of the Gestaltists I have attempted. I can try, however, to draw out three major characteristics of the school which one finds echoed throughout Goodman's writing and which strike me as very much the kind of "first principles" toward which the counter culture is groping.

First, there is the mystical "wholism" which the therapy inherits from Gestalt theories of perception. For Gestaltists, perceptions are not piecemeal impressions printed by the "objective" world on the passive wax of the senses but patterned wholes that are created by a strange and beautiful collaboration between the perceiver and the perceived. Generalizing this rich insight to life as a whole, Gestalt therapists envision a purposive give and take between every organism and its environment which has the same inexplicable spontaneity and self-regulation as does the process of perception. Organism and environment are understood to be in a constant natural dialogue, an ongoing series of "creative adjustments" which make man at home in his body, his community, his natural habitat.

It is not the case, therefore, that the body need be *made*

to function, that human beings need be *made* sociable, that nature need be *made* to support life. For the Gestaltist, individual and social neurosis sets in when the "organism/environment field" is split up by a psychic factionalism that isolates out from the ecological whole a unit of defensive consciousness that must be pitted against an "external" reality understood to be alien, intractable and in the end hostile.

The sign of this losing of faith in self-regulating processes is the construction of an alienated "self" which fearfully retreats from the "outside world" and progressively diminishes in size until it is felt as some manner of homunculus besieged within the skull, manipulating an unwieldy apparatus called its "body," feverishly devising strategies of defense and attack. At this point, instead of there being spontaneous adjustment—the "free interplay of the faculties"—a compulsive deliberateness sets out to control and conquer all that was originally merged in the unitary field: "others," "nature," "the body," "the passions," the "irrational." Health, which is properly a matter of letting the chips of life fall where they may, a trustful yielding to the needs and urges of body, community, nature, now becomes a matter of piecemeal cerebral organization—pills, dieting, authoritarian doctoring, etc. We come to wonder how life ever survived before there was a civilized brain to watch out for it.

Gestalt, then, finds the secret of health in the sub-intellective processes which, if left to their own ingenuity, take care of themselves. The peak moment of healthy functioning is the moment of "final contact" during which "the deliberateness, the sense of 'I,' spontaneously vanishes into the concern, and then boundaries are unimportant, for one contacts not a boundary but the touched, the known, the enjoyed, the made."

Making Politics Happen

Conversely, when the "wisdom of the body" and the self-regulation of symbiotic systems elude us, compulsive regimentation sets in, freezing up and paralyzing the organism, which then seems recalcitrant and stupid. (The major therapeutic technique of Gestalt, therefore, is an ingenious form of bodily exercise which aims at locating and thawing frozen organic energy.) It is easy enough to see how Gestalt's bad politics of the nervous system can be projected into the surrounding social system. Lose faith in the natural processes of body and emotion, and you quickly lose faith in human sociability. *Everything* must then be *made* to happen properly and supervised at every turning by "experts." The state becomes the domineering brain of the body politic, which is also taken to be recalcitrant and stupid. The resulting authoritarianism is, then, scarcely a problem that yields to a reshuffling of institutions or restructuring of social classes. That, most likely, leads only to a change of managerial personnel. The problem has a metaphysical origin, stemming from a misconception of nature and of man's role within it.

I think this Gestaltist conception of reality is true, but it is also fundamentally mysterious—by which I mean it is extremely difficult to find words that capture the elusiveness of the ideas. For one thing, when speaking of the Gestaltist "field," one's language must become transper-

sonal. Since it is the total ecological pattern, not the self, which the Gestaltists postulate as basic, one cannot speak of personal agencies which *do* this, or *cause* that. Rather one must imagine processes happening of their own accord, producing the numberless symbiotic patterns and balances called "nature," and among them that bio-socio-psychic pattern called human consciousness. Thus, Gestalt theory is, at last, a species of racism disguised rather clumsily as Western psychiatry. What is this "organism/environment field," after all, but Lao Tzu's *Way*? Goodman himself turns to the mystic tradition more than once to present a Gestalt idea. How do people lessen the pain of suffering? "By finally 'standing out of the way,' to quote the great formula of Tao. They disengage from their preconceptions of how it 'ought' to turn out. And into the 'fertile void,' thus formed, the solution comes flooding." Surely much of the charm which the young discover in Goodman's thinking derives from its subtle, underlying connection with the oriental mysticism that has engaged their enthusiasm in the postwar period.

Second, one of Goodman's most distinctive and refreshing traits as a social critic is his impish habit of arguing issues *ad hominem*. Unless you are on the receiving end of this tactic, it is an exciting new approach to public discussion. Here, for example, is Goodman commenting on John Kennedy's telltale predilection for words like "discipline," "sacrifice," "challenge."

It is the . . . moral Catholicism of the little boy who disciplines himself from masturbating and checks off his victorious days on the calendar. Masturbating proves you are weak and makes you weak. In this context, "challenge" is the kind of strenuous excitement possible to persons who, having given up their internal spontaneity, rally to an external demand. . . . The sense of duty does not seem to be [Kennedy] himself, but his submissive—and evasive—obedience to some grownups; one who is not convinced of his moral courage.

That is the intellectual counterpart of hitting below the belt, but, in fact, it summarizes Kennedy more accurately than could any analysis of policy or program. In any case, it is the sort of style one must expect a psychotherapist to bring to bear on public argument.

The significance of this "contextual method of argument," as the Gestaltists call it, is that it short-circuits a deal of intellectual banter that may be totally beside the point and at once personalizes the debate. It is a mode of intellectuality which brings into play the nonintellective substructure of thought and action. Goodman explains the technique in this way:

A merely "scientific" refutation by adducing contrary evidence is pointless, for [the opponent] does not *experience* that evidence with its proper weight. . . . Then the only useful method of argument is to bring into the picture the total context of the problem, including the conditions of experiencing it, the social milieu and the personal "defenses" of the observer. That is, to subject the opinion and his holding of it to a gestalt-analysis. . . . We are sensible that this is a development of the argument *ad hominem*, only much more offensive, for we not only call our opponent a rascal and therefore in error, but we also charitably assist him to mend his ways!

This is the principle underlying what one can easily

mistake in much of Goodman's debate and writing for ■ callous kind of one-upmanship—which is what the technique does indeed degenerate into when inexperienced hands take it over. It is easy to see how appealing such a style would be to a generation that had grown dubious about the reliability of speech, and had already attuned itself to "hearing" the character hidden behind the inarticulate grunts and shrugs of James Dean and Marlon Brando. It was also bound to strike home with the New Left students, given their wise suspicion of the ideology mongering that has always characterized radical politics and their soulful search for personal honesty.

Goodman's special awareness of the sub-verbal level of speech—the significance not only of *what* is said but of *how* it is said—contributes to that unadorned, offhand speaking style which has proved so attractive to student audiences. Where the usual academic posture is stilted, remote, defensively masked in a narrow expertise, Goodman comes on as a whole and vulnerable man. Such honesty usually puts to shame Goodman's professorial and official interlocutors by calling into question at once the protective formalities and role playing of public debate.

On the other hand, an inevitable (but, I find, off-putting) adjunct of this psychologizing approach is the need to lay bare the secrets of one's *own* heart in the name of candor. On Goodman's part, such psychic disarmament has produced a great deal of confessional outpouring (his journal *Five Years* is a particularly painful example) as it has on the part of most of the beat-hip writers. Being a public figure in the counter culture means reserving very little that is private. This can lead to a winsome kind of innocence, I suppose, but it is an embarrassment to be sucked into other people's soul searching: do they want you to respond with praise? shock? pity? love? or disgraceful confessions of your own? Or are you just a sounding board? Certainly this shameless letting down of the hair accounts for the vulnerability of beat-hip bohemianism to sensationalizing publicity. But then it may be that the most strategic bastion of traditional values the counter culture is attacking is precisely the bourgeois Christian pride in a well-developed guilty conscience.

What Is Natural?

And finally, *three*, is the image of "human nature" that Gestalt offers when at last it must produce a therapeutic standard. Like every other monistic system Gestalt theory suffers from the lack of a satanic principle. Sooner or later, one must ask how the natural and healthful unity of the "organism/environment field" becomes undone. Which is to ask how nature can produce an "unnatural" state of affairs. One must give Goodman credit for having the uncommon courage to unfold the theory of his school ambitiously and honestly enough to show up its ultimate conundrum. Yet the terms "natural" and "unnatural," derived from the Gestalt system, are the key words in his critical vocabulary, and one cannot help wanting a clearer understanding of their import than he provides.

For example, Goodman's style of pacifism oscillates delicately between the poles "natural-unnatural." He approves of fist fights "because that's natural." On the other hand, "war is unnatural violence," because it does not

"liberate natural associations and release social inventiveness, but on the contrary reinforces the coercive and authoritarian establishment." So too, the nonviolence of "doctrinal pacifists is unnatural and even somewhat wicked" because it is "a spiteful stalling to exacerbate guilt. Anger is at least contactful; and it seems false not to let anger follow through and strike."

But starting out, as Gestalt does, from a primal unity which is spontaneously self-regulating, "nature" must be universal, comprehending whatever turns up, disease as well as health, disintegration as well as creation, war as well as fist fights. Therefore, what can the terms "natural" and "unnatural" possibly mean?

When Goodman at last faces this central paradox in *Gestalt Therapy*, his response is startlingly blunt:

"Human nature" is a potentiality. It can be known only as it has been actualized in achievement and history, and as it makes itself today.

The question may quite seriously be asked, by what criterion does one prefer to regard "human nature" as what is actual in the spontaneity of children, in the works of heroes, the culture of classic eras, the community of simple folk, the feeling of lovers, the sharp awareness and miraculous skill of some people in emergencies? Neurosis is also a response of human nature and is now epidemic and normal, and perhaps has a viable social future.

We cannot answer the question.

The evasion is strange, for the criterion is obvious enough. The behavior of children, heroes, lovers, "simple folk" and people in crisis is beautiful and ethically inspiring. It is, certainly for Goodman, the stuff of great art. The Gestalt criterion of health, like every criterion of health, is a moral-aesthetic one. Goodman the Gestalt therapist leads us back to Goodman the poet and novelist, searching for ■ notion of humanity around which he can weave the tensions of deep drama.

(Goodman's well-known "May Pamphlet" of 1945 contains a long discussion of what "natural" and "unnatural" mean, but adds no account of how primordial nature undoes and reverses itself so that some of its issue can legitimately be called "unnatural." The terms finally come down to being—as I argue here—Goodman's synonyms for "beautiful-ugly," "noble-base." If one objects that this lowers the terms to a nonscientific status, the reply, I think, should be that it actually *raises* them to a moral-aesthetic status. For after all, science is not everything, and in fact, is not very much at all when it comes to creating for oneself a creditable way of life.)

At the root of Goodman's thinking, then, is a mystical psychology whose conception of human nature sides aesthetically and ethically with the nonintellective spontaneity of children and primitives, artists and lovers, those who can lose themselves gracefully in the splendor of the moment. It is indeed one of the controversial glories of Gestalt that it has, against the entire psychiatric tradition since Freud's grim demand for conformity to a joyless conception of adulthood, asserted the nobility and healthiness of the child and the artist.

The childish feelings are important (Goodman says and puts the observation in italics) *not as a past that must be undone, but as some of the most beautiful powers of adult life that must be recovered: spontaneity,*

imagination, directness of awareness and manipulation. . . . Maturity, precisely among those who claim to be concerned with "free personality," is conceived in the interest of an unnecessarily tight adjustment to a dubiously valuable workaday society, regimented to pay its debts and duties.

Gestalt of Community

Thus, well before either the beats or the hippies had begun to sabotage the middle-class American "reality principle," Goodman the Gestalt therapist was laying the theoretical foundation of the great dropout.

If there is some one concept in which all of Goodman's thinking centers, it is the ideal of community. Doubtless he would have been a communitarian anarchist even if he had not become a Gestalt therapist. Much of his anarchist writing and personal involvement in communitarian experiments (like Black Mountain College) pre-dates his work as a psychotherapist. But here too Gestalt has made its contribution, for it is one of the few schools of psychiatry that has been prepared to set society at large into the therapeutic scales and to find the way of the world wanting, a mad attack upon human potentialities. Gestalt holds out for the inherent sociability of the whole human being, including his sexual and even his aggressive needs:

When the aggressive drives are anti-social, it is that society is opposed to life and change (and love); then it will either be destroyed by life or it will involve life in a common ruin, make human life destroy society and itself.

For Goodman, the way out of this tragic impasse has been communitarian experiment, the effort to regain for man "the natural society" in which he can be freely sociable. So his two novels develop the adventures of small-scale bohemian communities in which people can be people, find love, fruitful strife and education. In the congested apathetic midst of imperial cities, Goodman turns his attention to such groping efforts to "make do" without the plenty and competitive business of contemporary life. He often observes that he is really more conservative than the most conservative, because he wants to turn the historical clock all the way back to the neolithic village. That has been the major mission of his utopian sociology: to decentralize and selectively scale down leviathan industrialism to the point that it can serve the ethos of a tribal village—including its sturdy agrarian virtues. (Saving the small farm and giving the urbanite an experience of the soil have long been two of Goodman's great campaigns.) That is pretty much what his major sociological treatises (*Communitas* and *People or Personnel*) are all about.

Goodman's communitarianism is his greatest and most directly appreciated contribution to contemporary youth culture. For the New Left, he has functioned as the foremost theoretician of "participative democracy," bringing again into lively discussion a tradition of anarchist thought that reaches back through Prince Kropotkin to Robert Owen. And in spirit, if not in scholarly reference, anarchist politics is the most hotly debated issue among the socially involved young—far more so than the Marxist tradition of socialism. Even the current infatuation of the New Left and black power with guerrilla warfare bears

the anarchist imprint: war on a human scale with the chance for personal cunning, courage and decision.

So too, the shape that beat-hip bohemianism has taken owes much to Goodman's influence. The pseudo-Indian tribes that now camp in the cities, the psychedelic communities of the California hinterlands or the wilds of Colorado, the Diggers with their hazy ideas about free stores and cooperative farms—whatever their failings, these are all part of that utopian anarchist tradition which has always bravely refused to knuckle under to the proposition that life must be a compromise with Old Corruption.

The importance of this communitarian bent in the youth culture—especially at the bohemian fringe—is acknowledged to be great, but it is much misunderstood. How often has one heard old-line radicals condemn the bohemian young for the "irresponsibility" of their withdrawal into kooky communities of their own? They are advised to "grow up" and "be responsible"—by which is meant usually: give your energy to political action, help organize the slums or the agricultural laborers, plan political coalitions, register voters in Mississippi, join the Peace Corps, find a project, agitate, sit-in, come to the demonstration, subscribe to *Dissent*, *Commentary*, *New Politics*. Such activities are noble enough, but they are only episodic activities. Run them together as you will, they are not a way of life. And a way of life is what the young need to grow into, a style of maturity which may include political activity, but which *also* embraces the life needs: love, family, subsistence, companionship. Political action and organizing cannot even provide a full-time career for more than a handful of *apparatchiks*, let alone a pattern of life for an entire generation. What, then, do the disaffiliated young have to grow toward? What ideal of adulthood has the world to offer them that will take the place of the middle-class debauch they instinctively reject?

An intelligent compromise, perhaps—which is what most of the old radicals have settled for. A teaching position, a civil service job, work on a journal or a newspaper—something from 9 to 5 that brings in an income for home and family and leaves time for politicking outside. The trouble is that many of the young are too alienated even for the intelligent compromise, with its inevitable disciplines, its pinch of incense for the bourgeois conformities. How can the counter culture that began with Ginsberg's *Howl* finally comb its hair, set its alarm clock, and save its dissent for after hours?

And yet, if you are 25 and have exhausted the dilatory possibilities of college and parental support, you do want to "grow up" and "be responsible." That means you must put your hand to the political things that demand attention. But you have to "make do"—and SDS offers no long-term livelihood, nor does SNCC, nor CORE. And damned if you'll make that intelligent compromise! So how *do* you grow up?

The answer is that you make up a community of those you love and respect, where there can be enduring friendships, children and, by mutual aid, three meals a day scraped together by honorable and enjoyable labor. Nobody knows quite how it is to be done. There aren't any reliable models. The old radicals are no help, they talked about socializing whole economies, or launching third

parties, or strengthening the unions, but not about building communities. (Except for Goodman, that is.) It will take a lot of experiment, using whatever examples come to hand: the life-way of Indian tribes, utopian precedents, the 17th-century Diggers, the French communities of work, the Israeli kibbutzim, the Hutterites. Maybe none of them will work, but where else is there to turn?

Among all the urgent tasks that need to be done in the next twenty minutes, there is one that needs doing for the next decade and the one after that: it is that the young, who have greater expectations of life than their elders and who are more intolerably sensitive to corruptions, should find an enduring mode of life that will guard those expect-

tations and sensitivities. If the counter culture is to have a future that saves the best that is in it, these frenzied and often pathetic experiments in community will have to succeed. And who besides Goodman is offering such help in that direction?

From *Making Do*, the man considering the unhappy boy he loves:

For him—and not only for him—there was in our society No Exit. When he had asked his germane question, and fifteen experts on the dais did not know an answer for him. But with ingenuity he had hit on a painfully American answer, *Do It Yourself*. If there is no community for you, young man, young man, make it yourself.

SCIENCE FOR THE PENTAGON

THE SECRET THINKERS

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Mr. Klare, a staff member of the North American Congress on Latin America, edited the January special issue of Viet-Report, "The University at War."

While many American scientists, either as individuals or as members of organizations, are conspicuous protesters against the war in Vietnam, others are still knit intricately and deeply into the machinery of the military. The military-academic complex is still very much in being.

On February 12, an anonymous phone call to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee touched off nationwide rumors that the United States was preparing to use tactical nuclear weapons in Vietnam. The call was received by Carl Marcy, staff director of the committee, who later told the press that the caller suggested the committee should find out why Dr. Richard L. Garwin of Columbia University had been sent to Vietnam. Garwin was described in the call as "a tactical nuclear weapons expert."

The following day, public information officers at the Pentagon explained that Garwin and two associates had been sent to Southeast Asia to appraise "the effectiveness of new weapons," but that "the new weapons have no relationship to atomic or nuclear systems of any kind."

When the rumors had died down somewhat, the Pentagon indicated that Garwin had never reached Vietnam, the heavy fighting there having compelled him to visit Thailand instead. It was further revealed that Garwin was accompanied on the trip by Prof. Henry W. Kendall of M.I.T. and Dr. Julius P. Molnar of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Kendall, like Garwin, is a theoretical physicist. As executive vice president of Bell Labs, Molnar has had considerable experience administering defense research projects, and has done work on nuclear warfare.

A colleague at Columbia, professor of physics Leon M. Lederman, told the campus newspaper that the Pentagon had sent Dr. Garwin to Asia to study the feasibility of installing "some electric gadgets" which could serve as "technical aids toward de-escalation."

The evidence now available would indicate that the trip

was connected with the Pentagon's attempt to build an "anti-infiltration barrier" between North and South Vietnam. From various sources, it is known that scientists working on the barrier project describe it as a "de-escalation device" that would help bring about a negotiated settlement. The utility of such a barrier was questioned last month when Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard University withdrew from the project. Kistiakowsky, a Russian-born chemist who worked on the World War II atomic bomb project, had been a scientific adviser to the Defense Department for more than a decade. Until his resignation, he had been an active member of the secret Pentagon committee that was working on the barrier. In a letter to John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research and Engineering, Kistiakowsky is reported to have indicated that he first joined the barrier project because he hoped it would contribute to a de-escalation of the war, but that he had now become disillusioned concerning the Administration's intention to settle the war by negotiation.

Kistiakowsky and Garwin are both members of an elite group of scientists known as the Jason Division of the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA), a defense-oriented "think-tank" which does classified research for government agencies. Jason consists of forty outstanding university scientists "who devote as much of their available time as possible to studies in the vanguard of the scientific aspects of defense problems," according to IDA literature.

Unlike the RAND Corporation, its best-known rival, IDA has no military patron, but is sponsored by a consortium of twelve leading universities, including M.I.T., Stanford, Columbia and the Universities of Michigan, California and Chicago.

Jason scholars meet each summer for a six-week defense "summer camp" at which they conduct research on special projects of interest to the Pentagon. In past summers, Jason members have worked on "knotty aspects of ballistic missile defense and exoatmospheric detonations," according to IDA's 1967 Annual Report. Recently, however, the Jason Division has been directed by the Pentagon to seek

military solutions to the increasingly futile war in Vietnam. As a result, Jason scientists prepared papers on nighttime bombing missions and on other technical subjects.

In 1966, four Jason scholars prepared a secret report on the possible use of tactical nuclear weapons in Southeast Asia. This study, published in March, 1967, as IDA Report number HQ-66-5220, was conducted by Robert Gomer and S. Courtenay Wright of the University of Chicago, Freeman Dyson of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and Steven Weinberg of Harvard. It is possible that Professor Garwin was consulted on this project, thus leading to the February phone call.

According to IDA literature, the Jason Division's 1967 summer session, held in the Falmouth, Mass., intermediate school, was to have concentrated on scientific aspects of counterinsurgency, infiltration and guerrilla warfare. The meeting was so secret that the school's janitor had to receive a high security clearance in order to clean the building. It is entirely likely that details for the anti-infiltration barrier were worked out at this convocation.

Although its members often engage in individual projects, the main function of Jason is to coordinate university research on advanced weapons systems. Jason scholars work closely with the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), the Defense Department agency which sponsors most U.S. scientific research on advanced weapons. The deputy director of ARPA, Peter Franken, is a former Jason consultant.

Under its world-wide counterinsurgency program, "Project AGILE," ARPA maintains elaborate scientific facilities in Bangkok, Thailand, for research on "counter-guerrilla surveillance systems" and other exotic devices. The facility, known officially as the Joint Thai-U.S. Military Research and Development Center, is staffed by scientists from Stanford, Michigan and Cornell universities, and from the RAND Corporation. Many scientists connected with the center, including Richard Holbrook, its director, are former IDA members or consultants.

Work at the Bangkok center includes a project on infrared surveillance systems, originally developed at the University of Michigan. By using infrared detectors, ARPA officials hope to spot enemy guerrillas from the air, even

through thick jungle cover, or at night. Another ARPA team, composed of scientists from the Stanford Research Institute, is seeking to develop portable radar and seismic equipment for use in locating insurgents on the ground. The proposed anti-infiltration barrier will undoubtedly make use of these devices. Presumably, Garwin and his associates spent their Asian visit conferring with researchers at the Bangkok facility.

The "electronic fence" between North and South Vietnam, proposed last fall by former Defense Secretary McNamara, will not be a physical barrier as such but rather a combination of detection equipment which could alert U.S. forces to the passage of enemy infiltrators. Making use of seismic or infrared "triggers," the barrier could also set off land mines or other explosive devices.

Ultimately, the "fence" becomes practicable only if North Vietnam agrees to a "Korean-type" solution to the war, the present objective of U.S. strategy. Such a scheme would compel the North Vietnamese to stay on "their" side of the fence, or risk continued U.S. bombing. In the South, meanwhile, the National Liberation Front would collapse when aid from the North was cut off, and a by then reduced U.S. force could slowly hunt down and destroy the insurgents. For the scientists working on the barrier—most of whom were trained in the arts of war gaming and deterrent strategies—such a scheme would seem eminently feasible.

But these attempts on the part of academic scientists to "rationalize" the Vietnamese War are doomed. Neither Lyndon B. Johnson nor Ho Chi Minh, nor the warring parties in the South, can be expected to carry out the roles assigned them in a computer simulation. The Hanoi government has made clear that it will not abandon the insurgents in the South as the price for an end to the bombing, and the recent Tet offensive has demonstrated that the National Liberation Front has extensive military capabilities of its own.

With the intensification of the war, and its expansion to Laos, it is doubtful that the planned anti-infiltration barrier, when completed, will be of any significant value to the U.S. command. The war, which has thus far defied all previous attempts at a purely military or technological solution, will probably survive this attempt as well.

DEATH CHEATERS

NOT GONE BUT FROZEN

HOWARD JUNKER

Mr. Junker, a frequent Nation contributor, is an associate editor of Newsweek.

Ed Hope, 47, is a brusque, stocky Phoenix wig maker who is involved in a finance corporation, a welding shop, and in freezing human bodies after they are "clinically dead." Hope's Cryocare Equipment Corp. has thus far built eight cryocapsules. "Remember," goes an ad in the February *Cryonics Reports*, "if you do not make ar-

rangements for your cryonic suspension you will be buried or cremated when you are dead.") The latest, stainless steel cryocapsules sell for \$4,865, with a monthly maintenance charge—for liquid nitrogen and supervision—of \$50. At least four bodies have already been frozen, and the prophet of the cryonics movement, Robert C. W. Ettinger, 49, author of *The Prospect of Immortality* and a physics teacher at a Michigan community college, claims to have heard of, but not verified, the freezing of half a dozen more.

James H. Bedford, a 73-year-old retired psychology professor, was the first to be frozen—in Los Angeles, on January 12, 1967. Dr. Bedford died of cancer. He had hoped that one day a cure for his disease would be found and that he could be thawed, cured and thus restored to life. A paperback published this month tells of his freezing (*We Froze the First Man*, by Robert F. Nelson as told to Sandra Stanley). Another body now frozen is that of a 74-year-old Santa Barbara woman, Marie Phelps Sweet, who died of a heart attack last August. Her remains are stored in a Los Angeles mortuary. Dr. Bedford's body is at Cryocare in Phoenix, as are those of a Detroit man frozen some four months ago and a Los Angeles woman frozen at the end of February. Another Los Angeles woman, now dying of lung cancer, has declared her desire to be frozen. The Cryonics Society of California, says Pres. Robert F. Nelson, 31, "is on a twenty-four-hour alert. But she's still holding on." "It's a fact," boasted Ed Hope while attending the First Annual Cryonics Conference held recently at the New York Academy of Sciences, "business is picking up."

It is unlikely that reanimation of an entire body will ever be possible after freezing. Cells, which are mostly water, tend to rupture during the freezing-thawing process. Yet "freeze banks" already store human red blood cells, bone marrow cells, corneas and skin. The storage of complete organs is still impossible, although researchers have had some success in regaining partial function in cats' brains and various animal kidneys. Death is, by definition, irreversible, but every day the line separating life from death is blurred by the advances of medical science and biological research.

"Traditional interment simply guarantees oblivion," is the way Ettinger puts it. "Freezing at least offers a non-zero possibility of revival." And there are people who do want to take whatever chances there are, now. A Pennsylvania couple has sent Ed Hope tissue samples from their son who drowned last year. The parents anticipate that some day it will be possible to "regenerate" their boy, in much the same way, says Hope, "that a whole carrot can now be grown from a little piece of carrot."

For all its dim future, there is no doubt that freezing provides a more "cosmetic" kind of interment than mere embalment. Robert Nelson declares that Marie Sweet, frozen last August, "looks absolutely the same now as she did then." Nelson has a weekly opportunity to observe her body because it is not in a cryocapsule. It has been

wrapped in tin foil, leaving the face exposed, placed in a casket and covered with dry ice. Once a week Nelson must help replenish the supply of dry ice.

Miss Sweet (she was married but retained her maiden name) was a pioneer member of the Life Extension Society, of the Cryonics Society of California and of about forty other messianic organizations, but when she died there was not enough money to buy a cryocapsule. In a 1964 letter to Ettinger she had written: "For the first time in my entire career, I yearn to be wealthy and free to endow an essential work . . . I want to see it happen—with all possible speed! Yet here I sit, more or less helpless to speed things up." Early last year she and her husband took out two \$25 and one \$10 memberships in the California Society, "to help out in attempts to keep the office going." Miss Sweet had also taken out a \$3,000 life insurance policy, payable to the Life Extension Society, but the recommended policy to cover freezing and maintenance is \$10,000. Ed Hope insists that he cannot afford to offer capsules "as a charity. You've got to keep the whole thing in ratio."

In April of last year, Miss Sweet's husband, Russ Le Croix Van Norden, suffered a heart attack, and preparations for his freezing were made. But after six weeks in the hospital, Van Norden recovered. "I struggled so hard to make sure everything was worked out," he said while sitting in the corridor during the recent New York conference, "that I pulled through." Van Norden, 75, looks like a slim, gentle Konrad Adenauer. A master craftsman, his hands are worn from years of working in wood, silver and wrought iron. His flannel shirt is frayed, his suit baggy. He refers to his wife as "an arrested entity whom I hope to recover, although I don't know when."

Van Norden bitterly misses his wife and is especially saddened because she died prematurely. "Why did she have to go then?" he asks. "These things aren't ready. They're still so crude." He began to weep in telling of a letter he would have to write, soon, explaining his wife's condition to a young Indian boy whom they had befriended while teaching painting as VISTA volunteers on an Oregon reservation. "When we left," Van Norden recalls, "there were 187 pictures in that school." President Johnson sent a citation, but the Van Nordens were not reimbursed for the \$300 they had spent on oils and brushes for the children.

Because the Van Nordens were late in registering for social security—"my wife thought she would never get



old"—reduced payments come in now. And Van Norden's small income as a craftsman is hardly enough to support himself, much less pay for his wife's maintenance. Lately, he has been waking up in the mornings with full-scale, dreamlike stories in his mind. He speaks them into a tape recorder, and while in New York, for the first time, he unsuccessfully tried to find an agent.

Ettinger appealed for funds for Miss Sweet last year. He admitted that the "circumstances of clinical death were unfavorable," since it had taken three days to make arrangements for the freezing. "In any case," Ettinger continued, "our public image, in my opinion, depends overwhelmingly on one factor only—are we or are we not freezing people? Everything else fades into a vague blur of tiresome argument; in the long run, I am convinced, the only thing that will matter is whether we are acting."

The Cryonics Society of Michigan, of which Ettinger is

president, now has a van equipped and ready to go wherever, whenever the "clinical death" of a society member occurs. The New York and California societies hope to have vans by the end of the year. The California society has no telephone listed at present. The New York society is talking about establishing a foundation for cryonic research.

As for Van Norden, at 75 he is ready to be frozen when the time comes. But he would like to persist. He is trying to slow down, to rest his heart. "We have reasons for living into the 21st century," he says. "By then, war would be eliminated. The economy would be adjusted, wealth would be equitably distributed. And the dignity of man would be restored." Then Van Norden pauses, glances at his young listener, for whom the matter is slightly academic. And he says: "I'm still here, but now Marie is frozen."

HARRY GOLDEN

TOO often we have heard that the law cannot do it. No less an American presence than Dwight D. Eisenhower once told a press conference, "Laws cannot change the hearts of men."

Thomas Hobbes held that man's life is mean, nasty, brutish and short. He might have added that very little changes the hearts of men. Law certainly doesn't do so, but it does change practices.

Had you asked a Welsh miner or a New Hebrides sheepherder in 1832, "Do you want Catholics to vote?" his heart would have leaped in rage and fear. But the English Parliament enfranchised Catholics and the hearts of the Welshman and the New Hebridian resumed their steady pulse.

In North and South Carolina today Negroes work at "white men's jobs" in the textile mills. This did not come about by heart softening. It was caused by the Equal Opportunity Directive issued by President John F. Kennedy in 1963. Discrimination thereafter meant loss of government contracts. The plant superintendent called in the foremen and announced, "We are hiring three Negroes for the carding room tomorrow."

"The hell you are!" they said. "What about the toilets? What about the lunch room? What about the water fountains?"

"If we don't hire the three Negroes, we don't get a contract to provide 400,000 dozen pairs of socks for the Pentagon."

"Bring them in," said the suddenly warm-hearted workers.

Some years ago, Senator Eastland warned the then Attorney General Robert Kennedy, "We don't care what the Supreme Court rules. Their decision is the law of the case, not the law of the land. You want Negroes to vote?

Sue us for every Negro, every voting registrar in the South."

After talking it over with Burke Marshall, head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, and John Doar, Robert Kennedy wrote a memo on a yellow pad which read, "Get the road maps and go."

Justice Department officers and FBI men walked down dusty roads in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, stopping at tar-paper shacks, asking Negroes, "Did you try to register? What happened?"

They won their suits. Judge Minor Wisdom in ruling for the government in one of these suits said, "The wall of segregation must come down." They didn't need a thoracic specialist to change hearts, they needed only the law.

The victory is not complete, but Negroes vote in unprecedented numbers today. They did it all at once. There was nothing wrong with "gradualism"—it was a brilliant concept—except there was no such animal. Riots don't occur gradually—they explode all at once. If we are to put the cap on them, we can't do it gradually. Perhaps we shall have to rely on the law rather than on our charity or good will. And by law I mean not punitive legislation like anti-riot laws and more police or vigilantes. This will not work; it has never worked in the whole history of mankind. It must be progressive legislation, like open housing and legislation to open up jobs and education.

I do know that since the civil rights movement began in the early 1950s there hasn't been a single solitary voluntary act on the part of any Southern state. Whatever progress has been made was made through the pressure of the law.

The Asian Experts Discover Vietnam

MARILYN BLATT YOUNG

Mrs. Young is a student of Sino-American relations and author of a forthcoming book on American China policy at the turn of the century.

Philadelphia

In this strange political spring of 1968 anything can happen. Year after year, the Association for Asian Studies has been meeting at appointed cities around the United States and conducting its affairs as if no war were taking place in Vietnam. The only visible effect on the Association has been the inclusion of one or two panels dealing with Vietnamese history, and these seemed designed to skirt around the explosive topic of the war, though the subject often came up in the discussion period. Asian scholars have, of course, spoken out on the war in many voices, pitting their "expertise" against one another. But no one attempted to take advantage of the annual massed gathering of scholars for the double purpose of speaking out on the war and broadly re-examining the position of the profession itself.

This year it happened. Organized initially by a group of young graduate students at Harvard whose concern over the war and possible fate at the hands of their draft boards enlisted the support of their professors, a Vietnamese caucus was held on the second day of the conference, March 23. The meeting was completely dissociated from the Association itself, whose apolitical character was strictly respected. However, all those attending the caucus were registered members at the Philadelphia conference, a minimal guarantee of their legitimacy as "specialists."

Prior to the conference, the organizing committee solicited resolutions on the war from sixty institutions. In addition, the caucus was extremely well advertised at the conference itself and additional resolutions were earnestly sought, particularly from those who might be expected to have a pro-Administration position. For, somewhat to the consternation of the organizers, only one of the ten resolutions submitted to the committee saw any virtue whatever in the American position and even it, like the "Freedom House statement" asked for military de-escalation.

About 600 to 650 people showed up at the caucus meeting and, predictably, a few pro-Administration paranoiacs in the audience denounced the entire effort as a left-wing conspiracy. The first order of business was the distribution of a carefully worked out poll on the war which asked questions in four general categories: the purpose of the war, military strategy, negotiations and "general questions." The results were startling. Of the 350 to 375 people answering the poll, 91 per cent thought the Administration had not presented "an acceptable explanation that justifies its policies in Vietnam"; 81 per cent agreed that the United States had "already lost the war in terms of stated American objectives"; 50 per cent urged

"immediate U.S. withdrawal" while 68 per cent supported "gradual and unilateral U.S. troop withdrawal under the umbrella of negotiations." Ninety-three per cent rejected the notion that a negotiated settlement leading to a Communist government in the South was "so inimical to our national interests that we should continue the war"; 86 per cent asked that the United States state its explicit willingness to negotiate directly with the NLF. An overwhelming majority feared that escalation increased the chances of war with China, 85 per cent felt that de-escalation required a change in administration and 83 per cent supported those individuals "who decide to refuse cooperation with the Selective Service System because they consider the war in Vietnam unjust and immoral."

In the voting on resolutions the feeling against the war was equally manifest. More than 70 per cent of those voting supported the two "moderate" resolutions which condemned escalation and the "policies which have led to such devastation in Vietnam" and urged that the government take "positive and unmistakable steps . . . to open negotiations . . . We further urge that it henceforth refrain generally from military intervention in revolutionary situations elsewhere." Only 18 per cent saw any merit in the resolution which urged that the Administration stress "our non-military effort to assist what has been called nation-building" in South Vietnam. The strongest of the four resolutions received 61 per cent of the vote. It called for a unilateral withdrawal "under the umbrella of negotiations," repudiation of the Administration which "has brought us to the brink of national disaster," and support for those who refuse induction on moral grounds. A preferential vote designed to determine which resolution most closely approximated the views of those voting resulted in a total of 47 per cent for the moderate resolution, 14 per cent for the least aggressive one and 39 per cent for the strongest.

Perhaps the most important overall result of the meeting was the decision to establish an inter-university student-faculty Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, to carry on the discussion only barely begun during the caucus meeting. It was hoped that the dissatisfaction of many graduate students with their often silent professors would be dispelled. At the very least the profession may begin to experience the disturbing and exhilarating effects of its own, small, cultural revolution.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Who Won the Cold War?

AMERICA, RUSSIA AND THE COLD WAR, 1945-1966. By Walter LaFeber. John Wiley & Sons. 295 pp. \$6.50. Paper \$2.95.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE COLD WAR. By Paul Seabury. Basic Books. 171 pp. \$4.95.

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming's new work, *The Origins and Consequences of World War I*, will be published next fall by Doubleday. He is also the author of a 2-volume study, *The Cold War And Its Origins, 1917-1960* (Doubleday), *The United States And The World Court* (Russell and Russell).

Paul Seabury, Provost of College IV of the University of California at Santa Cruz wrote *The Rise and Decline of the Cold War*, under the auspices of the Harvard Center for International Affairs. He fixes the beginning of the cold war in 1946 or 1947, "more precisely" at the Truman Doctrine message of March, 1947, but not "as an American declaration of ideological hostilities." The year 1947 was the "point of time when all the analytical features of this conflict suddenly were fused together."

Seabury finds that in Europe Soviet control of East and Central Europe after the war tended to be regarded as a new barbarian invasion; in the United States as a Free World vs. totalitarian-slave confrontation and as a balance of power struggle. These three concepts are discussed in separate chapters.

Placing the starting point of the cold war in 1946 or 1947 inevitably leaves the book without an explanation of the Russians being in the center of Europe in 1945. "A more determined stance of Western diplomacy during the war—especially after Hitler's attack on Russia in 1941—might have served notice to the Russian leadership to act more prudently." "All the main Continental powers except Russia were in rubble. . . ." "Indeed a case *could* be made (italics added) for the fact of . . . prudent—if strategically mistaken—strategic investment in East European territory as a buffer . . . ■ classical Russian habit. . . ."

These assumptions are belied by the compulsive facts that at Munich in 1938 the West opened wide Germany's path to the Soviet Union; that it fought a peripheral war for two years after June, 1941, during which Russia suffered devastation second to none; and relied on Russia to drive the main German ar-

mies (back to Berlin) until the end of the war.

Thereafter not even the threat of the atomic bomb or the offer of Marshall Plan aid could restore Western, capitalist control over East Europe. Behind the searing memories of World War II, also, lay the great Western invasions of Russia through this area in both World War I and the interventions of 1918 to 1920. On the other hand, it was natural for powerful forces of several kinds in the West to resent the main result of the war and to try to reverse it, but it could not be done.

These are the very harsh facts out of which the cold war grew. And what grew out of it? In an excellent chapter on containment, Seabury finds the ledgers of containment hard to read. Kennan's promise was ambivalent. It spoke of "two hypothetical yet mutually exclusive outcomes; either the 'break-up' or the 'mellowing' of Soviet power." For this and other reasons it was attacked from many quarters. Did it mean "either a belief in 'inexorable forces' or simply a heroic Micawberism"? In either case, it was more benign than the Communist strategy of liberation through class struggle and guerrilla wars. And, he believes, containment had "demonstrable success."

Yet questions remain. In his address on June 10, 1963, President Kennedy had recognized that "the two strongest powers are the two in the most danger of devastation," and "If we cannot now end our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity." In 1951, Sen. Robert Taft had found extensive overseas commitments a symptom of incipient national decline, and he found the costs of establishing liberty throughout the world prohibitive and the effort self-defeating. At that time Arnold Toynbee still thought of a beneficent American "global imperium," but by 1961 he was saying: "America is today the leader of a world-wide anti-revolutionary movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for . . . inequality, injustice, and for the least happiness of the greatest number."

In his last chapter on Vietnam Seabury accepts our official version that we are defending "the commitment to support freedom," "against aggression," and "against the willful violence of an armed minority." The real problem is China. The very heterogeneous "societies and nations now imperiled by, or aligned against, Chinese expansionism and ex-

tremism" are too weak to defend themselves and all are menaced by "the state-as-fanatical movement." Therefore we must persevere, with unfanatical firmness, in patient application of limited counter force.

No evidence is cited of China's intention to overwhelm her small neighbors and there is no suggestion that in Vietnam a very brave people has been fighting for its independence for hundreds of years, first against the Chinese, then against the French and finally against us for some thirteen years. Yet in the book's last sentence a doubt does remain: "But the problem of American power as sole hegemonial guarantor of Asian peace remains unsolved."

It should be added that for the first time in our history this Asian doubt, admittedly the child of the Truman Doctrine, clearly threatens our entire future as a nation, from internal division and disruption, and from external defeat and isolation.

Walter LaFeber's *America, Russia and the Cold War, 1945-1966*, is a volume in the excellent series of books on American diplomatic history edited by Robert A. Divine and published by Wiley. LaFeber is professor of history at Cornell University.

His book is one of the best studies of the cold war. It is based on a 15-page topical bibliography, which not only lists hundreds of books but gives an indication of the contents of most of them. He has also used extensively the Baruch, Clayton, Dulles and Truman collections of papers. For many students the bibliography would be worth the price of the book.

It centers first on the period 1944 to 1946, portraying Washington's determination to use its "gigantic economic power" to promote throughout the world the Open-Door policy, which we had defended in China so long, to create room for our great industrial complex and prevent both future depressions and wars. This American view of the world was perforce accepted by Britain and France, but at the iron curtain it encountered "the terrible problem of how to open the Soviet empire without alienating the Soviets."

The author gives the details of Russia's frightful devastation and its great weakness, explains its urgent need to drain its European conquests, and records Stalin's refusal "to loosen his control of Eastern Europe (and) allow American

political and economic power to flow into the area." This was unthinkable to Moscow also because of the driving compulsion of security considerations. "The Soviet peoples and leaders alike viewed almost everything in their lives through the memories of the horrors that struck from 1941 to 1945." The Germans would recover quickly, said Stalin: "Give them twelve to fifteen years. . . ."

Unavoidably the Soviet and American objectives collided in East Europe. Throughout the summer and autumn of 1945, the United States tried to weaken Soviet control of Poland "by using relief materials and equipment badly needed by the Poles to force Poland to accept, as the State Department said, 'a policy of equal opportunity for us in trade, investments and access to sources of information'; and the failure of the attempt "left an enduring mark on post war American policy." Then atomic diplomacy was tried in East Europe, with no better results.

LaFeber places the declarations of the cold war in early 1946. First came Stalin's speech on February 9, which opened with the Marxist explanation of world wars, monopoly capitalism fighting for markets and raw materials, though he did distinguish sharply between the two World Wars. Then he credited Russia's victory in World War II to the Communist Party, which had built the heavy industries first (a claim hard to deny); laid down goals for the future, including more consumers' goods; and called for three or more Five-Year Plans to organize "a new mighty upsurge of national economy."

LaFeber says this speech made a profound impression in Washington. It was even called the declaration of World War III. But why should it have been so regarded? It was an election speech, necessarily geared to the home audience. It celebrated Russia's victory accurately enough, and it was "spoken in a conversational tone and without bombast," wrote Brooks Atkinson to *The New York Times*.

Churchill's iron curtain speech at Fulton on March 5, 1946, proposing "that the Anglo-Americans, outside the United Nations and with the support of atomic weaponry . . . create 'a unity in Europe from which no nation in Europe should be permanently outcast,'" was regarded by Stalin as a threat to his control of East Europe, "a set-up for war, a call for war on the Soviet Union." From that time the Soviet hold on East Europe tightened constantly. The iron curtain was firmly bolted down.

Then a landslide Republican victory in the Congressional elections of 1946 made it seem necessary to "scare hell out of the country" in the Truman Doctrine

THE ARCHAIC

If something is archaic

*all edges have been rounded
presumably by the sea
and yet total obliteration*

*must not have become
wholly accomplished, or set in—
like a wind over mountains.*

Some trace of the old life

*must be left,
some evidence that this white stone
was once a lion's leg
or the base of an intricate temple.*

*If that life does not lead
us back in some vain
effort, retracking our own steps
as we go toward
the mountain*

*then this something we have found
in its desolation is not truly
archaic. To be archaic
is to exist*

*in a state of transition
between a silent life
and a whispering death: even our own
bodies when we stop and
listen closely seem to be giving off
some aura of the genuinely
archaic*

DAVID RAY

address, in order to take over Britain's imperial responsibilities in Greece. George Kennan "objected bitterly" to sending military aid to countries on the borders of Russia and broke with Acheson over the issue, before "the terrible price" of Truman's anti-Communist rhetoric at home led to the screening of all federal employees, as "Truman stood paralyzed" while the ground was "carefully ploughed around him for the weeds of McCarthyism."

Our decision to revive Germany quickly and to make sure that Italy and France did not go Communist led on rapidly to the Marshall Plan, which was inevitably rejected by Russia for East Europe as a form of Western take-over, and the rival Molotov plan, involving a large return flow of economic strength from Russia, was hammered out in July, 1947. In late September, at a Cominform meeting Zhdanov announced "the rebirth of the 'two-camp' view of the world." Somewhat strangely, from my view, the author regards this speech as one "that ranks next only to Stalin's February 9, 1946, address as a call to Cold War."

Yet Zhdanov's urging for liberationist activity in the whole underdeveloped world, and Cominform orders for strikes and disruptive activity in Italy and

France, certainly stepped up the cold war, while we arranged new alignments for the Western world in the Rio Pact and NATO.

In the interacting dynamism of the cold war, chronology is of crucial importance, since an action on a later date could not have led to an earlier one. A lack of strict attention to chronology falsifies many accounts of the cold war, but not in this book. LaFeber's chronology is very conscientious.

He tells the story of the cold war down through 1966 responsibly and accurately. He follows its disastrous extension into Vietnam, where in early 1965 the American-Vietnamese effort was at "the point of total collapse" when the Pleiku raid of February 7 touched off our already prepared bombing of North Vietnam.

A significant new thread in the book is the role of theologian Reinhold Niebuhr in the cold war. As "perhaps the most formative contemporary influence on American liberalism," his "remarkable series of books and lectures" about man's sinful nature and the "egoistic corruption in all human virtue" gave standing to his explanation of the cold war, that "Communism was at once the worst and most aggressive of societies." The ideological assumptions which he so systematically formulated led even Kennan to term him "the father of us all."

By September, 1948, Niebuhr was declaring in *Life* that "for peace we must risk war." "We will have to stand at every point in our far-flung lines." Anyway, the Soviets were weaker and would not fight. "These views underlay the foreign policy planks of both parties."

However, by 1952 Niebuhr was moderating. He was acknowledging that the rearming of Germany was "too precipitate and too indifferent" to European feelings. He wondered if we could solve our problem simply "by the expansion of our economy." He feared extending the cold war to Asia and abhorred "the budding American imperium." We had lost ground among the neutrals who had become "virtual allies of Communism."

Twenty years into the cold war era, says LaFeber on his last page, "the unchecked and concentrated power (at home) which Niebuhr had so feared was becoming real, and was, to an important extent, the ironic result of the justifications which he and others had provided for American foreign policy in the 1940's and 1960's." In early 1967, "Niebuhr condemned the American involvement in Vietnam in the strongest terms."

Evidently it was much easier to help start a great world power struggle than to stop it or to deal with its consequences.

LaFeber's excellent narrative makes it quite clear that the United States lost the cold war in its main theatre and is now deeply mired in its Asiatic extension. Unable to accept the main result of

World War II. Soviet and Communist control of East Europe, we sought by varied pressures to recover this area as part of our economic living space. The attempt failed. Soviet nerves held, but we did solidify West Europe for our way of life.

Then in Vietnam our cold war against China, and for control of Southeast Asia, aroused the moral repugnance of the great majority of the peoples of the world. They concluded that we placed power and profit above the right of the Vietnamese people to independence and even to existence. Our shocking conduct in Vietnam sucked a revolving half million of our youth into its jungles; throttled down the Great Society that might have stopped the deadly decay in our ghetto cities, and among our rural poor; divided

our people and reduced a great portion of them—especially the youth—to despair about the validity of our political system, after the great majority of us had voted for President Johnson in 1964 as the nonescalator in Asia.

In early 1968 even West Europe is turning its back on us, looking eastward; our finances are fragile, after decades of cold war deficits in our international balances; our internal problems are truly desperate, and there is no future for the American people until our leaders quit trying to control the world, and make the American dream valid once more, here at home.

There is no other way in which we can assure our continuity as a nation—really threatened for the first time—and recover a respected role in the world.

Freud and Reich

REICH SPEAKS OF FREUD. Edited by Mary Higgins and Chester M. Raphael. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 296 pp. \$5.95.

PAUL ROAZEN

Mr. Roazen is the author of the recently published *Freud: Political and Social Thought* (Knopf) and teaches political theory at Harvard.

Freud is unquestionably one of the greatest psychologists of all time, and he has done as much as anyone to revolutionize the ways in which we think about ourselves. His pupils have had a powerful impact on our cultural life, our psychiatry, so it is particularly interesting to us to understand what being close to the master meant to them.

For those in his immediate circle, Freud was an inspiring teacher, on the model of a Greek philosopher or a great rabbi. It is tempting to look back to those early days of psychoanalysis as a heroic era, even admitting the possibility of romanticizing the past. Today psychoanalysis as a field is incapable of attracting people as original and, it should be said, as undisciplined, as half a century ago.

Reich combined lasting psychological contributions with farfetched speculations. In the area of his contributions, psychoanalysis owes him an enduring debt for the development of its technique and theory. He was the first to recognize the inevitability of a patient's hostile resistances to treatment, and the first to spot the therapeutic usefulness of making such resistances a subject of investigation by patient and analyst. Reich also helped to shift the focus of attention from symptoms and verbal communica-

tions to character structure and non-verbal means of expression. Moreover, in terms of building bridges between psychoanalysis and the social sciences, he was one of the few early analysts to think about the possibility of ameliorating human suffering and evading totalitarianism through changes in family structure. Reich's emphasis on liberating human instincts was notable enough for Freud to have written *Civilization and Its Discontents* against him.

The latter part of Reich's life, however, is much more controversial. After divorcing his first wife, a former patient, Reich gradually drifted away from the mainstream of psychoanalysis. Without the moorings of friends and colleagues, he found himself beleaguered and alone. Although reputable schools such as A. S. Neill's Summerhill have been founded on his principles, Reich allowed himself to become the leader of a new cult. Persecuted by American government officials for his therapy based on orgone energy theory, Reich finally died in a federal prison.

History gets written partly by accident. Ernest Jones, Freud's official biographer, lived the longest of Freud's first generation of students, and most of what we know of that whole circle of people comes from Jones's version of events. On the whole, Jones wrote an expanded account of Freud's own conception of himself, ignoring the standpoint of pupils—such as Reich—struggling to fulfill themselves. Yet to understand Freud fully, one must explore more honestly his relation to his pupils. *Reich Speaks of Freud* is important because it sheds light on precisely that aspect of Freud's mind and character which Jones most conspicuously fails to interpret.

This book will undoubtedly seem a strange concoction. Like last year's Freud-Bullitt book on Wilson, its author speaks to us from beyond the grave. Much the most interesting part of it consists of tape-recorded interviews which Dr. Kurt Eissler conducted in 1952 on behalf of the Freud archives. Eissler had the foresight to interview the surviving early analysts about their contact with Freud. He never could have guessed, however, that this interview would get into print uncensored, since the archives has been so cautious about material in its possession as to make the innocuous as well as the purely private inaccessible to inspection for the next fifty or a hundred years. Characteristically, the Freud family refused to permit some quite harmless letters from Freud to Reich to be included in this book.

These interviews between Eissler and Reich will remain an important source of raw materials for all serious students of psychoanalysis. It is mainly gossip, to be sure, but what seems gossip to one generation may be history to the next. Life has of course its trivial chatter whose distortions are justifiably suspect. But with Freud, as with any important historical subject, our standards of possible relevance must be broad.

Amidst some of Reich's hyperbolic exaggerations, one finds here pungent descriptions of Freud's courage, his intellectuality, his Jewishness, his marriage, as well as his inner harshness and lack of interest in saving the world. Perhaps most moving is Reich's account of the contrast between Freud's sparkle and zest for living in 1919, and his gradual withdrawal and resignation after he was stricken with cancer in 1923.

Reich had his personal falling out with Freud. Like others, Reich expected a kind of attention and consideration from his teacher which Freud was increasingly unable and unwilling to provide. And the more Reich wanted him to be a social reformer, the more Freud kept his distance on the grounds of the neutrality of science.

By 1952 Reich no longer considered himself a psychoanalyst. As he grew emancipated from Freud's influence, Reich became aware that his own theory of genitality was not all to be found in Freud's early writings. Yet to the end of Reich's life he remained deeply identified with his former teacher. Unlike later followers of Freud who weakened the radical aspects of his work and junked the libido theory, Reich chose the early Freud to identify with, Freud the heretic, who wrote and thought shocking things. So we find Reich, like Freud, struggling to prevent his basic concepts from being "diluted." The revolutionary in Freud remained Reich's model.

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In terms of its structure, *Reich Speaks of Freud* belongs to the category of the non-book. Publishers are increasingly offering for sale undigested collections of material. Here, in addition to the valuable interviews with Eissler, are miscellaneous collections of Reich's correspondence and a few snatches from

his writings. The editors have not properly integrated this material for the general reader. On the other hand, this book will be appreciated by those who need no such introduction and who would relish uncensored contact with one of Freud's most brilliant if erratic pupils.

the main enemies were not the guards (they were generally humane) but the frightful cold, the constant hunger, the back-breaking labor. There, bread was the staff of life, and if a man found himself unable to work his bread ration was cut so severely that he starved—and died.

One brief note of criticism. The camp story trails off at the end, and might have profited from better editing. And there are numerous misspellings in both novellas.

Nation Book Marks

LIAM LENIHAN

Mr. Lenihan, a former newspaper man, is now a free-lance writer.

NO LAUGHING MATTER. By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. 496 pp. \$6.95.

Angus Wilson's report on the decline of middle-class English life is more than a family novel which recounts the fortunes of the six Matthews children and their shabby-genteel parents over the span of half a century; it is a shrewd and compassionate appraisal of social and political England from its sunny, easy days of greatness to its twilight hours at Suez.

Hundreds of characters and incidents crowd the canvas, yet Wilson manages to juggle them all with consummate skill, and the relationships are all sharply drawn. Throughout the narrative, we hear the background noises of history: marching Welsh miners; the angry voices on the Left, discordant and disunited; the tramp of Mosleyite jackboots in the streets; the drawing-room chatter of appeasement; the German refugees crowding in. Wilson peppers his novel with odd bits of one of the characters' fiction and diaries, and even uses the play format on numerous occasions to give

edge to his story, a technique which may disconcert some readers.

No Laughing Matter is often uproariously funny. But the subject is as serious as the title implies. And Wilson is always in full control of his material even when he dawdles or plays games.

FROM BEGINNING TO END. By Jozsef Lengyel. Translated from the Hungarian by Ilona Duczynska. Prentice-Hall. 138 pp. \$4.95.

Jozsef Lengyel is introduced as one of Eastern Europe's most distinguished contemporary writers. A Hungarian, he took an active part in the famous Bela Kun uprising of 1919, fled to Austria when the Communist regime collapsed, and later went to Moscow. He was a victim of the Stalinist purges of the late thirties and spent the next eighteen years in prison, labor camps and Siberian exile. Lengyel was released in 1955 and returned to Hungary.

His book consists of two novellas and tells of the author's experiences both as a labor-camp inmate and, later, as a "free" exile. The camp document is the more absorbing story. Without self-pity, Lengyel depicts a brutalizing life where

ONE VERY HOT DAY. By David Halberstam. Houghton Mifflin Co. 216 pp. \$4.95.

David Halberstam, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the war in Vietnam, makes a valiant effort to evoke the Vietnamese scene in a novel. Some of it is vivid: the emasculating envelope of heat, the sullen villages emptied of their men, the sudden ambush sprung by an unseen foe. Halberstam is writing here about that old and very different war in Vietnam when Diem was President and the American presence was restricted to "advisers." The story line is simple. A company of South Vietnamese officers and men go on a routine patrol through the Mekong Delta. They are accompanied by two American advisers, both of them officers and professionals. The company walks into a guerrilla ambush and, in the ensuing firefight, it suffers heavy casualties. One of the Americans is killed. The guerrillas slip away.

Halberstam writes about the war in an impersonal and detached manner. He never preaches and has no ax to grind. His characterization is poor, but what does come across is the image of a soldiery unwilling to fight and unable to comprehend why the Americans are there.

GIRLS IN THEIR MARRIED BLISS. By Edna O'Brien. Simon & Schuster. 191 pp. \$4.95.

Edna O'Brien can be uproariously funny and joyously randy. Yet something is lacking in her novels which makes the end result never wholly satisfying.

Her present book picks up the saga of Kate and Baba, the convent school dropouts who prowled through the pages of *The Country Girls* and *The Lonely Girl* in search of sex and Mr. Right. In London now, both girls have landed their quarry, yet are restless. Kate is married to the man who had jilted her in Dublin and is the mother of a small boy. But she is shut away in a gray, gloomy house in the country, and nature and silence are too much for her. She drifts aimlessly into an alliance of sorts with a married man.

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loutish Irish hick who has made good in a big way and who clothes her expensively. But he is a sad sack between the sheets and Baba has a brief fling with a drummer who gets her with child. In the end, calculating Baba resolves her difficulty. She faces down her angry husband and blackmails him into accepting the drummer's child as his own.

Poor masochistic Kate has no such easy out but must walk the plank for her sins. Her affair ends but so does her marriage. Her husband carries her small son off to Fiji forever and Kate enters a private clinic and has herself sterilized. This drastic act of irrational atonement is explained by Kate after the operation as an effort to "eliminate the risk of making the same mistake again." But hasn't she ever heard of contraceptives?

One must finally agree with the critic who said that Miss O'Brien's gifts as a writer are larger than the uses she puts them to.

THE FLOOD. By J. M. G. LeClézio. Translated from the French by Peter Green. Atheneum. 300 pp. \$5.95.

MUSIC/ Benjamin Boretz

The function of public entertainment that serious music used incidentally to fulfill, but which has not been carried on by recent work—especially since the disappearance of "expressionist" surface—has now again begun to be taken up by some composers who know enough of current compositional developments to make use of whatever immediate and novel "effects" these can generate, without at the same time committing themselves to the "unpopular" necessity of dealing with the compositional implications of such "effects." These composers—quite legitimately for their ends—juxtapose "all kinds" of events, associations and projective media, in the sure knowledge that few people have any specific idea about what makes a succession of sonic phenomena "a piece," but do enjoy obvious variety and what they can immediately perceive as "characteristic" and "different," in addition to the simple titillations of outrageousness and incongruity. That this should be the public's "modern" music is wholly understandable: its first-performance availability, its "romantic" posture, its perpetual variety, mixed-media or otherwise, and its overt renunciation of conceptual or perpetual complexity commend it to popular favor.

And the new "entertainments" that result are by no means necessarily unsophisticated or overtly "anti-intellectual" in their surfaces, which often invoke

The story of this opaque and irritating novel by a young French writer takes place during twelve days in the life of François Besson, who has quit his teaching post and come back to live with his parents in a dilapidated house near the center of a provincial town. Besson listens to the playback of a tape recorder, lists the names of cars whizzing by his window, goes out for a meeting with girl friend and leaves her for some casual sex with a redheaded woman he picks up.

He sets fire to his room, wanders the streets lonely and hungry, enters a church and goes to confession, begs on the street in a mood of self-imposed penance and, gripped by a nighttime fear, wantonly kills an unknown person. On the last day, he takes a bus into the country, alights and walks toward the seashore. There, stretched out on a bed of pebbles, he gazes up at the hot sun until he is blinded.

As if this were not sufficiently unattractive, the author also supplies a weird, hallucinatory vision of a world slowly frozen into stillness in a lengthy 43-page introduction.

associations with quite "advanced" and "serious" literary or pre-existing musical contexts. Thus, for example, Luciano Berio has used texts by Cummings and Joyce in his works, and equally distinguished literary names have appeared elsewhere. And the musical vocabularies invoked as referential "sounds" include the whole range of contemporary musical phenomena, from literally "pop" to those customarily associated with "difficult" work.

However the point is that such material is present for recognition in general rather than to function specifically, with characteristics of detail that are crucial to the perception of the "point" involved. In entertainment, their "point" is merely their identities, not their content, so that nothing problematic or not immediately recognizable is generated out of them, and no effort of discernment is required beyond noticing their presence, which (like the "classical" references in Britten et al.) communicates a sense of "cultural" sophistication to their listeners—a major aspect of the "entertainment" objective.

Of course, new musical contexts cannot be created in this way, since it is the familiarity of the juxtaposed elements that is crucial to their usefulness in this medium. The difference between music where the identity of the reference is the whole point, and where the reference is a functional aspect of the composi-

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tional surface that articulates a special structural characteristic is most evident in the comparison of, say, marching-band quotations literally invoked by Ives with no apparent contextual relevance, and the quite unliteral marching band in *Wozzeck*, the "classical" references in Stravinsky, or the jazz surfaces of Babbitt's *All Set*. But the presence of such surface characteristics in the latter works undoubtedly explains why they have been more usable as entertainment than have works by the same composers in which such features do not appear. Under these conditions, the quick and happy acceptance of the new entertainments as the contemporary "thing" by journalists and—especially—by composers whose earlier work retained a conventional "symphonic" surface designed to evoke public identification with the "real" and "profound" music of the past, is not only wholly understandable but sociologically probably quite healthy in that it may relieve a public frustration with new music that has prevailed now for fifty years or more.

But from my point of view, the advantages for serious composition that this development represents are even more significant. For the esoteric researches of serious composers into the deepest issues of musical structure have encountered some very difficult socio-cultural going because of the schizoid-making requirement that they also fulfill the popular function so desperately desired even by some of their well-wishers. If the music of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner could fill these two roles simultaneously because the surfaces they generated in the conjoining of func-

tional events could have all kinds of popularly interesting attributes imputed to them, this—by no apparent design or change of attitude on the parts of composers themselves—no longer appeared to happen with music since, say, Schoenberg and Webern. Therefore, if the current "specialization" of "serious" composition into the public's music on the one hand, and the musician's music on the other, removes that public frustration, it might also remove the public's resentment at the failure of the "other" kind of composer to produce a consumable commodity. And such a composer should be relieved of any lingering guilt at not behaving in this public-spirited way. Furthermore, by acknowledging his position as a pure researcher into music-structural phenomena, as a seeker after intellectual discovery in company with workers in other creative disciplines, he might now direct his appeals for moral support more realistically to colleagues in his own and these other domains, and—for the other kind of support—to those public and university agencies committed to the value of intellectual activity for its intellectual virtues independent of its ultimate "applied" public value.

The most positive evidence supporting this position is the fact that the striking success experienced by university-based new-music performance groups (especially the group at Columbia) in generating and sustaining their own, numerically considerable, audiences for "difficult" contemporary music has proved to be largely nontransferrable to the "regular" musical province. Those who have attempted this transfer have, it would appear, mistaken the conditions which this success has signalled. One aspect of the misapprehension has been the immediate proliferation of new-music activity which, although it has produced some excellent performances of new and "classic" 20th-century works (notably by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble under Arthur Weisberg, in residence at Rutgers), has also disclosed the sparseness of qualified performers and public response available in the regular concert-going world, and has thus threatened to fragment and weaken internally a vigorous, self-sustaining activity. At the same time, the obviously quite successful attempt to revive yet again the International Society for Contemporary Music (due largely to the extraordinary efforts of the composer Henry Weinberg), which has traditionally been the composers' own performance activity, is a highly encouraging development.

But the seriousness of the confusion has perhaps been most evident in the new series, "The New Image of Sound" given at Hunter College under the direction of Eric Salzman, which has made the most sustained and strenuous effort

to expand the audience for "difficult" music by presenting it in company with "entertainment," as just one facet of a huge, happy diversity. The result, in effect, has been that each entire piece of such music has assumed the generalized mere-identity function in the context of the whole "entertainment" concert that "advanced"-sounding fragments have in the context of a single "entertainment" piece. This calls into operation a musical Gresham's Law whereby the qualities of all pieces presented are reduced to the terms of the least demanding and problematic.

The difficulty that arises therefore is not only a simple one of public approval but also a falsification of the basis on which such approval is solicited. For the diversity of serious-compositional approaches, of which I have spoken here often and fondly, must not be taken to mean an identification of "serious" and "popular," as it has evidently been understood in the most generous of spirits by the Hunter series. As Milton Babbitt has pointed out, the criterion which distinguishes "serious" from "popular" music is the degree of "determinacy" with which the precise characteristics of every aspect of every detail of a serious work is essential to its "identity." In contrast, "popular music" retains its "germane characteristics" even when most aspects have been altered. Perhaps this may seem to define what is to be regarded as "serious" to begin with, but whatever one calls it, the distinction among musical *kinds* not cotenable in a single frame of perceptual or conceptual reference seems to me unmistakable.

Thus the earnest and imaginative efforts made in "The New Image of Sound" and elsewhere to bridge this gap by surrounding "difficult" with "fun" music and thus assist in propagating the former has, in the main, given it the same chance for appropriate consideration as what we regard as a "Beethoven Quartet" would have if presented as part of the half-time activity at a football game. Even Stravinsky was not entirely equal to his encounters with Ringling Brothers and Billy Rose, and whether composers serve themselves or are served well by these incongruous juxtapositions is a question for them, their well-intentioned supporters and the serious musical public to consider carefully.

In invoking "The New Image of Sound" as an exemplar of a difficult problem, I don't at all wish to overlook its really interesting individual accomplishments. Thus, while it is not clear how the technical competence of a performance contributes to the theatrical effectiveness generated by Mr. Salzman's own *Verses and Cantos* (a montage of diverse musical—instrumental and vocal—verbal and visual modes of presenta-

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tion into a kind of perceptual *quodlibet* in a correspondingly expansive time framework) and in Berio's *Laborintus II* (a compendium of emotive theatrical gestures in the abstract, where the absence of generating context, musical or dramatic, underlines the mechanics of "effect" in a frequently amusing way), nevertheless the vocalists, notably the soprano Barbara Smith Conrad, and instrumental ensemble—a "university" group from Juilliard—seemed notably accomplished, and are potentially a valuable addition to new-music performance resources.

Milton Babbitt's highly subtle, complex and intricate *Philomel*, scheduled for this concert, was postponed; thus the full impact of the mixed-category idea was not felt until the second concert, which alternated performances by the extraordinary Composers String Quartet (Matthew Raimondi, Anahid Ajemian, Bernard Zaslav, Seymour Barab), a unique virtuoso ensemble in all the relevant musical senses, and the remarkably proficient Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Illinois. Now the String Quartet of Henry Weinberg that opened the concert is perhaps a model of the kind of composition whose notable virtues as music and thought are available only to the most attentive study and audition. In fact, it is music of a kind particularly difficult to talk about (let alone adjectiveize journalistically); for once having described some composer (or composition) as the exemplar of a given approach, the later developments of that approach, however inherently original, manifest themselves in internal ways almost impossible to distinguish verbally from the works one happened to describe first. Thus the Weinberg Quartet, beneath a surface deceptively simple but lucent and subtly varied in sonority and articulation throughout, presents some highly interesting and original ideas, particularly in the relations of events having various senses of "equivalence" in terms of varying time-spans. One might say that the time-span and its particular subdivisions become articulate, foreground elements of the musical discourse. It (along with the more recent *Cantus Comemorabilis*) is unquestionably the work of a significantly accomplished and remarkably mature composer.

The other quartet on the concert, Ben Johnston's Second (Microtonal), was a serious attempt to construct a sense of ensemble continuity and development, one of whose principal means of discrimination is pitch variation by intervals smaller than the conventionally minimum unit in Western music. The work does achieve a remarkable sense of continuousness in unfolding, and a high degree of ensemble cohesion, but the tendency of the conditioned ear to reintegrate pitches to the tempered scale

VALMIKI'S DANCE

*I can feel it boiling in my hands,
energy: the energy
to grab you by the roots of your breath
and shake crazy dreams
from your glands,
sunlight
turning all the oceans of the world
into laughter and steam.*

*Look: my hoofprint on your throat
is stronger than any death;
I will saddle a wild goat
and ride him to the ends of your face;
I will fill that broken cave,
your hate, with what "our time" demands:
a bloated unicorn, sweating
in a green wind.*

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—except where apparent variants of "the same pitch" are either directly adjacent or actually juxtaposed—is a powerful block to the successful perception of the work's content at minimal acquaintance—a difficulty that was perhaps intensified by the directness of the compositional surface in other respects.

However, the piece that most suffered by being placed in company with the entertainment works on the program was the *Antiphony IV* of Kenneth Gaburo, because its sonorous context was much more immediately comparable to theirs: the "mixed-media" use of instruments, taped voice and pure electronics. *Antiphony IV* seemed to represent a genuine effort to generate ensemble music out of a mixture of synthesized and "performed" (instrumental, recorded-vocal) characteristics, all electronically projected (by miking, in the case of the "live" performers). In this performance, marred though it was by electronic-technical imperfections, many interesting and original details were evident on the work's surface, so that one feels impelled to explore the work more deeply.

Otherwise, the distorted-pop-song "conceit" of Salvatore Martirano's *Ballad* presented a rather one-dimensional though consistently clever and diverting "post-Webern" disposition of popular music qualities, associating with the tradition of *L'Histoire du soldat*, etc., but concentrating rather too broadly and directly on its gag and caricaturistic vocal effects to produce a compositional identity comparable to Martirano's previous works. One missed the toughness of musical mind and invention of his *Shakespearean Rag*, particularly the tight control of succession that make the verbal "gags" which it, too, projects an integral compositional resource.

Whereas the broad scale of the Martirano tended to obscure the subtleties of

the other works on the program, the final Suite for 2 pianos and tape by Lejaren Hiller simply trivialized everything with its perfectly executed and hugely sustained musical nonsense-vaudeville, a manifestation of high skill in the manipulation of musical and electronic materials for popular amusement.

The most recent concert in the Hunter series was quite different. It consisted of an entire program given by the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago (directed by Ralph Shapey and evidently the most distinguished of the Rockefeller Foundation-supported university ensembles). This superiority was manifest not only in the unusual clarity and security of the performances but in the consistent seriousness and high quality of the music programmed. Shapey's own *Partita* for Violin and 13 Players (performed by the accomplished violinist Esther Glazer) was particularly interesting as an indication of the recent direction of his work toward finely elaborated details, remarkably restrained and subtly configured surfaces, and, in general, toward music of a more impressively controlled and mature kind of diversity than the previous, broadly "striking" works.

Charles Dodge's *Folia* for large chamber ensemble had already been heard at Tanglewood (for which it was commis-

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sioned by the Fromm Foundation) and at the Columbia Group's concerts. It reveals a considerable compositional capacity at the beginning of its development, especially in its projection of structural associations into distinct and imaginative sonorous configurations.

Of the other works on the Chicago program, John MacIvor Perkin's *Music for 13 Players* seemed so concentrated on its alternations of sharply differentiated modes of surface continuity that it sacrificed some of the pitch-articulate cogency that projected a much more genuinely distinctive sound-and-continuity-quality in the earlier *Caprice* for piano. And Richard Wernick's *Haiku of Bashō*, sung by the increasingly impressive soprano Neva Pilgrim, also generated a variety of "effective" sound-patterns (assisted by tape-recorded and spatially manipulated characteristics) without producing the individuality of sonority and context generated in Wernick's earlier String Quartet.

But it seems beyond question that this, and the Wolpe program given by the same ensemble the following evening, were among the most considerable new-music performances of this season, in terms of highly adequate representation of significant music not previously available here. And it seems equally clear that the Chicago ensemble has developed, under Shapey's direction, up to the level of our most accomplished and responsible university ensembles.

A subsequent column will report on recent compositions and performances of new music heard on some of the already established New York series.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

From Café La Mama, one of the first and best-known of the off-Off-Broadway theatre ventures, Paul Foster's *Tom Paine* comes to Stage 73, a little playhouse at 321 East 73rd Street.

The play has been given in London and in other European cities, where it attracted critical attention. Because very few such productions are seen in Western Europe, they strike spectators in that part of the world with considerable force. Their appeal is that of the pioneer, they open new channels of dramatic expression. Though such enterprises have been with us for some time, they are still relatively unknown to the general play-going public. Despite the general spottiness of their achievements, they deserve better acquaintance.

Tom Paine is a sort of stage poem on the subject of the brilliant and unfortunate author of *The Crisis* and *The Age*

of Reason, whose catchword "These are the times that try men's souls" is more familiar to us than his writing. The play does not bring Paine's political history any closer to those unfamiliar with it and does not really seek to do so. It has another aim.

The only concrete information offered is that Paine, who contributed significantly to fortifying the moral sinew of the American colonists, died in shameful neglect and obloquy among the people he helped liberate from English rule.

Tom Paine consists of short "expressionist" scenes, couched in grotesque or semi-burlesque imagery and coarse contemporary language, interspersed with improvisations by the cast on topical political themes. Every key fact or sentiment is embodied in some striking piece of stage action—acrobatic, dancelike, fantastic. Now and again there emerges a verbal flare, a phrase or an expletive which strikes home. But on the whole only the scenic metaphors maintain our interest.

Tom O'Horgan's direction creates the salient features of the evening. Paine is viewed as a split personality, part exalted prophet, part wretched alcoholic: two actors, one carrying the other back to back in a tortured crawl, demonstrate this ambivalence. During his French sojourn, Paine was condemned to death by the Convention for having urged clemency for Louis XVI: Paine crouches in his dungeon, tormented by nightmare horror of his expected execution. Then occurs the most brilliant moment of the evening: shadowy figures are seen sharpening knives (the guillotine!) from which sparks crackle and spurt in the dark. Not all of O'Horgan's visual inventions are as successful as these but they are all potentially illuminating; nearly all testify to his imagination.

The actors are none of them equipped for the tasks set for them: they haven't the training in movement, voice or speech to make their efforts better than valiant attempts at ambitious designs beyond their craft capacities. In Grotowski's theatre in Poland, at the Theatre on the Balustrade and similar units in Czechoslovakia, the actors have for years worked together daily with their directors. Whether or not the content of their results has substantial value, their execution is so thorough that one always beholds them with pleasure. Stanislavsky has been complemented by extraordinary gymnastics. The ensuing dynamics convey the sense of a new aesthetics and a new man in the making.

Our theatre rebels are not in a position—through background, opportunity, time, remuneration or subsidy—to bring their intentions to fruition. But in their reaching toward fresh effects they reveal something more than their technical inadequacy.

Such efforts as those by Paul Foster and Tom O'Horgan (sustained in this case by Kevin O'Connor whose tormented countenance is exactly right for the role of Tom Paine) express much more clearly than any specific ideology the desire to smash through the mediocre complacency of America's routine social and theatrical life. Unlike the English, they are driven to fashion out of their disaffection not the outcries or laughter of rage so much as chants of renewed hope, forms of enthusiasm and assertion.

To succeed, the rebel must attain mastery. Very few not already acquainted with Tom Paine will learn much about him from the Foster-O'Horgan play; but more discouragingly, no one not already inclined to echo the discontent and insurgency will be moved to acclaim these brave apostrophes of protest. I cannot therefore applaud their show as a finished and satisfying production, though I acknowledge the genuineness of the need it implies. It is a worthy thing to "experiment," but it is not enough.

Those who wish to change the world (if only the world of the theatre) must not merely be more determined but shrewder, wiser, more knowledgeable than those who occupy the seats of power. One must possess more than a pure heart and good will: one must acquire arms—of the brain, the body and the spirit.

For a time, while I was watching the unfolding of Tennessee Williams' *The Seven Descents of Myrtle* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre), I believed he might be on the track of a sound notion. But as the play proceeded to its moment of truth I realized that my expectation was to be deceived; at the end I was not simply disappointed, I was sore.

Myrtle, a good-natured, unlettered "chorine" in some bedraggled floor show in a Memphis dive, is approached by someone named Lot, a man of delicate appearance, genteel manners and literate accent. She is truly taken with him: in no time at all he proposes marriage and she gratefully accepts.

He brings her to his home in the backwoods country on the Mississippi which he shares with "Chicken," his half-brother. Chicken is the son of a low-lived dame of partly black ancestry. He is Lot's very opposite: rough, gruff, physically powerful, instinctive. He is the rude earth with all its sustaining vitality: Lot is dying of tuberculosis, impotent and hopelessly under the spell of his (now deceased) super-refined mother. Lot despises Chicken, but has kept him in the house because in his moribund condition he depends on his services.

In order to induce Chicken to stay on in the home Lot's mother has bequeathed to him, Lot has signed a paper leaving the house to Chicken upon Lot's

imminent death. But when he returns from Memphis, Lot wants to get the paper away from Chicken. Chicken in turn fears that Lot's marriage may invalidate his claim to the house. He isn't sure that Lot has really married Myrtle and he wants to inspect the marriage license, which he believes bogus. Lot orders Myrtle to get Chicken drunk in order to steal the paper he gave Chicken; Chicken in turn asks Myrtle to get the marriage license from Lot.

All this may have social connotations. It suggests a parable of the South in conflict between the sickly "royal" blood of the past and the new vigor of the partly black power of the present. For my part, I supposed Williams was designing a more pertinent pattern in which the two men's struggle for mastery involved their using a guileless woman as a mere tool, with no feeling at all for her humanity. But no! What happens is that poor Myrtle is too innocent and helpless in the face of the realities which confront her (to begin with, she was unaware that Lot was fatally ill) to cope with Chicken, about whose very existence she has not been apprised. She is also horrified to discover that the home to which she had been brought is frequently and immediately threatened by flood. Lot calls Myrtle a whore because he fails in his plan to use her to bilk Chicken, to whose virility he believes she has succumbed. And so she has, out of the need for his strength and protection. Then Williams has Chicken say that nothing is real, true or important except the successful sexual union of a man and woman.

This statement (entirely out of character) is more a Williams fixation than a true thought. But it doesn't matter that I do not consider the doctrine—perhaps a D. H. Lawrence heritage—sane; it does matter than even in this regard the play offers an absurd premise. On the one hand we have a man already nearly dead (he does die at the final curtain) and on the other a tumescent husky (with the additional blessing of black origin) full of sperm and altogether competent to deal with the challenge of his environment. It is no contest. Either something basic has been deleted from the play or Williams, momentarily we pray, has lost his dramatic marbles.

For two acts his dialogue is lamently vivid, graceful, streaked with pungent humor. Thus, though the play is rather long (it has the shape of a *novella*) I was never bored until I realized that it was going to end in a conceptual bog and a narrative *non sequitur*.

Estelle Parsons plays Myrtle with a sharp sense of characterization and earthy charm, but the part and play being overextended, her performance barely escapes monotony. A good actress, Miss

Parsons had better see to it that she is not trapped by her ability to portray the vulnerability of the sweetly simple-minded American woman and so be enticed by frequent invitations to do it again and again and again in dire descent.

The DMZ Cabaret, in the back room of Forlini's, a saloon at Broadway and 111th Street, is a group that is optimistic by virtue of its youthful energy but committed to pessimism by sober reflection. From the program notes: "The DMZ program will change continuously. . . . Thus, as today's problems such as the war in Vietnam, the draft, racial tension and the 1968 elections become history, new songs, sketches and poems will be added to deal with tomorrow's problems: the war in Thailand, the draft riots, civil war in America, and the 1969 elections." Or perhaps the ingratiating vinegar sting comes from the fact that, while the faces on stage are young, the heads behind the scenes are turning gray. In any case, you can bet that DMZ is being shaken up as this is written, for on the night that I was there the morbid prospect of LBJ's reelection brooded over the festivities.

Every town in America big enough to boast a bus line ought to support at least one such acid concert (New York should have a dozen DMZs). It is put together with minimum fuss (no sets, no costumes, a few hats) and the maximum wit available, which is to say that it is dependably but not invariably lacerating. It is always very fast. The room is absurdly small, the tables jammed into your knees (ventilation surprisingly good) and the performers talk and sing straight into your beer. Not "togetherness" exactly, but you had better be with it.

Riverside Productions, which puts on the show, is a group of writers and actors associated with Columbia University, around the corner. Isaiah Sheffer, who staged it, and Eric Bentley, who wrote more of the skits than anyone else, both teach there. So does Albert Bermel, who contributed a surgical song and dance on the Policemen's Benevolent Association. As might be expected, Mr. Bentley has brought those contemptuous Germans, Brecht and Biermann into the skirmish; Jules Feiffer has written portraits that resemble the enbottled tragedians of his serial cartoons. There is a poem by Robert Lowell, a sketch by Eve Merriam.

The cast is Josephine Lemmo, James Antonio and Tony Harrison, with Bruce Kirle at the piano. They study drama at Columbia, work Off-Broadway and perform here as though raised from their cradles to upset the appletart. Backers, writers and actors, the whole DMZ project contrives to make a satirical revue look as easy as a walk in Central Park. It is a superior illusion. R. H.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Jean-Luc Godard is preoccupied by the interlaced realities and pretensions of life and theatre. He tries to cope, not very profoundly, I think, with these ambiguities in his narrative films and earns a name for obscurity. In the case of *La Chinoise* it is a pity, for the social and political concerns of the picture are ambiguous enough, and Godard's "layering" of meaning is a distraction (it isn't worth fiddling much with conventional production illusions to convey the notion that art and action are mutually reflecting phenomena).

Ignoring, then, the Genet-related epistemology, the subject at hand is an ideology-induced "trip" experienced by a small group of Paris university students during a summer fortnight. They have been loaned an apartment by the wealthy parents of one of them and proceed to turn these elegant quarters into a cell of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution. Their short-wave radio is tuned to Peking, Red Guard posters cover the walls, the shelves are crammed with the *Quotations from Chairman Mao* and extracts from it are written large above the fireplace and between the windows. Like all religious converts, these zealots out-Chinese the Chinese; like most rebels from tyranny, they subject themselves to a tyranny of emancipation. They would shut down (blow up) the intolerably doctrinaire university, and they hurl doctrine at one another from morning to night, betraying in their incoercible lectures the mannerisms of their erstwhile academic lecturers.

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because they care so deeply and know so little. And Godard's craftsmanship—his affinity for bold color, his mathematically elegant sets, the laboratory shine of his meticulous lens, his gift for implying relationships with unstressed gestures—induces in the viewer a mood of aesthetic indulgence.

But ignorance implemented by fanaticism in a closed system becomes more than a game for children. It isn't only that those who know nothing fear nothing but that they are capable of anything. In the later stages of the film, I am not certain how much of what happens is intended as action and how much as acting out. It doesn't much matter: the point is that these young moralists, abstracted for a time from a society which they mistrust in any case, finding themselves free to create a total community out of uneasy love for each other and unquestioning adoration of a revolutionary movement reduced to slogans, lose any sense of who they are and where they are. The little red book becomes their peyote and the Long March leads down the boulevards.

Godard works with young people as though he liked being with them, and they must like him, for they let down their guards as though he were not around. I wish he would curb his impulse to interview them: the revelatory monologue has become a present cliché and it stultifies the camera. But when they are working with and on one another, these boys and girls are extraordinarily real—vulnerable, honorable and frightening. They see themselves, and perhaps they are, the heirs, heroes and executioners of the Age of Confusion.

Psych-Out has arrived in the neighborhood theatres very opportunely to Theodore Roszak's *Nation* series on the counter culture, particularly to his comments on the media's sensationalized understanding of the movement. The film's approach is as much sentimental as it is sensational, but in any case the coin rings false. *Psych-Out* is not about hippie values but about Hollywood values. Item: the heroine, played by Susan Strasberg, is stone deaf—a certain trigger of the ASPCA impulse in family audiences. Item: the three hippie heroes, one of them afloat on LSD, are surrounded by three times that many sadistic hoods in a Los Angeles car dump; but it turns out that the flower boys are also karate choppers and they offer five minutes of the most inspiring passive resistance since Spencer Tracy dropped off the train at Black Rock. Item: the "evil guru" of the film (Dean Stockwell) gives his life to save that of the girl whose dream of love he had previously tried to destroy with bad vibrations. It was a far, far better thing. . . .

I have no expert knowledge of the

hippie scene but I frequent sections of New York where its members are present in large numbers, and the cast of this movie doesn't look authentic to me. It took me back to the westerns of my childhood, wherein young registrants at Central Casting were fitted out in fringed buckskin and brown paint and told to make like the implacable Cheyennes. They looked self-conscious then and they look self-conscious now. The dialogue of the film, particularly in the early passages, is especially estranging; it seems to have been composed less to communicate than to provide a glossary of hip terminology.

Psych-Out attempts to convey the sensory dislocations of the "consciousness expanding" drugs. It doesn't work, and I suspect it cannot work on the screen for the reason that movies have always used special effects to indicate emotional stress, and the psychedelic aberrations look merely like more of the same. We are shown the metaphors of confusion and terror, but in no sense do we get behind the eyes and into the mind of the tripper. A girl narrowly escapes death in a fire that consumes her brother; a moment later the drug "hits" her and as she flees the scene it seems to her that objects in her path spontaneously burst into flame. That is the most elaborate "psychedelic" episode in the film, and it could have been used any time in the past thirty years for precisely the effect it has here. Similarly, the dissolution of traffic into a phantasmagoria of light and sound and the transformation of friendly faces into masks of horror can be traced back at least to Dr. Caligari. Whatever the subjective experiences of the user, the effects of LSD film as madness, an old topic for screen melodrama.

Obedient to present custom, *Psych-Out* includes scenes of erotic undress. It strikes me that this development may cause a hiring crisis similar to the one that hit Hollywood when, with the advent of sound, it was found that such figures of desperate romance as John Gilbert spoke in bird calls. Most actresses in their 20s and 30s can strip to advantage, but the actors are not so fortunate. Few of them possess the necessary musculature, and their naked limbs take on a distressing resemblance to linked sausage. Stunt men could readily be employed for such scenes, since faces are not at issue; but the audience would soon catch on, and the psychological drawbacks would be significant. It is one thing to hire someone to double on horseback for a cowboy who cannot ride, but the public cannot be expected to respond well to a lover who employs a double in bed. It is a reflection on American society that by and large, the Continental male stars make a much better showing in their birthday suits. We need more calisthenics or less nudity.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1245

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Like spinach? You'll have to stop other business to show it! (7)
- 5 and 29 across Bad children who are, involve little expense in attaining angelic behavior. (4-3-7)
- 9 What James Francis Edward Stuart did when Old? (7)
- 10 Leading to the basement, perhaps, describing those not present? (7)
- 11 It shows how old a shiner is on New Year's Day! (5)
- 12, 15 and 17 down What you might make light of, to consider the humorist's bluster! (9)
- 13 It separates a couple of articles in a girl's make-up. (5)
- 14 What some Englishmen of legal standing might do? (7)
- 16 Scrambled eggs and this? (Caught the hard way, perhaps.) (7)
- 18 Fretted about the deal, perhaps, being in the red. (7)
- 21 Constrains by force. (7)
- 24 and 2 down When winter comes, play like this. (5,3,4)
- 26 The way things are done with bribery? (3)
- 30 Those who grease platters? (7)
- 31 By a nose? That's what makes things saucy! (7)

DOWN:

- 1 Seasons for pelts? (7)

- 3 Katisha was such a daughter-in-law. (5)
- 4 How the Big D is decked? (7)
- 5 See 6 down
- 6 and 5 down Clinked in "Libiamo" in "La Traviata"? Or is it just how you see it? (5,7)
- 7 and 27 across It should use nothing but bird shot. (7,5)
- 8 In a way, not any in one of the revolution should be traditionally clever. (7)
- 15 and 17 See 12 across
- 18 The grounds are rather shaky to our boys. (7)
- 19 Ruthy? (7)
- 20 Reputedly just like many dry spots. (7)
- 21 Uppermost courses of a wall imply struggles on even terms. (7)
- 22 An opening crack. (7)
- 23 Unguents, not "U" in the service. (4,3)
- 25 Pleating. (5)
- 27 and 28 In the navy would one be less than a martinet, but just as narrow-minded? (5,7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1244

ACROSS: 1 Die Fledermaus; 10 One-step; 11 Curacao; 12 Trigger; 13 Proverb; 14 Instead; 15 Science; 16 Upturns; 20 Fat cats; 23 Islands; 24 Salvage; 25 Needier; 26 Idiotic; 27 Stage managers. DOWN: 2 Irenics; 3 Fatigue; 4 Expired; 5 Excepts; 6 Marconi; 7 Unclean; 8 Contributions; 9 Cobbler's bench; 17 Tallest; 18 Ranking; 19 Sistrum; 20 Fission; 21 Tilting; 22 Adapter.

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Before LBJ's big "surprise," what were our readers reading?

The announcement of President Johnson's decision not to run for re-election drew eight-column headlines in the New York Times. Were YOU surprised? Not if you had been reading The NATION—not even the timing would have surprised you.

Let's go back to November 28, 1966, to a NATION editorial entitled "A Look Ahead":

"It would seem quite possible that the President may not be a candidate for re-election in 1968—not necessarily because of ill health, although that remains a possibility, but because he had decided to bow out rather than undertake a political campaign in which the odds were not in his favor. On more than one occasion Mr. Johnson has demonstrated what his friends might call political prudence; his enemies would call it political cowardice. Witness his failure to come to the aid of Governor Brown in California. . . . By present indications Mr. Johnson has passed the zenith of his popularity. . . . It is no longer a question of the Great Society but of maintaining any social progress at all. In such a relatively static situation a President can hope for little good will. As for past achievements, political gratitude is proverbially short-lived. . . . If he did resign himself to fate, he would in all likelihood do so late in the game and without advance notice."

In an editorial January 29, 1968:

"The tragedy of the situation is that if Mr. Johnson is re-nominated and re-elected . . . the result will not settle the issue of Johnson. The divisions cut too deeply, the distrust cannot be overcome, confidence cannot be restored. The country would still be divided."

Still later, in "An Appeal to the President" (March 11, 1968):

"The fact is—and now it must be obvious even to President Johnson—that he himself is the divisive issue in the country, and matters have reached a pass where nothing he can say or do will change the situation."

In this same editorial we urged him not to seek renomination "for the good of the country."

On March 25:

"The idea may have sounded quixotic; in reality it was, and is a sober political proposal. . . . The national crisis is mirrored by the personal crisis Lyndon B. Johnson faces in an election year. . . . But there is a way out of both stalemates (the war and the election); he could decide not to seek re-election and thus create the circumstances which make it possible to negotiate a settlement. . . . If the President withdraws, his action would have been relatively selfless, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had given his party a chance to unite under new leadership and perhaps even to go on to win the election. History will look on him more benignly, and his pride will suffer less, if he decided to follow the example of President Truman and not seek re-election."

In another editorial in the issue of March 25:

"The campaign may well shape up as a repeat of the 1952 campaign in which Kefauver's remarkable showing in the primaries was a factor in President Truman's decision not to seek re-election."

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LETTERS

McCarthy country

Worcester, Mass.

DEAR SIR: W. David Gardner's reporting is factual regarding the impact of Senator McCarthy in Massachusetts ["What Works for McCarthy," *The Nation*, Apr. 8]. Since the Senator's "moral" victory in New Hampshire and his massive victory in Wisconsin, McCarthy support in the central Massachusetts area has grown in spite of the Kennedy candidacy. We are all anxiously, but hopefully, awaiting the results of the Indiana primary. A McCarthy victory there would likely cause a reassessment of Senator McCarthy's stature as a potential winner by the professional politicians, who are as yet uncommitted. It is my feeling that Senator Kennedy has, over the years, antagonized many of these "grass roots" politicians and may find his steam roller stalled if he does not have a decisive victory in Indiana.

Joseph C. Casdin, Mayor

analogy

Princeton, N.J.

DEAR SIR: Arno Mayer's comparison of Vietnam and Greece ["Vietnam Analogy: Greece Not Munich," *The Nation*, Mar. 25] is both interesting and illuminating. I think it can be argued, however, that he dismisses the Munich analogy too quickly. Munich, as Dean Rusk never tires of telling us, is a symbol of appeasement; but the question is who appeased whom and why? In general terms, Munich was an attempt on the part of a conservative, rigidly anti-Communist government to cooperate with Fascist Germany in an attempt to bolster Western defenses against communism. As in Vietnam, fear of communism overrode all other considerations in shaping Western policy. The lesson of Munich which Mr. Rusk seems incapable of perceiving is that a nation must choose its allies as well as its enemies.

Edward Schneier

DuBois memorial

Pittsfield, Mass.

DEAR SIR: *The Berkshire Eagle* comes in for more credit than is its due in your April 1 issue [editorial, "Red Hunting Beyond the Grave"]. While we have supported the proposed memorial to W.E.B. DuBois editorially, the campaign for the memorial was spearheaded not by us but by Prof. Edmund W. Gordon of Yeshiva University and Walter Wilson of East Chatham, N. Y., and the W.E.B. DuBois Memorial Committee, of which they are chairmen. The seventy-six-member committee, incidentally, includes such notables as Reinhold Niebuhr, William L. Shirer, Roy Wilkins, Norman Rockwell and Sidney Poitier, to mention only a few.

Lawrence K. Miller, Editor

Canadian peace action

Regina, Sask.

DEAR SIR: The Regina Vietnam Action Committee is interested in compiling a list of the names and addresses of Canadian peace groups, Vietnam Action groups, etc. We are doing this with a view to coordinating some Canada-wide peace action in the near future. . . . We would be willing to supply the file, once compiled, to the groups which have responded. Please send replies to: Mrs. N. L. Crane, Vietnam Action Committee, 3222 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.

EDITORIALS

A First Memorial

Universities and institutions of all sorts have begun to set up chairs of learning and other memorials to Dr. King—which is as it should be. But *The Nation* proposes a memorial to Dr. King, John F. Kennedy and all the other victims of sniper bullets, which would be at the same time a test of the temper of opinion in the Congress and a measure of whatever insight still remains in that body, namely that it pass the gun-control bill that has been pending before the Senate Judiciary Committee these many months.

By a weird bit of irony, the Senate Judiciary Committee met Thursday, April 4, with that peerless Southern statesman, James O. Eastland, in the chair. Pending before the committee is the so-called safe-streets bill. The only hope for getting the gun-control bill onto the floor was to work something out with "Jungle Jim," as he is sometimes irreverently called in the Senate office bars and cloakrooms. So the proponents of the bill hit upon the idea of attaching it to the safe-streets bill.

The committee was in session from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. The panel defeated, 9 to 4, a proposal to ban interstate sales of firearms to individuals. The best that could be extracted from the sixteen members was a 6-to-6 tie vote to combine gun control with safe streets. The committee adjourned, and an hour later Dr. King was shot to death.

The situation was then altered. On Saturday, the committee voted 9 to 7 to attach gun control to safe streets; evidently, in the eyes of the committee members, the situation was not altered as drastically as one might have expected. Moreover, to win even this tactical victory, the proponents had to agree that rifles and shotguns should be exempted. Obviously Dr. King could not have been hit at any such distance with a hand gun, but those in favor of regulation were ready to do anything to get the bill to the floor. Now that it has been reported out, the rifles and shotguns will be put back and other amendments added, since the bill is farcical without their inclusion.

Also by coincidence, the principal opponent of the legislation, the National Rifle Association, was meeting in Boston April 6 to 11. The position of the association has always been that guns do not kill people, people kill people. This is a truism, but it is also a fact that at 200 yards a rifle is a big help. This is no concern of the association, however, and predictably it will do what it has done in the past—get out a tremendous barrage of letters to members of Congress. The NRA, characterized by the *Congressional Quarterly* as "the biggest lobbying group in Washington, employing more people than any other single pressure group," is said to be capable of getting something like a million gun-defending letters in the mail within seventy-two hours. The effect of such an inundation in an election year does not require description.

By a third coincidence, the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, an adjunct of the Department

of Defense, is meeting to decide what its policy should be. Many people are under the impression that the tie-in of this board with the civilian marksmanship program has been terminated, but actually all that has happened is that the board's funds were cut back to something like \$100,000, and the board has been looking forward to a chance to get the appropriation restored to a more generous level. Of the twenty-three members of the board, a majority are big wheels in the National Rifle Association—ex-presidents, et al. Eight of the twenty-three board members are military personnel—colonels, generals, retired officers; every one of the eight is also a member of NRA. The board is shortly to decide on a stand. That should be interesting.

With perhaps one or two exceptions, there is no country in the world that would tolerate the opportunity-to-kill situation that exists in this country. Gunnar Myrdal, interviewed in Sweden by *The Washington Post* after Dr. King's death, said: "Psychopaths . . . think they can win an honored position by assassinating some public figure. . . . I am all against your gun laws." The American position, of course, carries over from the frontier business of eradicating Indians and like varmints. But we are still the greatest buyers of domestic and foreign arms in the world. After every war, or when NATO, for instance, modernizes its armament, the surplus is eagerly bought up in the United States. The domestic arms race parallels the international arms race.

There are few if any limitations on the sale of lethal weapons or precautionary measures in connection with such sales. According to the April 9 New York *Daily News*, the 30.06 Remington pump rifle that killed Dr. King was purchased at a Birmingham, Ala., gun shop four days before the shooting. The dealer clearly remembers the buyer, but there was no requirement that his fingerprints should be taken and his identity established. He took the weapon and vanished.

There are few open-and-shut propositions, but we see this as one of them. We have a Kennedy Airport and talk has started that Newark should be renamed King Airport. These are appropriate gestures, but the most practical memorial to Dr. King—and to Kennedy—would be a tight gun-control bill, passed immediately.

Insulation of the Presidency

After his speech of withdrawal and the assassination of Dr. King the President had a rough week. One can hardly imagine the pressures and tensions he has experienced. But considerations of sympathy for one so afflicted—after all, most of his trials he has brought on himself—should not preclude critical comment. Things can get still worse.

Is it possible that the modern Presidency insulates the incumbent against the kind of information and intelligence that he must receive to run his office effectively? He is thoroughly and continually briefed, but what is the quality of the intelligence he receives, and who determines what gets through to him? We know—the CIA has confessed as much—that he got a load

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NATION

Vol. 206

No. 17

of bad intelligence prior to the Tet offensive. We know too that his predecessor was wantonly misled at the time of the Bay of Pigs, and there are many less glaring, but still serious, lapses of this kind. Are there nonconductors impeding the flow of accurate information into the White House?

Reviewing the situation in the past two years, one cannot avoid the conclusion that (a) the President is erroneously briefed; (b) that he is not briefed on the right subjects at the right time; (c) that his contacts—the people who see him and have a chance to influence him for his own and the country's good—are far too limited and too much of one mind; or (d) that he gets valid information but elects to ignore it, or draws the wrong conclusions from the right data.

A prime example was Mr. Johnson's reference in his State of the Union message to "a certain restlessness" in the country. We were appalled by this grotesque understatement and commented on the dangers of such complacency in an editorial of the same title (January 29). John Gardner warned Mr. Johnson in December that the country was in perilous shape: Johnson did not listen and Mr. Gardner departed. Mayor Lindsay was another who commented on the President's failure to reflect any sort of acute concern regarding the situation in the cities. We summed up the message as "a sad speech in a troubled time."

Then when the report of the President's own commission on civil disorders reached him, he did not focus attention on it, did not have the commissioners in to discuss it, did not make an event of it. The newspapers for the most part were far more perceptive—with no help from the President. On the contrary, he rushed off to Puerto Rico, then sulked for a time, then finally said that the report would receive "careful study." The commission, composed entirely of moderates, had stressed in the strongest possible terms the urgency of the situation; the President's failure to respond was therefore a factor contributing to the rising tension. The particular spark that set off the disorders of April 4 to 9 no one could have foreseen, but that there would be some sort of ignition everybody foresaw—except, apparently, President Johnson.

When the riot occurred in Memphis, Mr. Johnson's reaction did not differ essentially from that of Mayor Henry Loeb (see article p. 529 this issue). On that day the President made two speeches and also issued a statement, all stressing in essence the need for "law and order." He spoke, but he was unresponsive as far as the essentials of the situation were concerned. He seems not to have had the slightest vital contact with the elements and forces that were actually at work.

A somewhat parallel situation occurred at Mrs. Johnson's luncheon for well-behaved, well-fed ladies at which Eartha Kitt shocked everyone with her outburst. Mrs. Johnson, the most well-meaning of women, had tears in her eyes when she replied to Miss Kitt, and in a somewhat apologetic tone pointed out that she had never had Miss Kitt's experiences and had, so to speak, been insulated from these intolerable aspects of American reality. Mrs. Johnson's responsibilities are limited; the President's,

on the contrary, are unlimited. It is downright terrifying if he is misinformed or in any way impeded from getting the information which will enable him to correct old mistakes and avoid new ones. If that is the situation, he still has eight months to go on blundering in the dark.

How About Lindsay?

To the political amateur and professional alike, even to the average voter who pays woefully little serious attention to politics, '68 has been a phenomenal year. The never-to-be-conceived could happen, and did, and the future may hold more such surprises: McCarthy entering with excessive personal modesty, winning a victory, and deciding that maybe he will make it at Chicago; Kennedy jumping in with a lame excuse for his delay, but, once in, missing not a single political trick; the President taking himself out of the race in an action of which few considered him capable; the assassination of Dr. King, an event that could have profound political consequences; and the end is not yet. But note that almost all of this is on the Democratic side—only Romney's withdrawal and Rockefeller's statement made headlines for the Republicans. But there may be some surprises in store for the Republicans too.

Only a short time ago Nixon seemed a shoo-in; now, according to the Harris poll, he is in trouble. The extent of this trouble is measured by a number of indications: the growing liberal-moderate Republican interest in McCarthy (there is practically no interest of this kind in Kennedy); the statements of Sens. Mark Hatfield and George Aiken that they just might vote for a Democratic peace candidate; the renewed rumbles that Rockefeller might get into the race.

And he should, but in any case he should get off the fence. We would like to see him in it if only to find out what he really thinks about Vietnam, where one of his foreign policy advisers, Henry Kissinger, has apparently been playing an interesting behind-the-scenes role. Then there is the factor of Lieut. Gen. James Gavin's announcement of support for Rockefeller, after which Rockefeller assumed a posture of complete passivity. Gavin has too many valuable insights, gained from an extraordinarily varied series of roles—military, diplomatic and business—to be wasted. If Rockefeller is not going to run, Gavin, an independent who can move in any direction, could prove immensely useful to another candidate—Senator McCarthy, for instance. As adviser to the next President, he could speed up the tortuous process of making peace in Vietnam, which President Johnson can initiate but probably not complete in his remaining tenure.

If Mr. Rockefeller chooses to stay out, then it seems to us that he should consider encouraging or sponsoring Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York who, if backed by the New York delegation, might create a lot of excitement at Miami. Consider these facts:

(1) Lindsay has a superb record on the two key domestic issues—the racial situation and the crisis of the cities; and we know where he stands on Vietnam.

(2) He was a key figure on the President's commission

on civil disorders and had a lot to do with the tone and tenor of the report and with the fact that it was submitted unanimously in the end.

(3) He is the spokesman, *nationally*, and recognized as such, for the cities, and for the new constituencies that are forming around the three intertwined issues of race, cities and war in Southeast Asia.

(4) He has a style of political leadership attuned to the times. He knows, perhaps better than any other Republican, the intolerable conditions and urgent needs of the cities—which is where the Republicans must pick up sizable blocks of votes if they are to have a chance to win.

(5) He has exceptional poise and courage, and both show on television. Contrast his manner of surveying a crisis situation with that adopted by Mayor Daley of Chicago. Daley calls for his helicopter and views the scene from above the battle; Lindsay walks the streets and talks with the people. It is dangerous, but effective. That is what it takes to be mayor of a great city in turbulent times.

The Nation's most ardent desire is to see both a Democratic and a Republican candidate, either of whom could restore its lost prestige to the Presidency and who could tackle with adequate intelligence the malign forces that divide us. Lindsay's name should by all means go before the delegates at Miami.

Winds of Oregon

It's a topsy-turvy primary election season in Oregon. Some weather-beaten veterans of the Wednesday noon-hour Portland State College peace vigil are switching from McCarthy to Kennedy, believing that RFK has the better chance to win. Some members of the local jet set are deserting Kennedy for McCarthy, on the ground that glamour is less exciting than courage. Liberal Republicans in significant numbers are changing their registration to Democrat so that they can vote for McCarthy. Conservative Republicans, in perhaps lesser numbers, are registering Democratic to bolster Robert Duncan, who is opposing Sen. Wayne Morse, the target of Oregon rightists, Meanyish labor leaders and Administration wheels.

Duncan, roughed up in 1966 by Mark Hatfield—who is emerging as one of the clearer peace voices in the Senate—was an unabashed hawk two years ago. Indeed support of LBJ's Vietnamese policy was his abiding issue. Today he has dropped the war to the bottom rung of the issues ladder; when he does speak on the subject, it is to establish himself as a deeply troubled man who prays for a way out. (This posture has left the peace people cold.)

The local AFL-CIO has swung its paper strength behind Duncan, giving observers outside the state the false impression that Oregon labor has abandoned Morse. But Morse has the emphatic support of the powerful building trades unions; the ILWU (Longshoremens), who are the potent political force in one of the state's key counties; and the Teamsters, who can do a better job of mobilizing membership than anyone else in the labor movement.

It is too soon to measure the effect of Johnson's departure on these vagrant tugs and pressures, but Oregon politics are not about to turn lethargic.

More on Spain

Our editorial in the April 8 issue, "Put Spain on the Agenda NOW," was by no means the last word on this matter for those who value the good name of the United States and object to seeing Treasury funds poured out for useless—if not nefarious—ends. Since 1953, we have been buttressing Franco's increasingly shaky regime with billions of American dollars, expended on four Spanish-American bases and accounting in some measure for the precarious status of American currency. The original pact ran for ten years, then was extended for another five. In September it comes up again for renewal. This time it should be scrapped—with the happy possibility that Franco would fall in the process.

With its usual gall, the Franco gang is preparing to raise the price for a renewal of the pact covering the bases, or at least shows a resolve to keep it where it is. In what was billed as a major foreign-policy speech, foreign minister Fernando María Castiella y Máiz told the Cortés (the Franco simulation of a parliament) that the presence of a reinforced Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean has greatly increased the strategic value of the Spanish coasts and is "forcing" Spain to "reconsider very carefully all present and future military commitments. . . . In truth, we have been on the verge of becoming unwillingly the field for maneuver for the Western forces, each day more crowded in the limited European space." Apparently Spain wants to be fully integrated in the Western defense system—in a sense taking the place of France—and means to be well paid for its good will. To make us quake the more, Castiella added a vague threat of Spanish neutralism.

The kind of country that Spain is under the Franco regime is shown by a dispatch from Madrid by Tad Szulc in the April 3 *New York Times*. Marcelino Camacho Abad, a labor leader on trial with twelve others for his role in the Madrid riot of January 27, 1967, had already been imprisoned for fourteen months, and now that he had a courtroom audience insisted on answering questions in his own way. The judge threatened him with expulsion for contempt if he did more than answer "yes" or "no." The dispute ended with Camacho being dragged out of the courtroom, shouting: "This is a dictatorship that is drowning. Long live liberty!" Thereupon the courtroom broke into chants of "liberty! liberty!" and all except the newsmen were hustled out.

The expulsion of an obstreperous defendant is sometimes resorted to in normal trial procedure, but the proceedings are not resumed until order has been restored and the defendant is back in the dock. In Franco's Spain they do it differently: at the afternoon session not only was Camacho absent from the court but the press was also barred. The Fascist judge was outdoing the Star Chamber proceedings of the Tudors and Stuarts in the 16th and 17th centuries.

When this sort of thing occurs in a Communist country, howls of outrage emanate from some intellectual groups in America. They now have a chance to protest against a prolongation of the American "defense" pact with a nation where intellectual freedom is penalized more severely than in most Communist countries.

MOSCOW'S WAYWARD SATELLITES

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

I have always had an ambiguous attitude toward the Czechs. Common sense and "realism" are excellent qualities in their own way, but they are not always easy to admire. Yet I am perfectly ready to admit that, but for these qualities, the Czechs could never have survived. They are placed right in the middle of Europe and surrounded by more or less hostile neighbors—Germans and Hungarians in the first place, but also the Poles who, at the time of Munich, did not hesitate to grab Teschen from them, with Hitler's blessing. For centuries they formed part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, managing somehow to flourish economically, and in the 19th and early 20th century even developed an admirable national culture of their own. They produced Dvorak and Smetana in music, *The Good Soldier Schweik* and the novels of Kafka (though written in German) in literature, to mention only the world famous.

As one of the great beneficiaries of the Versailles Peace Treaty, the Czechs became the favorite proteges of France, in the 1920s the greatest military power on the Continent; and, of all the French "satellites," they established the most solid and lasting Western-type parliamentary democracy, under the leadership of truly great men like Thomas Masaryk and Eduard Benes.

Then came the great Munich betrayal, and six months later, Czechoslovakia was occupied by the Nazis. There were pathetic street demonstrations in Prague at the time of Munich, but after the entry of Hitler's troops and Gestapo in March, 1939, the Czechs, though bitter and angry, adapted themselves as best they could to the occupation, while Slovakia became an "independent" country under a quisling government.

There was nothing much the Czechs ("those Pygmies who have come to Europe, God knows from where," as Goering said) could do. With a Vichy-like sense of self-preservation, they by and large "collaborated." The Czech working class produced equipment for the Wehrmacht; in contrast to Poland and the occupied areas of the Soviet Union, no strong resistance movement arose in Bohemia and Moravia. True, the fiendish Nazi *Gauleiter* Heydrich was assassinated, and the little town of Lidice was burned to the ground, most of its inhabitants being massacred. But Lidice was an isolated case, though it has become a symbol of "Czech Resistance." In the Soviet Union, particularly in Byelorussia, there were hundreds of "Lidices," and the Russians made less political capital out of them than did the Czechs out of Lidice.

I remember that during the war the Czech Communist leaders in Moscow—Gottwald, Kopecky, Cepicka and the rest—complained bitterly of the "weakness" of the Czech resistance, blaming ex-President Benes, then head of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile in London, for not giving it more encouragement. The Slovaks were more "ro-

mantic" and in the fall of 1944, when the Red Army entered Slovakia, they built up a strong resistance movement—which, however, ended only in tragedy. The Czechs scarcely budged. When Benes returned to Prague after the complete defeat of Germany, he looked out over the baroque palaces and churches of the beautiful city from the heights of Hradschin and remarked: "Wonderful to think that, of all the great cities of Central and Eastern Europe, Prague is the only one to have fully survived. Berlin, Warsaw, Budapest, Vienna, Dresden, Kiev and hundreds of others are, more or less, in ruins, but not Prague!"

Between 1945 and February, 1948, there came a transition period when Czechoslovakia seemed the perfect show window of East-West coexistence. But at the height of the cold war, Stalin and the Czech Communists engineered their February, 1948, coup. The toughest Stalinists took over; and Benes, now an old and very sick man, reluctantly accepted the change of regime.

Some of my most unpleasant experiences of those years arose from visits to Czechoslovakia in 1949 and 1950. Because during those years I also frequently visited Tito's Yugoslavia, I was *persona non grata* in Prague. Reconciling themselves to their evil fate of being—for how long no one could say—nothing but a Russian satellite, the Czechs became even more Stalinist than the Moscow Stalinists. Significantly, I was first attacked as a "notorious British snooper," not by *Pravda* but by the Prague *Rude Pravo*; it was only after that, that a certain Krushinsky, the *Pravda* correspondent in Prague, denounced me in similar terms in the Moscow paper. There was much heehawing about it in the British Foreign Office.

Then, two years later, I was named, along with Richard Crossman, Konni Zilliacus and dozens of others, as a "British Intelligence and Zionist spy" at the Slansky trial, as a result of which my old friend Otto Katz (alias André Simone) was hanged along with several others. It was Katz who had first attacked me in *Rude Pravo* three years earlier. In Prague, between 1948 and 1952, people were arrested by the thousands and sent to the uranium mines. Of all the gigantic statues of Stalin erected in the satellite countries, the one put up in Prague was the most gigantic. (I am told that it is still there, but that Stalin's head has recently been replaced by Lenin's! There are virtues of economy in the rigorous conventions of Communist official art.)

Among satellite countries, Czechoslovakia (apart from the special case of East Germany) was by far the slowest to de-Stalinize itself. Yugoslavia had been the first to break free in 1948; in 1956, soon after the 20th Party Congress in Moscow, Poland and Hungary also rebelled. Gomulka, a "national Communist," took the place of the Stalinists in Warsaw, and Khrushchev, afraid to send troops, accepted the change. In Hungary, the more violent rebellion was suppressed by Russian tanks in Budapest;

but even so, there was a change of regime. Instead of Stalinists like Rakosi and Gerö, the "national Communist" Kadar (previously imprisoned, like Gomulka) took over.

Czechoslovakia alone did not move. After Gottwald's death, first the wholly reliable Zapotocky, and then the equally reliable Antonin Novotny headed the Czech Communist regime. Romania, meantime, was becoming more and more emancipated from Soviet tutelage. So, in the last ten years, the East European countries could be classified as "loyal" to Russia in the following order: East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia—the last two being virtually emancipated.

There is one point that here needs stressing: all these countries except Yugoslavia are members of the Warsaw Pact, the Eastern equivalent of NATO, but of these Poland and Czechoslovakia, together with Russia, are most directly affected by the "German Menace." The new Czechoslovak leader, the young Alexander Dubcek, has assured the Russians with the greatest power of conviction at his command that, whatever internal reforms the Czechs undertook, there could be no question of Czechoslovakia dropping out of the military alliance with

Russia (which is precisely what Imre Nagy of Hungary threatened to do in 1956, shortly before he was shot). Poland will also hold firm, Gomulka having emphatically stated that the very existence of his country depends on the Russian alliance, the sole real guarantor, among other things, of the Oder-Neisse frontier with Germany.

Gomulka's recent very tough and near-Stalinist speech ascribed (as the Russians were careful never to do) the intellectual ferment in Poland partly to "Zionist" influences and to the "disloyalty to Poland" of the numerous Jews among the restless intellectuals. (See "Poland: Anti-Semitism as Usual," by Samuel L. Sharp, *The Nation*, April 15.)

Now, one must distinguish between Poland and Czechoslovakia in an important respect. In Poland, there is a strong anti-Russian tradition; in Czechoslovakia, there is practically none, even though the very harsh Stalinist regime which existed there, especially between 1948 and at least 1960, is not a happy memory. Both the Czechs and the Poles know at heart that the Russian military alliance is essential to their survival, with West Germany only waiting for the opportunity to reconquer the Sudetenland, as well as Poland's "western territories." But just because of this difference of traditional attitudes toward



Illingworth, Punch: Ben Roth

Russia in the two countries, Moscow has found it necessary in the last few months to be much tougher with the Poles than with the Czechs. It looks upon a possible change of regime in Poland, where the *czarna reakcja* (the "black reaction") and the Catholic Church are still powerful, as a very great danger. A liberalization of Czechoslovakia, though regrettable from the Soviet viewpoint, is not dangerous.

A particularly significant conversation took place in Prague on March 21 at the meeting of the presidium of the Communist Central Committee between President Novotny and one of his principal "liberal" enemies, Cernik:

NOVOTNY: If they dare, let the Party and the Parliament disavow me!

CERNIK: We *shall* dare to disavow you if you do not submit to our will.

The point is that Cernik had just returned from Moscow, where the Soviet leaders had given Novotny's enemies a free hand to set up a more liberal regime. There followed the Dresden conference of the various Communist parties—a meeting called by the Russians to consider, among other things, the latest developments in Czechoslovakia. What Dubcek's statement amounted to was that Czechoslovakia would remain a faithful member of the Warsaw Pact, but that its internal affairs, in which the Communists would continue to play the leading part, were the Czechs' own business. The alternative for the Russians was to send their tanks into Prague, as they had done in Budapest in 1956; but this had obvious disadvantages and was much less necessary than in the case of Budapest, where Imre Nagy had declared himself in favor of an Austrian-like neutrality for Hungary.

The most important question is how the ferment in both Poland and Czechoslovakia got started. I have not the slightest doubt that, in both cases, *the revolt was led by the intellectuals*. And, in the case of Czechoslovakia, this revolt spread to a large part of the Communist Party itself. The Czechs may be the world's most cautious people, but even the Czech Communists knew that the real Achilles heel of the Soviet Union is its cultural and ideological policy—something against which practically the entire Soviet intelligentsia (running into many millions) is in discreet, though genuine, revolt. Like the Czech and Polish intellectuals, millions of thoughtful Russians long for greater freedom of expression, for great creative freedom, for a severe limitation, if not abolition, of censorship, for a de-bureaucratization of the arts, literature and even journalism.

The tragedy in Russia is that its Writers' Union, in contrast to parallel organizations in Poland and Czech-

oslovakia, which are strongholds of liberalism, is today still the most powerful citadel of Stalinism. If there were relatively "liberal" periods under Khrushchev (there were also some particularly vile ones, as that marked by the hounding of Pasternak), things have been going from bad to worse under Brezhnev and M. A. Suslov, the Savonarola-like "ideological chief" of the Politburo. The consequence has been such events as the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, the even worse Solzhenitsyn case, whereby one of Russia's greatest writers was practically buried alive, not a line of his having been published since 1963. These oppressions enjoyed the approval of Konstantin Fedin, head of the Writers' Union, and a former "liberal." Since then there have been more and more trials of writers. Even if one or two of the defendants may have fallen into a CIA-NTS trap (the NTS is an anti-Soviet *emigre* organization in Munich), most of them had nothing whatsoever to do with either the CIA or the NTS. An atmosphere of extreme orthodoxy and intolerance now oppresses the whole literary life of Russia, even the most "liberal" magazines, *Novy Mir* and *Yunost*, having become almost as unreadable as the rest, and the "page of humor" in *Literary Gazette* being about as funny as a farewell oration at a Presbyterian funeral—and this in the country of Gogol, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Chekhov, Zoshchenko, and Ilf and Petrov!

It is generally assumed in Moscow (correctly, I believe) that Kosygin strongly opposes this victimization of the writers, but that he had to throw them to the wolves on the understanding that the Stalinists would strictly *not* interfere in economic affairs or foreign policy. Putting two and two together, it seems clear that it was thanks to Kosygin's influence that the enemies of Novotny (the man whom Brezhnev twice tried to rescue) were given leave to end the near-Stalinist regime in Czechoslovakia.

That Brezhnev is furious about what has happened is evident from his diatribe against the intellectuals on March 29—a speech in which he threatened the "renegades" and those guilty of "ideological immaturity" with all kinds of punishments. Quite a few people—rightly or, let us hope, wrongly—have interpreted this Brezhnev outburst as a threat to initiate a Stalin-like purge against the intellectuals, with labor camps and all. It is no less significant that Suslov refused to attend the Dresden meeting, which in effect okayed the changes in Czechoslovakia. I foresee a period of acute tension in the Soviet leadership between the "liberals" under Kosygin and the crypto-Stalinists under Brezhnev and Suslov. Almost the entire young generation of Russians is on Kosygin's side, but the establishment, particularly the literary establishment, is still largely Stalinist. If (God forbid!) they win, I can see fearful pressure being brought on Prague; if the "liberals" win, the nightmare in which all the better Russian writers have lived for the last few years will at last come to an end. Thus, the change of regime in Prague may mark the beginning of something very good—or of something very fearful. My own (admittedly optimistic) forecast is that we shall soon see the last of Suslov.

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BEALE STREET AND POINTS NORTH

Memphis Is Also America

PAT WATTERS

Mr. Watters is Director of Information, the Southern Regional Council. He is co-author, with Reese Cleghorn, of Climbing Jacob's Ladder (Harcourt, Brace & World), a recent study of Negro voting.

His movement, his life were Southern; but Memphis, where he died, symbolized more than the South. Its racial crisis of 1968 and its murderous failure were those of all America. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., went there during the fifth week of a garbage workers' strike that had built into a civil rights movement and a dangerous crisis. The Memphis Negro community had not developed much of a civil rights movement during the early 1960s. So the movement that did come in 1968 capsuled into a few swift weeks the decade's history of white America's failure to respond to the nonviolence of Dr. King, and black America's recoil into despair and a violence of desperation.

The Southern Regional Council, a biracial human relations organization in Atlanta, had warned of the dangers of Memphis in two reports, one a week before the so-called riot there, the other a week before the assassination of Dr. King. They were by J. Edwin Stanfield of the Council staff whose reporting from Memphis is the basis for the account that follows.

The strike began on February 12 over a grievance of twenty-two sewer workers. Thirteen hundred Negroes, most of them garbage workers, walked out. Some, but not all, were members of Memphis Local 1733 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFL-CIO). The union demanded better pay and working conditions, city recognition of the union and a system of dues checkoffs. The entire crisis hinged on the question of union recognition. Mayor Henry Loeb, one of those rightist-tending, know-nothing, wealthy businessmen-turned-politicians, who have emerged in important public offices across the South in the wake of the Goldwater movement, personable and certainly not of the old racist demagogue breed, had refused to budge on the point. (He was still refusing even after the assassination, as the Memphis Central Labor Council and the Tennessee Council on Human Relations, a private organization, demanded his resignation.) He contended that unions of city employees were illegal, on the basis of an *obiter dictum* in a state supreme court decision of several years ago.

Negro leaders, including most ministers, began rather routine support of the strike, and became increasingly incensed over the intransigence of the Mayor in negotiations, and the ineffectiveness of the City Council. On February 23, the Council evaded taking a public stand in favor of union recognition, and Negroes hastily organized a march on the downtown section in protest. City police in large numbers—Negroes said too large—accompanied the march. When some marchers laid hands on a police

car that some claimed had run over a woman's foot, officers cut loose with mace up and down the line of non-violent demonstrators, spraying it into faces at close range, using it as punishment rather than a deterrent.

The use of mace rather than clubs or shotguns was a mark of a generally enlightened policy of Police Commissioner Frank Holloman. But the performance of his men reflected a general problem in the country, an inability to control police forces shot through with their own tendencies to racism and hysteria. Police and military over-reaction to Negro protest and turmoil has become common; the keepers of order become themselves causes of disorder.

The police action in Memphis, the affront to the leaders—to men of God and to the people—was the unifying factor. From then on Memphis had a movement, a peaceful but deeply indignant one.

The issues of the strike were broadened to a protest against general conditions for Negroes, not unlike those in cities across the land—police brutality, unfit housing, lack of jobs, low wages, discrimination in schools. These, as Dr. King later noted, were the new national issues of Negro protest, economic at base, the focal point of the Poor People's Campaign. But the main issue in Memphis was dignity. Again and again, preachers, union leaders and others demanded dignity, deplored the indignity of the misused mace, of the Mayor's paternalistic treatment of negotiators, his failure even to understand the symbolic importance of union recognition for men whose legacy was the powerlessness of plantation laborers.

The Negro ministers were in charge through the rest of the fateful campaign; the mood was close to that of the early civil rights struggle—nonviolent, firm but patient, willing to work within traditional institutions. And until the assassination of Dr. King, this was the predominant mood among Negroes in the South. No major riot had occurred in a Southern city. The adherents of black power waited in the wings in Memphis; as across the South since 1966, the mood of black power had hovered but not taken over.

Young militants told the ministers to try their non-violence; they would wait and act only when it was apparent nonviolence would accomplish nothing. And the ministers passed on the threat of this to the whites with whom they vainly sought accommodation, the ministers speaking their own anger and indignation, saying how their faith in nonviolence was shaking, how they might eventually have to "go fishing," leaving the field to the young militants.

The impasse and growing tension of the strike continued for five weeks before Dr. King came in. One evidence of white support heartened the Negroes; white unions gave money and on one day 500 white union members

marched in support of the strike. There was talk that the nucleus of a real coalition between labor rank and file and the Negro movement was at last at hand.

But except for the unusual (in the South, unprecedented) solidarity of labor, there was no meaningful action from any level of white leadership or society to resolve what all should have recognized as a deadly dangerous situation. Some white churches made feeble, futile gestures. The two newspapers, both part of the Scripps-Howard chain, were regarded by Negroes as chief agents of indignity. They flatly supported the Mayor and disparaged the strikers with such devices as a cartoon showing a fat Negro man sitting on a garbage can with wavy lines indicating a bad odor; it was titled, "Threat of Anarchy." Businessmen, admittedly hurt by a Negro boycott, either kept hands off or encouraged the Mayor. One of the biggest businessmen said unionization of public employees had to be stopped before it spread to police and firemen. The City Council, recently reorganized to be more powerful, failed to support the strike even verbally.

When it became known that Dr. King would come on the scene, with the inevitable escalation of emotions, an attempt at nonbinding mediation was made. It fell apart almost immediately. Union representatives quit after three meetings, saying representatives of the city had admitted that they were not authorized to agree on any issue. Similarly, Negro leaders had almost ceased talking with the Mayor, who continuously urged discussions with no apparent intention to do anything but talk.

It was into this impasse that Dr. King walked on March 28. He had been asked; it was typical that he left the crucial planning of his Poor People's Campaign to engage in this Southern sortie. Tension built before the march started. Dr. King was late. There were rumors of police brutality to high school students. Militants were on hand.

As the march of at least 5,000 got under way non-violently, some young people, probably no more than fifty, took to the sidewalks and broke store windows. Leaders stopped the march just before police ordered it ended. Dr. King was whisked away; police violence took over. It was probably not possible for officers to apprehend the window breakers and allow the march to continue. But police, by most accounts, discriminated not at all between the vandals and the nonviolent in their clubbings and beatings. They shot and killed one youth, accused of looting, injured nearly sixty Negroes, and arrested 280. Four thousand National Guardsmen came in, and a nightly curfew was enforced. Network television routinely reported that no Negro could be on the streets without a reason. It sounded like South Africa.

Other national reaction was not unlike that of white Memphis. Almost uniformly, indeed almost as a conditioned reflex, the press emphasized the window breaking rather than the weeks of white Memphis' failure, and stressed implications for violence in Dr. King's planned march on Washington. Not the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* or *Commercial Appeal* but *The New York Times* commented that the effect of Dr. King's Memphis march was to "solidify white sentiment against the strikers," and said: "Dr. King must by now realize that his descent on

Washington is likely to prove even more counter-productive." Eugene Patterson, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* and a member of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, wrote: "Dr. King offers the best hope of keeping the smoke now heating in the ghettos from springing into fire. But in trying to recall the riotous element to the banner of non-violence, the outbreak of violence becomes his failure—and his problem, as well as America's, and particularly the Negro's." Alongside his column was a cartoon showing a diminutive Dr. King in the hands of a Frankenstein monster labeled "Mob Fever."

(Such admonitions against the Poor People's March, common to Negroes as well as white people of good intention and small understanding, overlooked, as did white Memphis, the issue of dignity. They failed to see the desperation which compelled the march. Winifred Green of the American Friends Service Committee, who helped recruit marchers from Alabama, described the very many who were ready to go: "They don't think of things being made worse. They *know* things can't be any worse for them. And they don't know anything else to do.")

The President of the United States, in his first reaction to Memphis, said: "I want to again assure you that the resources of your government stand behind local law enforcement agencies to the full extent of our constitutional authority. Mindless violence—destroying what we have all worked so hard to build—will never be tolerated in America." Of the same pattern had been Johnson's lukewarm, if not antagonistic, response to the urgent report of his National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, and his withdrawal of opposition to a riot-control bill to punish interstate travelers who contribute to violence.

The Southern Regional Council had warned before the March 28 violence that those in positions of power "never seemed to grasp the reality of the situation, its danger, or its promise. . . ." The comment seemed applicable to all of America.

The outpouring of grief and guilt and bathos after the assassination, coming from such an officialdom, a press, a society, and coming so soon after the similar meaningless mourning of President Kennedy, had to be called obscene. The appropriate response would be action—in Memphis, a just settlement of the garbage strike; in Washington, all the white sympathizers joining in the Poor People's March; in Congress, a full, not token, program to meet the needs of poverty and to eliminate institutionalized racism. Ending the war in Vietnam would have to be a corollary, morally related action.

In Atlanta, Prof. Finley C. Campbell of Morehouse College, whose influence helped prevent violence in student demonstrations immediately after the assassination, said students were full of "confusion, dread, ambivalence." They could be led either way. Some would follow Dr. King's methods and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference; others would go with Stokely Carmichael's SNCC. Congress' immediate response would be the "last chance" for traditional nonviolent methods in the South.

Negro colleges in the South seemed the likely focal points for whatever came of protest and demands for racial justice in the aftermath of the assassination. Ferment had already spread across the campuses before Dr. King's

death, in part responding to the situation where protest over discrimination in education in Orangeburg, S.C., had resulted in the needless killing of three students by state police. (One hopeful note was widespread response to the assassination from white students across the South.) The "young intellectuals" to whom C. Wright Mills hearkened, who had mainly dropped out of the civil rights movement after the sit-ins, might be heard from again.

Their tone would reflect a new era. During a march of students of the Atlanta University complex the day after the assassination, a Negro youth looked up to see Atlanta Police Chief Herbert Jenkins, noted for his liberal influence in the Riot Commission, riding by. The young man pointed a finger at the chief, and said, "You're going to pay the price for this." The chief said nothing. A Negro Atlantan in his car said sadly a few minutes later, "Do you know who that kid was? One of the nine who desegregated Atlanta schools back in 1961." An era had begun and ended in the South in the young man's history, with the beginning and end of the career of Dr. King, the two not unconnected.

The "last-chance" hope or dream or myth was still feebly alive. But manifest across America was the kind of

blindness that afflicted white Memphis. For America, in its white power centers, in the generality of its white society, never really saw Dr. King, never heard him. It had, in the words of his widow, "questioned his integrity, maligned his motives, and distorted his views." But more frightening than that, it had been so fascinated with the potential for violence in his nonviolent demonstrations that it could never focus on the issues.

But there had always been hope, with Dr. King alive, that somehow his philosophy might prevail, that his followers, particularly Negro Southerners, might somehow alter American society, might miraculously reestablish in it a civilized decency. Now he was dead. The kind of chasm that already seemed unbridgeable between black and white in the North, would, it seemed inevitable, now become wide in the South. The erosive, deteriorating effect of the King assassination, like that of President Kennedy, would be at work in the months and years to come. It had never been reasonable to expect one Negro leader, or his Negro followers, to transform white America. Maybe at last white America would come to know this. It would be the beginning of understanding what Martin Luther King was talking about.

Night Walk in Harlem

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen, a free-lance writer, is a former teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

When the news hit that Martin Luther King had been shot dead, my friends and neighbors living in a white area far downtown from the convulsions they imagined going on in Harlem were shocked and dismayed. But for many, sympathy soon gave way to a fear more intense than they had ever shown before, even in times of great rioting. The long-expected bloodletting of masses of whites had certainly arrived—or so the sentiment went as many phones in the neighborhood began to ring with suburban mothers calling their children in town, urging caution and carefully locked windows, or offering invitations for a weekend in the safety of Queens or Westchester.

"This time they're really going to do it!" one friend's mother insisted, adding: "It's like shooting their President. Imagine what a lot of whites would've done if a Negro shot Kennedy?"

I heard many others echoing this woman's fears, and finally had to remind myself that the Negroes are a minority not too stupid to respect the vastness and effectiveness of *white power*, regardless of misleading impressions to the contrary manufactured by the easy rhetoric of the H. Rap Browns and the dangerous susceptibility to fearing the Negro that white men suffer from. And then I understood what creates that classical, but irrational white man's nightmare of the stereotyped Negro, too crazed or stupid to fear death, crawling in through a window with a knife in his teeth and murder in his heart: As my friend's mother

had recognized, crimes like the murder of Martin Luther King or persistent abuses like the white man's easy tolerance of Negro misery invite bloody retaliations.

But despite ghetto riots, Negro retaliation has never really come off. When I decided to go up to Harlem to do an article on the night after King's murder, I had to argue this point in order to convince those who loved me that I wouldn't come back in a coffin. Had they ever seen Negroes rioting other than on television?, I asked them. Had they known many people maimed or injured by Negroes other than in muggings, which always has been the recourse of the disorganized poor? Had there ever been a Negro riot that truly spread into a white neighborhood? Finally I asked whose homes are gutted in a Negro riot and who usually suffers and dies.

Nevertheless, at ten that night before I left for East 96th Street, Harlem's dramatic boundary abruptly separating its slums from Manhattan's posh East Side, I tried to reassure myself that no major bloodshed would occur up there. I based this assumption on the observation that since Harlem's riot in 1964, which set the style of those that followed in other cities, no neighborhood where severe violence had exploded experienced in another season more violence of equal magnitude. The fact that both Pittsburgh's and Washington's black belt were put to the torch and looted for the first time fit into this pattern, while on the riot-wise West Side of Chicago, the only area in the North where Dr. King organized peaceful but passionate battles, a striking exception occurred.

Armed with this knowledge, I managed to keep my

apprehensions in check as I arrived on 96th Street, where I'd planned to hail a cab to drive me through central Harlem. The first thing I noticed was unusual calm on the street and a police barricade in front of a jewelry store with its protective grating half torn off. This was Friday night; on Thursday night scores of shops such as this one had been vandalized throughout the area and nearly eighty looters had been arrested by morning—all this being evidence of disorder that was mild when compared with those the nation is rapidly getting accustomed to.

After trying for a futile half hour to get a cab that would take me up past 96th, I decided to board a bus rather than walk through the dark streets that in their strange stillness now seemed suddenly sinister and threatening, even though as a teacher and social worker in East Harlem I'd often walked them at night. Thus I realized that despite myself I, like my friends, expected some unknown catastrophe. With relief I got on a nearly empty bus, and after getting change from the young Negro driver, took a seat next to a woman who kept her eyes from me even though I must have been an oddity; I was the only white person in sight, heading straight toward 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, toward the inevitable eye of the hurricane whenever Harlem breaks loose. Only a block away, on 125th and Seventh Avenue, Fidel Castro played host to Nikita Khrushchev. And on this same corner, Marcus Garvey, the originator of Black Nationalism, and his heir, Malcolm X, used to speak from soap boxes; and here also three and a half years ago was the scene of the first large-scale riot in a Northern city since Dr. King initiated the protests of the civil rights movement.

When our bus shot past 108th Street, one coming from the opposite direction pulled to a screeching stop. Its driver opened his window and shouted:

"Hey, this is it baby!"

"Yeah," our driver shouted back. "And I'm goin' home—fast."

When our driver barreled on through the almost deserted streets, the grave faces of the black people sitting near me, which were so profoundly saddened that day, turned deeply anxious. And then, for the first time, it became clear that not only white people feel fear when potential violence hovers in the streets. The lady next to me was now looking into my eyes:

"What did he say mister?"

"I'll ask him."

The driver looked worried, and when I spoke to him, rather than get angry, he seemed glad to share his concern.

"It's just the feelin'. It's been buildin' all night."

"But why should you worry? You're all black people on the bus. I'll get off."

"Don't be silly, man—it's not you. Those bottles ain't got eyes. And some of those kids ain't got any brains. They hit buses and don't care who's in 'em!"

When I returned to my seat as we passed 116th, where fire engines at the ready were parked on the barricaded street, others than just the woman next to me were listening for news from the driver.

"He said there might be a little trouble, but he'd swing around it." The fear I saw now in the eyes of those lifelong residents of Harlem was pronounced. And I felt

obliged, as inappropriate as it seemed, to offer these people advice because I, not they, had experienced similar hectic nights when I covered the riots last summer in Spanish Harlem.

"If bottles fly, lie down on the floor; and, ma'am, take off your glasses." The woman next to me immediately removed her glasses, and I could see gratitude on her face not because I seemed knowledgeable but because I was a man—and it didn't matter what color—being helpful to a woman alone at a tense moment.

But it grew even more tense as we noticed the flashing lights up ahead at 125th Street and the dozens of cops, some of them in khaki army helmets, trotting up Lenox Avenue. When we finally approached the crucial intersection, our fear grew severe as we spotted at least a hundred teen-agers fleeing down the avenue, some of them dodging across Lenox to avoid the cops now hurrying toward the corner. Our driver sped on, stopping only for a Negro employee of the bus line, who was flagging him down. The man leaped through the door and called out:

"Get her out of here: they're flingin' bottles at the cops." The driver threw a wild left turn, racing the bus three blocks off course.

"Ladies and gentleman," he announced. "This is no longer the Lenox Number One. You're on the Number Three—the scenic route." No one smiled until faces loosened with relief as the flashing red lights quickly receded behind us. And again, by seeing this with my own eyes and not relying on the inadvertent distortions of the media, I was enlightened. For I realized that the mayhem that goes on in the ghettos is what gets glaringly dramatized, while the feelings and actions of most Negroes, like those that surrounded me on the bus, are often ignored—not by design, perhaps, but because of limitation of time on television and of space in the papers. Thus the image of the crazed black man, heedless of death and with murder in his heart, gets priority on television screens and feeds already believing minds of white America.

When I came back down Lenox on a southbound bus, I soon noticed that the earlier bottle-throwing incident had been an isolated one and that calm prevailed on 125th Street, which now looked like the main artery of a city seized by a foreign army. Hundreds of pale-faced policemen lined the streets for blocks in each direction. With qualms, I decided to get off the bus and walk through the heart of it all. Also getting off the bus were two bright-looking, well-mannered teen-agers obviously coming down to the center of their neighborhood to get a closer look at the excitement. And when they saw me heading for the door, too, they stared at me with surprise and curiosity. When I smiled at them, they smiled back, and we were soon walking together toward 125th.

"You know," one of them said to me after we'd talked awhile, "they always shoot people who try to help—Lincoln, Kennedy, Malcolm X, Dr. King—I couldn't sleep last night thinking about it."

"Do a lot of these young guys down here keeping the cops up tight think about things the way you do?"

"Lot of them are just after a rep. But some do. They're all mixed together. Hey, do you know the cops loot too."

Some guys who were in the last one in '64 watched them doing it in a jewelry store."

"That's right," I said, grateful for his confidence. "Everybody loots when there's chaos, don't they?"

"Yeah—why don't they say that?"

When we passed a large cluster of husky cops standing on Seventh Avenue, the youth I was talking to leaned toward me and whispered:

"You can't just go up against 'em. They got the fire power!" This statement, showing no ignorance at all of the strength possessed by white America, made me wonder if the death and pain suffered during a major riot leaves those elements in a community that tend toward violence with a bitter memory that, thus far, has kept them from taking to the streets again—or in the future, perhaps, will prevent them from exploding in the expected manner. The young man I had been speaking with, like young men everywhere, was not about to admit defeat so easily. Before we parted, he said:

"The Muslims are organized and could take those

coppers. But they don't believe in riots—yet!"

On 125th, as I walked alone now among curious adults and gangs of peaceful but restless teen-agers outnumbered by the cops watching every movement on the street, I noticed few people staring at me. Those who did showed me no hostility. Perhaps I was taken for a plain-clothes policeman or a simple-minded nut. But even on side streets, away from the center of Harlem, people said nothing to me, and some even looked at me with interest. Only in the subway station when I was back on 96th Street and heading home did I see and hear something that reminded me of one of the things ghetto riots are really about.

A tough-looking white man holding an ugly wound in his arm was leaning against a wall surrounded by cops.

"Three of 'em tried to rob me!"

"Are you sure it was just a robbery?"

"Yeah—they went right for my wallet."

"Could you give us a description?"

"Are you kiddin'!" The man stared angrily at the policemen: "All them jigaboos look alike!"

Eleven Hours in Chicago

FREDERICK C. STERN

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A diary of eleven hours in Chicago, on the day after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

7:10 A.M. On the suburban train to Chicago there is not much that is unusual, except that a friend and I, who usually chat, seem to have little to say to each other. I read the paper, as always, Dr. King's face on the front page, and fall asleep, as always. I think, off and on: how shall I handle my classes? Impossible to talk about inductive and deductive reasoning—just impossible.

8:30. No one is on the English Department floor, where I have my office, except a secretary. I sit at my desk, looking through anthologies which might contain some of King's words. The "I have a Dream" speech seems wrong. It would seem almost patronizing to read it now. The "Letter from a Southern Prison" strikes the right note for me. I hope it will work for my students. It is, as was the man, militant, profound, not apologetic for non-violence but emphasizing the need for justice. He will not blame the robbed for fending off the robbers.

9:00. I read a large portion of the letter to my first class. There are two black students. They sit and listen, impassive. The more than a dozen white students sit and listen, impassive. I invite discussion, point to the brilliance of King's rhetoric. No response. We talk, in the remaining time, about some writing problems. Impossible. I become aware, suddenly, that for the first time since the quarter began two weeks ago, the two black students have chosen seats next to each other. For the first time, also, they are in the last row of the classroom.

10:00. I am back in my office, for my office hour. Two

students, white, come in to write make-up themes. One of them writes about the danger of civil war if "the Negroes resort to violence." That white fear will be the bane of the day for me. Not peace with justice—just the cool peace of death.

10:50. On the way to my second class, one of the leading faculty activists calls to me that classes will be suspended from noon on, and that we'll have a memorial service of some sort, don't know what yet.

11:00. Only one of the two black students in this class is here. I read the "Letter from a Southern Prison" again and invite comment. One white girl asks what can she do. She is a moderate; she understands why Dr. King says he is disappointed in the white moderates, but what can she do? I decide to come on strong. I talk of white responsibility for restructuring white society. Some 350 years of oppression; too late for love and friendship; maybe that was possible five years ago. Reverse national priorities: \$76 billion for the cities, not \$38 billion for the war. The girl keeps saying but what can I do? I talk action now. We can counterpicket the white pickets who try to prevent school integration and we will be attacked and vilified. We can take some heat on our own bodies, as King did. We have to straighten out white society, our own society. But what can I do, she says. I have no more answers. I guess she wants me to tell her to be nice to black people. And yet, I am unfair. Her puzzlement is genuine—and tragic. Another student talks about why the neighborhood where he used to live before *they* took it over is now a jungle. A blond girl, Scandinavian name, answers him. We did it, she says, and we must understand. Another girl: "You can't understand unless you've been discriminated against. I'm Jewish, and we have a beach house and they call us kike there." The comparison's very pallor shows its meaninglessness. And yet,

she's trying—but the equivalence is so feeble as to belie real understanding, or determination to make changes. I am glad when the bell rings. Had it gone on much longer, we might all have descended to brotherly love, letting the racist society stand.

12:00. The large outdoor amphitheatre is filling rapidly, but almost exclusively with white students. The speech making begins. Love. Don't desecrate his name with violence. We must stand together. More well-intentioned men saying more well-intentioned things, but the wrong things to the wrong people from the wrong mouths. How dare we who are white tell blacks to keep their cool? Even the storm troopers let the women wail. Another faculty activist and I exchange a few words. What can we do, how change or stop this travesty? A third friend comes up, asking if we've seen Mike Royko's column in the *Daily News*. He lays it on the line. We killed him, we are guilty, we bear the blame. Royko at his best. We decide to try to get it read, but how? None of us wants to participate in this service. A black student comes walking along the top edge of the amphitheatre. "Wrong meeting," he shouts, "wrong meeting!" The black students are having their own, black only, meeting at two o'clock. One of the ministers present glances briefly at the Royko column and agrees to read it. We feel a little better, but not much. Suddenly we notice some commotion just outside the stadium. With a burst, one of the white left-wing students runs out of the amphitheatre. He is followed by others. "Come on, we've got no choice," one of them shouts. The three of us head in the same direction.

12:30 P.M. When we get to the Halsted Street side of the campus the crunch is on. Black students, several hundreds, are lined up opposite city riot police. Cops wearing light-blue crash helmets, their billy clubs in their hands, are lined up across the street, blocking the courtyard exit from the school. No one is sure just how they got there. The whites in the black crowd are few, but about 100 yards back, on a second-floor balcony and in the relative safety of the school itself, white faces number in the hundreds. One black kid looks over his shoulder: "Look at 'em, waiting for the fun." His mouth twists: "They sure gonna see some busted ass—theirs." A black girl is working herself up. Natural hair-do, large dangling earrings, high cheek bones, gaunt face. Hysterical and angry. She starts a long scream: "How come they won't even let us have a memorial meeting out here? They can't treat me like shit because I'm a black womaaaaan!" The anger is spreading. It is in us all, the cops' very presence an insult to black pride, to white shame. Some are saying, let's go back in; others are saying, hell, no, let's move across. I ask one of my black students if she knows how this got started. Well, she says, we heard there was a memorial over at Roosevelt and we went over there; they only had a squad car here then. When we came back, they were here. A girl in red slacks is shouting: "Where's our white support? Where's our white support? They wouldn't do this if we had some white support!" We three look at the few other faculty people, the small number of white students out there facing it. She's right. Her white support is back there on the balcony—being itself. The word

goes out that the cops came on their own, the chancellor didn't call them. He apparently requests that they leave. They do, as suddenly as they appeared. The kids are a little triumphant, but mostly still angry.

1:15. I go to my office for a minute and when I come back out the campus seems dead. A few white kids are hurrying to get out. I hear a big fellow laugh to his girl: "Man, great, we get a half day off." She smiles and rubs her thigh on his as they walk out of the gate, arm in arm.

1:45. Coming out of the subway at Randolph and Dearborn is startling. The Loop is dead. It looks like early Sunday morning. I stop for coffee. A man next to me at the counter tells his neighbor: "They smashed all of Field's windows." "Goddamn savages," is the reply. It's not even true. There was one broken window.

2:00. The buses are running very irregularly. A man next to me, waiting, wearing an engineer's union button on his cap, talks to me. "Yeah," I say, "pretty tight town." "Damn right," he replies, "I should of taken my little .25 along. Them monkeys better not fuck with me." He grimaces: "This ain't no assassination. That's Kennedy and like that, not some goddamn nigger preacher. He wasn't so much." Then, with a confidential hand to the mouth and a chuckle, as if he's about to tell me a dirty joke: "I wouldn't give a damn if they sent 'em all back to Africa." I tell him that "they" have been here a lot longer than most of us, haven't they? "Well, yeah, but you can't civilize 'em. Looka Deetroit."

2:15. The bus comes and we are separated. As I look out the window, I have a memory, an epiphany. I remember, visually, the streets of Vienna, where I was a kid. July 25, 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss was killed by a Nazi band. I learned all the facts later. Then I only knew that the city was changed, dominated suddenly by policemen carrying rifles, some of them in steel helmets, no more genial smiles for children. Now it is Chicago, thirty-four years later. The policemen are wearing their light-blue riot helmets. I see open holsters. The troops have been called in. Hurray, America! You have achieved the stage of Europe on the way to the holocaust!

4:00. They're closing the clinic, the little technician who is cleaning my teeth tells me. Perhaps we'd better quit. The subway to the South Side is not running any more. There is panic in the hum of drills, the hurried closing of instrument cases.

4:10. I get on the bus to Michigan and Randolph, so I can get my train home. I'm a little anxious now, not sure the trains are running. Headlines on the afternoon papers: "4,000 Guardsmen to Chicago"; "Shapiro Calls in Guard." Michigan Avenue traffic is almost at a standstill. The dead feeling of two hours ago is passed now, as offices pour out worried whites and a few blacks. Tight-faced women scream at cabs which do not stop for them. Men clutch their attaché cases with white knuckles, shrug harder into well-cut suits. Home, home! The tiger is at the gate! It begins to get to me, as for the first time that day I become a little concerned about my wife, who teaches in an all-black school. I get off the bus two blocks early; it is faster to walk. A tall, drunk, scar-faced black man in

overalls staggering down the middle of the sidewalk, gets a polite and wide berth. I hurry into the station and call home, and then call a friend, and am told that he is out taking pictures with the National Guard, a break for his photographic career. I wish him luck and think that whitey gets his cut from everything. I am being unfair to him, I know, and I know that this whitey might try to cut himself in, too, given the chance.

5:00. My train is leaving. There is a lot of kidding about not sitting on the side of the train facing the street. We go right through the South Side. I chat politely with the black lady sitting next to me.

5:40. We are through the South Side now, out in whitey country. "Hegwish" the conductor calls. I saw no sign of trouble during the trip, only oddly deserted streets.

Even 63rd Street, where there is always action, seemed dead, only two cars on the street. Someone gets on the train with a late edition: "Fires on West Side." Soon I'll be back home, where there seems to have been no trouble, our suburban black Mayor perhaps making the difference. But whitey runs back to whitey's hole, glad to have it. What should I do, go burn a store on Madison Street? Get my head whupped, by cops or kids, on 47th Street? I see train friend of this morning and we nod.

6:10. Home in my white suburb. Chicago's West Side is on fire. Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington. On TV the soldiers march, and white men and acceptable black men twist their mouths to counsel peace, cool it. King's killer is still at large, hidden in the bosom of his killing people. My country, 'tis of thee.

NEW UNIVERSITIES CONFERENCE

THE DILEMMAS OF RESISTANCE

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Mr. Birnbaum, founding editor of the New Left Review (London) and now professor of sociology at the New School for Social Research (New York), will become professor of sociology at Amherst College next fall. Mr. Birnbaum is the author of Theory of Industrial Society, soon to be published by Trinity College Press.

American universities are a power in the land. The demand for an educated labor force has drawn more than a third of the youth between 18 and 21 into some form of higher education. In a society increasingly dominated by scientific and social technology, the universities are knowledge factories whose "production" of research is indispensable to the economy and the state. The professors are affluent, respected and not infrequently influential. Compared with their opposite numbers in Europe, American universities offer diverse opportunities for those of diverse interests and talents; some, at least, are experimenting with higher education itself. Finally, the expenditure for higher education is rising. The universities' demand may be insatiable, but they cannot complain of public neglect. In the circumstances, it is striking that a pervasive malaise, a sense that a new beginning must be made, has seized a growing segment of the student body, undergraduates and graduate students (or the apprentice professors) and even a large number of the professors.

That malaise accounted, in great part, for the Chicago convocation late in March of a "New Universities Conference." The setting was the commodious, indeed elegant new conference center of the University of Chicago—an academic Hilton, located right on the rim of the nation's worst black ghetto. The contrast heightened the unease of some about their position within the university. Most of the participants were young and extremely serious. Some 350 of us attended from about eighty-five institutions, including a very vocal group of undergraduates

who explained that they had come precisely because no one had invited them. The open invitation to the conference had been addressed to professors and graduate students, and the latter comprised by far the largest single bloc. There was a sizable number of junior teachers, but surprisingly few associate or full professors, their absence being the result in part of accidents of publicity and planning. Had more come, the conference might have been different; in the event, those older university teachers who were present found the experience both chastening and exhilarating.

The meeting was organized, essentially, by academic veterans of what has been termed "the movement"—that stream or cluster of radical causes, groups and actions which has been so prominent a feature of American life since the beginning of this decade. Civil rights, work in the Northern ghettos, the campaign against the war and resistance to the draft have activated large numbers of students and teachers. Time passes and many of these students have grown up, or have at least begun to do so. (One professor of economics who spoke at the conference publicly lamented the golden days of his youth—in 1961.) They find themselves appreciably older than the students now active in groups like Students for a Democratic Society. They also sense that, despite "the movement's" greatest academic triumph, the Berkeley revolt of 1964, despite the undercurrent of doubt and experimentation in official American higher education, their immediate university environments remain the same. "The movement," though it is largely composed of teachers and students, has been more effective outside than inside the academy. That was the point of departure of the call to the conference, which declared that the convenors wished to express their radical devotion to a changing American society in their entire lives—and, above all, to end the split between their radical and academic persons. As the course of the conference showed, this was easier said than done.

Those who organized the conference fell into three uneasily allied groups. There were Chicagoans around Richard Flacks, who teaches sociology at the University of Chicago. Michigan contributed a group of graduate students previously active in the "Radical Education Project," which had issued a steady stream of documents and reports and even convened some conferences, but which had succeeded in educating in radicalism only those who were already so educated. Finally, a New York City group organized by John McDermott included some younger teachers from the metropolitan universities. I'd offered to join that group, but was told that at 42 I might be too old. I was allowed (with Noam Chomsky, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Louis Kampf, Howard Zinn and others) to sign the conference call.

The organizers had neither a clear nor agreed conception of what they wanted. Some wished to consolidate the outside political activities of like-minded university radicals. Others had vague notions of forming a union which would one day make university presidents tremble. The conference itself was divided, principally, between those who wished to use the university as a base for radical activities in the outside world, and those who wished to radicalize the university itself. Not surprisingly, the younger participants were generally found on the former side of the argument, and the older ones (already committed to academic careers) on the latter. These fronts were not entirely solid. The group from the Chicago national headquarters of Students for a Democratic Society, and some SDS leaders from elsewhere, insisted on the importance of the universities and education in the new American society.

The conflict expressed itself at the outset in contrasting keynote speeches by Staughton Lynd and Richard Flacks. Lynd, with impeccable activist credentials, was himself fresh from genteel dismissal at Yale and a rather less genteel case of breach of contract by the State University system in Illinois. He had won the case with the backing of colleagues across the nation, but his rejection of the academy was impassioned. He spoke of his father, one of the great American sociologists of the century, who ended his career at Columbia in isolation and despair of spirit, amid colleagues incapable of joining him in a critical and relevant social science. The younger Lynd concluded that radical professors faced an inescapable contradiction: their radicalism would in the end isolate and injure them in their professional careers, and both their radicalism and their professionalism would suffer. As radicals, they had to learn to regard teaching not as a vocation but as a job like any other. They had to realize that reality lay outside the universities.

Flacks, however, urged that the universities in their present and future social functions offered large opportunities for radical activity, that the activism of the new student generation was directly related to educational experiences, and that university radicalism could develop into a permanent force in American politics. He did not deal with an issue that troubled many—the separation between thought and scholarship and action. At the very end of the conference, Louis Kampf of M.I.T. had some

illuminating things to say on this point, not least that critical scholarship and thought are also forms of action, and not unimportant ones. The weight of these dilemmas, real and imagined, lay heavily on the consciences of the participants; indeed, conscience was at times more in evidence at the conference than was anything else.

After the opening, the group dispersed into commissions, workshops and innumerable separate sessions, to reunite two days later for the final controversies (which were precisely the ones on which we opened). The atmosphere was engagingly direct; the younger participants seemed to delight in conveying to the older ones, enmeshed in their professorial status whether they liked it or not, that they were unwitting agents of oppression. Typewriters and duplicating machines worked overtime: critiques, manifestoes, proposals, and even a scheme for a new university were written and distributed on the spot. My impression was that those who called for action, who denounced academicism in the most pejorative fashion, did so in elaborately academic ways. The student who said that the writing (and, of course, reading) of books ought to stop, so that the revolution might commence, was able to cite sources when pressed. Much was made of the fact that Marx never taught at a university, although the debate on whether he had learned anything as a student struck a few of us as excessive.

The themes discussed at the conference included the general position of the universities in society, the intrusion of the familiar "military-industrial complex" (President Eisenhower's outstanding contribution to New Left thought) on the universities, problems of radical research and publication, a possible defensive network for radical teachers in professional jeopardy, and the current structure of the universities. Oddly, questions of this last sort, and about the quality and meaning of the education available in universities, did not receive the attention they merited. After all, millions of young people do undertake, or endure, higher education. The universities, in the current terminology, are agencies of socialization. If their structures are bureaucratic and hierarchical, if despite what liberal and radical professors may teach, their institutions induce conformism, then radicals could do a good deal worse than concentrate on the reform of the universities. If, further, the content and methods of American teaching and scholarship are dictated by social necessities alien to humane purposes, teachers and scholars must begin a radical examination of their own professionalism. These issues have been felt rather acutely by those of us who believe that radicalism begins at home, where society impinges directly on the quality and direction of our work. We were surprised that at the conference many of our students, and some of our colleagues, thought that the universities were beyond redemption, that our presently inactive colleagues are sure to refuse to join any effort at radical reform, and that university radicals have no choice but to abandon the universities to their fate.

The younger conference participants were almost totally ignorant of university tradition. Their ignorance

is characteristically American; the radicals who are now tearing up the Eastern and Western European universities have different historical perspectives. Our younger students and teachers are so convinced that the universities are doomed that they do not bother to acquire any knowledge of their past. Perhaps I should say that they would have different views if they knew more history—at any rate, that universities sometimes oppose the constituted powers, that the traditions of academic freedom have deep historical roots, that knowledge itself is a potentially libertarian social force; these are assertions which surprised many at the conference.

However limited its vision, the diversity and depth of dissent in the universities as manifested at the conference was impressive: direct political dissent, activity against the war, efforts to resist the impingement of Selective Service and war contracting on the academy, struggles with authoritarian and repressive administrations. It was impressive to see assembled in one place so many student and teacher veterans of such campaigns. What struck me particularly, not least because of its present aimlessness, was the depth of dissatisfaction with the university's structures and educational practices. Here, without always knowing it, the university radicals make common cause with embattled humanists like William Arrowsmith or critical scientists like Eric Ashby. They would no doubt repudiate Arrowsmith as "apolitical" and in the same breath complain that the meaninglessness of academic curricula makes sullen conformists of students who could otherwise be enlisted in some great critical enterprise of the mind. I wonder whether some among the New American Left are American political traditionalists, disdainful of critical reflection, insistent only on action. If so, that would explain the curiously denigrating view of universities and their works held by some of those within them—a leftish parody of a rightish conviction.

In fact, of course, a good deal of the recent wave of student activism is due to education. The offspring of conventional middle-class families were exposed to literary modernism, which turned middle-class convention upside down; to social criticism, and to some teachers who live by values other than those their students had known at home. Many professors in graduate school are indeed uninterested in liberal education (they would not know either liberalism or education should they encounter them), but these are not the men who daily teach undergraduates. Meanwhile, the very debilities of the university have had their own educational effect upon the young. The rhetoric of liberal education, combined with the reality of IBM-style academic administration and contractual research, is pedagogically effective precisely because the students ask when rhetoric can become real.

There are countries like France where university teachers are organized into unions and constitute a political force of some importance in their societies. It may be too late for American university teachers and their graduate student apprentices to follow that example. In France itself, Jacobin radicalism is giving way to technocratic elitism, as Jacobin eloquence is being replaced

by the more prosaic cadences of economists and jurists working on state planning. In our own country, too, new elites move in upon the universities. Indeed, statements of educational purpose by figures like Clark Kerr and James Perkins testify to the influence and persuasiveness of the advocates of the post-liberal university. Liberal education is dead and the multiversity has succeeded it. Or has it, quite? A multiversity can work only when those assigned to coglike functions in its machinery refrain from thinking. Thought means trouble. That happened at Berkeley, in episodic if dramatic fashion. The conference may well be the sign that a new university radicalism, this time turned upon the universities themselves, is about to take coherent and national form.

In the end, at Chicago, the adults triumphed. At the final plenary session, a resolution was offered, declaring that only students could change the universities, that nothing could be hoped for from the professors. This provoked a violent counterattack by those of us who were horrified on two counts. We were aghast at a state of affairs in which students could with some plausibility make such charges against their teachers; equally, we were dismayed that the students did not see that we too were tied to the system, that not intractable weaknesses of character make men worry about tenure, but ordinary material concerns of the sort our students would honor in a trade unionist.

In effect, the younger radicals both underestimate and overestimate their teachers. They underestimate the teachers when they think of them as hopelessly bound to routine; they overestimate the teachers because they expect them all to engage in heroic repudiation of routine. What they do not see is that the point is to change the routine. Bert Brecht once said, pity the land that needs heroes. Similarly, a university system that demands constant moral heroism of its teachers is in terrible shape. The universities serve too many masters. University tradition itself has been ignored. The younger radicals polemicize against false conceptions of objectivity when what they ought to criticize is an insufficient objectivity, an unbecoming proximity to the agencies of power.

Finding allies instead among the powerless is not easy, but there are ways in which it can be done. Even the much-maligned Clark Kerr has suggested one of them—the founding in the slums of urban equivalents for the 19th-century land-grant universities. It has been objected that this, too, would ally the universities with power, by extending their capacity to educate for social climbing to selected recruits from the underclass, without changing the conditions which produce the underclass. True, perhaps, but the view that the universities alone must spearhead America's social revolution, if it comes, is dubious in the best of circumstances. What can be asked of the universities is that they keep open unfashionable options, that they educate for an uncertain future instead of training for an exaggeratedly immediate present. The notion of the "production" of manpower, with neat allocations of personnel between elite, sub-elite, and subordinate sectors of the new educated class,

has a superficial rationality. Upon examination, it is absurd. Universities geared to the needs of this decade, in itself a monstrous perversion of the notion of contemporaneity, will be obsolete in the next. One of the disturbing features of the conference was that so many young radicals shared the same philosophy of history as, let us say, the directors of the NASA.

A long and wearisome debate on continuing the work of the conference, inevitably, concluded it. (The predictable telegrams of greeting were sent to the dissenting students and teachers of Warsaw and Prague, to the Vietnamese universities and to Howard University.) Electoral procedures unimaginable by any political scientist were devised and as promptly dropped. It was realized in the end that the task of the continuing committee was not to radicalize the universities but to see whether anyone else wished to do so. Some thirty-five persons, from Cambridge to Berkeley with most of the regions between represented, were formed into the committee. An office will be established in Chicago and a newsletter published there, a program will be drawn up in New York. More important, regional and local conferences will be organized.

It is difficult to make specific predictions as to what will follow, but clearly, something has moved. Most important of all, perhaps, the radical teachers found enough self-respect (and, in the face of attack, self-possession) to assert their simple right to exist as adults and as

teachers. The organization to be formed will be an organization of teachers and apprentice teachers, and its modes of collaboration and coexistence with student groups will have to be worked out. In other words, the suggestion that we all apply for probationary membership in the student movement was not followed.

There is certainly enough to do. The generalized impulse to criticism, innovation and change which affects the more reflective in America has much to occupy it in the American university. Its structures are bureaucratic, hierarchical or paternalistic. It does not know what to teach or how to teach it. It retreats in absurdly detached academicism or advances compulsively to an exaggerated contemporaneity. It is either totally out of the world or so with it that it cannot find anything critical to say. The scientists do not speak to humanists, the technologists disdain both, the social scientists confront a humanity they are incapable of apprehending. The relationship of teacher to student is entirely disturbed. If we give them what they want, we deny the traditions which (ever so obscurely) sustain us. If we give them what we want, we suffer the guilty conviction that our wants are not really our own, but dictated by senseless professional routines and implacable academic powers. Until we liberate ourselves, we can hardly liberate our students. If we allow them to liberate us, we will not be ourselves. In the circumstances, a truly radical critique of the universities may involve more than radical teachers in action. It may even lead to that most radical of activities—thought.

OHIO: POLITICS AFTER JOHNSON

GENE I. MAEROFF

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Cleveland

Should Ohio's John J. Gilligan be elected to the U. S. Senate, he will have to be excused if he erects within his office a shrine to Lyndon B. Johnson. Gilligan, a long-time foe of LBJ's policy on Vietnam, is not especially fond of the President, but had it not been for Mr. Johnson's by now famous speech, Gilligan's chances of snatching the Democratic nomination from Frank J. Lausche would have been far less than they are today.

The President gave Gilligan the opening he needed to extricate his campaign from the corner into which he had talked it. Just when organized labor, which constitutes Gilligan's staunchest support, was beginning to grumble about his opposition to the war, the Administration softened its position. And at a time when Gilligan's sympathies for Robert F. Kennedy were irking those who thought his allegiance should be to the President, the New York Senator became a forerunner and not an apostate.

All of a sudden, the urbane intellectual who favors disengagement from Vietnam has a fresh lease on his political life. Not that the entire picture has changed.

The name of Frank J. Lausche, 72, still is quickly recognized by Ohioans who elected him governor five times before sending him to the Senate. And Gilligan, 47, still is only a six-term Cincinnati councilman and former teacher of modern literature and poetry (at Xavier University), who is campaigning for his first state-wide office.

But Gilligan in the Senate would mean another voice in behalf of dissent. And the President himself has accorded new respect to dissenters. In turn, Gilligan's election would remove from the Senate the man who—along with Thomas Dodd of Connecticut—rose to the defense of Dean Rusk during the recent hearings on Vietnam by the Foreign Relations Committee. "Teamwork" is what Lausche says he wants in this country, with every man, woman and child presenting a united front behind the nation's Vietnamese policy. To follow any other course, Lausche insists, is to serve in the ranks of Ho Chi Minh.

A winner of the Silver Star for gallantry at Okinawa, Gilligan dismisses U.S. military victory in Vietnam as an impossible objective. During his lone term in Congress (he was defeated in 1966 by Robert A. Taft, Jr.), Gilligan was one of those who signed the statement calling for a moratorium on the bombing of the North. "Lausche's simplistic views of foreign policy are frightening," Gilligan said in a private interview for *The Nation*, "but he finds

that such views go down well at home. In Cleveland's ethnic neighborhoods he still talks about liberating the satellite nations of Eastern Europe. The man is not talking about the real world. This is irresponsible claptrap."

Frank Lausche, chairman of the Senate's subcommittee on Far Eastern Affairs, once flew with the highest of the hawks. But he reaped a harvest of headlines last summer when he declared the United States should stop bombing North Vietnam and a few weeks later urged that the issue of Vietnam be submitted to the United Nations. By the time President Johnson made his announcement of the bombing pause, Lausche had returned to his position opposing any cessation in bombing because of the Tet offensive and the precariousness of U. S. troops in northern outposts. From the start, Gilligan has been against the bombing.

The only reason Lausche has ever favored ceasing the bombing is because he thinks it will give the United States a chance to demonstrate to the world the insincerity of Ho Chi Minh. If Ho refuses to negotiate it will prove that he does not want peace. Furthermore, argues Lausche, it will show the errors of their ways to those Americans who have urged the President to stop the bombing.

As for the UN, Lausche would just as soon let the international body have the responsibility and ensuing headaches of trying to police a difficult situation. Gilligan views it another way. He thinks the escape for the United States is through political negotiations because "the illusion of a military victory being just around the corner is not what we went over there for in the first place." He feels the bombing cessation will be a vital first step in getting North Vietnam and the major powers to believe the United States really seeks peace.

Gilligan wants the United States to define its future role in the Far East. "We had better start marking some limits and reduce the situation to reality, ending our Holy War against communism," he says. "The question this nation must ask itself is whether it intends to be a police force for the world. If we decide that's what we want, it will be expensive. It will mean bringing our boys home in boxes for a long time to come." The Senate has defaulted, Gilligan believes, in its obligation to lay down policy guidelines for Vietnam and all of Asia. With an end to the bombing of the North, he wants a gradual reduction of field operations in the South.

Up until the President's announcement, Lausche had condemned peace demonstrators and called for an end to dissent. He has made a fetish of the idea that Americans must demonstrate a unity of thought on the war. He dismissed the Foreign Relations Committee hearings as a service to the enemy. He wonders how much it would help American morale if Hanoi conducted similar open hearings. Finally, he says "demonstrations by long-haired, dirty-faced, so-called intellectuals" are causing the death and injury of American fighting men in Vietnam.

Before he announced that he would not seek re-nomination Lyndon Johnson was in dire need of friends. Even so, Lausche's position—which should have been a

comfort—led to no evident campaign support from the President. Johnson had been keeping away from the battle and the specter of the Administration was thrust into it only once—to the advantage of Gilligan.

George L. P. Weaver, an assistant U. S. Secretary of Labor, was quoted by the Associated Press as saying in Columbus recently: "Lausche is the man you imposed on us [the Administration]. I feel I can say the Administration will do anything it can to help Gilligan win the Democratic nomination in the May 7 primary." In a fluster of embarrassment, Weaver insisted the next day that he had been misquoted and the Administration quickly asserted its neutrality. Gilligan says he has not sought support from the Administration and does not expect to receive any. As matters have developed, Lyndon Johnson now has much larger concerns than getting embroiled in a primary election in Ohio.

Any move by the Democratic forces to oust Lausche would be understandable, however, in light of the Senator's conservative voting record, a constant exacerbation to Democratic officials. Only the Southerners have exceeded Lausche in their readiness to break with the party line. Most recently, the Ohio Senator was the co-sponsor with Strom Thurmond of the anti-riot amendment to the civil rights bill. Gilligan, in contrast, is a solid liberal who can be counted on—as he proved in the 89th Congress—to support party measures in behalf of health, welfare, education, civil rights and cities. He was so loyal, in fact, that his detractors accuse him of being a rubber stamp.

Had Johnson not withdrawn from the Presidential race, there is a chance he might eventually have given his endorsement in the primary to Lausche. The Senator, after all, was his unabashed backer and Gilligan was not. But now Lausche has been robbed of that possible advantage. So far as Kennedy is concerned, Lausche thinks he was biding his candidacy for the proper time and that he and Eugene J. McCarthy intended to work in tandem to "batter" the President throughout the primaries. Lausche will not be a delegate to the Democratic convention, but his early response to LBJ's withdrawal was the wish that Johnson might change his mind or be drafted.

Gilligan, though, applauded Kennedy's entry into the race. He saw the move as a challenge to Johnson that bore much the same legitimacy as his own candidacy against Lausche. Gilligan says he considers it unhealthy for a party not to have the issues thrashed out in public. For that reason, he wishes that Nelson Rockefeller had maintained active opposition to Richard M. Nixon. Regardless of whether Gilligan actually comes out and endorses Kennedy, he has already done so by implication. He says he shares Kennedy's concern about the problems confronting America; he agrees with Kennedy's order of priorities, and he approved of Kennedy's decision to go over Johnson's head and take the issues to the people.

Pursuing the argument, Gilligan maintains that voters asked to select between Lausche and a Republican (this year it will be Ohio Attorney General William Saxbe) would be denied a meaningful choice. Ohio's Democratic State Executive Committee accepted this reasoning and, in an unprecedented move against an incumbent, en-

dorsed Gilligan even before he had officially announced his candidacy. Delegates from almost every urban area in Ohio backed him; opposition to the endorsement came from the rural areas.

Organized labor, too, came out early for Gilligan, Ohio's AFL-CIO endorsing a candidate in a primary election for the first time. Labor promised at least \$100,000 for voter education and registration drives. Before Johnson's withdrawal there were rumors that labor was becoming disenchanted with Gilligan and that the funds might begin to run dry. But now that Gilligan's feelings on the war and Kennedy have become more of an asset, he has much less reason to fear a slash in funds.

Lausche says the labor bosses have opposed him during his entire career and it was no surprise to him that labor's backing should go to his opponent. He even refused to attend a session at which the labor leaders were going to listen to his views before making up their minds. Lausche said they had already decided their course and the meeting was a sham. Actually, labor broke with Lausche in 1958 when he endorsed Ohio's ill-fated right-to-work law. Labor has never forgiven him and he showed no contrition when a year later he backed legislation to bar unions from picketing. Gilligan in 1958 accepted the chairmanship of the Southwestern Ohio drive to defeat right to work. He has frequently reaffirmed his belief in the need for unions and he has accused Lausche of betraying the workingman in favor of big business.

It appeared for a time that Gilligan was going to have to pay for his marriage with labor, by guarding his words in public. Now, however, Ohio AFL-CIO leaders who like Johnson and dislike soft talk on Vietnam may no longer be able to exact accommodation from Gilligan. Though his private views all along have made him a peace candidate, he has not been able to achieve the McCarthy-esque aura that might have brought out Ohio's huge college population. As a result, straight-haired coeds have not appeared in droves to lick his envelopes and young men in sneakers have not been pressing doorbells in his behalf. With the change in Vietnam and in the Presidential race it has become easier for Gilligan to tell his fellow Ohioans that "we have to have the stomach to see something happen we may not like—even if it means a few nations going down the pike in the other direction."

But Lyndon Johnson or no Lyndon Johnson, how do you tell this to some first-generation Slovak or Hungarian on Cleveland's Southeast Side? Frank Lausche does not. He says he does not understand "the wisdom of draft card burners and peace demonstrators." He says that "anyone who calls patriotism old-fashioned might as well say that courage and work and service are old-fashioned." He asks "how long a nation can endure if its leading citizens unjustly and falsely condemn that nation as being the perpetrator of wrongs."

Even if every Ohioan were suddenly to turn hawkish, if organized labor were willing to bury the hatchet in the cause of victory in Vietnam, Lausche would still have a problem. The state's large Negro vote may turn against him. Last fall, when Carl B. Stokes ran in the

primaries against Ralph S. Locher for mayor of Cleveland, Lausche let it be known that he favored the incumbent over the challenger. That was perhaps understandable enough, for Locher was Lausche's political heir in Cleveland, but when Stokes took the primary, Lausche lost the power of speech for the balance of the campaign, never once giving his blessing to the Negro Democrat who was running against Republican Seth C. Taft.

Stokes has not forgotten and neither have his backers. A large Gilligan advertisement had prominent place in a recent issue of the *Call-Post*, Ohio's largest weekly Negro newspaper. Directly above it, in the news columns, was an article that in its lead identified Lausche as "the man who has voted against every major step forward in civil rights legislation. . . ." Many Negro pastors in Cleveland have banded into a Clergy Citizens Committee for Gilligan. The co-chairman is the minister of Carl Stokes's church and the secretary is Stokes's assistant city law director.

Negroes are coming of age politically and the city itself as a unit of government is increasingly unwilling to continue to play poor relative to rural interests. If these attitudes are translated into votes, Gilligan will be the beneficiary. Even when the war is over in Vietnam, Gilligan does not foresee an immediate end to urban woes. He expects parsimonious Congressmen to find "other excuses" for failing to pump dollars into the cities. Gilligan is a champion of mass transit and as a Congressman supported creation of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Lausche, though a former mayor of Cleveland, has somehow taken on the rural attitude toward urban legislation. He broke with his party last year to try to cut in half the \$40 million rent supplements bill. He offered an unsuccessful amendment to hold down the spending over the three-year funding period for education expenditures. He voted against model cities legislation and went along with the War on Poverty only after trying to reduce some segments of it. However, he supported legislation to curb pollution and voted for the anti-rat program.

But, somehow, the voters in Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati and Ohio's other big cities have either not heard about Lausche's voting record or have been willing to overlook it. To many Ohioans, Frank Lausche is still the made-it-himself man—one of ten children of Slovenian immigrants who played the violin and toyed with a professional baseball career before becoming the white-haired Senator who crosses syntax with statesmen. He is the indomitable maverick who always seems to have every-one against him—except the people.

That, then, is what Gilligan faces. Charm will go only so far with western Ohio farmers; wit carries just so much authority with Akron tire builders. Ohio's Democratic organization has yearned for years to dump Lausche but could not muster the guts or the candidate. Now, Gilligan who should be the underdog is finding that Lausche has appropriated that role and is seeking the sympathy vote. Lausche bemoans the labor bosses who have rejected him and the party chiefs who have turned on him. When the votes are counted the night of May 7, Ohio's Democrats may find they will have to fall back into line behind Lausche for another six years.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Legitimacy of Black Revolution

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION. By Truman Nelson. Beacon Press. 148 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$1.75.

JULIAN MAYFIELD

Mr. Mayfield is a novelist and journalist who worked as an aide to President Nkrumah in Ghana after his active support of the Robert F. Williams self-defense movement in Monroe, N.C. Presently a Junior Fellow of The Society for the Humanities at Cornell University where he conducts a seminar in race relations, he will join the faculty of the Schweitzer Program in the Humanities in September, 1968, at New York University.

I find it hard as hell to talk to any white American nowadays. It isn't just because of the fashionable hate-whitey posture, for which there is more than enough justification. Moreover my travels have carried me far afield, and I manage to keep up a lively dialogue with several Europeans and even a friendship or two. Among the latter is an Englishman whose family fortune is based in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies. He told me recently that he and his forebears had made a very good living by exploiting my African cousins, and that he intended to go on exploiting them until they got enough brains and organization and hardware to shoot him out, at which point he intended to make as graceful an exit as possible.

My English friend understands that all his privileges and prerogatives, his "culture" and "civilization" and "education" are sustained by an infra-structure of force and violence which to survive must keep down a black revolution in Africa. Being a certain kind of Englishman, he is not concerned with being liked or loved or even understood by other Englishmen, much less Africans. He would not be caught dead with the tag "humanitarian" or "liberal," but he has enough sense of history to have taught his children that when the revolution comes they should either split the scene (get out) or use their guns against their fellow whites, not for the blacks, but in their own self-interest.

Now, this simple reality, so clearly understood by an English reactionary, seems to elude the best of white Americans, and that is why it is such a pain to talk to most of them. From comfortable suburbia, they cannot begin to grasp the revolutionary conclusion arrived at daily by more and more young black men and

The articles presented in this section were written before the assassination of Martin Luther King. The lesson of his life and his death might be seen as an offering to all Americans to struggle together to repair the nation's wrongs against the black community, toward which end discussion of all aspects of the question can only be a service. *Editors*

women in the inner colonies just a few miles away. Why is this, for some of these middle-aged whites were once committed to liberal ideals, and some of them were even red radicals? Certainly a large part of the answer is that it is not 1933 again, the economy is not in a state of near collapse, 17 million men are not looking for work, white men are not selling apples on the street corner and veterans are not threatening to march on Washington. The national sickness is not now everywhere in evidence as it was then: therefore the national will of the richest nation the world has ever known will not be mobilized to make war on the national sickness. To most whites it is only *they, those people, the blacks*, who admittedly have justified grievances, who are causing the trouble, and they are in a minority. So when blacks take up arms to bring about a violent shift in the control of power in an otherwise orderly and prosperous society, they are not only nuts but suicidal. Suddenly, liberal white suburbia becomes terribly aware of its whiteness, and ponders which way it will point its rifle in the inevitable racial war. "What shall we do?" the liberals ask the few black friends they have left, and those black friends can't answer because *they* don't know which way *they* shall point *their* guns.

Enter here the unwelcome intrusion of the New England historian-novelist Truman Nelson. In his lucid writing and analysis of our present condition, he comes through with a simple answer which, paraphrased, is loud and clear: "You take sides with the revolution, not only because it is manifestly justified, not only because the black revolution is the natural outgrowth of the deepest traditions of your own revolution but out of your own self-interest, for as much as we hate violence, we hate more the accumulated wrongs and injustices against black Americans, and the sooner we right

those wrongs, even if it takes a revolution to do it, the happier and healthier the nation will be."

I say that Nelson's intrusion into the discussion is unwelcome because he succeeds in making nearly everybody uncomfortable. He was a genuine friend of Malcolm X and has a steady rapport with Robert F. Williams, but, not knowing this, the young black militants can't quite tune in on him because he is white, but does not fit into any neat little white mold, being neither a conscience-stricken liberal, a reformer, nor a leather-brained orthodoxist.

The whites have even more difficulty with Nelson: the color of his skin and his Yankee twang identify him as one of their own, but they can't quite place him. For one thing, he is a damned nuisance. He never ceases to remind them that the nation (at least the New England part of it) was founded by loud, uncouth men audacious enough to question laws they had not made and a government in which they had no voice: raucous men who took for granted their right to take pot shots at Englishmen in red uniforms who represented authority which did not serve their needs, and for which they no longer had respect. He reminds them that respectable clergymen lent money and arms to John Brown to ride into Kansas where he shot down pro-slavery law enforcement officers and other duly elected officials, and then gave him a good dinner when he got safely back to New England. Truman Nelson is that bearded pest in our midst who reminds us that there was a time, not so long ago, when men put morality and principle above the law of the land, and that these men were the best minds in the land—Thoreau and Garrison, Theodore Parker and Frederick Douglass.

White Americans do not like to be reminded of their revolution and the spirit which motivated the abolitionists. It is enough to drill their young children in catechisms about George Washington, Paul Revere, and teach them a Longfellow poem or two. The business of the United States today is to put down revolution everywhere in the world. (Dean Rusk, in his recent, reluctant appearance before the Senate, made this clear, although he did not elucidate anything else.)

But any talk of revolution at home is intolerable, and even some tired liberals are prepared to join with the Establishment by putting it down with modern weapons of destruction. They aren't as

honest as my English friend or the idolized William Faulkner who declared that in a crisis he would defy the federal government and shoot down black people in the street. No, with one hand they attempt to water down the fires of rebellion in the ghetto because they deplore violence and really don't want to see a lot of blacks killed (they are terribly concerned with our welfare), while with the other hand they grasp their foreheads and prepare to act out the logic of their whiteness in the awful event of a racial confrontation.

In his new book, *The Right of Revolution*, Truman Nelson points out what every black revolutionary already knows: that the war is already raging, and that it is not of the black man's making. "There is an irrational tyranny in the land," he begins. "From our very beginning we have been carrying on a war of violence and suppression against the black people we brought here. . . . This war is still going on against them, carried on day by day by our special repressive forces organized as 'law enforcement agencies' or 'riot police' or 'tactical patrol forces.' We have so many of these in the black communities that when its citizens make contact with the State, with us, it is always under the watchful eyes, or the flailing clubs, of police. They occupy the black ghettos like white mercenaries in a country under colonial oppression."

This is not particularly original; nearly everybody in or near the white power structure, from LBJ to HHH to RFK, has been told this by his investigators. What is refreshing is that Nelson does not shrink from pointing out the obvious consequences of the state of war waged against the black communities. Not for Nelson the liberal dodges: *We must do something about this. More civil rights bills. More money to the ghettos. More self-help programs.* What is required, argues Nelson, is that some white men recognize that black men, having sought freedom through U.S. institutions for 200 years and failed, have the right to revolution; that, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, "to secure these rights (Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness) whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

The Right of Revolution is not a long book filled with a reasoned, documented, objective analysis of the causes of our second Civil War. It is behind the cloak of academic objectivity that white America has been able to hide its

Eldridge Cleaver, 32, spent nine years in California prisons for crimes of violence. He started to write in prison, became an editor of *Ramparts* magazine and, after his release, recently published *Soul on Ice*, a collection of essays of personal experience and social and literary criticism. He also became minister of information for the Black Panther party. According to a report in *The New York Times* of April 8, Cleaver had been wounded and arrested on April 7, and his parole revoked in a violent encounter between the police and a Black Panther group in West Oakland, Calif. *Ramparts* and Frank E. Taylor, Cleaver's editor at McGraw-Hill, made separate appeals to the California and federal authorities for the protection of the writer. Similar appeals were signed by Susan Sontag, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Warren Hinckle III and Christopher Lehmann-Haupt.

Following is a quote from *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver:

The young whites know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war and exploitation. Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before in the history of their country. And they are outraged.

There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history. From the beginning of the contact between blacks and whites, there has been very little reason for a black man to respect a white, with such exceptions as John Brown and others lesser known. But respect commands itself and it can neither be given nor withheld when it is due. If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America The sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children—but only if the children continue in the evil deeds of the fathers.

racism for so long. Inevitably this "objective" method has always left the white reader (and not a few blacks) with the conclusion that there must be "something wrong with them, the blacks, that they have allowed themselves to sink into such degradation. After all, we made it up the ladder."

Nelson's book is a passionate defense and exposition of the right of black men to attempt by all possible means to change the basic institutions which oppress and degrade them. It is a virile work by a learned historian so steeped in American revolutionary traditions and practice that he does not need academic bric-a-brac to support his thesis.

At every speaking engagement those of us who defend the black man's right to revolution are reminded, by white and black liberals, that black men only constitute a tenth of the population and that we are asking for certain annihilation. The white revolutionary is in double trouble because the young black militant always points out that, "I'm sorry, man, but when the shooting comes, I won't be able to distinguish you from anybody else, so what is your position going to be," while the whites in the audience charge him with being a provocateur with suspect motives. (After all, he is white, over 30 and never had it so good.) Nelson's reply in *The Right of Revolution* calls attention to the fact

that you cannot live in a thoroughly diseased community without becoming infected yourself, no matter how antiseptic your surroundings:

. . . I am sick at heart . . . that the whole testament of libertarian ideas and promises I was told to live by and defend with my life has been a pious fraud. I look upon our gross corruption of the rights of man, the ground rules that are supposed to order my daily existence here, and know that to accept this corruption is committing a sin against my own senses, against the light that is in me. If I accept, without daily rising anger, the present, past and future disparities in the human condition, I realize I am committing the greatest of sins, that of hypocrisy, which blinds a man to his own failings and gives him a false idea of his position and purpose in the world.

The language is passionate, for that is Truman Nelson the New Englander, attempting to live by the best moral precepts of his ancestors (he knows they were far from angels and some of their precepts were deplorable) but I submit that this is not the sickly moralizing of the liberal who already knows in his heart where he will stand when the stuff hits the fan. For one thing, Nelson does not protest that he is worried about the fate of black Americans. He has enough respect for us to believe that we are no

more or less suicidal than any other people, and that we are students enough of recent European history to realize that passivity will not stay the hand of the executioner. Rather he knows that we know that we must make it so costly and dangerous for the executioner that he will be forced to think of alternative final solutions.

Nelson is concerned with the state of his own salvation and that of the larger North American community. He knows that some thinking white Americans must recognize in their own traditions the legitimacy of black revolution, and act on that recognition, or nothing that is worth saving in this civilization will survive. There is no real similarity between Nelson and my English reactionary friend mentioned earlier. For one thing Nelson is neither cynical nor rich—he is in fact by our material considerations a poor white, despite his many accomplishments. Being twice over 30 he ought to have given up this revolutionary business long ago and found a comfortable little niche for himself somewhere. Instead, he has produced books like *The Sin of the Prophet*, *The Passion of the Brook* and *Torture of Mothers* (the last a damning exposure of the real causes of the Harlem rebellion of 1964).

I first heard of Truman Nelson in 1962 when he wrote a brilliant introductory essay to *Negroes With Guns* by Robert F. Williams, the black leader who had been driven into exile as a result of his militant defense of the black community in the riots of August, 1961, in Monroe, N.C. We who were there did not fully realize it then, but our real objective was to take power from the racist government of Union County. In his essay, Nelson quoted Dr. Martin Luther King's famous paraphrase from Gandhi: "We will match your capacity to endure suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet physical force with soul force."

Nelson was outraged, for he understood that Williams had been acting in the best tradition of John Brown and the white and black abolitionists who followed him to the attack on Harper's Ferry, there to be vilified and hanged. Wrote Nelson: "No, I say, an everlasting No! to this. Two hundred years of appeal by accumulative suffering to the hearts of racists is enough, enough, enough! The American Negro is not a downtrodden Hindu, a palpitating mass of ingrained and inborn submission to being put in his place, a citizen of a land so impoverished and barren that a lifetime of abject starvation is the common lot, a land where living is so hard that men want a God so they can hate him.

"The American Negro is a citizen in a rich land, with a citizen's rights and

duty to resist; resist all attempts to deprive him of its manifold blessings. Why should he be urged to go through this Hinduizing to regain the rights he already had in 1776? He was here then, you know, and he fought alongside the rest of us out of the same revolutionary morality, for the same revolutionary rights now re-emphasized in the Fourteenth Amendment."

If I were a white man I would search out the works of Truman Nelson and

try to digest them carefully; and, if I could find my children who despise me for the lie I have been living, I would urge his spirit upon them in an attempt to prove to them that there was one white American left, over 30, who had not dropped out of our libertarian ideals. But, of course, I am not white, and I can no longer be sure how you people think or what you will do. All I do know is that Nelson is one of the few white historians I would want my kids to read.

Truth & Nat Turner: An Exchange

HERBERT APTHEKER

Mr. Aptheker is the director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies and a member of the National Committee of the U.S. Communist Party. He is the author of American Negro Slave Revolts (International), A Documentary History of the Negro People (Citadel) and Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion (Humanities Press).

New York City

DEAR SIR: Questioned concerning the historicity of his novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, William Styron has offered several substantive replies and has encased these in *ad hominem* attacks upon me.

According to *The New York Times*, Mr. Styron, in speaking of my writings, said that they do not "convince me or any other responsible historian," and that "neither I nor anyone else in the field of history has any respect" for Aptheker. Mr. Styron added that in criticizing the novel, "Aptheker is grinding his ideological ax."

The attacks upon my person and my professional reputation constituted, I was told by an attorney, libel on their face; but, this attorney added, Communists in the United States cannot realistically hope for success in libel prosecutions. Perhaps Mr. Styron—or his attorneys—know this and possibly his boldness is thus explained. Rather strenuous efforts on my part to get *The New York Times* to print a reply from me have all failed.

I must note that it is news that Mr. Styron is a historian; it is sensational news that he now may speak for the historical profession.

Mr. Styron replied to some of the substantive points made concerning the distortions in his novel in *The New York Times* stories of February 1 and 11. Among other statements, the reader was told that (1) Styron "had failed to mention that Turner had had a wife [because] this was lacking in contemporary evidence and that, in any case 'marriage during slavery was a travesty.'" (2) He had shown Turner as being taught to read

The October 16, 1967 issue of *The Nation* presented two views of William Styron's novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*: a review by Shaun O'Connell and a note on the historical accuracy of the work by Herbert Aptheker. The essay by Mr. Aptheker touched off a continuing controversy, to which both Mr. Aptheker and Mr. Styron address themselves in the letters which follow.

and write by a benevolent white master rather than by Negroes because "this was an option on my part," lacking any other indications." (3) "To a contention by Herbert Aptheker, the American Communist historian, that the use of Negroes to help crush the Turner rebellion was 'inconceivable,' Mr. Styron cited the analogy of some convicts' refusing to join in prison riots."

William Styron states that he knew the reference to Turner's wife which appears in an 1861 essay by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "but I really can't accept a word-of-mouth reference put down thirty years after the fact." But, of course, Mr. Styron put down a contrary view, 136 years after the fact! Furthermore, Mr. Styron did not do all his homework, or he would have discovered the article, "The Family of Nat Turner," by a member thereof, Mrs. Lucy Mae Turner, appearing in the *Negro History Bulletin* for March, 1955. This is a detailed description of Turner's wife and two children, all separately sold off after the revolt. It contains photographs of Turner's son and daughter-in-law and their child. Nat Turner's son, Gilbert, became a well-known and respected artisan of Zanesville, Ohio, and died there about a decade before the birth of Styron.

As to having a benevolent white master teach Nat Turner to read and write, it is germane here to note that Mr. Styron, in the *Times* account (of February 11) is quoted as making a point that the authen-

ticity of Turner's "Confessions" of 1831 was not questioned. I found one of the few extant copies of this original "Confessions" back in 1935 in Richmond; I affirmed and briefly argued its authenticity in a work completed in 1936. The "Confessions"—in full and verbatim—together with the defense of its authenticity, appear in my book, *Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion*, published eighteen months before Mr. Styron's work.

It is necessary to point to the authenticity of the "Confessions" because in it the court-appointed interrogator of Turner specifically states, of Turner's ability to read and write: "*It was taught him by his parents*" (p. 147 of my book, italics added). Thus, Styron certainly had opposite "indications" but chose the "option" which he did choose and made of this a significant aspect of his work.

Concerning the use of armed black slaves by the masters in Virginia in 1831 to crush Turner's rebellion. I did say that this was inconceivable and hold to that word. But the main thing I said was that it was untrue and that, furthermore, never in the history of slavery in the United States were black slaves armed by their masters for slave-suppressing duties. One who reads Styron's novel and sees the pages devoted to detailed description of black fighting black and recalls that it is this "fact" that finally, in the novel, breaks Turner (but historically the data show he never was morally broken) will understand the full dimensions of this perversion of reality.

Mr. Styron, not being able to deny that, contrary to his novel, blacks did not suppress blacks in the Turner revolt, concentrates on my opinion that this was inconceivable. He offers the analogy of convicts who refrain from participating in prison riots. But, of course, plantations were not penitentiaries—nor were they concentration camps, to use the simile of Styron's mentor, Prof. Stanley Elkins—and slaves were not convicts. Further, of course, not participating is much different from being given the physical means and then actually suppressing.

I have hitherto not felt free to quote from letters written to me by Mr. Styron: his libelous attacks, however, remove such restraints on my part. It may be interesting for others to learn that Styron wrote me—quite out of the blue—on March 9, 1961, saying that he had been reading my *American Negro Slave Revolts* and found it "an admirable book." He added: "I have made much use of it in laying the ground-work for a new novel I am writing, based on Nat Turner's revolt." Then he asked to see the manuscript copy of my earlier study of Turner's rebellion.

Five days later I mailed that manuscript to Mr. Styron; he acknowledged its receipt on March 18. On March 27,

he had finished with it and mailed the manuscript back with a 500-word letter, saying: "I found it a most persuasive and meaningful work, and I think it will prove to be of great value in terms of my own rendition of the man and the insurrection." Mr. Styron continued: "It was a tremendous drama in our history, with great repercussions, and so far as I know you are the only one who has fully analyzed the event with respect to its ultimate effect upon the South and, for that matter, the happenings of the following thirty years."

William Styron Replies

WILLIAM STYRON

Mr. Styron is the author of *Lie Down in Darkness* (Modern Library), *The Long March* (Vintage), *Set This House on Fire* and *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (both Random House).

Roxbury, Conn.

DEAR SIR: Since I don't believe that history, once interpreted, remains impervious to new insights or that I should not be able to accept the wisdom which often evolves from a new understanding of the past, I think that I can explain the "fulness" of 1961 and the "denunciations" of 1968 with little strain at all. We all have letters in our dusty files. I have been told that it is unlawful to quote from them in print without first obtaining the writer's permission, as Mr. Aptheker has failed to do with mine, so I won't follow suit; however, a letter was written to me in 1964 by Mr. Aptheker himself, who sought to solicit my favor in allowing him to use lines from the letter he has just quoted as part of the publicity which was to accompany the publication of his book on Nat Turner. Mr. Aptheker seems to have as good a nose as any bourgeois writer for the opportune plug. At any rate, I refused—I think politely—not because I am adverse to helping a fellow writer along, nor because I did not believe that some of the praise I had set down in my correspondence did not hold true (some of it still does today) but because the fulsomeness which Mr. Aptheker attributes to me was indeed fulsome, especially in the light of the fact that after several years, most of his historical insights no longer appeared to me valid. Exciting new investigations into the nature and effect of American slavery had become available to me, and were persuasive, and I had reread what scanty material existed on Nat Turner's revolt.

While it was true that, in regard to Mr. Aptheker's book on slave revolts, I had "made much use of it in laying the

After describing some of his experiences and feelings while at the scene of the insurrection, Mr. Styron concluded by saying that he was sure my work "will be of great value to me, and I am grateful to you for allowing me to read it."

From these statements and evaluations in 1961 to those of the author of a best-seller today there is a considerable gap. Perhaps the fulsomeness of 1961 is as strained as the denunciations of 1968. At any rate, the reader has both before him; maybe even Mr. Styron can no longer explain them.

groundwork for a new novel" (for "much" read "some" though I might add that his chapter on Nat Turner is, generally speaking, a very competent job and can be read today as a primer on the revolt), I felt no longer that the entire work was "an admirable book"; I saw it to be, rather, tendentious, stonily ideological and filled with "evidence" about the prevalence of slave rebelliousness which now appeared to be dubious in the extreme. As for the other book—the thesis on Nat Turner, which I had read in manuscript—I remembered little about it; but three years after reading it and after having absorbed the work of historians keener and wiser than Mr. Aptheker, I could hardly say to him that what I wrote in a letter in 1961 now struck me as wildly ridiculous without perhaps bruising Mr. Aptheker's feelings. It is a tribute to the soundness of the law regarding the unauthorized publication of letters that it was designed with the knowledge that personal correspondence as such, being an intimate affair even among strangers, may flatter or please or enrage but it is almost never objective testimony to human feelings and their sovereign changeableness and hence comprises unworthy evidence.

Now then, to the more important point of "denunciations." Mr. Aptheker seems to forget that the question of the "historicity" of my book first began in a *Nation* review [Oct. 16, 1967] by Mr. Aptheker himself—an attack which I didn't feel was necessarily *ad hominem* but was certainly based on matters substantive. At any rate, I regret that some of the statements I made in a telephone interview with *The New York Times* came out the way they did in print. For one thing, I did not refer to myself as a "historian" but as a student of history, and I feel myself as qualified to use that phrase as Mr. Aptheker.

I have also long been aware of the fact that Communists, as Mr. Aptheker

points out, cannot realistically hope for success in libel actions, and I find this deplorable; for Mr. Aptheker to imply that I knowingly took advantage of such a situation in order to besmirch his reputation is as underhanded a slander as the one he imputes to me. Anyone who has been concerned with Negro history knows that Mr. Aptheker was making pioneer efforts in the field when few other scholars bothered to concern themselves with this important and difficult subject, and he should receive due credit for his early endeavor. I may or may not have said in my interview with the *Times* that "neither I nor anyone else in the field of history has any respect" for Aptheker, I do not think I did, but if that is the case I owe him an apology. What I would say now without fear of libel is that Mr. Aptheker's rigorously doctrinaire and simplistic notions about the nature of Negro slavery have since rendered his theories suspect in the eyes of practically all of the reputable scholars presently working in the field.

In writing *The Confessions of Nat Turner* I at no time pretended that my narrative was an exact transcription of historical events; had perfect accuracy been my aim I would have written a work of history rather than a novel, one of the advantages of which is its ability to allow a certain free play to the imagination. I stated all this in a preface to the book, and also clearly implied that not only were there some places where the dictates of art caused me to depart from the actuality (such as it can be tenuously known) but large areas where all was quite frankly pure invention. Mr. Aptheker's somber insistence that each departure from "fact" (and how little we know about facts!) represents a sinister distortion on my part has had the sad effect of leading a few of the gullible and naive to construe the book as a "racist" tract. This is too bad, because the book is neither racist nor a tract but a *novel*, an essay of the imagination where the necessities of always questionable "fact" often become subsumed into a larger truth.

The greatest Marxist literary critic, Georg Lukacs, has written in *The Historical Novel*: "The deeper and more genuinely historical a writer's knowledge of the period, the more freely will he be able to move about inside his subject and the less tied he will feel to individual historical data. . . . Every really original writer who portrays a new outlook upon a certain field has to contend with the prejudices of his readers. The image which the public has of any familiar historical figure need not necessarily be a false one. Indeed, with the growth of a real historical sense and of real historical knowledge it becomes more and more accurate. But even this correct image may in certain circumstances be a hindrance to the writer who wishes to reproduce the spirit of an age faithfully

and authentically. It would require a particularly happy accident for all the well-known and attested actions of a familiar historical figure to correspond to the purposes of literature." The truth of this statement is even more compelling when applied not to a Bonaparte or a Cardinal Richelieu or a John Brown, who left in their wake a litter of documents to encumber the creative imagination, but to a Nat Turner, who bequeathed only his fragmentary, enigmatic "Confessions," taken down in a backwoods jail cell by a white man whose own reliability as an amanuensis must be questioned.

As for the matter of Nat Turner's wife, I find it odd that a scholar who

professes to the scrupulosity that Mr. Aptheker does, should accept either Higginson's testimony thirty years later or an article written a full century and a quarter after the event by a "descendant." I did do my homework on this question, since it was Mr. Aptheker himself who sent me the essay in the *Negro History Bulletin*, but I was not convinced by the evidence; it seemed to me as lacking in substance as those queer screeds in genealogical journals which purport to prove that the writer was descended from the bastard offspring of Ulysses S. Grant. Do we have to accept the authenticity of something merely because it has attained the sanctity of print?

There is not a shred of contemporary



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evidence—not a hint, not a single statement either in the original “Confessions” or in the few newspaper accounts—to show that Nat Turner had a wife; putting Lukacs’ flexible theory aside, I might have given the fictional Nat a wife had she been mentioned even fleetingly in the original sources, but no such figure existed. She remains to me as illusory and as insubstantial as those dozens of “great-grandchildren” of Nat who, since the publication of *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, have written to me from all parts of the country, each of them claiming proof of kin. Had Nat Turner been able to spawn so many descendants he would have had no time for an insurrection, though surely he would have gained renown as the most philoprogenitive American in history.

Mr. Aptheker completely misread the account in *The New York Times* concerning the statement I made about the authenticity of the original “Confessions.” I have never questioned their authenticity, whatever semantic emphasis is placed on that word; I am convinced that a white lawyer named Thomas Gray visited Nat Turner in his jail cell a few days before the trial and execution, and after some hours of interrogation wrote the 5,000-word document which both Mr. Aptheker and I have been able to examine. What I do question—and what apparently Mr. Aptheker takes as gospel truth, revealing more faith in the probity of a Southern white lawyer than I do—is the *accuracy* of the “Confessions,” the overall fidelity to the circumstances of Nat’s life and career which Gray maintained during the course of what must have been, considering the hysteria of the moment, an exceedingly difficult and prickly interview.

The entire pedantic, impossibly elevated and formal tone of the “Confessions” makes me believe that they were *not* recorded with “little or no variation” from Nat’s words, as Gray states in his prologue; and so how much during that tense encounter was subtly bent and twisted by the interrogator? Gray was a man of his time, a Southern racist, and as a functionary of the Commonwealth it may well have been to his advantage (and in spite of his disclaimer to the contrary) to distort many things that the helpless prisoner told him, to add things, to leave things out.

None of the many angry critics who have attacked my *Nat Turner* on “racist” grounds have faulted me, for instance, for diverging broadly from the original “Confessions” when, totally without historical support, I caused Nat to invent a difficult strategy whereby he would capture the county seat and proceed to refuge in the Dismal Swamp. There is no mention of such a plan in the “Confessions” yet it is hard to believe that Nat did not have some such scheme and that

Gray did not worm this information out of Nat; the eventual plan finally divulged by Nat was doubtless considered an unfit subject for advertisement or propagation. If presumably my critics can accept this elaborate but totally imaginary feat of strategy—which demonstrates the power of organization that Nat must truly have possessed—they display much less honesty in not being able to accept relatively minor divergences on my part from the original “Confessions,” complaining for instance that the fact that I caused Nat to be taught and reared by a benevolent white master rather than by his parents, as he told Gray, demonstrates the tendentious “racism” of my work—and to this point in a moment.

But let me quote again from Lukacs who, in a brilliant essay in which he erects a bridge between the social insights of Marx and European historical literature, says: “What matters in the novel is fidelity in the reproduction of the material foundations of the life of a given period, its manners and the feelings and thoughts deriving from these. This means that the novel is much more closely bound to the specifically historical, individual moments of a period, than is drama. But this never means being tied to particular historical facts. On the contrary, the novelist must be at liberty to treat these as he likes, if he is to reproduce the much more complex and ramifying totality with historical faithfulness. From the standpoint of the historical novel, too, it is always a matter of chance whether an actual historical fact, character or story will lend itself to the particular method by which a great novelist conveys his historical faithfulness.”

Certainly it was just this and no subtle trickery that dictated my choice of the fictional means by which Nat was educated and reared. Those who have attacked the book on this point have of course seen in such a choice the specter of benevolent paternalism; once again the Negro and his hard-won abilities are willfully by-passed in favor of an image of white superiority, white supremacy. As one critic, Mike Thelwell, writes in a long essay in a forthcoming issue of *The Massachusetts Review*:

This is the Golden Age of Southern Chivalry, and what is being reconstructed for us is the enlightened benevolence of the “Old Dominion” version of slavery, surely the least oppressive serfdom in mankind’s history. This only applies, as Mr. Styron is careful to indicate, to slaves fortunate enough to be owned by the enlightened gentry; it is the poor white overseers, and small landowners who made the lot of slaves unendurable. Surely we have some right to expect serious novelists in 1967 to eschew this kind of fanciful nonsense? Especially if we know that it is pre-

cisely on these large Virginia plantations that the most degrading and debasing form of slavery was developed. Even as early as the 1830s . . . these enlightened aristocrats had begun converting their plantations to breeding farms. . . .

Aside from the fact that careful research by honest investigators has turned up practically no evidence at all of breeding farms ever existing (surely we should expect essayists in *The Massachusetts Review* to abandon this *Mandingo* nonsense?) it remains clear that almost nothing is known of Nat Turner’s childhood and upbringing, and also that “enlightened benevolence” did in truth, alas, exist. Chance dictated my setting Nat in this environment—not to frustrate Mr. Thelwell’s and Mr. Aptheker’s metaphysical fantasy of our hero as an amalgamated black Paul Bunyan and Daniel Boone—a superslave battling against Simon Legree stereotypes of degradation and debasement—but to create an irony which, I suppose, is lost on minds incapable of making an ironic connection: in this case, that slavery in its most bestial form was terrible enough but that it was precisely this enlightened benevolence which in the end ameliorated nothing, instilled a false hope, brought Nat to disaster, and constituted a betrayal at least as cruel as the nightmare of captivity in the Deep South. It was for this reason—“to reproduce the much more complex and ramifying totality with historical faithfulness”—that I chose to have Nat reared in relatively pleasant circumstances by a kindly master, and I could not care less if this fails to correspond to anyone else’s vision of the possibilities or the reality.

At a large gathering in New Haven some time ago, a young Negro wearing the appurtenances of a Black Muslim (and accompanied by a pretty white girl) got up and asked me why I had written such a racist book? Why had I perverted history? Why had I, among other things, set down the impossible scene of armed Negro slaves aiding their master in repelling the insurgents? Why, above all, did I perpetuate the mendacious cliché of the black man being *hopelessly hung up on white women*? He then paraphrased some lines from Mr. Aptheker’s *Nation* review of *Nat Turner* to support his depositions. “Man, it’s a pity,” he said as he sat down beside the admiring blonde, “that LeRoi Jones didn’t write your book,” thereby underscoring a certain obvious pathos.

I made an evasive reply, I believe, since I was a beginner at countering punches at the book, then. I did not explain, as I might now, that neither he nor I nor Herbert Aptheker could in fact ever say that it was inconceivable, much less untrue (how does Mr. Aptheker

know it's untrue?) that armed Negro slaves might, at their master's behest or even voluntarily, rise to defend the only homes they had ever known. I would say now that to me such an eventuality was logically and eminently conceivable, that my guess was as good as the young man's or better—that he was black and I was white but I knew more about the institution of American Negro slavery than he did—and that unless he could offer proof to the contrary I would stand by the choices which, as a novelist, I had made.

I might also say now that I had "perpetuated" the stereotype of the black man's hang-up on white females because I feel it was—quite probably—true; that maybe he himself had such a hang-up and that unless the absurd and puerile hypocrisy ceased, unless Negro males stopped holding hands with them, adoring them, hating them, molesting them, screwing them, marrying them, rejecting them, mocking them, painting them, being involved with them in whatever manner (obviously anyone who *wants* to believe I am a racist can take these words out of context to justify his viewpoint)—I would insist that my own historical in-

sight was as true as anyone's, Nat's fateful impulse valid then as now, and that Nat Turner was hung up on Margaret Whitehead, bashing her brains out because of the same hatred and love and despair that make Americans today as then all hopelessly hung up—black and white—one with the other, wedded inseparably by the error and madness of history. I expect now that I would explain that I felt no need whatever to apologize for any liberty I took with the "facts" concerning a man who still, to me, whatever the fictional transmutations, was a figure of tragic magnitude and nobility.

"Truth of passions, verisimilitude of feelings in imagined circumstances," writes Lukacs, quoting Pushkin, "that is what our mind demands of the dramatic writer." And Lukacs concludes: "The writer's historical fidelity consists in the faithful artistic reproduction of the great collision, the great crises and turning-points of history. To express this historical conception in an adequate artistic form the writer may treat individual facts with as much license as he likes, for mere fidelity to the facts of history without this connection is utterly valueless."

Book Without a Label

FURROWS. By Charlie Cobb. *Flute Publications, Tougaloo, Miss. (Distributed by SNCC).* 59 pp. \$3.

GREN WHITMAN

Mr. Whitman is an organizer for the Inter-Faith Peace Mission in Baltimore, and was a SNCC volunteer and staff member from 1964 to 1966.

Furrows is only the label that's been put on this book of poems to satisfy U.S. copyright laws. A book without a label isn't really a book, according to the copyright people, so Charlie Cobb has tacked a label on his book, saying O.K., call it *Furrows*, one label's just as good as another. Or as bad.

But to the people for whom he wrote his poems, Cobb said: "There is no title to this book. It is not finished. It begins in struggle and ends in struggle, with interludes of peace woven through the fabric of words and photographs. When black America's struggle is finished, when black children will look in a mirror and see a symbol of resistance, a symbol of beauty, blessed by the color of their skin and the strength of their heritage, then this book will be finished."

In January, 1966, Cobb wrote a report for SNCC about the Poor People's Conference held in Mount Beulah, Miss., a meeting of black Mississippi plantation

workers. He said that the meeting was "three days of talking to let out lifetimes of denial. To understand that what they needed was not going to be given them. To plan how to take."

The people had been waiting for a six-month demonstration food distribution program promised by the federal government. Two months before, in November, the state of Mississippi had received \$1.6 million to cover the costs of distributing \$24 million worth of surplus food. "To date," Cobb wrote, "none of the food [had] been distributed and the winter [was] half over." The people weren't interested in a sixmonthdemonstrationfooddistributionprogram. It was food they needed.

Most of his report was quotes.

Voice: "At night we lay down so worried so bad 'bout what we gonna feed our children the next morning, we can't rest at night. 'Cause I can't. Lay over an' work my pillow with tears 'bout my little children. Git up the next morning an' wonder where I'm gonna get my next meal from for my children."

Voice: "I believe in the Bible myself, but when you say 'Lord I'm hungry, give me some food,' you might as well say 'Lord I'm starving, let me die quick-ly.'"

Voice: "If we gonna take it, I wanna

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take it. You can call that radical, extreme, or whatever you want, an' I don't give a damn about that. I wanna know who is ready. Is you mad enough to stay 'till we get that 24 million?"

The people had been talking about moving onto the deserted Greenville (Miss.) Air Force Base, moving into the empty barracks so much better than their own shacks or tents, asking the U.S. Government to fly the surplus food they weren't getting to the base. They'd unload it, they said.

And move on they did, about forty of them. Stokelyed up a fire in one of the empty barracks. Put up a sign—THIS IS OUR HOME. PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews of the Mississippi Air National Guard, about half an hour later, knocked. "You are trespassing on government property," the Colonel said. The people gave him a leaflet explaining why they were there—demanding food, jobs, job training, income, land. "My only concern is with this building," said Colonel Andrews.

Thirty hours later, Major General Puryear and 150 air policemen marched up to the barracks and knocked. Heads.

"All the people expelled from the base began an 8-mile walk back to town along the highway," Cobb wrote. One of the photographs in his book is one Cobb took as the people were being knocked off the air base. A hurt woman. Not physically hurt—how many different ways can a person hurt?—hurt by that blurred line of flat-hatted Air Force cops standing behind her, who would presently be riding back to Greenville after they'd "secured" the deserted barracks. Riding, the air cops would pass her and her companions walking that long, cold 8 miles back to town. Hungry. (At least when you're busted you get fed.)

O.K. The poems.

From "L.A.—The Order of Things":

*It is you
who feels the pain
for ■ burning supermarket
and cannot
hear the cries
of a hungry child.*

Cobb doesn't like capital letters because they remind him too much of supermarketowners, or anyone else you have to call "cap'n mister boss mansir." And he doesn't like too many periods, either, because periods say this is ended, done, go on to something else, and Cobb's folks aren't finished yet.

*Says a man
standing
in
his black
with his together black
and in the flickering
fire red*

*white bled
black dead
night?
You
gave me the bottle
and taught me
to
empty
its burning inside my body. I
gave it back.
Stuffed
with the rags you made me wear
Kerosened
with my sweat
Lit
with the match
of your oppression
Burning baby
burning
i feel the fire
burn
baby
burn
feeling froggy
got
got
to
leap.*

Another poem:

Mekonsippi #1

*Yeah
the mississippi
runs into the mekong
get the boat at harlem
sail red rivers
black seas
or walk
from cotton to rice
from cement to silt
Vietnam
and
Amsterdam*

*avenues of whitey's wars
Mekonsippi
the 17th isn't parallel
doesn't
divide*

Cobb was in Vietnam last spring as an investigator for Bertrand Russell's war crimes tribunal, that judgment ignored just as hungry Americans are ignored. Having collected evidence here, Cobb was collecting more evidence in Vietnam.

To Vietnam

*carpet cover many floors
where i come from
but none kiss the sky.
i have never known before
fields that filled the hungry
i have never stood free
to sun, to son.
wind has never sung song
of nation in my black face.*

I haven't seen anything else Cobb wrote about Vietnam, but his book tells exactly what he saw. He's seen the same things here—crimes against peace, crimes against humanity. Sammy Young shot through his head in Alabama by an Esso gas station attendant because he wanted to use the men's room—"for we the fools/who want/a place to/piss in peace/Can only find the alley."

Cobb in Vietnam, thinking about "Jimmy Lee Jackson shot/by a cop/protecting Alabama/as he'd been taught/And as he'd always seen/the country protect itself."

"So cry not just (says Cobb in a poem dated April, 1965) for jackson or reeb/schwerner, goodman/or chaney/or lee/cry for all mothers/with shovels/digging at hovels/looking for their dead."

Poems of a Japanese Sojourn

THE HEART'S GARDEN/THE GARDEN'S HEART. By Kenneth Rexroth. Pym-Randall Press. 47 pp. \$4.

RICHARD EBERHART

Mr. Eberhart, who teaches at Dartmouth, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1966. His most recent book is *Thirty One Sonnets*. A new book of poems, *Shifts of Being*, will be published this year by Oxford University Press.

Kenneth Rexroth's new book comprises ten short philosophical poems concerning his Japanese sojourn last spring. These poems are unnumbered, vary from 2 to 6 pages in length, are written in his characteristic, mainly three-beat line without rhyme, and the poems are separated by calligraphic symbols taking up a page each.

Rexroth's is the best kind of meditative poetry. Except for explicit Oriental

references these poems could have been written in San Francisco. They are of a piece with his serene philosophic poems of the last quarter century. Many years ago he studied the Orient and made comments on India, China and Japan not unlike those in this book. Rexroth, one of the most civilized internationalists, is at home in Eastern as well as Western conceptions of life, death and fate. Some painterly qualities remain from a style earlier than his long achieved serene poem of philosophical equilibrium.

In the thirties he wrote wild poems, nervous and surreal. He wrote explosive poems as late as the death of Thomas, but in general Rexroth has settled down to the universal validity of stating simple and deep truths in a natural way.

In reading Rexroth we are not excited by Hopkins turns and tricks nor by Howlishness. The river of Li Po, Tu Fu or Wang Wei is the same river he sees.

It has been flowing a long time. He contemplates the Buddha, Krishna. The hawk and the butterfly are ever the same, also "The contemplative mysteries/Of the garden to five/Remarkably beautiful/Young women." "The water of life runs/Quick through dry reeds." "Far/Away the Himalayas/Guard the world from all trouble."

ART / Max Kozloff

Compared to our knowledge of Austen and Arnold, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Shelley, or Ruskin, we know appreciatively little about their contemporaries in English painting. Or rather, we used to know little. Patient, slow-mounting research, exemplified in many recent studies, has now culminated in a grand portmanteau exhibition, "Romantic Art in Britain, 1760-1860," shortly to conclude its stay at the Philadelphia Museum. (Detroit's Institute of Arts was co-ordinator.) The giants of this period, Blake, Constable and Turner, are scanted in the show—reasonably—in order to reveal the broad generative span, and the fullest reaches of their tradition. It is a record of a civilization, a cornucopia of sentiment, backing into the modern age not so much by the surface of its Victorian propriety as by the inner tricklings of its emotion, and the reluctant modulations of its form.

Of a spectacle so detailed in its disorderliness, the greatest temptation is to find for it some apt formulas or token generalization. Thus, for instance, subject may be subsumed by mode. Fuselli's pity and terror, Wright of Derby's scientific or industrial genre, Stubbs's slick or terrified horses, the water-color views of Cotman, Girtin and Prout, the religio-historical-erotic scenes of Haydon and Etty, the anecdotal social panoramas of Frith, and finally, the moralistic Gothic revivalism of the Pre-Raphaelites: all these may be thought to declaim or to converse, to generalize or to specify. The attitudes they render may be heroic or domestic; the nature they portray may instruct or delight. It is a matter of scenario and syntax far more than of philosophy and sentience that engages the attention.

Unfortunately, these polarities do not sufficiently distinguish the Britishness of these painters. For such characteristics are to be found everywhere in the art sponsored by the 19th-century bourgeoisie, proud of its new-found economic power, and eager to see recorded visual homilies of its family life, historical pageants flattering to its upward sense of nationalism, or fantasies projec-

Rexroth sees the eternal in the instant eternal symbols in existential realizations. It is the poetry of the calm of flowing waters. His is a deeply satisfying, profoundly philosophic poetry of world realization. No need to shout. No need to praise. His is the art to accept the vastness of life and give us his pure sense of it, serene, open.

ting a yearning for a simpler and more Arcadian, or more exotic and colorful existence than that of the increasingly routinized present. The duality of the art that mirrored these aspirations was a common phenomenon throughout Europe, and as problematical as it sounds. For, as Geraldine Pelles writes, "idealism seeks to harmonize contradictory qualities in one form, which realism pretends merely to record in their multiplicity."

The intermediate and overlapping stage between idealism and realism is what we call Romanticism. Into the dilemma of reconciling various set norms with limitlessly differential observation, the Romantics injected their note of commitment to feeling—feeling as the point of origin, and the communication of feeling as the operative function of the work of art. Often, however, it seems that the discovery of the self, with its cult of genius, and its heightened, confessional exploration of the passions of the artist, is largely a psychic coloring passing through the representational patterns of the early century. Only when the pattern no longer seems adequate to the burden of his feelings and his values does he attempt to convert means into ends and surmount a pictorial convention with a new stylistic equivalent of his impulse. The accelerated capacity for such change, marked by the increased self-consciousness of the artist, is the distinguishing feature of Romanticism.

It is precisely this that seems absent from the British Romantic painters, even as their work is replete with the iconographical paraphernalia of Romanticism. They may be completely caught up with the historicity of their subjects, but they do not see themselves as playing a potential historical role. There is no overarching artistic principle that they must fight for, no real competing ideologies of the past or for the future. Many among them are embittered, hermetic, or frustrated, but they do not visualize their plight as a modern malaise. Their sense of the present is

engaged with the narrative or illustrational techniques that give experience a comforting vicariousness; they are rarely so absorbed in their experience as to be obliged to remake it. The latter might have induced some sense of privateness, let alone immediacy into this art. Yet, with the exception of the extraordinary Samuel Palmer, this painting, whether it chanced to find a market or not, is a public, even a popular one. Landseer, the most celebrated and meretricious painter of his era, does not alter in kind, only in degree, the rhetorical strategies of his fellow artists.

All the intensity, curiosity and religiosity which greet us in this art do not result in a seriousness which can question itself. Rather, it is tooled—as the most advanced division of labor and rationalized technology of its day was tooled—to find material extensions of the visible world. It can manipulate or moralize, but it cannot reorder that world because it has no radical political or aesthetic premise upon which to act. That is why, if the most indigenous feature of the British Romantic painters is the level on which they are dedicated to service the informational and sentimental needs of a vast audience, there are no Goyas or Daumiers among them. England was too comparatively liberal a context to nourish upheaval. Even the Pre-Raphaelites, so populist in subject, but elitist in attitude, and so reactionary in their view of the industrial revolution, are merely endorsing

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wide-spread anxieties about the dehumanization of the early machine age. If you criticized society, you still had no need to stand outside it. For Victorian imperial England had not gone through the convulsions of contemporary France, and could not give rise in its art to anger, irony, despair, or even any fundamental alienation. Only two works in the present show reflect any direct consciousness of bleak social conditions. The first, George Frederick Watts's "The Irish Famine," is a feeble, dim-colored family group reminiscent of the theme of the "Rest On the Flight To Egypt." The other, Henry Wallis' quite haunting painting of a dead stone breaker, takes its cue from the social perorations of Carlyle.

But neither dissidence nor humanitarian conscience were required to give creative tension to Romantic painting. It was rather, the externalized personal encounter of the individual with the demands of his own imagination, that imbued it with life. No matter with what zeal the artists in this exhibition pursue the possibilities of naturalistic representation, few give or would have wished to give evidence of that personal encounter. Nor is it any more apparent in the visionary extravaganzas of Francis Danby or John Martin. This does not at all mean that the frozen gestures of pathos or ardor are stereotypes imposed by a philistine patronage. On the contrary, it implies a natural participation of the artist in a well-knit community of hopes, aspirations and myths, all the more remarkable since neither the Grand Style nor any fixed dynastic structure could offer a consistent program for artistic endeavor. There is no more license in this work, no more unbridled and genuine exhibition of self, than is calculable in the energetic and repressed culture that called it into being. British differs from French Romantic art by its greater façade of diffidence, its unawakened age, and by the apparent continuity of its perceptions between artist and audience through which portrayal itself easily yields communication.

It would also appear to differ from the French, pictorially. Nowhere is this more evident than in the lack of "body" in this painting. Despite a virtuoso handling of the medium, one observes throughout a thinness of density, whether in the buoyancy of certain images or the glassiness of certain surfaces. And while this obviously does not preclude many airy effects or a spontaneous lightness of touch, it is foreign to a sensuous response to the substance of paint itself. On the contrary, in view of the sophisticated illusionism desired and achieved, a marked impasto would have been an intrusive factor—would have clogged the transparency of the ob-

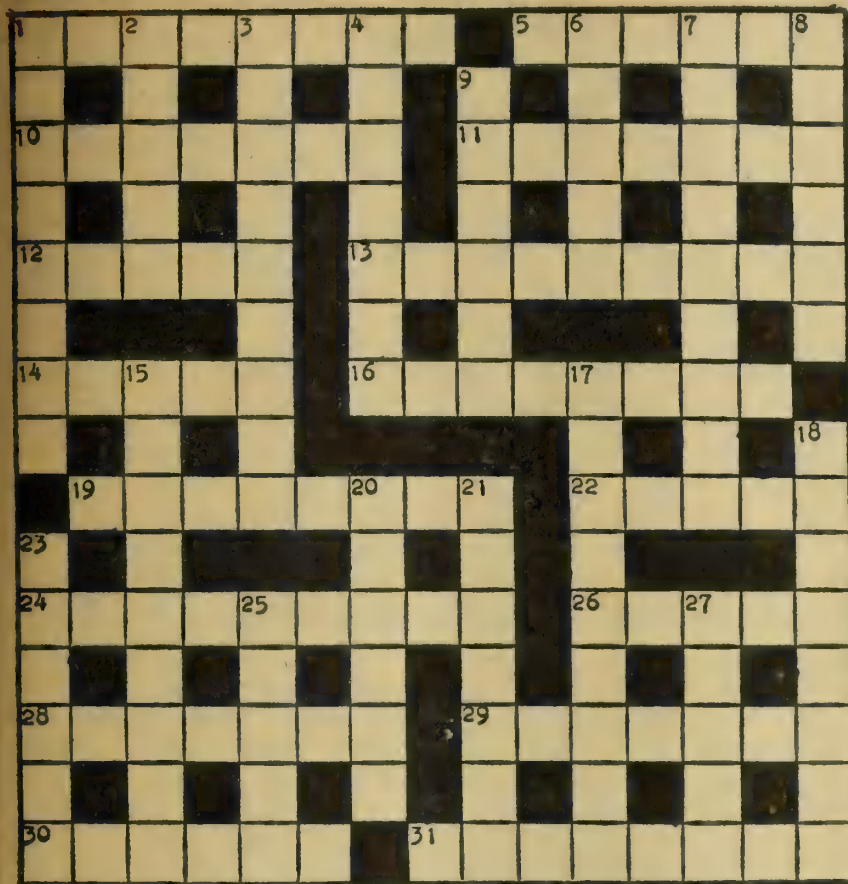
servation. Diaphanous or crystalline matrices of space dominate the exhibition. Bonnington, with his wind-swept bravura skies is perhaps the major exception—the Bonnington who had been trained and worked most of his short life in France. As for Constable, his handling does take on weight rather in the fascinating bouffant manner of cotton candy gaining bulk. Turner strives to impart tangibility to translucence itself. The impact of the water-color tradition had been to identify this aerial sensibility with light, and the transmission to landscape of an almost obsessive luminosity could early express a longing for the Infinite on one hand, and a microscopic freshness of texture by about mid-19th-century, on the other. With the Pre-Raphaelites, it is curious to see images as minute as blades of grass raise ridges on the otherwise uninflected surface. This preciousness could even go so far as Palmer's magnificent fetishism, when he describes one of his surfaces as "all sprinkled and showered with a thousand pretty eyes, and buds . . . and blossoms, gemm'd with dew" (quoted by Nicholas Pevsner).

The terminal stretches of the show register an icily controlled and color-heightened pictorial topography whose expressive force is quite at variance with the banality of its subject matter. The torrent of such craftsmanship in Ford Madox Brown's "The Pretty Baa-Lams" has stupefying brilliance. And John Brett's velvet and marbelized "The Val d'Aosta" is a landscape so weirdly sun-dappled that it could have been conceived by Alfred Hitchcock. No less uncanny is the clinical luridness of John Everett Millais' "The Rescue," firemen and children bathed in the cerise reflections of an unseen flame. But it is in the exasperated finish and fanatical spirituality of Palmer's mask in the "Portrait of the Artist as Christ" that a virtual Romanticism turns into an actual one. The hyperacuity of vision in Victorian art here engulfs the mundane care in work, the story-book approach to experience, and stares you down with a wide-eyed gaze of revelation.

For a labor of scholarship that must have equalled some of the doggedness of their subjects, the catalogue by Allen Staley and Frederick Cummings deserves commendation from all historians. Their punctiliousness has not resulted in lifting British Romantic art into any unexpectedly higher stature. But its knolls and crevices, moors and crags are better displayed than at any time previously. It is a bucolic, rolling terrain, for the most part, whose respectable if cloying horizontality is occasionally rent by an exalted height.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1246

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 25 down Gets exposed to the elements on journeys and puts a seal on one's sash. (7-6)
- 5 Looks threatening! (6)
- 10 Fruit? Go back inside to find out where the porcelain is coming from. (7)
- 11 Shed blood after a struggle, but sounded cheerful! (7)
- 12 and 15 down The best 2 down isn't likely to be circular. (5-5,4)
- 13 Do they remember such things as hour-glasses? (3,6)
- 14 Made of cedar, proved itself in the heat, perhaps. (5)
- 16 Only skelter's helter-skelter—and somewhat hawkish. (8)
- 19 One might have to give it if challenged; one does it along with playing "gossip." (7)
- 22 In the spring, alternatively, one might expect to see the urban leader. (5)
- 24 The locations of high-level jobs? (9)
- 26 Diamond and pearl, of sorts. (5)
- 28 And these might be included in 26, also—at least they have an inclination to be so. (7)
- 29 Even a regular habit might be. (7)
- 30 Those who do might soon expect to be in 29. (7)
- 31 The way one might consent to write about the craft of the Owl and the Pussy-cat descriptively? (3-5)

DOWN:

- 1 Rife? It might be out of control. (8)
- 2 Weapon, alternatively protection against weapons? (5)

- 3 In an old-fashioned way, called about the middle of the month. (Or do they appear almost twice daily?) (4,5)
- 4 A German city is otherwise coming up with the ordinary type. (7)
- 6 Dog of Germanic or Gibraltar-like extraction. (5)
- 7 The college of Wellington? (9)
- 8 Count the reason for calling one this? (It's peculiarly unhappy at first!) (6)
- 9 One of these is not necessarily rubber, though there might be such an association with a health movement. (6)
- 17 Sending forgiveness in so doing? (9)
- 18 Obviously a new person in the class. (8)
- 20 Responsible for the blowing of Danny Kaye's ill wind? (6)
- 21 Placed inside the wrong side outside, causing an argument? (7)
- 23 A thin strip held by the Southern Pacific Railroad? (6)
- 25 See 1 across
- 27 Having a tendency towards lying? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1245

ACROSS: 1 Potherb; 5 and 29 Good-for-nothing; 9 Pretend; 10 Areaway; 11 Epact; 12, 15 and 17 Gasconade; 13 Anita; 14 Solicit; 16 Snagged; 18 Repined; 21 Coerced; 24 and 2 down After the Fall; 26 Sop; 30 Salvagers; 31 Soy bean. DOWN: 1 Peppers; 3 Elect; 4 Bedight; 6 and 5 down Opera glasses; 7 and 27 across Fowling piece; 8 Reynard; 18 Reasons; 19 Pitiful; 20 Deserts; 21 Copings; 22 Crevice; 23 Sten gun; 25 Ruche; 27 and 28 Petty officer.

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

revolt in Taiwan

Durham, N.C.

DEAR SIRs: My own, more limited knowledge of the subject indicates that Marilyn Young's "Formosa: Solidarity of Gloom" [*The Nation*, Mar. 4] is an accurate and a perceptive description of the current plight of intellectuals in Taiwan. . . . I must dissent, however, from her inference that the conditions which she describes are likely to produce some kind of explosion which will undermine or perhaps even destroy the present regime in Taiwan.

The future of Taiwan will be determined for the most part not by its intelligentsia but rather by the loyalties of its 600,000-man army, its peasants, who comprise the vast majority of the population, and the economically powerful leaders of the Taiwanese business community. Like Mrs. Young, I spent the last months of 1966 and the early part of 1967 in Taiwan. . . . I became much involved with persons having considerable knowledge of conditions in Chiang Kai-shek's army, and I heard from them nothing which made me feel that any part of that army would support the kind of insurrection Mrs. Young seems to have in mind. As for the peasants, undoubtedly they are unhappy about high taxes, as well as corruption and extortion . . . but my own, admittedly limited, observations suggest that an effective program of land reforms and rising living standards in the countryside have made the Taiwanese peasantry much less discontented and rebellious than are the peasants in many other Asian countries.

Conversations with a close friend of more than ten years' standing who happens to be one of the most important of the younger leaders of the Taiwanese business community indicate that, although this community shares many of the grievances which the intelligentsia have with respect to the Nationalist regime, its members are too preoccupied with enriching themselves to assume the leadership of or perhaps even take part in any movement aimed at overthrowing the present government.

Donald C. Gillin
Department of History, Duke University

Hanover, N.H.

DEAR SIRs: I must agree with Professor Gillin that the potential for revolution in Taiwan is low at the moment. Two events might change this: a severe economic depression and/or a sloppy transition period at the time of Chiang Kai-shek's death. In a crisis, American policy could have a decisive impact, and my article was written in the hope, however dim, of influencing that policy.

Marilyn Young

UN reporter

Oradell, N.J.

DEAR SIRs: The editorial by Anne Tuckerman ["Once More, With Blood," *The Nation*, Apr. 8] was welcome reading. It gave a temperate, succinct account of both sides of the tangled Arab-Israeli dispute now being discussed by the UN Security Council.

B. Ruben

Jesse Newlon

DEAR SIRs: To supplement the Newlon Papers in the University of Denver Library, and for a biography, we seek correspondence and reminiscences concerning Jesse Homer Newlon (1882-1941), influential figure in the Progressive Education movement as Denver school superintendent (1920-27) and professor of educational administration, Teachers College, Columbia University (1927-41).

Theodore R. Crane, Charles Angeletti
History Department,
University of Denver, Denver, Colo. 80210

EDITORIALS

'Shoot To Kill!'—Daley

On April 15, Dick Gregory called a news conference in Chicago to announce that he was dropping plans for demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention, because in view of the temper of the Negroes and the "ethnic groups" there was no way to insure against civil violence on a scale heretofore unknown in this country. Gregory, a man of proved personal courage, wanted none of this blood on his conscience. His action was that of a responsible public citizen.

On that very same day, Mayor Richard J. Daley, appearing on television in an angry, blustering mood, directed his police chief to issue a written order to the force to shoot any future arsonists and looters. In the case of arsonists, the police were to "shoot to kill," the individual officer thereby constituting himself judge, jury and executioner on the spot. In the case of looters, the Mayor ordered the police to shoot only to "maim or cripple"; he evidently has an exaggerated idea of the accuracy of hand guns under riot conditions.

The contrast between Daley, the mayor of a great city, and Gregory, a comedian by profession but also a formidable public citizen, could hardly be sharper. It is a juxtaposition that should make the average citizen think. It has certainly had that effect on some un-average citizens, like Mayor Lindsay of New York. It is always dismaying when a powerful public official makes a fool of himself—viciously foolish in this instance—and it is reassuring when he gets a bad press, as Daley did.

The fact is that from any practical standpoint, Daley does not know what he is talking about. No doubt, he is quaking lest disorder during the Democratic convention should redound to his personal discredit and damage the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be. But if that is what is eating him, he should have learned something from the series of riots that followed the assassination of Dr. King. Cyrus R. Vance, at one time Deputy Secretary of Defense, is also an expert on riots and street fighting. He was present throughout the fighting in Detroit last summer and issued a sharply critical report on the handling of that situation, and on April 5 when rioting broke out in the national capital he was called in immediately as a special assistant to Mayor Walter E. Washington. "We learn from each incident," Vance said, comparing the two situations. Daley learns nothing; he just blusters.

Violence begets violence. In the Detroit disorders more than thirty people were killed, almost all of them Negroes. In Washington, with Negroes making up 60 per cent of the population, the situation was potentially worse but the death toll there was limited to ten, of which seven were clearly linked to rioting. It was a big outbreak, with more than 900 fires, all in the ghetto as usual, and more than 6,000 persons arrested. But less than thirty shots were fired. "We applied here the lessons we learned in Detroit," Vance summed it up. His technique is to handle riots with "the minimum use of force."

With a minimum use of force there should be coupled

a maximum *display* of force before violence, arson and looting get under way. There are many other considerations. *Business Week* (April 13) has an informative summary of what has been learned to date; it should be read by all public officials and especially by hotheads like Richard J. Daley.

It is a multifaceted problem. Consider the human aspect. When, as in Newark, ill-trained police and National Guardsmen, many of them hardly more than boys, are let loose to engage in saturation shooting (often at one another) and generally undisciplined conduct, there are unnecessary and inexcusable casualties. On the day of the Daley outburst, a funeral was being held for a 19-year-old Negro divinity student who had been killed as a looter by the Trenton police the week before. Trenton civil rights officials have affidavits from witnesses who say that the youth was trying to *prevent* disorder.

The rights of the owners of property are secondary but by no means to be neglected. It is true that there is no justification for victimizing shopkeepers in ghetto neighborhoods (even though some of them may have been overcharging or swindling their customers). To defend the robbing or even exploiting of shopkeepers smacks of the same type of reasoning as Mayor Daley's diatribe. But looting can be kept to a minimum by the methods proved by previous experience, and without either killing people or allowing pillage to go unpunished.

The larger problem is not how to cope with riots but how to cure the complex of social diseases of which riots are only a symptom. Gregory spoke along that line at the Yale senior class dinner during his fast in protest against the Vietnamese War. "As far as I am concerned," Gregory said, "the number-one problem confronting this country today is not the problem of air pollution but the problem of moral pollution. You young kids who are going out to face the world . . . are going to have to face this problem like no Americans have ever had to face it. . . . Don't get me wrong. I am not here asking you to do a damn thing for colored folks [but] you are going to have to deal with this problem. . . . You'll have to understand it. You will have to become a little more honest than we have been."

Honesty is a skill more difficult to learn than the gunning down of fleeing looters, but the one builds a society while the other spreads a jungle.

War and Peace and Money

The stock market has been reflecting the wistful desire of the American people for peace, but the rise in prices and volume during the week of April 8 was more a financial knee jerk than a rational response. For one thing, peace is not in sight. Even if Johnson, Rusk and Rostow turned overnight into apostles of reason and good will, they would have to reckon with the rulers of Thailand, South Korea and South Vietnam, all committed to victory or everlasting slaughter. Unless, at some crucial juncture, the United States threatens to withdraw its air power and other assistance from these perpetual hawks, Johnson's successor will be halfway through his term before the major fighting can be stopped.

Still, the war will end sometime, and then what? Leav-

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ing aside the really tough jobs, such as making the ghetto warrens fit for human habitation, consider just one third-level transition which at modest expense could produce great benefits within a single existing sector of technology. At the March convention of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Dr. Alan R. Kahn, a professor of anesthesiology at the University of Illinois School of Medicine, pointed out that important contributions can be made to public health programs by the application of defense-oriented electronics. He added, however, that for bureaucratic, legislative and financial reasons, and given the mores of the free-enterprise system, it is difficult to beat swords into plowshares.

Aside from a special situation like this, a general difficulty is the sheer magnitude of the funds involved and the vested interests that have got control of the key jobs and political power. The annual defense budget is about \$80 billion, but that is only the current expenditure. In the *Pacific Historical Review* (November, 1967) of the University of California, James L. Clayton, an assistant professor of history at the University of Utah, has a dismaying article on "The Impact of the Cold War on the Economies of California and Utah, 1946-1965." He selected two different states to avoid giving a one-sided picture, California, of course, gets most of the work: from 1951 through 1965 the Department of Defense gave that swollen state \$67.2 billion in prime defense contracts (and that was before the peak of spending for Vietnam). Some of the money left the state in subcontracting but some came in by the same route; by all indications, the bulk of it stayed in the aptly named Golden State. Certainly the \$20 billion in research and development contracts did. More than \$50 billion in defense spending has been concentrated in Los Angeles County alone, with an overflow into neighboring Orange County, which increased manufacturing employment there more than tenfold since 1950.

California's universities, think tanks and industries picked up \$4.5 billion just in R&D funds in fiscal 1965. If the Defense Department and NASA research funds alone were sharply curtailed, not to speak of Vietnam, Ph.D.s would be jumping out of windows.

Clayton suggests that defense spending may have been "the single most important economic and demographic factor in the history of the Far West during the last two decades." Since all parts of the country are financially intertwined, it is scarcely possible to think of sharp cutbacks without great danger to the whole system. Even when the war ends—and in the doubtful event that Congress will then be willing to divert to useful purposes a substantial part of the \$30 billion a year being poured into that rat-hole—it will be years before much of a start can be made on eradicating the slums, educating the uneducated, and providing jobs for people who never had any (and who, in point of harsh fact, are not needed in the free-enterprise economy).

The people who bought more than 20 million shares of stock on a single day—and during the week of April 8 drove the Dow-Jones industrial average up 40 points—must have been living in that dream world which, more than once, has dominated the Street which is supposed to be the canniest of them all.

Politics, New Style

Like children learning to swim—making terrified splashes and taking in mouthfuls of water—the politicians are trying to learn to keep their heads above the new political environment in which they find themselves. It is difficult, but if democracy is to work, both the people and the politicians must make the adjustment.

As soon as Kennedy entered the lists, there was a spate of old-style, old-politics speculation about moves to "stop Kennedy." Part of this effort, beyond any doubt, was the attempt at St. Louis to get the Democratic Governors to erect a roadblock in a hurry. It was engineered by Gov. John Connally, who is slated to be Mr. Humphrey's running mate on the stand-in-for-LBJ ticket. But the Governors balked. As Tom Wicker put it, they showed a not unnatural disinclination to lay their heads on the block. Instead, taking a much more comfortable position, they declined to "stop or promote" any candidate. Most of them will show up at the convention as favorite sons. In theory, of course everyone is in favor of "open" conventions, but these are a rarity in practice. This one, however, promises to be more open than usual—a good thing in itself.

The underlying movement is suggested by Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey—that the primaries, the polls and the campaigns will "tell the people something." By present indications, they will. The freer the delegates are to act, once they get the message, the better will be the future outlook for American politics. That future also takes on a rosier hue because young voters, and young people not yet old enough to vote, are trying to tell the politicians something. No less than 40 per cent of the 21-to-29 age group are independents. Parties mean virtually nothing to these future majorities. They vote for men and issues. In this sense, a freer style of politics is emerging.

The GOP, despite its fixation on the past, cannot resist the gravitational pull of the massive new bodies in political space. F. Clifton White, a national political strategist who has been serving as a paid consultant to the California Republican delegation, predicts that Nixon will not make it on the first ballot. Sen. Thruston Morton says the same. White foresees an "open pragmatic affair," which is probably going a bit far, but it could be more open than anybody thought possible a while ago. Parties, if they wish to survive, must nowadays learn to respond to voter preferences; hence it behooves the delegates to ascertain what the voters are thinking, by contrast with the time when only the delegates had seen or known the candidates.

These changes, wrought largely by television, should dissipate some of the political idiocies of the past, such as the "balanced ticket"—Al Smith and a Dixiecrat (who remembers Joseph T. Robinson?), Franklin D. Roosevelt and John Nance Garner, JFK and LBJ, etc. When sectionalism was a key factor, this kind of balancing made some sense, but it was never a good idea, for it produced weak or unfit Vice Presidential candidates. LBJ was an "accidental" President who did not expect to be nominated for Vice President. Truman was another ticket balancer, and the notion that he was a great President, or even a very good one, is dissipating. His greatest accomplishment was following Churchill blindly into the cold war.

Nowadays we need in effect four Presidents—the two men best qualified for the Presidency in both parties. That would be an improvement on the worn routines, gimmicks, dodges and maneuvers of the old politics, and it might turn out to be a vital improvement in times so perilous. Without such a change, the New Politics is only the old in a new dress. Whether the change can be effected is a test of the parties, the voters and the ethos of this country, now approaching its second centennial.

Postscript to an Article

Journalism is, or should be, a cooperative, ongoing endeavor. One publication—by luck or diligence—turns up a piece of a story, which prompts some other publication to do some fresh digging, and this in turn adds a bit more to the story; over a period of time the full facts are disclosed. As a case in point, *The Nation* on January 22 carried an article entitled "Restaurant Workers: The Thumb in Labor's Soup" by Burton Hall, which dealt with some of the odd activities of Restaurant Workers Local 11 in New York City and of Fred Ferrara, the \$500-a-week president of the union. Predictably, we received indignant protests from Mr. Ferrara and from Harold L. Luxemburg, attorney for the local, which we published (March 11) along with a rejoinder from Burton Hall. Then, on March 22, a high official of Local 11 was indicted for perjury involving suspected misuse of the union's funds.

Still more recently, *The Wall Street Journal* (April 12) ran a three-column story captioned: "Restaurant Union Under Fire: New York City Local Is Suspected of Ties with Mafia and Misuse of Welfare Funds," which pounced on Local 11 with still more disclosures. One or two further reports of this kind, with a little cooperation from local, state and federal officials, should make it possible for the members of Local 11 to have a union which is run by and for the rank and file.

We are, of course, pleased to have had a hand in setting this disclosure process in motion. But what concerns us about this, as about any number of similar instances, is

that so often it falls to the lot of small-circulation publications, seriously handicapped by lack of staff and funds, to initiate investigations of this sort. Why is it, for example, that the New York dailies are apparently the last to learn—or the last to report—such stories?

The Reservoir

Los Angeles

Violence erupted in 125 American cities after the assassination of Martin Luther King. But Los Angeles, a city with a black population of 350,000 and racked by racial upheaval in 1965, was quiet. It did not just happen that way; it was planned, and it was planned by the community's black leadership on the night Dr. King died.

The black leaders assembled quickly. There were Christian clergymen and nonbelievers, conservative businessmen and revolutionaries, adults and youths, but they had one thing in common: they were all determined that violence was not the answer to violence.

Had the meeting that night been an event in isolation, it might not have been able to keep the tense ghetto under strict discipline. The critical period was the preceding year, during which a series of meetings had taken place among blacks of divergent views. They had discussed their differences, and they had come to the conclusion that persons and organizations of varying philosophies could work together against discrimination. They agreed that the acquisition of power through unity and sophisticated political organization could lead to revolutionary reform without such change being accompanied by bloodshed.

Moderates and militants alike among the black leadership of Los Angeles decline to predict that violence will not occur. They say that if the dominant whites fail to respond with imagination and action to the elementary needs of the minority, Los Angeles could be the 126th city in the nation's headlines. There is still time, and among the blacks there is still a reservoir of good will—strange as that may seem after Dr. King's death. But time is getting short and the reservoir is not bottomless.

EL PASO DIALOGUE

THE RHETORIC OF REVENGE

ELROY BODE

Mr. Bode, who teaches in El Paso, has contributed to the Texas Quarterly, Texas Observer, Redbook and other publications. He is the author also of Texas Sketchbook.

El Paso

On April 6—as paratroopers stood guard in Washington, Chicago streets went up in flames and the body of Martin Luther King lay in state—comedian Dick Gregory and Harry Edwards, until recently assistant professor of sociology at San Jose State College (see "San Jose: the Bullhorn Message" by James Brann, *The Nation*, November

6, 1967) and now completing work for his Ph.D. at Cornell, arrived at the University of Texas at El Paso for the first Black Student Conference ever held in the Southwest. One hundred and fifty black students and interested whites from universities in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico had gathered to discuss the problems of black students and to hear the two controversial Negro leaders.

The conference ended peacefully, but there seemed no doubt that, as far as Gregory and Edwards were concerned, the situation is now so bad that blacks will have to resort to revolution.

That first day of meetings depressed me. For two hours

I listened to Edwards, leader of the Negro boycott of the Olympic games, give an "off-the-cuff chat," and, if you're white, Edwards can depress you immensely. He can convince you that a way of life is passing; that communication between the races is finished—at least for the present; that the racial impasse is so great that destruction of the country's existing institutions is the only solution that militant young blacks will settle for. And yet, by making the white listener begin to despair over the prospects of a sane and peaceful future, Edwards can also make him understand what it has meant to be a Negro living in the United States for the past 300 years. He makes you squirm by letting you feel how it is to be on the receiving end of racial hate.

Here, on a single April weekend, in a rush of events, the personal struggle to overcome whatever prejudices one had inherited from one's past did not seem to matter any more. Apparently, there was no further need in race relations for persons of "good will"—either white or black. To black power leaders and followers the new logic was stunningly simple: black was right and white was wrong. Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael had been saying it, and now Harry Edwards was saying it, and it seemed that students at the conference were ready to begin saying it. For as we walked out the door of Magoffin Auditorium after the final meeting, we were as separate as two races could be. We did not speak, and there was a cool margin of space between us as we passed in the aisles. Trust, hope, patience, reasonableness—the old virtues which used to characterize human beings as they struggled toward improvement—had suddenly gone out of style.

Thus it was Edwards, not Gregory, who finally set the tone of the conference, who, as one white listener remarked, "lambasted the white devils, yet in doing so sounded exactly like a white Southern racist talking about Negroes." Edwards came across in his talks as a very effective hater; a knowledgeable, articulate and intelligent speaker who did not mind misusing facts in order to make his points; a demagogue.

Dick Gregory, looking deceptively mild on the forty-fourth day of his fast, gave vent to bitterness and anger. Yet he seemed approachable, reasonable. "I love being a revolutionary," he said in his talk, but in stating this he gave the impression that it was revolution, and revolution only, that he wanted—a change from the present white-dominated system. In contrast, when Edwards spoke of revolution it seemed that what he was really talking about was revenge.

The conference had begun routinely enough. Alex Sutton, chairman of the United Afro-American student organization at UTEP which was co-sponsoring the conference with the student association, made the opening address. Speaking of the black student in college, Sutton made a point that was stressed throughout the conference: all black students, not just black athletes, must achieve recognition on the campus. The black athlete is no longer the hero of the blacks, he said.

While the delegates went into discussion groups, El Paso newsmen got their first look at Edwards, who had by then arrived and called a news conference in the student

union building. Harvey Pendleton, the UTEP student who introduced the visitor, immediately set reporters' teeth on edge by brusquely announcing: "You will address Mr. Edwards as Professor Edwards, not by 'Harry' or any other name."

Edwards, dressed in a tan suit, black turtle-neck sweater, dark glasses and black cap, sat at the end of a long conference table and rifled out his statements. "Americans have buried their last Martin Luther King," he said. "From now on it's going to be a life for a life, a head for a head, a leader for a leader. . . . You can forget about non-violence."

He said that all minority groups in this country are victims of white "cracker" oppression and should form a united front to put the whites out. "All minority groups are fighting the same enemy."

A representative of the Mexican press asked about the Olympic games boycott. Edwards replied: "We are not interested in trying to scuttle the games; we are interested in the survival of the black race." He referred to Negro athletes who were going to the games as "Olympic niggers." He said that "every major college is a white nationalist institution; all black athletes catch hell." (Although it has been rumored that Negro athletes at UTEP are told not to date white coeds if they wish to keep their athletic scholarships, no specific charge of racial discrimination has yet been made against UTEP—the school that won the 1966 NCAA basketball championship with five starting Negro players.)

During the afternoon session of the conference, panelists spoke on Afro-American contributions to the arts. Edwards talked briefly—just long enough to set down Jesse Owens, Joe Louis and Willie Mays as being Uncle Toms and to denounce the Olympic games as a "racist political platform." (Edwards himself was a track and basketball star while an undergraduate at San Jose State.)

Ann Holder, the only white panelist, spoke on the need of young blacks in the United States to "reflect their changing society" through the dance. She felt that Anglo-Saxons have forgotten how to dance. Lucy Edwards, an El Paso lawyer, traced Negro contributions to literature; and Dr. Eugene Grigsby, professor of art at Arizona State University, told how necessary it was now for black artists to "show the black how beautiful he is."

Then Dick Gregory, who had been sitting on a stool and listening to the speakers, sidled over for his turn at the microphone and gave a masterful performance. Using his soft, rich voice like a velvet cane, he casually rapped the audience's sensibilities, conscience and funny bone as he attacked The System—the white-controlled power structure which, he said, has made blacks ("nig-gahs," in his word) scapegoats of society. "I don't hate white people, ba-by," he said; "I hate their sys-tem."

He said he hoped whites would watch the coming black revolution on their television sets. As they watch, Gregory said, they should be reading a copy of the Declaration of Independence—"the part which states that whenever a government becomes destructive of people's inalienable rights, it's the right of the people to destroy that nation."

(In fact, the preamble to the Declaration speaks of abolishing governments, which is not the same thing as destroying nations.)

Gregory pointed out the inconsistent views that white Americans take toward the matter of violence. According to the whites, Gregory said, it is all right for the United States—in the name of justice—to burn and destroy in a country 12,000 miles away; yet to these same whites it is not all right for black people—in the name of justice—to commit acts of violence here at home. “Why, ba-by, if the whites were suddenly put where the black people are now, they wouldn’t stand for it; they’d burn this country down in an hour.”

Gregory spoke of Martin Luther King: “He led a beautiful army”; and of today’s young black people: “They do not have hungry stomachs, as their parents did thirty years ago; they have hungry minds.” And he became eloquent when he asked that his visitors “please understand nature.” Drawing a parallel between forgotten, neglected black people in ghettos and “dirty, oily rags,” Gregory said that if you put these rags in a closet and went away and forgot them, one hot summer day you would get spontaneous combustion. “And it won’t matter if you stand there with a gun or put a tank outside the closet door: that closet is still going to catch on fire. Nature reacts,” he said.

The disturbing thing about Harry Edwards’ “off-the-cuff chat” Saturday night was that when he was right in evaluating men and events, he seemed absolutely right—and when he was wrong he seemed absolutely wrong. He appeared to be both brilliant and blind, and thus very much like a young Samson, capable of pulling the temple of American society down upon himself (and his people) as well as upon the white Philistines.

According to Edwards, “Lynch’em Baines Johnson is a racist devil because he once shook hands with Senator Eastland of Mississippi.” “Dishonorable Hubert H. Humphrey” is a racist devil because he once shook hands with “Ax-Handle Maddox” of Georgia. He condemned Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson as “racists.”

Yet Edwards was on solid ground whenever he described the problems and fears of black people in the United States. “Blacks have been excluded from everything meaningful in this white-structured society,” he said. “They have been forced to behave in a superhuman way—afraid or unwilling even to admit that their real feelings exist.”

However, the familiar American picture of the “laughing, patient, giggling black man scratching his head” has changed, he said, and he went on to stress that “we must make the philosophical concept of black spread around the world. . . . We have no stake in a Negro past; we must think in terms of a black future—or there will be no future for anyone.”

The message that Edwards got across to the students was that “the older generation, both black and white, is too corrupt to bring about any change. . . . There is no way to vote our way out, or march our way out, or sing our way out of this problem.” Edwards mentioned that Rap Brown is 24, Stokely Carmichael 26, and that he is

25. “The young have not yet been corrupted by the system—a system that neither has the desire or the capacity to deal with the problems of 30 million black people.”

In his closing remarks Edwards said: “Whites cannot get into the black community any more; if there are whites who want to help, they must go into their *own* communities now because the white folks are the trouble, not the black.” He said that black students must make readers of future history books realize that a “very frustrated, very lonely generation of black students passed this way.”

The conference ended, unexpectedly, on Saturday night instead of lasting through Sunday noon. Dr. Ted Windt, the white faculty adviser of the UTEP Afro-American group, had been scheduled to speak on “The Rhetoric of Revolutions,” but due to the hostile mood created by Edwards’ final speech he decided that in the best interests of the conference he should cancel.

It is too soon to judge what the real effects of the conference will be. At least two members of the Afro-American organization have resigned in protest against the anti-white stance taken by the group after the conference ended. On the other hand, seven black athletes—including Bob Beamon, who holds the world’s indoor record in the broad jump—issued a statement of their intention not to participate in a track meet scheduled to be held at Provo, Utah, during the Easter weekend.

And there is this to consider: Despite the despair felt by whites and the hostility shown by most blacks at the conference, nothing burned in El Paso the night after



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

Harry Edwards and Dick Gregory spoke. Perhaps the most convincing argument that Dr. Windt, a self-styled nonviolent revolutionary, can present to UTEP officials in requesting future black student conferences is that words are better than fire. "This meeting was a microcosm reflecting the mood of the nation as a whole," says Dr. Windt. "And no matter how repugnant this kind of open display of black feeling is to white people and to the white power structure, as long as it is a genuine expression of pent-up hate and frustration, then it is desirable."

TRUDEAU OF CANADA

A MAN TO HOLD QUEBEC

C. W. GONICK

Mr. Gonick is editor of Canadian Dimension and assistant professor of economics at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

Winnipeg

One hundred years after Confederation, Canada finds itself a painfully divided society. The most bitter and explosive division is racial—between the two founding peoples of modern Canada, the French and the English. The other major division, less crystallized but equally profound, involves Canada's very survival as a nation independent of the United States. These issues have erupted before in Canada's brief history, but not since the days before Confederation has the future of the country seemed so uncertain.

In this context of crisis the April leadership convention of the Liberal Party elected a new leader of the Liberal Party and a new Prime Minister of Canada—Pierre Elliot Trudeau. The election was occasioned by the resignation of Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson.

Trudeau's name will not be familiar to many Americans; indeed, a month before the election it was known to only a small minority of Canadians. This meteorlike rise to the Prime Ministership can be explained partly by Trudeau's incredible electoral appeal—he is a man of wit, intellect and culture. He possesses remarkable powers of communication. His casual, detached, dispassionate manner, his grace, gaiety and modernity offered Canadians the kind of political leadership they seem to have been yearning for through the 1960s.

But the Trudeau phenomenon can be only partly defined in terms of image and style. Norman Mailer once wrote (erringly, I believe) of John F. Kennedy: "In this time of crisis he is able to perform the indispensable psychic act of a leader; he takes our national anxieties, so long buried, and releases them to the surface where they belong." Pierre Elliot Trudeau was chosen Prime Minister of Canada because it was believed that he alone could confront the issue of national unity head-on and bring about an accommodation between the French and the English within the existing federal political structure.

The Canadian obsession with national unity and the

Dr. Windt feels that both whites and blacks need to have the courage to love. "White Americans just don't know 'how it is.' They ask, in effect, 'Why don't Negroes love us? Look at what we've done for them—all those civil rights bills we've passed.' Well, blacks cannot be expected to love us because—let's face it—we have never loved them. It's as Dick Gregory said, whites have taught blacks how to hate, and the blacks have learned their lesson well. . . . We must love them, and ask that they have the courage to love us *despite*—despite our own past acts of violence against them. It's our only hope."

meaning of the term in its Canadian context is not widely understood in the United States. It goes back to the time of the British conquest of New France (Canada) in 1763. The British conquerors expected that the small colony of Catholic Frenchmen would easily be absorbed into Protestant-English North America, thus losing its separate identity. That this did not occur can be attributed to the fact that the British rulers found their authority being challenged by immigrants from the United States and overseas. To defeat the liberal republican sentiments of the new arrivals, the British were forced to seek an alliance with the conservative French-Canadian elite. The price of French-Canadian support was legal recognition of the French fact in Canada, the bolstering of the Catholic Church, retention of French civil law and the old system of feudal tenure, and of course official use of the French language. Well into the 19th century, the French-Canadian community was still the largest language and cultural group in Canada. These agreements guaranteed its survival.

But with the conquest, Canada became attached to the British imperial trading system rather than to France, and the shift destroyed the French merchants of Montreal. The decline of French merchants, civil servants and soldiers meant that the predominant French population became an almost strictly rural community rooted in the past. All economic activity except agriculture was controlled by English-Canadians and foreigners. French Canada survived as a separate society by a collective withdrawal into the past and by deliberate measures to minimize external influence. Only the French-Canadian elite had any contact with English Canada and the central government in Ottawa. The bulk of the French population was concentrated in the province of Quebec, where they comprised the overwhelming majority; those brave enough to venture outside of Quebec were gradually absorbed into English-Canadian society. French Canada was ghettoized inside Quebec.

The power elite within French-Canadian society has always been the Catholic Church and the political oligarchy in Quebec City. Together they made whatever deals were necessary to maintain their own positions of influence

and wealth. Quebec politicians used the French-Canadian survival mentality as a tool for retarding social and economic progress. No other group in Canada has suffered such extremes of poverty and illiteracy; no other provincial government has been so consistently corrupt and unresponsive to the needs of its constituents; no other government has cooperated so closely with business to destroy the trade union movement. In all of this the Church was a strategic ally of the state. So long as Church and state could keep Quebec in the 17th century their paternalistic, irresponsible rule was safe.

Quebec entered the 20th century after World War II. The spread of industrialization produced the inevitable exodus from the countryside. The mass media, especially television, brought the ordinary French-Canadian in contact with the outside world. The gross contradiction between the new economic base and the traditional political and cultural structure made the demands for internal change irresistible. The fascistic Union Nationale government was finally defeated in 1960, and a reform-minded Liberal government took office. It inaugurated what has become known as The Quiet Revolution.

The Quiet Revolution meant many things—the modernization of public administration, the elimination of pork-barrel politics, the introduction of new welfare programs. But above all it has meant the spread of education and the creation of a new class of young French-Canadians who believed that they now have the skills and the training to manage their own affairs. They demanded a place for themselves in industry and government. It soon became obvious that the French-Canadian sector of the economy was too narrow to absorb them; the Quiet Revolution had to become more aggressive, to move into fields long monopolized by English-speaking Canadians and foreigners.

Other currents influenced the tone of Quebec politics. With the disintegration of the old protective umbrella of rural isolationism, and with the weakening hold of the Catholic Church, there developed a closer identification between Quebec and Canada as a whole. French-Canadian survival seemed to depend more than ever on the government of Quebec. Without the massive presence of the state in everyday affairs, it was genuinely felt, French Canada would be swallowed up by the surrounding North American homogeneity.

Events outside of Canada also made an impact. French-Canadian intellectuals saw former colonies gaining their independence and taking their places in the United Nations. They wondered why Quebec too should not invoke the doctrine of self-determination and seek fuller or even complete self-government. Still imbued with many of the complexes of a conquered people, bitterly resenting the forced conscription in two World Wars and the continuing overbearing presence of *les Anglais*, French-Canadian nationalism took on a new order of importance.

The slogan of the Quiet Revolution became *Maître Chez Nous* (master of our own house) and the Quebec government program began to reflect this surge of nationalism. Quebec Hydro was nationalized. This act had some economic justification, but its popularity was more likely

based on the new job opportunities it provided French-Canadians. The Quebec government withdrew from federal schemes for provincial welfare and took full local control of such projects. But the Liberal government of Quebec was not moving ahead fast enough for some tastes, and various separatist groupings popped up, one of them terrorist. Due largely to its own arrogance, the Liberal government was defeated in 1966 and replaced by the Union Nationale. Further social progress came to a standstill, but the Union Nationale government, like its predecessor, demanded more and more fiscal authority and the right to move into areas long monopolized by the central government. The Quebec government is asking for a special status for Quebec. Insisting that Quebec is not a province like all the others but the homeland of the French-Canadian nation, the Union Nationale and with it the Quebec Liberal Party and the major journals of opinion, demand jurisdictions for Quebec that are not allowed other provinces.

These demands are generally unacceptable to English-Canadians. The existence of a distinct French-Canadian society comprising 30 per cent of the total population is simply not recognized outside of Quebec. Most English-Canadians regard French-Canadians as just one of many ethnic groups, like the Ukrainians, Germans and Italians, and do not see why French-Canadians should be treated differently from these other minorities. Neither do they see why Quebec should be granted powers not available to other provincial governments. The novelist Hugh MacLennan once described French and English Canada as two solitudes. French-Canadians may regard Quebec City, not Ottawa, as their national capital; they do not understand and they resent English Canada but they are very well aware of its existence; it is all too present in their everyday affairs. But for English-Canadians there is only one Canada, one nation, one national government. They are not aware of French Canada as a distinct nation; they will not recognize it and they insist that it is some kind of hoax being perpetuated by power-hungry politicians. Until the terror bombings in the early 1960s, Quebec was regarded by English-Canadians, if at all, as their own native museum.

The now infamous *Vive Québec Libre* speech of Charles de Gaulle focused international attention on Quebec's struggle for autonomy. But the most decisive event of recent months occurred when René Levesque, one of the chief architects of the Quiet Revolution, left the Quebec Liberal Party and began organizing his own sovereignty movement. Levesque became convinced that English Canada was not going to give a special status to Quebec; or alternatively, that by the time a special status for Quebec had evolved, French Canada would have disappeared.

Until Levesque's defection, the separatist movement lacked credibility, but Levesque is unquestionably the single most popular political figure in Quebec. Over the years, as journalist, broadcaster and politician he has been the champion of the working class. It was Levesque who led the opposition against Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale government; in office, it was Levesque

who pushed through the nationalization of Quebec Hydro, who won for public employees the right to strike, and it was Levesque who led the campaign to sweep out the graft in provincial politics.

If anyone can sell separatism it is Levesque. Only a few months have passed since the inception of his organization. But he has already surpassed all of his rivals and has absorbed most of them. It will not be easy for Levesque to persuade the Quebecois to follow him; colonial attitudes run deep, and traditional French-Canadian timidity will not predispose these people to radical solutions. Aside from his own popularity, however, Levesque does have some political advantages. Unlike the other separatist leaders, he appeals to reason as well as to emotion. His solution is not couched in the language of separatism, a word that still scares most French-Canadians. French-Canadians are nationalists but most of them are afraid of the economic effect of isolation. Levesque avoids the use of the term "separatism" and talks instead of "sovereignty" and creating a common market with English Canada. He insists that, however much English Canada would oppose "a sovereign Quebec," it would not be in its economic interests to reject a common-market arrangement.

With Levesque and his cohorts out of the Quebec Liberal Party, that party has already turned to the Right. There is today no party of the Left in Quebec politics, an opening which Levesque expects to fill. His party will be one of social reform as well as of sovereignty and the vast poverty of Quebec should no doubt add to his electoral appeal. Levesque is desperately trying to avoid the label of a Quebec Fidel Castro. He knows that an aroused United States would only jeopardize his chances of winning electoral office. This explains his moderate tones in interviews on American TV and in American magazines. He is quiet about Vietnam and eager to point out that American property rights in Quebec would be guaranteed. (When I suggested that this sounded very much like a banana republic, he was understandably irate.)

Levesque expects 25 per cent of the electorate to vote for him in the next provincial election, and within five years he expects a solid majority. A referendum on Quebec independence would then follow. Levesque's obvious impact among the Quebecois has pushed the provincial premier (Daniel Johnson) further and further in the demands he is making of Ottawa.

It is no coincidence that at this precise moment Pierre Elliot Trudeau was approached to run as a candidate for the Prime Ministership of Canada. Trudeau had joined the Liberal Party only in 1965. He ran for Parliament (interestingly enough in a posh English-speaking Montreal constituency) and within months was elevated to the post of Minister of Justice.

Trudeau is a 47-year-old bachelor, son of a wealthy Montreal oil merchant. Until the age of 30, he was a roaming student and world-wide adventurer, known as much for his pranks and athletic exploits (he is an accomplished skier, boxer, high diver, swimmer, canoeist) as for his intellect. Trudeau returned to Canada in 1950 and founded the magazine *Cité Libre*. Its circulation

was scarcely more than 1,000 copies a month, but it had a profound influence on Quebec intellectuals in their battle against the Union Nationale regime of Maurice Duplessis. In the 1960s Trudeau taught constitutional law at the University of Montreal.

Trudeau was among those Canadians who actively worked against Canada's acceptance of American nuclear weapons. In 1963 he wrote for *Cité Libre* a brilliantly cutting article condemning Mr. Pearson and the Liberal Party (then in opposition) for revising their position on this issue. The article noted that the U. S. State Department had decided that Prime Minister Diefenbaker had to go; he had defied the United States once too often. He was selling wheat to China and dealing with Cuba. During the Cuban missile crisis he had had the gall to wait three days before placing Canadian squadrons on the alert. He was blatantly hostile to Washington, if only in speech and in token actions. To quote Mr. Trudeau:

The circumstances were such that the blow had to come from the Pentagon and that Mr. Pearson had to betray the programme of his party, as well as the principles with which he had consistently identified himself.

The bagmen promised that funds would be forthcoming.

The polls showed that a pro-nuclear party would not lose votes.

Power beckoned to Mr. Pearson.

He had nothing to lose but honor.

He lost it.

His whole party lost it, too.

Two years later, Trudeau had joined this "spineless Liberal herd," as he had then described them. Could it then be said of him, as he said of them: "There is not one single man remaining in the Party for whom principle means more than power"? Perhaps; but there is another, more generous explanation.

By 1965 it had become clear that French-Canadian political leaders and intellectuals were not content with liberal democracy, not satisfied with making Quebec a province like all the others. In 1962 an election had occurred in which *Maitre Chez Nous* was the only slogan of importance. In 1963 the Liberation Front of Quebec mounted a reign of terror in Montreal. Daniel Johnson was soon calling for "the alliance of two communities with equal rights to self-determination." The Liberal premier, Jean Lesage, declared that "Canada was in its hour of decision," and René Levesque that "there must be a new Canada within five years or Quebec will quit Confederation."

Pierre Elliot Trudeau was alarmed by this nationalist aggressiveness. He condemns all nationalisms as reactionary. Above all else, he is a man who believes in balance. In the 1950s he fought against the authoritarianism of Duplessis. What was important was not so much the direction of reform, but democracy per se. At the same time, he supported provincial autonomy against the inroads of the federal government in education and welfare, matters reserved by the Canadian Constitution for the provincial authorities. "In 1965," he said in his first post-victory press conference, "we decided to exert pressure at the opposite end of the scale—we believed that

Quebec nationalism had led to all sorts of excesses, notably separatism."

Trudeau believes fervently in a federalist political structure. He has argued that it permits Quebec to do all that is necessary to preserve French-Canadian culture in North America. It already gives the provinces jurisdiction over education, social and labor legislation, property and civil rights, the administration of justice and natural resources. "Special status" for Quebec or a "sovereign" Quebec may be to the advantage of certain privileged groups, Trudeau has argued, but it would have a disastrous effect on the standard of living of the working people, would condemn the French-Canadians outside Quebec to complete cultural absorption, and would ossify the French language and culture in Quebec.

It was for this reason that he joined the Liberal Party, despite his previous criticisms. He was always the ideological dilettante, and his career has shown him to be much more the political pragmatist than the radical. It was with great ease, therefore, that he could give up his flirtation with socialism. Federalism was in danger, and as he himself has written: "In spite of everything it [the Liberal Party] advocated an open federal system, and that was what attracted me to it."

To preserve the federal system, Trudeau understands what he must do. He must persuade French-Canadians that Canada is their homeland, Ottawa their capital. Whether his program can succeed is another matter. It focuses upon linguistic rights of French-Canadians outside Quebec—offering them public school instruction in the French language and bilingualizing the public offices and legislatures in Ottawa and the provinces. These linguistic rights, he hopes, will make it possible for French-Canadians to participate in Canada as *French Canadians*, regardless of where they live.

Even if English Canada can be persuaded to offer these concessions, however, the viability of French Canada outside Quebec is open to question. It seems highly unlikely that a minority culture and language can survive within small enclaves. Unless it becomes thoroughly embedded in the general environment so that French is spoken by everyone, there will be little incentive for families of French-Canadian descent to maintain their cultural and linguistic ties. To the contrary, the incentives to become fully absorbed in the majority culture will remain overwhelming.

One other drawback to Trudeau's campaign is that he is almost unknown in Quebec. As Prime Minister, he will be in a good position to promote himself and his ideas, but he will need help. As of now he has no organizational base in Quebec; even the Quebec Liberal Party opposes his program. He will either have to work over the heads of the provincial party or engineer an internal revolt.

Ultimately, the social conflict will boil down to a struggle between Trudeau and René Levesque. Trudeau was chosen Prime Minister because it was felt that he alone could and would confront Quebec, call its bluff and force French-Canadian nationalists to withdraw. The odds that he will succeed are not particularly good.

Aside from efforts to maintain the federal political structure, what will a Trudeau government do? Any



Jones, The Telegram (Toronto): Ben Roth

Pierre Elliot Trudeau

Prime Minister who is leader of the Liberal Party operates under severe restraints. The Liberal Party attracts a wide spectrum of the popular vote, but it is the party of big business. In fact, Trudeau would never have been elected leader had he not received support from certain key establishment figures within the party. Such support was necessary, however, to counter Trudeau's radical and unconventional image, not his views. If anything, Trudeau's politics can be described as conservative. He has announced that the recently passed medicare program will be the last universal welfare scheme; that he would place a means test on all future welfare programs; that what is supremely important is increasing per capita income; that he rejects the massive Carter report on taxation which calls for a capital gains tax, the removal of depletion allowances and various other tax privileges now enjoyed by special interest groups. Only in the area of civil liberties—divorce and abortion laws and the like—can Trudeau be called a liberal.

To those on the Canadian Left, what is most disturbing about Trudeau are his views on Canada's relationship to the United States. Of all the candidates for the leadership, and there were some that had always enjoyed close business associations with giant American corporations, Trudeau was the one most eager for a closer, economic, political and military relationship with the United States. He has said that it is his intention to pull Canadian troops out of NATO and concentrate Canadian military spending on a continent-wide system of defense with the United States. This would probably mean Canadian participation in the anti-ballistic-missile system. He has said almost nothing about Vietnam and repudiates any policy that would stop the flow of arms from Canada to the United States for use in Southeast Asia. He repeatedly emphasizes Canada's dependence on the United States, which leads

him to conclude that Canada must do nothing to antagonize its neighbor.

Trudeau specifically rejects economic nationalism. He has refused to endorse the Watkins report on foreign ownership, an important study commissioned by the government one year ago. The Watkins report called attention to some of the enormous costs of foreign ownership and especially to its infringements on Canadian political sovereignty. It advocates a minimum legislative program whose purpose is not to reduce foreign ownership but to better insure that it serves Canadian national interests. Like every other candidate in the leadership role, Trudeau insisted that American subsidiaries must act as good corporate citizens of Canada, and along with the others, he refused to discuss how this was to come about. At best, he may agree with the Watkins report recommendation that foreign subsidiaries should supply more information about their operations.

The new Prime Minister's accommodating attitude to the United States is entirely consistent with his views on federalism. In the Canadian context federalism has meant strong provincial governments and a weak central govern-

ment. Trudeau favors this arrangement and is convinced that even greater provincial autonomy will naturally evolve. While federalist structures may have their attractions, they can hardly be said to provide a political instrument that can deal effectively with foreign economic and political domination. A strong central government, on the other hand, is incompatible with Quebec's demands for greater autonomy—unless Quebec is granted special status or becomes an associate state. The latter arrangement would permit two strong central governments, one in Ottawa and one in Quebec City. Trudeau will have none of this. Fortunately for him, the problem of American economic and political domination is not uppermost in his mind.

It is hard to summarize the Trudeau phenomenon. I can do no better than to quote the dean of Canadian political science, Prof. Paul Fox:

There is nothing more attractive to a Liberal—in fact, to all Canadians—than to be titillated into voting for a radical when deep down they are comforted by the assurance that he is a conservative. It is Canada's answer to the dilemma of democratic politics.

HUBERT HUMPHREY

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

On May 22, 1965, at the very hour when President Johnson was meeting with military advisers in the White House to discuss the merits of blockading the coast of South Vietnam, Hubert Horatio Humphrey was in New York City being inducted as a full-scale, bona fide member of the Girl Scouts. At the conclusion of that ceremony he rubbed his hands together and exclaimed, "Well, gee! I'm just delighted. Just wait until I get back to Washington and tell the President about this!"

To many liberals who would like to think that Humphrey is a different kind of political creature from Lyndon Baines Johnson, the booted and spurred wheeler-dealer, such episodes are treasured like pressed flower petals between the pages of their Book of the Hours. *This*, they say, is the great old Hubert they once knew and relied on. A changed man now, they lament, "a hatchet man," as *The Progressive* magazine put it; "the betrayer of the liberal movement," in the indignant words of Alfred Kazin and Irving Howe. But wiser men, or wlier men, know better. "What nonsense it is," said UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, "to suggest that my old friend Hubert Humphrey has changed."

He has not changed at all, and he is deceptively plain. He lives in his own elm-lined, homogenized world. His idea of attaining dignity was illustrated a month after he became Vice President when he gave a fraternity house

the nickle-plated nickelodeon that had been part of his household furniture. His mastery of that most typically American humor, the self-deprecating wisecrack (Friend: "Hey, Hubert, you're becoming a myth!" Humphrey: "Yeah, ■ myth-fit"), has increased under the adversity of office. "Daniel Webster [he likes to say] refused this high honor, saying, 'I do not propose to be buried until I'm really dead and in a coffin.' But not Hubert Humphrey."

Humphrey has always been ■ jolly, decent sort of fellow; he has always stood for a reasonably fixed code of fair play (although he has broken that code at several important junctions in his life, occasions which won him wide acknowledgment as a "practical" politician). It pains him to see anybody hungry or homeless, and he hopes that someday the government can do something to relieve such destitution—after it has first beaten back communism around the world. He laments the fact that Negroes are killed or otherwise mistreated, but he thinks the government has gone about as far as it should go in legislating civil rights. He believes that sanity lies in disarmament, but only from a "position of strength." In short, Hubert Humphrey is a good, an authentic American.

In some of his responses to life, he is soft and pliable almost to the point of womanliness, and some of his remarks seem to indicate that he sees himself in this way. "I'm Lyndon Johnson's Eleanor Roosevelt," he once said

to delegates of an American Newspaper Guild convention. "She used to get out and see and tell her great husband what was going on in the country. That's what I do for the President." On several other occasions he has likened the President-Vice President relationship to a "marriage with no divorce" and himself to the "wife." During the period when Johnson was going through the rigmarole of "looking" for a running mate in 1964, he frequently consulted with Humphrey, who recalls it in these romantic terms: "He discussed every move and thought with me as if nothing could interest me less personally. It's like a guy calling the girl next door—who he knows is madly in love with him—to ask the phone number of the newest broad in town."

Johnson once said of Humphrey that "he gets a lot of emotion into his work. . . . Hubert can cry pretty good over something." Indeed he can. He weeps easily. His close friends, who would prefer that he not be under the domination of Lyndon Johnson, insist that he cries more commonly these days than ever, one friend explaining "he's being torn apart." But tears have always been readily available, for both unimportant and tragic occasions, and for little disappointments and peeves. He wept in 1956 when he was by-passed for the Vice Presidential nomination by the Democratic National Convention. He wept at his campaign headquarters on the night in 1960 when it was clear that John F. Kennedy had just drubbed him in the West Virginia primary. On a recent tour of Asia, he became so overwrought while touring a hospital where GIs from Vietnam were being treated that the reporters were asked not to follow him. Shortly after returning from a tour of Europe, he spoke to a group of Jewish women in Atlanta, and in the midst of his speech he announced, "My heart is just broken because the press shows Europe the wrong side of this country." And he began to weep. Tears come just as fast, however, for no reason other than that the day has been exhausting. It is not rare for him to end a difficult newspaper interview with sobs.

While this softer side of Humphrey appeals to many people, it irritates others because it contrasts sharply with certain policies he supports, such as the war in Vietnam. Alfred Kazin very likely had the tearful Humphrey in mind when he angrily accused him of engaging in militant behavior "to prove your masculinity."

The weeping hawk also offends an old friend like Murray Kempton, to whom the Vice President is now not only beyond mercy but also beneath contempt as a political antagonist:

It is cruel and inhuman to picket Hubert Humphrey, to get up and leave the room when he rises to speak, to slip, as two young people did, into a hotel to cry "murderer" at him. It is even cruel and inhuman to comment upon him with polite detachment. For the Vice President of the United States bleeds from the smallest pebble shied his way by the feeblest wrist. An admonitory pat can break a bone.

While it is easy to feel disgust for Humphrey, it is difficult to be angry with him. After a political party meeting in Minneapolis, at which Humphrey presided, Ben Du-

Bois, who used to be national secretary of the Independent Bankers Association, went to Humphrey and said: "You conducted yourself very undemocratically and terribly at this meeting. Furthermore, Hubert, you talk too goddamn much." Hubert shook his hand, gripped him on the shoulder and said, "Ben, you're absolutely right." Humphrey's long-time political foe, former Minnesota Governor Elmer Benson, said he once criticized Humphrey harshly in public, "and after the meeting he came



over and shook hands with me and said: 'Elmer, I want to thank you very much for calling my attention to it.' That's his style—the guy is fantastic. How can you argue with a man who agrees with you?"

In 1929, just before the market crash, Humphrey's father took him from their home in Doland, S. Dak., to the University of Minnesota for his first abortive try at a college education, and let him out of the Model A with the advice: "Good-bye. Good luck. Grow up." In a sometimes appealing way, Humphrey never did. He is still the friendly fat kid on the block. The time-honored test of politicians, brought to a climax in the career of Richard Nixon ("Would you buy a used car from this man?"), is passed easily by Humphrey. And if the next morning your HHH used car refused to start, Hubert would cheerfully

drive across town to give you a shove, and he would do it in such swell style that instead of fussing about being cheated you would drive off saying nice things about the neighborliness of that pudgy huckster.

In his four years as Mayor of Minneapolis Humphrey made 4,000 speeches, or an average of nearly three a day, counting Sundays. During his fifteen years in the Senate he introduced nearly 1,500 bills and resolutions—a fantastic total for any man. He babbles and exhorts and overextends himself and demeans himself to make even ■ most simple point. Rather proudly, Humphrey admits that he talks too much, and he puts it down to “glands,” but one may be tempted to attribute it instead to a hangover from the old days when he was ■ know-it-all kid entertaining the yokels in his dad’s drug stores in Doland and Huron, S. Dak., and later in haranguing the Minneapolis Jaycees. Glib, arrogant, everlastingly front and center, Humphrey at first repelled and offended Washington (“I had looked forward to meeting Humphrey,” one White House official recalls of those early days, “but my first impression of him was terrible. He was all blather. He bragged endlessly about being Mayor. He acted like he had come to Washington to take over”), and to Humphrey’s credit, he knew it. Until he crusted over this side of his character and began to be accepted, he was miserable. But the crust has for several years now been wearing rather thin.

When he first came to Washington Humphrey was described by one writer as “too cocky, too slick, too shallow, too ambitious, a brain-picker rather than a scholar, clever without being wise.” He improved with age; he is no longer too cocky or too slick. He is more of a brain-picker than ever, but what politician in Washington isn’t? As for his shallowness, this is a treacherous measure of any man, and especially is it a treacherous measure of Humphrey. He is shallow, in that he spreads himself too thin, over too many topics. But all these thin layers are laminated into a rather imposing depth. In a typical week during his Senate career, Humphrey took the floor to discuss—among many other topics—the migratory bird-hunting stamp, the armed forces chess tourney, dairy reports, disaster loans, disarmament, domestic economy, price supports, consumer problems, trade development, antitrust laws, the public debt, the North African policy, the trickery of Richard Nixon, the stupidity of Harold Stassen, passports, French politics, international civil aviation, Lithuanian independence, captive nations, the wildflowers of the Northwest, and the need for more office space. He can talk with journeyman information on just about any topic of importance now before Washington, and this has been true during most of the past two decades. His memory does it. It is a vacuum file cabinet. When he was in pharmacy school, before going to work in his father’s drug store during the depression, he learned by heart all the drugs, all their Latin names, all the prescribed dosages listed in the druggists’ *Pharmacopaeia*. It was a feat comparable to memorizing all the words and definitions in an abridged dictionary.

Twenty years ago one of his aides was quoted as saying of him: “The trouble with Humphrey is he never takes

time out. He’s never alone with himself. If the guy would only sit down with himself and say, ‘What am I all about?’ But he’s afraid to ask himself that question.” He still is.

Not even the men who know Humphrey best can agree on his depth or on his endurance. Even from those who praise him for his broad grasp of topics one often detects a questioning note. Sen. J. William Fulbright, who sat with Humphrey for years on the Foreign Relations Committee and was in his social group, draws back cautiously a moment after beginning his praise:

Hubert could talk on any subject at any length. He had sympathy for everybody. He was interested in everything—and everything equally. He was fun to have around. He was friendly as a pup. Everybody in the Senate tried to accommodate him—if it was convenient. [Here Fulbright paused reflectively.] I don’t remember his being terribly effective. I don’t remember his name being associated with anything much, unless perhaps it was civil rights. [How about disarmament?] Oh, he was interested in that for ■ while, but then he seemed to drop it.

The seas of his Senatorial rhetoric were often so choppy that it was hard to take a sounding. Emphasizing evangelism over logic, his speeches in the Senate were regularly larded with references to the “spirit of the Lord” and “a heavenly reward” and scriptural quotes. After he ascended to the Vice Presidency his speech writers usually forced him to restrain himself from neo-fundamentalisms. Not for him are the agricultural intellectualisms of ■ Henry Wallace. “The ever-normal granary” and such concepts are for hayseed philosophers, not for Humphrey; he copes with food and farm problems, as he does with most problems, on a tearful, emotional level. The foreign aid-supported wheat program he has touted since coming to Washington has brought millions of dollars to his region, but he has seldom talked about it in those terms. Usually, in his holiness style, he has approached it as a chance for a greedy America to repent of its sins and feed the starvin’ heathen. “I say we are immoral!” (This is from one of his early speeches, January 5, 1950, but the tone was constant throughout most of his Senate career.) “We are almost anti-Christian! We ought to get down on our knees and pray to God to forgive us for our sins, for here on the Eastern coast of our land are Liberty ships, 10,000-ton freighters, loaded with wheat which the Commodity Credit Corporation has purchased, and the wheat is rotting. The wheat is stored up, and here are people in India dying of hunger, with the Communists on top of them, with their government almost tottering. And what are we doing? . . .” Etc. Later he admitted he might have been wrong about the wheat rotting—but he felt that that was a liberty not to be held against a good sermon—and he did not retract his judgment of our sins, as in fact he was right in not doing. The appeals to send U.S. farm surpluses to India and Pakistan were the first step toward the Food for Peace program, which today accounts for half of all nonmilitary foreign aid.

And yet, here again, there is no stability to Humphrey’s view. Very often stressing that hunger breeds communism, he will nevertheless agree with people who hold just the opposite. On June 6, 1956, he was touting in the Senate

"...NOW, CHIEF...?"



Ivey: Ben Roth

an article co-authored by Walter Rostow (then with M.I.T., now chief hawk in Lyndon Johnson's birdhouse) which took the position that it is a "serious misconception" that "revolt and protest are the result of hunger and poverty, and that relieving hunger and reducing poverty will therefore reduce revolutionary pressure."

On the point of his changeability, no one can speak with more knowledge (and with more tolerance) than Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, the charming, urbane cynic who looked upon Humphrey as "a kind of father confessor" from the day Clark entered the Senate in 1956 until Humphrey left it in 1964. Sometimes it seems that just about every politician in Washington likes ol' Hubert, but few of them are his intimate friends; Clark is among the few. Thinking back to their days together in the Senate, Clark has had this to say:

Hubert was very good, you know—and I say this not in a critical sense—Hubert's been very good about riding two or three horses at once. He was able to keep his ins with Lyndon and even some Southerners without, to my way of thinking, sacrificing his inherent liberalism or infringing in any way on my loyalty to him. Paul [Douglas] was a little suspicious of Hubert—Paul's a real Calvinist, and he felt (I didn't) that Hubert was trying too much to be all things to all people. Hubert was the leader [of the liberal coterie]. He was the guy we had to look to. He was the Whip. Sure, he was riding two or three horses, but we knew it. I realize that it's easy enough to take Hubert apart, but when you compare him to the present Whip he looks pretty good. Now, because he touches bases in a lot of places where the rest of us couldn't touch base, I think he had a pretty realistic appraisal of the art of the possible. . . .

Clark recalled that a month or two before the Democratic convention in 1964 he had a "long heart-to-heart talk with him. We were riding down from the capitol to the White House in a taxicab, and I let him have it good and hard. I said, 'I just don't think you ought to do it. You'll get yourself in a bind where you can't be yourself. Your future is in the Senate, and from the Senate possibly to the Presidency. God knows you know how I love you, but I think if you take the Vice Presidency you're just going to become a prisoner.' And he said, 'Joe, I don't

care anything about being Vice President.' I believed him at the time, but of course it wasn't true. He was dying to get it." (How gullible can friends be? Everyone in Washington—except Clark, apparently—knew he was sweating to get the nomination.)

When asked if he thought the things Humphrey was saying as Vice President reflect his inner feelings, Clark responded:

"No. Maybe he's kidding himself. He has a pretty good capacity for self-delusion, self-deception. We all do. Hubert more than most."

Why would Humphrey tell him, a close friend, that he had no desire for the Vice Presidency when he obviously did covet it?

"When he was talking to me he didn't want it. When he was talking to Lyndon, he sure as hell did. Kinda like a chameleon—sometimes green, sometimes brown."

Isn't that a disastrous thing to say about a friend?

"Depends on whether you're a Calvinist or not," said Clark, smiling. "I don't know—guess I'm a little more tolerant. I'd even kid him about it. He'd just laugh. And say, 'Oh, Joe.'"

The Senate is an "oh, Joe" place. But outside the Senate many—accustomed to a different ethic and a different criterion for what is possible and perhaps even accustomed to different synonyms for friendly chameleons—are more critical of Humphrey.

In the 1966 gubernatorial campaign in Minnesota, Humphrey returned to his home grounds to help the Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate. He went on a hedge-hopping air trip with A. M. Keith, and wherever they stopped a local dignitary would come aboard and Humphrey would welcome him and ask about his family, and at some point in the conversation Humphrey would ask him what church he belonged to. If he said, "I'm a Methodist," Humphrey would smile joyfully and say, "I'm a Methodist, too." If at the next stop the reply was "Episcopalian," then Humphrey (who is a Congregationalist) would respond, "Well, that's what I am. Glad to meet another!" He told Baptists he was a Baptist, Lutherans he was a Lutheran, etc. Keith finally took Humphrey aside and said: "Gosh, Hubert, you're going to get caught up on this. You can't tell everybody you belong to their church." Humphrey seemed to be actually puzzled. "Why not?" he asked, "I'm a Christian."

He has spent his mature life proving that he believes that the faith of a politician, like that of a Christian, covers almost all splinter concepts. He wobbles in so many directions that he has been called an opportunist. For this he has a fast answer: "What's wrong with taking advantage of the opportunities?"

Humphrey's sail has always been set to catch the slightest change in the wind. At the 1944 Democratic National Convention he was a rabid booster of Henry Wallace as Vice Presidential candidate. *The Washington Post* gave this picture: "Few who watched the Democratic convention closely will ever forget the sight of Humphrey and Barney Allen, a Red River Valley farmer, their clothes half torn off their backs and their voices gone, racing through the Chicago stadium carrying an

American flag and a Wallace banner, begging and pleading with the delegates to support their man." Wallace's outlook changed very little in the next few years, but the policy of the United States became much sterner toward communism, and therefore by 1946 it was prudent for a politically ambitious young man, which Humphrey certainly was, to shed some of his old friendships and alliances. Humphrey dumped Wallace, calling him "totally irresponsible," and by 1948 was denouncing him as ■ fellow traveler.

Those who admire Humphrey as an opportunist will often praise him in disastrously friendly ways, as did columnist George Sokolsky in 1956 when he wrote, to defend Humphrey against the "radical" designation: "He is an educated man who apparently finds it possible to compromise with his knowledge and training for political advantage."

He will talk for just about any group on just about any topic, and most of his speeches support the description Johnson gave of him as "a man who prepares for a solid, thought-provoking speech by taking a deep breath." His windiness has created an encyclopedia of apocryphal tales very easy to believe; like the time a group of volunteer advisers met with him, only to be drowned in a ninety-minute monologue, so they picked up their hats, said it was obvious he didn't think he needed any advice, and quit. He has an endless catalogue of shibboleths and personal clichés, and his comments on any of the code topics are totally predictable. If he is to address a farm group, for example, he will inevitably tell of how he and his father used to vaccinate hogs during the depression. But questions relating to immediate problems, such as parity, he dodges. As a campaign orator Humphrey not only avoids even a momentary hard position, much less a permanently precise position, on any major issue; he also defends his wishy-washiness with the argument that to be forthright "would be to prove that I'm totally incompetent to handle the job." For this kind of attitude, he has been praised by Republican leader Everett Dirksen as "the professional's professional . . . the modern liberal."

The complexities of Humphrey's ethics were never more accurately muddled than in his statement to an AFL convention in Cincinnati in 1948: "Not one labor leader has asked me to sell my soul for anything I don't believe in."

The subsequent years have proved in a startling way, however, the ease with which Humphrey believes in things—as in his wavering on civil rights, and the shifting of his sympathies between labor and management as his ambitions mounted. Nothing has made his beliefs so ephemeral as the Vice Presidency. In June, 1964, Humphrey, a close student of Latin American affairs, publicly upbraided Assistant Secretary of State Thomas A. Mann for his hard line. Speaking sympathetically of Latin efforts to throw off dictatorships, Humphrey scolded Mann and other officials in this country who might be "tempted to return to less venturesome, more conventional goals, to place less emphasis on reform and more on working with the established groups to minimize political instability." Humphrey cast his sympathies with re-

form rather than with stability, and he warned that "We may not be able to prevent the emergence of juntas, but we can and should distinguish between dictators and democrats."

Almost exactly one year later Humphrey was privately defending Mann's hard line in support of the right wing in the Dominican Republic; and in arguments with his old friends in Americans for Democratic Action he was insisting that we had no choice but to send Marines in to establish a military dictatorship and oust the liberals.

Between the two positions, of course, Humphrey had been sworn in as Vice President.

While Humphrey has sometimes been caught lying, he has generally avoided falling into the credibility gap; his serious problem is the intelligibility gap. He says so many conflicting things, or he says the same thing in so many conflicting ways, that frequently he simply does not make sense. In 1967, for example, after visiting Japanese Premier Sato in Tokyo, Humphrey later said he hadn't mentioned the Okinawa question in their conversation. Sato, on the other hand, remembered clearly that Humphrey had told him President Johnson would be willing to discuss the future status of Okinawa. On another topic, Humphrey said he told Sato that Japan should "assume more political and economic responsibility in Asia; but Sato recalled no such admonition. Very likely neither was lying; Sato was merely a victim of the Humphrey silly-putty pronouncements that cannot hold a shape.

Sato's mistake was that, whatever he thought he heard Humphrey say or not say, he took it seriously. U.S. newsmen have learned that this is, if not dangerous, at least a waste of time. Not long ago, for instance, Humphrey announced, "I haven't met a hawk in the government." Since the statement was so obviously inaccurate, no responsible member of the Washington press corps tried to decipher what he meant, nor did they feel they were being misled. It was just Humphrey worshiping existence with his tongue; it was a kind of holiness seizure as the spirit took possession of him and his lips and tongue began to move; it was pure glossolalia. And it is nothing new. Speaking to a group of foreign students eleven years ago, Humphrey ignored Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy and his various European treaties; ignored Woodrow Wilson's Latin American policy expressed in the invasions of Santo Domingo and Haiti and his invasion of Vera Cruz and northern Mexico, not to mention his World War I and postwar negotiations with the European powers; ignored also Theodore Roosevelt's stomping about in Asia, advocating either an Open Door or a Busted Door policy, and in the Caribbean. In short, Humphrey discarded all U.S. diplomacy and world-power maneuvering of the past to tell these students: "We have only had since 1945 to put together a foreign policy. Other countries have had centuries. But until World War II we had no world responsibilities."

Humphrey's concept of international dealings is, to say the least, stunning. Addressing the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1966, Humphrey explained: "Foreign policy is really domestic policy with its hat on." Or to a union convention in Washington in

1966: "Vietnam today is as close to the United States as London was in 1940."

He easily slips his moorings and becomes that most dangerous object, an unlighted hulk. His ways are dark and uncharted, especially in foreign affairs, about which he cares most and knows least. Jack Richardson captured perfectly this wandering side of Humphrey in an interview he recounted in *Esquire*:

The first direct question I asked then was the possibility of a UN role in Vietnam and, as if in wonder himself, he answered that UN officials, after just tidying up their organization's financial condition, were not anxious to become directly embroiled in a war.

"And also," he went on, "that would put Russia on the spot officially. Now that wouldn't be good for anyone."

I wondered aloud that this was an odd position for the UN to take, since the purpose of its founding had been precisely that there should be in the world a mediating agency to such international troubles. Humphrey looked away at this and with some sadness—perhaps for the simplicity of my remark—murmured, "That's true," and somehow shifted the subject to the safety standards of American automobiles.

Safe worlds, safe cars—as Fulbright noticed, he is interested in everything *equally*, and so he sees nothing wrong in wandering back and forth across all borders in the same conversation, almost in the same breath, although that is not to say in the same thought.

When Humphrey was in South Korea in 1966 as the President's envoy he told officials in that country: "As long as there is one American soldier on the line of the border, the demarcation line, the whole and the entire power of the United States of America is committed to the security and defense of Korea. Korea today is as strong as the United States and Korea put together. America today is as strong as the United States and Korea put together." Even as diplomatic hyperbole, it was pretty hard to swallow; as a statement for practical application, it would have to be described as just short of crackpot. It fits

into the pattern that was best demonstrated within one ten-day period in December, 1967, when he changed from hard line, "Wherever freedom is threatened in the world," to soft line, "We have no interest in becoming policeman to the world," to hard line, "Let those who think we are insincere in our position in Vietnam **think twice before** acting on that mistake," to soft line, "We seek only to permit self-determination, and if that means Communist rule, that is something we can accept."

Both the saving feature and the disaster of such remarks stem from the same point: five minutes after he has made them Humphrey could probably not remember what he had said. A couple of years ago Saul Pett, the Associated Press writer, had a long talk with the Vice President, during which Pett asked if he intended to try for the Presidency in 1972. Humphrey's eyes filled with tears, Pett recounted, as he got to his feet and grandly proclaimed: "It is entirely possible and probable that Hubert Humphrey [he likes to refer to himself in the third person] may not want to be President despite what some people think. But one thing I know. I want to be sure that my granddaughter will be able to read in her history books that" . . . etc., etc. By the time he had finished his oration tears were all over the place and he was shading his eyes. Pett, somewhat taken aback by this explosion of emotion, spoke to one of Humphrey's closest friends about it the next day. The friend said it wasn't uncommon. Pett asked if Humphrey had meant what he said about not wanting to be President, and the Humphreyphile replied: "I don't doubt at all that Hubert meant and felt what he said *as of the moment*. But I wouldn't count on it."

It is not irresponsibility or hypocrisy. Humphrey is a very responsible and an intensely sincere guy. He just happens to be unstable. He wishes everyone so much good that he is quite capable of promising everything to everyone, and as a consequence *one* side gets misled and hurt. It is lying in a way, but it is Humphrey's way, so it is not quite lying.

UNDERGROUND PRESS

GROWING RICH ON THE HIPPIE

THOMAS PEPPER

Mr. Pepper, a former reporter on the Winston-Salem Journal, is now studying Japanese at Columbia University, on a Carnegie Corporation grant.

The underground press has come of age. It is no longer underground and it isn't much of a press, but it does have fanfare—lots of it. In issue after issue in different cities around the country, underground editors proclaim that what they represent is the wave of the future, and that the future will be significantly better because of what they represent. As Allan Katzman, an editor of New York's *East Village Other*, told a correspondent for the ("establishment") *San Francisco Chronicle*, "America now finds it-

self split into two camps, two life cycles. A cultural evolution is taking place that will sweep the grey-haired masters into the garbage heap. Wisdom and time are on the side of youth." In similar vein, when *Open City* of Los Angeles announced a "national" edition last September, it explained in an editorial: "We feel that it is time that each of the groups now in revolt against an increasingly monolithic social system learns that it has much more in common with the other groups than it previously knew. Perhaps this way the separate, isolated rebellions which the Establishment finds comparatively easy to put down could be joined into one truly effective social and political uprising."

This self-generated excitement was made semi-official

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last month when *Newsweek* and *The Wall Street Journal* ran survey stories. Both reported increasing circulation and increasing financial success for underground papers, and both elicited the customary hyperbolic quotes from the subjects of any such feature stories. Peter Werbe, co-editor of Detroit's *The Fifth Estate*, assured *Newsweek* readers that success would not spoil the underground press. "I still view it as the first step in the guerrilla movement," the 27-year-old Werbe allowed. "Here we can begin to question the legitimacy of the System." Another underground editor, Marvin Garson, predicted: "It's going to get bigger all the time. There are going to be more and more papers that will give people coverage they're not getting—and will never get—from the daily papers."

Adding substance to such predictions is the appearance of at least two underground news agencies, roughly comparable to the Associated Press and United Press International of the regular world. One, the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), is a kind of cooperative that permits some sixty papers to reprint one another's stories with a credit line attached. The other, Liberation News Service (LNS), sells its news articles, reviews and essays to subscribers for \$180 a year. Based in Washington, LNS has recently advanced beyond the mails and introduced tele-type machines.

Estimates of the number of underground papers and readers vary widely. *The Wall Street Journal* counted "more than 50," *Newsweek* "more than 150"; Marshall Bloom, an LNS executive, told *The New York Times* that nearly 200 underground papers had begun publication in the last two years. On the other hand, Bloom told *The Nation* that LNS services some 280 publications, of which 125 were "underground" in a general sense, some eighty were "peace" papers, and the rest were college papers not controlled by an administration. Readership estimates vary from 333,000 (by *The Wall Street Journal*) to 4.6 million (by Bloom). Right now, with the whole underground movement in flux, no figure could be accurate for long.

What do these papers print, and what needs do they fulfill? Are they what they say they are? And are they affecting anyone, particularly their declared enemies, the established press and in turn established society?

In a real sense, the underground papers have brought home to everyone the fact that regular metropolitan dailies do not communicate with subcultures—those small, identifiable groups who remain interested in affairs too local even for a city paper. Instead, the metropolitan papers write for a mass audience, which to them means a middle-class audience, or at least an audience that is presumed

to have middle-class mores. When big-city dailies do single out small, identifiable groups, they are careful not to upset existing social rankings. Whether in gossip columns, food recipes, feature stories, or in the moral tone of editorials, local "out groups" have learned not to expect much from their city desks. There are exceptions but, as often as not, attempts to include such "out-groups" are artificial, as in the "zone" editions that alter a few pages, or superficial, as in the coverage of sacraments like obituaries and high school sports.

The callousness of standardized news coverage has long been apparent to its victims—such groups as Bible Belt Southerners (who are pre-middle class), poor Negroes and unassimilated, ethnic white Northerners. Hence the vitality of ethnic radio stations which publicize the stories, the events, the songs and the concerns of America's subcultures, and which counterbalance the mass appeal of big papers by an exclusive appeal to special interests. The suburban newspapers—including all their drivels—fulfill an identical need for yet another subculture. By its success, the underground press has brought all these facts into the open, to a point where "intellectuals" are now aware of them, and to a point where an ordinary, predictable communications gap is transformed into big news—or as some people put it, into a sign of "sickness" in American society.

One should give credit where credit is due: By making both a financial and a cultural hit with their appeal to a rich and identifiable market, the underground papers have awakened virtually all concerned to a real deficiency in American newspaper journalism. But that is about all the underground press has done. It has certainly not improved the quality of journalism.

Indeed, the underground press has become a kind of suburban press all its own—a suburban press for the hippie and dropout set. The three basic commodities in today's underground newspaper—the advertising, the calendar of events and the artistic and political commentary—all have a parallel in the suburban press. Because the mores of the two audiences are different, the content of the ads, the calendars and the commentaries is different too; in the underground papers, the ads are vulgar, the calendars refer to love-ins rather than Little League, and the commentaries are critical and left wing rather than laudatory and conservative. But the difference between the underground and the suburban press is entirely one of content. The functions of both—to entertain and reinforce their audience—are the same. Suburban and underground editors give virtually the same justification for one-sided, sometimes polemical journalism—that the overwhelming influence of big-city dailies must be countered, and can be countered only if other voices are heard alone, crying in the wilderness with all their purity. Underground papers, like their suburban cousins, give readers what they want to read; they are a great new business, and far from representing a fundamental critique of American society, are actually full-fledged participants in it.

The formula for success in the journalistic underground was invented by *The Village Voice*, a tabloid with offices in Greenwich Village. Started in 1955, the *Voice* didn't turn a profit, according to a *Wall Street Journal* story,

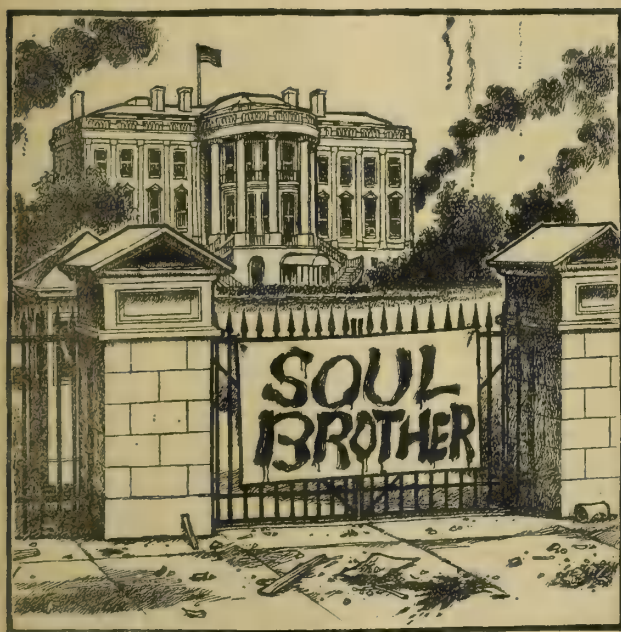
until 1963. Today, profit figures are withheld—probably because they are so large. Even before 1963, the secret to whatever appeal the *Voice* had was its technique of always outdoing the rest of the New York press: It stood to the left of the regular press politically, and to the imaginative side artistically. These were not difficult tasks, and there was an eager audience in those New Yorkers who—from a sense of duty or from a vested interest—feel permanently and gnawingly dissatisfied with American public life. With the demise of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *Voice* has found it even easier to attract local readers who search for alternatives to reading only *The New York Times*. The *Voice*, a weekly, does not run news as such. It has sections devoted to reviews of music, movies, theatre, books and the press, and it regularly carries as filler material announcements that don't make the regular papers. In a typical issue, the *Voice* will run three or four long, personal, sometimes narcissistic commentaries on recent social or political events, with considerable emphasis on the abstract issues or moral principles thought to be relevant, and very little on the technical or bureaucratic aspects of fitting means to ends. The *Voice* prints a prodigious quantity of advertising, including retail shops, entertainment, books, off-beat fashions and classifieds. For the audience involved, the ads are informative and useful; they unquestionably pull well for the advertisers. Apart from everything else, the *Voice* is chic, as essential a piece of equipment to some New Yorkers as the *Trib* used to be to others.

The *Voice's* formula—always feed the reader something that outdoes the regular, local press—has now been copied throughout the country. The content may have changed—the *Voice* now seems conservative by comparison with some of the later entrants to the field—but the process and the significance remain the same. Like their innovative “enemies” in the business world, their avowed

“enemies” in the established press, and their dominant ancestor, *The Village Voice*, today's underground papers are meeting previously latent consumer needs, catering uncritically to the tastes of their consumers, and prospering from a shrewd analysis of the contemporary leisure-time market. The Berkeley *Barb*, the *East Village Other*, and the Los Angeles *Free Press* led the way in classified ads, for example, by opening their columns to advertisers soliciting sex partners, nude models and drugs. The demand for similar papers has snowballed. In every case, the local appeal of ads and calendars is mixed with the national appeal of underground revolt. Helped along by low operating costs, permissive court decisions on pornography, and the fortunate coincidence that today's social rebels happen to be sons and daughters of relatively wealthy parents, the underground papers have flourished by making themselves useful to a select group of advertisers.

Local conditions do produce some substantive differences. In Los Angeles, a relatively new paper, the *Underground*, has attacked the *Free Press* for making an “in” thing of sick sex and drugs.” In North Carolina, the *Anvil* shuns vulgarity and tries, in a somewhat tortured way, to present serious political and economic analysis. But because of the overwhelming sameness in most underground papers, the best of them all probably wouldn't qualify as “underground” today. It is the Pittsburgh *Point*, a well-produced weekly, whose response to the modern world is more than an outraged scream. Its political reporting, while reflecting concern about war, race and moral principles, is also strikingly detached. In covering a conference on organizing the poor, for example, the *Point* managed to take some shots at the participants without feeling obliged to disagree with their overall aims. In other words, the *Point* noticed a nuance or two that its more frenzied counterparts could hardly afford to describe. After quoting speaker Nicholas Von Hoffmann complaining about “wasted oratory” in community organization, *Point* editor Charles C. Robb wrote: “Von Hoffmann wasted some oratory himself in a long, rambling talk that was half ad lib, half read from scribbled notes.” Later in the same article, Robb described one panelist as “the Negro grocer from Homewood who has become the loudest established black militant in the city.” The *Point* also declared its preferences in last November's county election, but did not feel called upon to blame a conspiracy for their subsequent defeat.

Surprising as it might seem from the tone of the underground press, its writers are not the only people unhappy with the accomplishments of America's regular papers. There are plenty of critics—Irving Kristol, James Reston and McGeorge Bundy among them—who offer publishers both critiques and suggested reforms. And while the underground press may not realize it, the deficiencies of regular newspapers are only partly ideological. After all, the practices of the big-city papers, like those of the underground papers, make good economic sense. There is a limit to what can be done, and papers tend naturally to their most obvious, short-range tasks and stick naturally to traditional ways of doing things. Only the most ethically minded publishers seek quality for its own



Ron Cobb: From the Underground Press Syndicate

sake, whether in coverage of foreign affairs, city hall, or subcultures. And even among these publishers, an economic constraint will establish an outer limit to what is possible. Ironically, the most visible force for reform of big-city papers is neither the serious critics nor the underground critics but the new, slick city magazines. These magazines have demonstrated, by their own success, that the *nouveau riche* want and will buy more stimulating artistic commentary than is provided by the daily papers. Lately, the papers have been following suit.

The underground papers are not a quality press because they pander to their readers with a dexterity befitting the establishment papers they criticize so bitterly. In their own pages, instead of stimulating political and social discussion worthy of the society they say they seek, the underground papers offer nothing more than a stylized theory of protest. Indeed, by the definitions it now prescribes, the underground movement not only requires protest as an end in itself; it depends on protest. For without a dogged concentration on perpetual antagonism, some people might admit to improvements, "sell-out," and leave the movement. Then where would the underground papers be and what would they write about? This theme of "selling out" is a new and a hip variant of an old and inadequate form of social protest—one that was rejected both by the incre-

mental reformers of civics-book America and by the professional revolutionaries of Russia, China and Africa, all of whom realized, sooner or later, that some positive program is needed to translate general goals into concrete benefits.

Instead of bringing much needed reforms to the established press, the underground papers have inspired their rich, fat, corporate enemies to enter the underground market themselves, and thus to cash in on yet another fad. This bears out the verdict of the London *Economist*, which wrote some nineteen months ago that "much of the new left's judgement of contemporary society is based on aesthetic rather than political or even moral criteria." It is helpful to separate the life style of the underground subculture from its claim to superior morality and from the specific political ideas buried beneath the psychedelic art work. One can then see that with an unholy mess like the Vietnamese War to provide a base for indignation, it has been all too easy for the movement to condemn everybody else. If things are less simple from now on—with equally moral politicians disagreeing over policies and judgments and hunches—the underground press may find that a tone of outrage, supplemented by ads for beads and uninhibited roommates, will not hold its profitable audience together.

HARRY GOLDEN

ON Thursday evening I was in Blacksburg, Va., scheduled to debate Sen. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina in the auditorium of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. I was in an anteroom waiting for the debate to get under way when one of the student sponsors came in and told me that Martin Luther King had been shot in Memphis. Our debate nevertheless began, but was shortly interrupted by the dean of the school who told the assembled students that Martin Luther King was dead.

The student body at VPI is all white, but no Negro audience could have been more shocked by the news. I heard groans of despair. The dean then asked me if I would say a few words about Dr. King since I had known him well.

I said, "It is a sad day for the world and a sadder day for Americans. Like Pope John, Dr. Martin Luther King proved to all of us that Christianity has its uses. He borrowed an idea from Gandhi and transformed that idea of nonviolence into an American and Christian tradition. When Pope John died, however, he did not leave a vacuum, an ominous vacuum that may be filled not with love and brotherhood but hate and terror."

I finished. The students were still too shocked to know whether to applaud the sentiments or not. As they fidgeted, Senator Thurmond, who once ran for President on the Dixiecrat ticket, rose and said, "I disagree with Mr.

Golden's estimate of Dr. King. He was an agitator, an outside agitator, bent on stirring people up, making everybody dissatisfied."

Then we went on with the debate. Senator Thurmond urged the answer to our problems was law and order and I said the answer was law and justice. He said the federal government was too big, that it encroached on the sovereign rights of the states, and I argued there hasn't been a sovereign state since 1789 when all of the original thirteen ratified the Constitution. I said everyone in South Carolina talks against big government except when they cash their federal checks for farm subsidies, school luncheons, social security and the like. South Carolina is a federal preserve, like Yellowstone National Park. The students applauded our arguments in equal measure.

Before I left the next morning, I learned that a group of the students had asked the president of the institution if they might lower the flag to half-mast. The president said the flag was lowered only by federal proclamation. The students thanked him and went out and lowered the flag anyway. As I was leaving the campus, I saw they had also lowered the state flag of Virginia to half-mast.

If they can lower the flag for Martin Luther King in a state which once closed its schools rather than integrate them, maybe his life wasn't in vain. Dr. King's life was too short, but maybe it made ours fuller. I hope so.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Stretched on the Rack of the Midwest

IN THE HEART OF THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY: And Other Stories. By William Gass. Harper & Row. 206 pp. \$4.95.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT

Mr. Elliott is the author most recently of *In the World* (Viking).

William Gass's first novel, *Omensetter's Luck*, was as good, in my opinion, as it was cracked up to be, and his first collection of stories, *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country*, is better yet. His fiction is new in the sense that any good art is new, being fresh and alive. But it is also "new" in the local sense of "the new novel"—up-to-the-minute Susan Sontag modernistic new, *nouveau roman* and all that jazz.

Such was interest ■ I have been able to generate in most of the "new" novels I have read, especially Robbe-Grillet's, has been technical: by and large, they have struck me as being pretentious, puny stuff. Perhaps this is because I am illiterate in the matter of phenomenology: not only am I unable to read Husserl and Heidegger and their epigoni, I can't even get through Hegel. And "new" fiction, I keep hearing, is phenomenological. But an article of the faith I live by holds that, to be autonomous and excellent, a work of literature must embody its own philosophy if it has one: if it demands the reader's knowledge of a philosophy exterior to itself, then it will be at best minor—parasitic, commentary, decorative. Gass's fiction may be phenomenological as all get out, and if phenomenology is what you want, more power to you. Myself, I like his stories because they are interesting as narrative and verbal constructs and because at their best they say something strange and worth listening to about the world.

In all five of these stories, Gass has modified Robbe-Grillet's technique for representing the contents and motions of a highly abnormal mind; but then Gass has put this technical facility to the service of what seems to me a worthy fictional end—not "new" but not old exactly either and certainly not old-fashioned: just literary, human. The essence of this technique is fictionally to present everything as it impinges on the quite abnormal mind of a person who is in a peculiar, unstable relationship with the other persons in his world, with social institutions, even with beasts and inanimate objects. The least impressive of

these five stories, "Icicles," is in the third person; the other four, all in the first person singular, take you much further into the consciousness of the central character, the aim of all Gass's fiction.

Now there is, I believe, ■ natural reluctance in many or most readers against coming very close to or going very far into the mind of another when that mind is as peculiar as all five of these are, and a considerable part of the job of ■ writer of such fiction is to overcome this reluctance. In the two middling stories in this book, "Mrs. Mean" and "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country," Gass accomplishes this by the rather easy strategy of presenting a character of much sensitivity and intelligence being stretched on the rack of Midwest small-town neighbors and customs. The title story, in fact, reads rather like the ruminations of one of the more bilious contributors to the *New York Review of Books* if he had been condemned for a long stretch in such a town, well past his breaking point. It is not that in actuality such towns are not living graveyards—I came from one and they are. It is just that they have been literarily stereotyped almost beyond the possibility of serious use—as, at the other end of

the scale, Paris has been used too often as the city to which the sensitive young intellectual from the killing provinces flees for his life.

"The Pederson Kid" is a good notch above these two (please understand that it is a high standard by which I am judging these stories, the highest). In this long story, long enough to be labeled a novella, that nonform. Gass takes you into the consciousness of a normal-seeming boy, but then subjects him to such extreme experiences, emotional, moral, physical, that you have little difficulty believing in his disappearance into a deranged state of mind, and are willing to sympathize with him as he goes off into it. My only reservation about the story is that Gass makes it impossible for you to know exactly what happens at the end. To me as reader, it matters whether the boy actually kills the others or only thinks they have been killed by somebody (he is not clear by whom), and I resent the author's obscuring this knowledge from me. If he wanted me to feel a literary confusion equivalent to the boy's confusion about what was what, he succeeded. But instead of deepening my empathy with the character (or teaching me some sort of phenomenological lesson?), it turned me against the author for trickery.

Identity is the issue common to all these stories, and Gass's investigation of the minds of people who are uncertain or confused about their identities is powerfully carried out; this is especially successful in "The Pederson Kid." My only serious complaint is that Gass seems, a little, to be trying to call my identity into question too, and this I consider an illegitimate literary endeavor; in my own person, I resist it.

The masterpiece of these stories, in my opinion, is the shortest, "Order of Insects." It consists of ■ housewife's strange reflections on the insect bodies that keep appearing in the house that she and her family are renting, her relation to them, to all *those others*, to her role in the world. The tone is lyrical; the story is a dramatic monologue, and the effect is poetic. It is one of the best stories I have ever read, as well as one of the oddest.

For in it, as not always in the others, the language is wholly successful. "The Pederson Kid" is the most narrative of the five, and in it the language is plainest, up to the point where the narrator

A GLIMPSE OF e. e. cummings

The reading was over and he stood against the rear wall, head up, keeping a smile, being talked to. One more chore for the money and he could have been enjoying it for the challenge to the self his smile protected. A girl student spoke to his face. He nodded and in a moment answered quietly and quickly in a high pitched voice. Was it this vocal weakness he meant to shield as the self, because it was so awkward in him? He meant nothing more after that but to listen, to nod and smile at each body in turn taking a stand before him. I hung about watching and studying his face for the poems being written there at that moment and found it weary but alert, aged and loving defiance.

DAVID IGNATOW

alters into madness. The title story is hardly narrative at all, and its language is highly stylized. Gass turns out, in all his fiction, splendid sentences by the dozen; but rather too often, as in the title story, he falls into an obtrusively iambic rhythm which leads a plodding life of its own, neither taking the reader into the character's mind particularly nor taking him anywhere else either. But in "Order of Insects" everything comes together magically, and the reader rides the

poetic prose with the character to a region where he has never been before and wants to go again—I've read the story three times already and look forward to reading it many more.

A footnote: Four of these five stories were published first in provincial little magazines, *MSS*, *Accent* (which "discovered" Gass over a decade ago), *Perspective*, and *The Minnesota Review*. The next time you hear someone sneer at little magazines, kick him.

to conduct it as he thought he should.

He went back to Atlanta in a mood of personal defeat. Then his renewal, that of a genius, erupted in a whole new concept to make Atlanta and the Negro Land Grant Colleges centers of black power as effective as were the white colleges in preparing their students for a ruling class. Black people would be given back their history, their destiny, in a continuous flow of raw data and published studies. His plan was accepted, and then without notice he was dropped from Atlanta again, at age 76, without a pension or savings. He went back to the NAACP, which dropped him again—a further humiliation and defeat.

He did not know that he was a great revolutionary. He did not know that when they first got rid of him at Atlanta his accumulating studies of American domestic imperialism were laying bare the total system of the suppression of his race. He did not know when they edged him out of *Crisis* that his unremitting probing and whipping of his people could have brought them, during capitalism's crisis of the thirties to their revolutionary flash point. Nor did he know that when he went back to Atlanta and began his grand design to unify the black intellectual community that he was as dangerous as Karl Marx.

He did not know that by serving his country with his conscience he had become one of its greatest enemies—not until he was indicted and tried as a criminal for his work in the peace movement in the fifties. He did not know until they took away his passport that in his travels and Pan African Conferences he had been organizing a vast section of the world revolution. It was in his years of exile in his own country, suspected of being a foreign agent, shut off from contact with the world in which he had had a life of conspicuous achievement ("The colored children ceased to hear my name") that he wrote this great soliloquy and finally understood what had happened to him.

Its publishers have not done DuBois or his book a service by featuring Herbert Aptheker so prominently as its "editor." This implies that the book had to be worked over to such a degree that its editor deserved "billing," or that it is a compilation of scattered pieces which needed to be pulled together. It goes against the remark in the editor's preface that "it is published as Dr. DuBois wrote it: changes have been few and only of a technical nature—completing a name, and the like." Why then mention the editor at all? Or why enjoin his name on a major literary document as personal and candid as this one?

Technically, it is not as DuBois wrote it, or left it, at his death in

A Life Style of Conscience

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W.E.B. DUBOIS. International Publishers. 448 pp. \$10.

TRUMAN NELSON

Mr. Nelson's latest book is *The Right to Revolution* (Beacon).

The autobiography of DuBois is not really his *history* but what he called it, a "Soliloquy." It is the forged ore of his life, honed to a cutting edge. It is a tool that can be passed, effectively, impersonally, from hand to hand. The tone is collective: it is of the organizer, the mover and shaker of millions, the genius lovingly immersed in the mass. It records self-evident achievements, excellences, concepts which place him in the small company of the world's greatest men, and defeats and humiliations that make him one with the rest of us, inching our way along. He was, above all, a creator of great syntheses in the world of ideas. His own personality was a synthesis of what the black man could be in this country after a bloody war in which his shackles were struck off.

In the year of his birth, 1868, the freedmen of the South got the vote. In the little New England town where he was born there was a pride among the people that they had helped put down a wicked rebellion and thereby freed 4 million slaves. They wanted the black DuBois to succeed as proof that smashing the slave owner's rebellion was right; that it "paid off," that the slaves had been, all along, the worthy poor, waiting to be uplifted. The white community did for him what they seem unable to do now—they let him form his life for what he wanted to do; to help bring about the unification of the disrupted soul of man in a country whose natural resources could provide hope and sustenance for the wretched of the earth. Without financial resources, he managed to win his way through Fisk University, Harvard and the University of Berlin, to become "the most conspicuously trained young Negro of my day."

He felt that sociology was the greatest of human sciences and that his life work should be "to watch and measure the history and development of a great race" and gather scientific proof that neither color nor race determined the capacity of man to advance; in short, proof that the truth could make man free. He hit his stride at Atlanta University where he formed cadres of scholars to discover the relations of cause and effect among living persons, with the accuracy of first-rate historians working in areas of time-fixed facts.

Their studies revealed that the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 were more crucial to their race than the Reconstruction era. While European nations had exploited colonies far away, American imperialism had fastened its grip on the black South and set up a quasi-colonialism. As the blacks, released by emancipation, were coming with terrifying speed to their full intellectual powers, lynchings began to occur at the rate of five a week, laws were passed to disenfranchise and Jim Crow the black people "legally," and Southern state governments became openly racist and punitive.

The blacks were thrust back into a "helot" role, segregated, unskilled and unlearned. Booker T. Washington was given almost unlimited power and became the black mask for total white suppression. DuBois was outraged by this and forsook his scholarly detachment to attack Washington personally with the formation of a black resistance group called the Niagara Movement. It was soon made clear that DuBois, and his studies and his militancy would make it impossible for Atlanta to receive adequate financial support.

DuBois left and went with the NAACP, which he had helped to found, as the editor of a new periodical *The Crisis*. For twenty-four years he wielded an instrument of propaganda which created, almost single-handedly, a black intelligentsia and mass black awareness. Then, inexplicably to him, he was not allowed

Ghana in 1963. According to the preface, the manuscript was "rescued from Accra, after the military coup of early 1966." I happened to be in Accra in 1965 as a guest of Mrs. DuBois when she lent me a carbon copy. It was just as DuBois had assembled it; it is still in my possession and it begins: "I was born by a golden river and in the shadow of two great hills, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation, which began the freeing of the American Negro slaves." This section in the *Autobiography* comes into view on page 61, after some descriptions of DuBois' journeying abroad.

The carbon bears a very significant opening inscription: "Dedicated to the Dead: My Great Grandfather, James DuBois, My Grandfather, Alexander DuBois, My Parents, Alfred DuBois and Mary Burghardt, My Children, Burghardt Gomer DuBois, Yolande DuBois, My First Wife, Nina Gomer DuBois." Thus this work begins, and ends with a great unifying span of an apostrophe to the dead. "Let then the dreams of the Dead rebuke the Blind who think that what is will be forever and teach them that what was worth living for must live again, and that which merited death must stay dead. Teach us Forever Dead, there is no Dream but

Deed, there is no Deed but Memory."

DuBois lived the last years of his life like a great virtuoso playing a Bach chaconne, with a faultless and accelerating rhythm which had to drive on, unslackening, to its imminent end. Every note had to be struck with accuracy; he had no more time to make mistakes, revisions or corrections. These are the *untouched* words of a 90-year-old man squaring himself with death, and expecting it every day from a heart beating against impossible odds. His writing is unbelievably strong and young, without self-pity and vibrant with righteous anger. He could not include everything. He barely touches on his peaks as a great writer, a great historian, the father of Pan Africanism.

But no one book could contain him, nor could any institution. He was too big for them and for his own country. At the end he felt that only a Communist revolution could contain him and use him as the embodiment of black millions fighting to be free. He should be judged as a whole new cosmogony of ideas and momentum, of concepts rising and whirling in space, sometimes fusing, sometimes falling, but always radiating power and light and emitting lines of divergence which encompass the world and the world's people.

The Ritual of Originality

CHANDLER BROSSARD

Mr. Brossard's current work is *The Spanish Scene* (Viking). His novels are *Who Walk in Darkness* (New Directions), *The Bold Saboteurs* (Farrar, Straus) and *The Double View* (Dial). He is an associate professor at the State University College, Old Westbury, N.Y.

Most art is about art, most music about music, most sculpture about, yes, sculpture. The principle behind this is simple and paralyzing: to be truly original—or unique—is to exist outside the stabilizing context of tradition and society, that is, shared reality, which, by community necessity, is the *only* reality, and to have such an existence is to be insane or demonic. In other words, *not to be*. Since this is so, what rituals have been devised (agreed upon, really) to satisfy, or rationalize, one's presumed need to be original, or insane, or alienated? Exactly that: the ritual (or pseudo art form) of originality—alienation. And the beauty of this ritual is that the participant in it actually never leaves his comfortable position of averageness and unoriginality.

In current literature this ritual has its set styles, tones, poses, voices, flora and fauna, terrains and outcomes. Also, its

dialogue between author and publisher. Conspiracy would be an exacter word; they conspire (within the ritual) to present ritual as a reality (in the phenomenology of contemporary emptiness this is a jewel). The author projects himself into a pseudo vision, the publisher projects himself into a pseudo convert role, and the latest round in the ritual is launched and published. The language the publisher employs, or has been assigned by the set piece art form within the ritual, is ageless and unvarying, as are all approved and functioning recitations.

Allow me to quote from the jackets of four recent novels—*The Free-Lance Pallbearers*, by Ishmael Reed; *The Answer*, by Jeremy Larnier; *The Creep*, by Jeffrey Frank; *The Disciple*, by Clark Brown. About Frank: "Readers will be caught by the overwhelming conviction. . . . Bartholomew is a silent, anguished soul. . . ." Reed: "This electrifying first novel zooms American readers off to a land they have never heard of." Larnier: "Caught up in a carnival of sensual powers. . . . An epochal literary experience . . . down corridors of madness. . . ." Brown: "Highly original . . . careens from Paris to Madrid . . . startling . . .

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These books exemplify a rampant and by now pathological literary ritual that reveals, not the death of God (which is the presumptuous implication) but the death of man (that is, the writer). Here is the alienated young man, too sensitive for his environment, searching his soul for the interior voyage, i.e., man in search of his real self and innocence. Nothing of the kind, of course, is taking place. It is a game being played by dead men in a cultural cemetery playing at being dead men in a cultural cemetery.

Other, and better established, practitioners come to mind. J. P. Donleavy as revealed in *A Singular Man*; Jack Kerouac in all of his productions; Saul Bellow in *Dangling Man* and *The Adventures of Augie March*. The difference between these authors and the four new ones is not in any way substantive but more a matter of better technique and literary sophistication. Bellow is a particularly rich example. His ritual is a reworking of the authentic visions, and "trips," of three true alienated adventurers, Kafka, Céline and Dostoevsky. And this takes an awesome internalizing of ritual. To make a ritual, within a ritual, of another's sensibility and style and absurdism is almost an art in itself, just as gifted transvestism sometimes does achieve a weird, though inorganic, breakthrough.

Each of the authors has an act: his topical story within the main non-story. Larner's, for instance, involves a young man in a hip scene—a university town—whose real non-hipness the witness "escapes" by way of an ecstatic drug experience directed by a swami much cut after Timothy Leary. Frank's act involves a young man who becomes dehumanized by the all too human city of New York. He searches for women who will lead him "somewhere." Reed's bit projects a young Kafka-boppy Negro into the very familiar wacky street world of the wacky street Negro. He too is looking for a woman to lead him.

Each author employs the standard language of his literary ritual, a language that is not a true language (as newspaper language is truly something that comes out of a machine) but a substitute for one allowing the author himself (assuming he has a language or identity of his own) never to have to appear, which is the way a real ritual is always played. (Did the ancient Greeks ever have to hear the street-corner voices of those automatized personages in the dramas? And if they did, did they, being the shrewd citizens they were, realize there was no connection at all so why bother to get upset?) Herewith some thoroughly representative samples. Larner: "She was all set now I knew, and my blood flowed

back, and my guts unclenched, and I gave, at last, what I had come to give her." Reed: "I live in HARRY SAM. HARRY SAM is something else. A bit not-to-be-believed out-of-sight, sometimes referred to as O-BOP-SHE-BANG or KLANG-A-LANG-ADING-DONG." And Frank: "He dreaded going into the streets again, and seeing all the other faces and hearing voices with them, and actually all humanity assembled for him to detest. . . . But loneliness was still the most desperate of words."

As is the case with the many other writers engaged in the same pseudo fiction project, Larner, Frank, Reed and Brown inadvertently employ the same nonfictional antagonist to work against their protagonist: environmental boredom. Not ideas, not ideologies, not existential conflict. The resonance set up between the antagonist and the protagonist—a tension that is central to any real fiction—in such "novels" as these is lacking in any depth or possibility. The grass is greener is hardly a dynamic concept. It is peevish and tangential to go into the shoddy technology of their production, their novelistic-craft ineptness. This school of ritualized alienation and "outness," like a lot of action painting, allows of an unconscionable flaccidity. Nay, encourages it, because this undiscipline contributes to the illusion of real wild imagination. The older, more successful workers in the field have at least conquered this seduction.

Such books, both recent and past, make shatteringly clear the difference between ritual and myth. The first is a formalized emptiness whose purpose is to rationalize disengagement and death. The other is an extension and merging of man's fantasies with his pragmatic position.

Now, one has to ask: what has become of fiction, true fiction? Has it been eliminated or almost totally destroyed by the ritual and its organizers? Is there a "market" for it? What are the ingredients, or requirements, of a fictional experience that can at the same time be unique and universal, relevant to the person having it and reflecting an authentic response to his time and place? Has metaphor become a vagabond in a ghost town?

Certainly, our humanity ultimately is not tenable without this metaphor. But the trans-cultural experience, or the transcendental projection, threatens entrenched schemata and must therefore be denied in order that "life," as one is allowed to know it, continue. Can man leap through this logic, give the lie to the mirror, or would the leap carry him into dreaded infinity, into his dreaded infinite self?

Camus' proposition as stated in "The Myth of Sisyphus" that man's central philosophical problem is suicide is unreal and exists in the tradition of art being about art. If we are not more than we seem to be, then suicide is pompous and a joke.

A Hero and a Poet

COLLECTED POEMS. By Keith Douglas. Edited by John Waller, G. S. Fraser and J. C. Hall. With an introduction by Edmund Blunden. 164 pp.

ALAMEIN TO ZEM ZEM. By Keith Douglas. With an introduction by Lawrence Durrell. 164 pp. Both Chilmark Press. \$4.95 each.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Mr. Hamburger, poet, critic and translator of German poetry, has published many books here and in England. He is one of the translators of the just published *Poems for People Who Don't Read Poems* by Hans Magnus Enzensberger (Atheneum).

Thanks, in part, to the advocacy of Ted Hughes, the work of Keith Douglas has at last come into its own, and Douglas is now widely regarded as the most remarkable of the young British poets who died in the Second World War. One reason is that Sidney Keyes, whose fame at one time eclipsed that of Douglas, was too young, and was killed too soon, to write "war poems" proper; and both

Keyes and Alun Lewis responded far less positively and vividly to the experience of war, because of literary and personal preoccupations difficult to reconcile with a soldier's life. Alun Lewis was Douglas' senior by five years, and Keyes was only two years younger than Douglas; but Douglas was far in advance of his years, not only in literary skill but in a maturity and assurance attested even in the undergraduate poems which he contributed to the anthology *Eight Oxford Poets*, published in 1941. The *Collected Poems* include work written well before that time, beginning with the poem "Mummers" written at the age of 14.

In the ten years between that first poem and the last—Douglas was killed in June, 1944, at the age of 24—his painter's eye for significant detail and his keen intelligence gave him a range of awareness that was to serve him well as a war poet. By the age of 20 he had shed most of the literariness characteristic of the British poets of his generation, and could write in a natural speaking voice,

as in the poem "Canoe" of 1940, even when his themes were metaphysical. Above all, the persistent premonition that he would die in the war gave him an adventurousness, a determination to be equal to that experience, and a curiosity about places, people and skills that are equally striking in his prose account of the North African campaign, *Alamein to Zem Zem*.

In this he emerges as an exceptionally brave and efficient officer who never ceased to be a poet: "To say that I thought of the Battle of Alamein as an ordeal sounds pompous: but I did think of it as an important test, which I was interested in passing. I observed these battles partly as an exhibition—that is to say that I went through them a little like a visitor from the country going to a great show, or like a child in a factory—a child sees the brightness and efficiency of steel machines and endless belts slapping round and round, without caring or knowing what it is all there for. When I could order my thoughts I looked for more significant things than appearances: I still looked—I cannot avoid it—for something decorative, poetic or dramatic. . . . I never lost the certainty that the experience of battle was something I must have."

That balance between involvement and detachment is as characteristic of Douglas as the way in which he combined ironic observation with a search for "more significant things than appearances." His poem "Aristocrats" reads like a satirical exposure of upper-class British attitudes carried over from civilian life into the business of war:

*The noble horse with courage in his
eye
clean in the bone, looks up at a
shellburst:
away fly the images of the shires
but he puts the pipe back in his mouth.*

*Peter was unfortunately killed by an 88:
it took his legs away, he died in the
ambulance.*

*I saw him crawling on the sand; he said
It's most unfair, they've shot my foot
off.*

*How can I live among this gentle
obsolescent breed of heroes, and not
weep?*

*Unicorns, almost,
for they are falling into two legends
in which their stupidity and chivalry
are celebrated. Each, fool and hero,
will be an immortal.*

The complex irony and pathos of that poem, and of all Douglas' work that came out of the war, make him the one British poet of the Second World War who can bear comparison with those of the First World War, with Owen, Sassoon and Isaac Rosenberg, whom Douglas especially admired. The very detachment

of the poem shows that Douglas himself was very much a product of prewar upper-class England, with all the virtues and gallantry of that "obsolescent breed of heroes," but without the stupidity that could take its code for granted. The satire turns out to be a true celebration of that breed, just because Douglas' intelligence told him that the breed was obsolescent; and because Douglas was writing out of a quarrel, not with others but with himself.

Not the least of Douglas' virtues as a poet and prose writer was a moral one which he owed to his upbringing—a passionate truthfulness. This truthfulness was nourished by an awareness of what was going on outside Britain, an awareness of the general implications of the war. Douglas himself made this point in a letter appended to the *Collected Poems*, his reply to strictures on his irregular and jagged prosody, which Douglas defended as "significant speech," as distinct from song or rhetoric:

I don't know if you have come across the word Bullshit—it is an army word and signifies humbug and unnecessary detail. It symbolizes what I think must be got rid of—the mass of irrelevancies, of "attitudes," "approaches," propaganda, ivory towers, etc., that stands between us and our problems and what we have to do about them. To write about the themes which have been concerning me lately in lyric and abstract form would be immense bullshitting. . . . I suppose I reflect the cynicism and the careful absence of expectation (it is not quite the same thing as apathy) with which I view the world. . . . I never tried to write about war . . . until I had experienced it.

What Douglas called his "cynicism" there is defined in the same letter, when he says "to admit any hope of a better world is criminally foolish, as foolish as it is to stop working for it." That very toughness, combined with the compassion that made Douglas withdraw from battle at times to take wounded men back to safety in his tank, distinguishes Douglas' response to the realities of war.

The new volume of *Collected Poems* makes a few significant additions to the contents of the collection published in 1951 by Poetry London; and they are now presented in roughly chronological order. A number of Douglas' drawings have been added. Apart from Lawrence Durrell's Introduction, *Alamein to Zem Zem* is based on the Poetry London edition of 1946, which also included color plates, omitted from the new edition, as well as a selection of Douglas' later poems. The earlier editions have long been out of print; but it was Tambimuttu of Poetry London who published Douglas' work both in his periodical of that name and in book form long before it was

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generally recognized and acclaimed. Both he and the editors of the new volumes—all of whom were personally associated with Douglas and devoted to his work—deserve the gratitude of his new readers. Not only war poems like "Gallantry," "How To Kill" and "On a Return from Egypt," but love poems like "The Knife" and the metaphysical poem "Time Eating" are among the very best poems written in English during the war, quite apart from the circumstances of Douglas' youth and his death in action. *Alamein to Zem Zem*, too, retains its dual interest and importance as a record of war in the desert and as an account of one exceptional man's response to the experience of modern warfare.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

We are in the process, these days, of reassimilating what had once been known as the artistic "machine." In the 19th century everyone knew that the "machine" was a gigantic painting in heroic style, generally of academic or Salon origin, a history picture, official, sometimes a mural, and always a rhetorical demonstration of the artist's engagement with ideas, and the exposition of his skill. The word, of course, is derogatory; it seizes upon the mechanism and pretentiousness which were the features of many, but by no means all, the works of art which have since then aspired to grandeur. Twentieth-century artists have generally been unable to work on this scale without some fundamental irony or displacement of energy. The earlier prizing loose of conservative government patronage from what came to be an alienated art intelligentsia had much to do with this. But more importantly there has prevailed a suspicion of public emotions, and a mistrust of ideology and propaganda that virtually eliminated the monumental as an artistic genre of our times. Now, all this seems to be evaporating, and one witnesses the reintroduction of an art of mammoth dimensions, if not altogether symphonic orchestration.

The 1930s may yet come to seem a predecessor for this development. For just as artists of the sixties are skimming the glossier surfaces and campy glamour from the moderne artifacts of that decade, they are also emulating the formats in which some of the artists of that time attempted a call to arms. Lest we forget, it was the period not only of Busby Berkeley and the Radio City Music Hall but of the WPA project and the Mexican muralists. Rivera at Detroit

painted his vision of the proletariat in herculean labor on the automobile assembly line, and Robert Delaunay constructed his hall of concentric circles for the Paris railroad pavilion of 1937, a work now briefly at the Metropolitan Museum, where it looks fantastically *au courant*. Whether or not these efforts were "machines," their subject could not have been other than the machine itself, for nothing has as yet competed with technology as the single most life-shaping factor in the existence of modern man. That modern art has pre-occupied itself with this central theme, making it into a new "history," was evident in the thirties, when Meyer Schapiro wrote (in the *Marxist Quarterly*):

Léger decomposes the elements of machines into Cubist abstractions or assimilates living things to the typical rigid shapes of machines; the Dadaists improvise a whimsical burlesque with robots or reconstructed men; in Holland the neo-plasticists construct their works of quasi-architectural units; in Germany the Constructivist-Suprematist forms ape the drawings and models of the machine designer, rather than the machines themselves. And the Futurists, in distinction from all of these, try to recapture the phenomenal aspects of moving mechanisms, of energy and speed.

Here was an iconography of grandeur, and it was inevitable that it should summon up at least once the vestiges of the 19th-century "machine" tradition in new emblems of optimism. Moreover, the "collectivist" imagery of this revival made it psychologically permissible to commit oneself to overt social content and inflate the scale of a pictorial tradition long skeptical of, or frustrated in, any communication with the masses.

The one contemporary exception to this rule, although it was also the most

GHOST STORY OF A NEW HAMPSHIRE GRAVEYARD

*The old ghost
Among the stones
Has cold feet
And a bitter heart;
He cannot see colors.
Sadness and anger
Rise out of the ground:
His children are neighbors
Buried nearby,
Such little ones!
They are not lambs.
They are fireflies and mosquitoes
Of unusual fierceness,
And in his cold brain
They bite and burn.*

DOROTHY GILBERT

seminal and premonitory of its class, was the "Guernica" by Picasso. While it summarized, synthesized and passed on all that late Cubism could represent as a master style, it indicted a historical incident, the first aerial bombardment of an undefended civilian population. It would have been merely a reactionary gesture to castigate the demonism of the machine. But it was a cry of prophetic outrage, as much political as it was aesthetic, to see in "Guernica" the lethal imminence of a technology through which man would seek to destroy himself. And now we have our own like document, a picture that whether consciously or not, replies to the "Guernica" across the years, and befits us as the defiant older work would never have chosen to do. I refer to James Rosenquist's "F-111" on loan in the Metropolitan Museum.

In the literature of guilt, the Picasso may be taken as an example of warning, the Rosenquist as a token of complicity. "Guernica," though referring to an actual event, aspires to timelessness (a far more accurate index of the monumental than largeness of scale). And though, too, it is executed only in black, white and gray, it is optimistic in the sense that the work of any great reformer is optimistic. But "F-111," which maximizes the political implications of Pop art, has become an instant period piece. For though it diffuses montages a series of artifacts rather than reconstructs an event, it is journalistic in conception. And while it is gorgeously technicolor in palette, it could not be more bleak in outlook.

This mural has elicited bitter controversy since its completion in 1965. One confronts a 10-foot high frieze of panels, canvas and aluminum, that sprawls awkwardly for 86 feet around the corners of the room. Without special emphasis other than that caused by a provisional installation and the spectator's choice of vantage, there unfolds, left to right, in front of the silhouette backdrop of the life-size jet, a track hurdle, an angel food cake crowned by a heavy-treaded tire, light bulbs, one of which is cracked open, the grinning head of a little blond girl in a hair dryer, an atomic mushroom cloud topped by a beach umbrella, a burst of air bubbles above the hood of a scuba diver, and a mass of wriggling canned spaghetti, now behind the nose lance of the plane. Impossible to ingest in one glance, the painting also seems intellectually ambivalent and disruptive.

But though its compositional sense is additive and piecemeal, it exhibits a definite program, and eventually amounts to a kind of inventory of apocalypse. Threaded across the sleek fuselage of what has been touted as the most devas-

tating war machine of the age, are out-sized images of the consumer culture that are its smiling, sportive counterparts. The levels on which this billboard panorama can be "read" are multiply disturbing in their own right. Magnified, outward projecting, cajoling, these gargantuan if banal objects lose their social distance and flatten us aggressively, not with the artist's own rhetoric but in the highway idiom we ourselves have sanctioned. Cause and effect are scrambled in this tableau which abrasively transmits good news into bad. It is as if the hypocritical cheeriness of our affluence, to which we have grown defensively impervious, has been frozen by the flash bulbs in *flagrante delicto*. Few will disagree with this "message"; but many have objected to its over-accessibility, confusing received ideas, or even liberal clichés, with the work of art which alludes to them.

For the imaginative processes that operate here are uniquely metaphorical, and in the end, even poetic, in the manner of surrealism. On a secondary level, for example, the general content is implicit in specific sensations: the section of cake reveals a shaft like that of the atomic blast, as does also the cloud of bubbles, even further suggesting the gulp of air of the bomb, of the vacuum of the bulb cracked open, as well as the drier and the jet intake. This gulp, in turn, is one of the bases of Rosenquist's meaning. Speaking of the wallpaper roller patterns superimposed on the F-111's tail, he said (in a *Partisan Review* interview conducted by G. R. Swenson in 1965): "You walk outside of your apartment into what used to be open air and all of a sudden feel that it has become solid with radioactivity and other undesirable elements. So I used a wallpaper roller with hard artificial flowers to hang in the atmosphere like a veil." This not so paranoid vision of an atmosphere and a nature that is chemically changed shoots alarmingly through the mural. (Its oscillation between urban and rural, still-life and landscape configurations, is to the point.) The cake is impaled with little pennants advertising its synthetically injected vitamins: the Day-Glo green of the grass behind the drier is like some awful cosmetic spray visited upon a lawn; and the umbrella frivolously blankets a massive fallout. One can choke to death in this brand-new ersatz cleanliness.

Despite the unevenness of its double meanings, "F-111" imputes to American civilization all the directedness of life on a conveyor belt, an accelerating arsenal of productiveness beamed toward a goal the artist himself has described as "some blinding light." (Picasso, too, was concerned with a glaring light, but

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THEATRE

how differently!) To think as Rosenquist does of the picture as "being shoveled into a boiler" is to gain a greater understanding of his similes, not merely in their Magrittean sense but in terms of their current destination. The Firestone tread (how much more evocative of his aim than "Goodrich," which would have suggested a rather different idea) becomes an inhuman chevron of brutality. The bulbs, "glowing . . . but not turned on," provide a luminous key, a pretty incandescence. In the convex drier is the distorted reflection of a fighter pilot or astronaut. "AIR FORCE" is posted across the atomic explosion, and finally the intestinal spaghetti, swishing in its thin red gruel, turns gray and is bordered by the terminal blank aluminum panels that bounce off the light of the gallery. The whole is an anti-epic, replete with jump-cuts and zoom shots, that retails in false and fearful splendor the magnitude of our involuted values. It is indeed a vengeful machine.

Yet, part of the paradox of this work lies in its own involvement with the very complex it incriminates. It would have been too blatant for this Pop artist to have depicted real violence, but it was not too compromising to derive sensuous benefits from the conditions and materials he abhors as a human being. No matter how ironically structured, Pop art's acceptance of high-powered commercial routines has no choice but to be ambivalent, if not parodistic, as a rhetorical device. The issue

is never more crucial than in this picture which purports to give an "antidote" to, rather than a mere reflection of, our ways. Those who have accused it of formal inadequacy exaggerate wildly, for if anything, Rosenquist has sacrificed a good deal of political effectiveness in order to enhance the work's artistic potentialities. Though it is now considerably more overpainted and labored than when I remember it in the studio, the mural is still a tour de force of chromatic brilliance and painterly felicity. The filtered oil and acrylic transparencies of the plane's midriff are an example, while "F-111's" lush and indulgent sensitivity to textures has, in addition, a sensory éclat hard to match. But to the extent that we respond to these features, the more specious, or at least suspect, becomes the tone of the work. By the attractiveness of its form, we may be robbed of some of our wrath at the horror of its subject. That coherent balance of form and content possessed by Picasso is no longer possible to a Rosenquist who seriously imagined

selling his work in fragments, as souvenirs of a polyglot enterprise.

Of course it may convincingly be argued that our situation does not permit the holistic verities and evident symbolism that could be tapped by Picasso. By all indications, Rosenquist's exploration of the moral underbelly of our society was forced to reveal the proportion of his and our half-damning participation in it. (Something of the same can be said for the gratuitous scale and physical vacancy—so typically American—of much recent abstract art.) Yet it is part of the general perplexity that we share feelings of powerlessness and disjunction in an automated world while still partly wanting to react to its terrible and alluring myth of our own potency. How do most Americans feel about the portentous and yet ludicrously inadequate performance of the first operational F-111s? Like Godard's latest color films, Rosenquist's Magrittean poetics detonate some very contemporary unease, even as they verify the hollowness of the machine tradition.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

One of the merits of Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* (Theatre Four: 424 West 55 Street) is that without stars it presents "all-star" acting and direction. The author is new to the stage (he has previously been active in television and film) and Robert Moore, directing his first New York production, has long been an actor. We are confronted with newcomers whose initial essay on the local boards is a hit.

The "boys" of the title are all or almost all homosexual. None of them is a Gide or a Proust or even a Baron de Charlus. Such types, like all superior personages, are rarely dealt with by our dramatists. The boys in the band are for the most part a sorry lot: some of them show a definite nastiness, mitigated in certain cases by wit. Much of the play is funny, although one cannot always be sure whether the laughter it provokes is caused by surprise, malice or the casualness of the pervasive obscenity.

Still we need not be overpunctilious about these points. There is a sufficient Manhattan sophistication and literacy in the proceedings to give the piece a value beyond its camp qualities. Its picture offers little depth but considerable surface skill. What emerges in the end, as so frequently in such instances, is a fundamental sentimentality. But it is clear: Mart Crowley has ability and if he can apply it on a wider scale he may come to write some good comedies.

There is little "plot." Michael, one of

the boys, struggling, under psychoanalysis, with his Catholic upbringing and his deviation, is giving a birthday party for a Jewish friend, addicted to several vices apart from his basic peculiarity. Invited to the party are a married college instructor, who brings along his lover, an unabashed or screaming queer (always good for yaks), a serious-minded and sad young man who is Michael's lover, a self-effacing Negro and a male whore brought by the flagrant fag as a gift for the guest of honor.

"Suspense" is created by the unexpected and momentarily embarrassing arrival of Michael's former college chum. At first Michael cautions his guests not to shock the "square" visitor. But as the party progresses and any attempt to conceal its character becomes impossible, Michael insists on proving to the intruder that he too is an urning. Michael fails because it is unequivocally apparent that the victim of the evening's charade loves his wife even though he may have been obliged to repress his tendency to inversion. This humiliates Michael who breaks down in a fit of hysterical self-reproach.

"If we could only not hate ourselves," Michael weeps. Though this outcry may be extended to the bulk of mankind it does not make the play profound, moving or "psychological." What it possesses is a smooth veneer skillfully applied in a vein now become fashionable.

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acting, particular commendation is due Laurence Luckinbill as the college teacher, to Leonard Frey as the viciously intelligent birthday boy, to Frederick Combs as the quiet one in the band, and to Kenneth Nelson as Michael.

Robert Moore deserves much credit as director for shrewdness in casting and for the balance between honesty of portraiture and theatrical effectiveness. There are only two "slips" in this regard: when he makes the most effeminate of the boys (well done by Cliff Gorman) become moon-eyed and mushy to indicate genuine feeling, and when he overstresses the "straight" visitor's tension and pain in the struggle with his ambivalence.

George M!, a musical with book by Michael Stewart, John and Fran Pascal, music and lyrics by Cohan himself, revised by his daughter Mary, fits the Palace Theatre—the once renowned house of vaudeville—perfectly. The show is brash, loud, fast.

I repeat: Loud and Fast! Everything—including the ever-changing settings—moves with literally breathless speed. (The management would be well advised to have its understudies ready to go on at all times and to keep a heart specialist in constant attendance.) The song *Mary* is slowed down a bit, but only to suit the singer's need. I left the theatre with little exhilaration but with considerable admiration for the proficiency of Joe Layton, the director-choreographer.

Pace saves the show. There is not much to it in the way of writing or even melody. The Cohan songs (very agreeable in themselves) are stylized to accord with the general production method of

rapid and raucous speech and movement. The Cohan combination of breeziness and nonchalance is replaced by bounce and bombast. There are also some facile parodies of quaint old-time dance routines.

Though the "story" begins in 1878 and runs through 1937—with lots and lots of the "original" tunes—the tone is Broadway 1968, the New York of today, hustling, bustling, brutal. Its nostalgia is noisy. In consonance with the production, which is conditioned by the circumstances of the street outside, the audience whoops it up with bravos and applause like mad, or at least it did when I saw the entertainment at its first matinee, packed with show folk who are always vociferous appreciators.

Joel Grey, who hasn't the slightest resemblance in appearance, tone or manner to Cohan, is an agile and gifted performer who was cast closer to "type," that is, to the possibilities of a genuine characterization in *Cabaret*. Frail and lithe, he sets the pace. A number of hoofers and dancers (Gene Castle, Harvey Evans) follow suit. Bernadette Peters has the right face and feel for Cohan's sister Josie. A black "brat" Susan Batson is a cute comedienne, and Jacqueline Alloway (in a number of "bits") possesses the sumptuous allure of an old-fashioned show girl. Still the evening is Layton's. But the real star is the prefabricated audience. It makes the evening whatever it seems or aims so hectically to be.

The Negro Ensemble Company's third production of the season is devoted to Wole Soyinka's *Kongi's Harvest*, a play about an African country called "Isma." It concerns the conflict between

a deposed and provisionally imprisoned traditional ruler, devoted to the old ways, hence "reactionary," and a maniacally malevolent dictator bent on progress. Slight as the situation is, Soyinka has made it suffice to suggest the terror and the comedy in such crazy communities where the complex vocabulary and devices of more advanced societies are scrambled with the cunning and symbolism of the primitive.

The dictator has his brain trust, a shabby, confused and disputatious board whom Kongi keeps sequestered and famished while they work out such intellectual problems as the use and justification of slogans. The dictator's chief henchman and spy is called the Organizing Secretary, smooth of tongue, cynical and sneaky, at once boasting and pusillanimous.

The heir to the old ruler's throne is the man in the middle. Though somewhat alien to the old, he is emotionally loyal; distrustful of and disgusted by the cruel duplicity of the new regime, he is committed to little but compromise. As a result he conducts a life of sensual self-indulgence in the seething underworld.

The patriarch of the old order, surrounded by a gaggle of wives, is tenacious of his ancient dignity and code with a certain abidingly sly skepticism, which is at times characteristic of conservatives who no longer credit their inherited beliefs but still despise the pretensions of the new. Looming around them are the appurtenances of the recently imposed industrialism, while in the underbrush we sense the hot beat of the jungle, always threatening to erupt in grotesque and bloody acts.

The alternation of mood from savage horror to grim irony is the most interesting feature of the play. Soyinka's dialogue reveals traces of the divergent aspects of the scene: it is deviously mocking, at moments richly poetic, stiffly or overelaborately eloquent, as if he were translating from a language not his own into another which is also foreign to him. The general texture of the writing—which does not always seem to fit in the actors' "mouths"—while occasionally rough is always savorful.

The cast—Douglas Turner, Robert Hooks and the others—acquits itself well. Simple but stirring dances were arranged by Louis Johnson. In these, the women whose skins glisten with a satin glow, move with a power that is more than muscular, while the men stomp and shudder with a demonic discipline which is not machine made. Jeanne Button's costumes combine colors of the forest with deliberate notes of an absurd contemporaneity.

The evening offers a wide range of substance and sensation for the mentally alert theatregoer.

RUTH WHITMAN

A BURNED-OUT ENGINE ON THE SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY

*My pretty seagreen manslaying automobile
raced lightly up the long hill, scarcely
grazing the macadam.*

*Her heart purred under her hood, the even hum
of all her joints played fugue and counterpoint—
until she missed a beat:*

*She drove delicately, trying to hold back
the first rasps of disaster. The pistons were out
of time, something was dragging*

*under the tailpipe. A wheel had gone soft.
The dry clashing of injured bearings.
Jammed in mid-course,*

*her slain parts clattered, then stopped.
I climbed out of the car, pale and empty,
feeling in my belly—like sudden old age—
the ruined dry engine.*

FILMS / Robert Hatch

The fact of insanity, as it works on the relationships of characters whom we agree to call sane, is a valid, and very ancient, ingredient of drama. But when the insane are made themselves the focus, it strikes me as a way of using sensation to evade commitment. Theatre—however elevated, fantastic or gross—is about how we live now (or used to live or will live tomorrow), and madness is a removal from life. An audience can relate to lunacy only by extending objective pity, and that response has no dramatic context.

I say this remembering that the gradations of mental imbalance are infinite and that the impossibility of defining insanity is a legal platitude. Further, neurosis, often in extreme forms, is common fare of the theatre—it is an element in the make-up of this or that character with which one must cope. But when no explanation can be given for a character's action except that he is insane, there is no way to cope. The proceedings may be eventful but they will not be dramatic, rather desperate antics to stimulate the jaded and frighten the young. Accordingly, I do not greatly admire the current films of two most eminent directors.

To take the more severe preoccupation with insanity first, I supposed for almost the whole of Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* that it was the husband (Max von Sydow) who was mad, but toward the end it became clear that his wife (Liv Ullmann) was also deranged. Since the picture is based exclusively on his diary

and her account of what occurred, there is no way of knowing what is real, what is distorted and what is utter illusion. It seems safe to say that the two were living in solitude on one of the Frisian Islands before he disappeared, but was there also a house party in a nearby castle; and, if so, how eccentric were the guests? Presumably they did not give a puppet show with live homunculi, and presumably an old lady did not take off her face with her hat (Bergman really wrings the grue out of that whimsy), but otherwise, who can say? And who can say whether the man killed a boy in a fit of homosexual rage or encountered on the beach a woman who displayed a bruised right breast? And who can really care? In such a setup, anything is possible, everything is enigmatic and nothing is significant. It is mere spookery.

I think, also, it is time to stop saying: "Oh, but what a marvelous actor is Max von Sydow—so strong, so sensitive, so suffering." In fact, he gives every sign of being a badly spoiled actor (no wonder), who is almost completely inert, trusting to get by on his protruding cheekbones and Bergman's melodramatic lighting. I am weary of the very sight of him.

The heroine of Luis Bunuel's *Belle de Jour* is also deranged. I am not referring to the fact that, a woman frigid with her husband, she is under a compulsion to work afternoons (hence her pseudonym) in a whorehouse, but to her collapse in moments of stress into a

catatonic state in which she suffers episodes of masochistic atonement. This unhappy woman (Catherine Deneuve) does indeed have periods of reason, and her madness is relevant to the behavior of the other characters, so the situation is by no means as extreme as with Bergman's creeper.

My problem with Bunuel's film is that I find it unserious overall and most interesting in detail. At its conclusion, the husband (Jean Sorel) has been blinded and totally paralyzed by gunshots from his wife's ferocious young gangster customer (Pierre Clementi, with Lon Chaney teeth). He knows the "truth," and she knows he knows it, but he cannot show whether or not he forgives her. She will go on nursing him through the years, with this "thing" between them. Coming after preoccupations with Lesbianism, sadism, masochism, masturbation, incestuous necrophilia and the abuse of children (to say nothing—because I do not know—of what the Chinese client may have had in his lacquer box) this ending is not only a naive contrivance in the O. Henry manner but its moral reference is dubious when applied to a woman who can find gratification only in commercial union with sexual freaks (she has but one approximately normal customer out of the lot) and who falls into trances in which she imagines herself whipped by coachmen and violated with a broken wine bottle.

The acting is fine. Miss Deneuve totters on the edge of lunacy with poignant conviction—her approach to the brothel makes you sweat. Genevieve Page is superb as the chic Lesbian madam. Michael Piccoli has an unusually interesting part and plays it with quiet relish and understanding. He is an elegant from the age of reason and the sadistic heart of the film. But such are the circumstances of his victims that he can indulge his lust for mental cruelty with complete moral logic. Sadists rarely have so fair a field, but his wickedness is familiar and chilling far beyond the gothic excesses of the heroine's fantasies.

I liked also the fact that, whereas Miss Deneuve's earlier hallucinations had involved an elegant carriage in which she or her tormentors were riding, in the final dream it drives past empty: there is to be no more solace in fancied punishment; the madness may continue but the pain will be real. This does a good deal to wipe the smug patness from the closing tableau.

Finally, the picture is luxurious in its appointments and handsomely peopled, and this gives a memorable sweetness to the decay. As always, Bunuel has a sure instinct for the suppurations of the soul. In this picture, though, he carries it to the sentimental fallacy of a greater fascination with the sores than with the souls. Except that she needs to be raped daily, the heroine is a dull girl.

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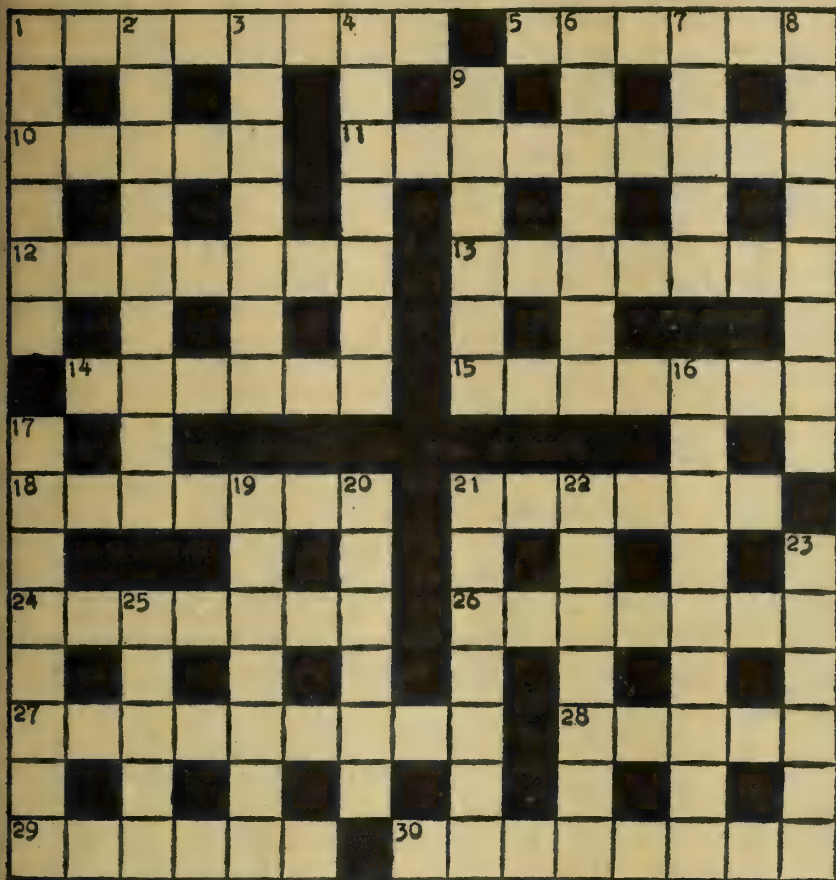
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1247

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 23 down. One who holystones the captain's area, or just several of the hands involved? (6,2,6)
- 5 This might make the way even for one who picks and chooses. (6)
- 10 A bovine type might, like a famous soprano. (5)
- 11 Reel in your hose, perhaps—they might point out the best way way to land.
- 12 Quietly waiting for one to be treated?
- 13 and 14 What's on the end of the line and rod? The honest salesman shouldn't use it. (4,3,6)
- 15 In quite a long time the image will be an apparition. (7)
- 18 Come to pieces, but certainly not in the manner of a bolero-maker. (7)
- 21 A composition in G wasn't likely to yield the sounds of the strings. (6)
- 24 Passes on the story of demonology? (7)
- 26 Wrestle out of it, or suffer when it's oppressive? (7)
- 27 Coming from U.S.A., sure to make the outfit in June! (9)
- 28 Is such humor indelicate or bad form? (5)
- 29 Said to give an appearance of smiling?
- 30 Real study spot in the Mediterranean.

DOWN:

- 1 If you want to make a pot, you might follow this. (6)
- 2 Where a ring is part of the overhead? (4,5)

- 3 Water or air, perhaps, in your heating appliance. (7)
- 4 Where one might find at least two hands doing sentry duty? (2,5)
- 6 Take back a measure. (7)
- 7 The sort of cad, it appears, to make pronouncements. (5)
- 8 One might pay it without the middle edge! (8)
- 9 Blue? An apparant lack of know-how if you are! (6)
- 16 The somewhat airy type strike a match with a few! (9)
- 17 Commercially hydrochloric. (8)
- 19 A half-dozen tricks might make you catch something. (7)
- 20 Possibly an 8 down who has no home of his own. (6)
- 21 Tortoise-like defense? (7)
- 22 Certainly not the latest retort. (7)
- 25 Certainly not against such a day as May 8, 1945, when put to the test. (5)

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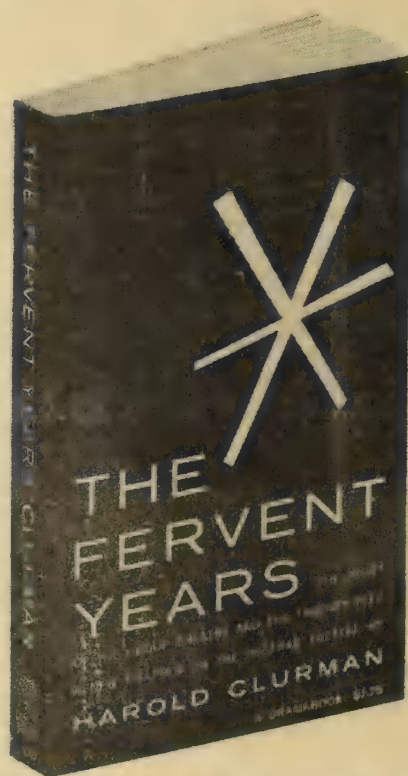
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LETTERS

Rx for the country

Stamford, Conn.

DEAR SIR: I read the excerpts of editorials on the back cover of the April 15 *Nation* to my wife, the ones which show you predicted President Johnson's decision not to run in '68.

"Who knows," she said, "maybe he reads *The Nation* and took the hint."

Would that all the leaders of this country could read *The Nation* and take many of your hints and suggestions! It would be a far better country in many respects.

Joel M. Berns

AID and politics

Rio de Janeiro

DEAR SIR: Howard J. Wiarda's essay in your Feb. 19 issue ["The Dominican Fuse"] was in general an excellent analysis of the Dominican political scene vis-à-vis the Alliance for Progress. However, his statement, "The goal of promoting social change . . . has been abandoned," glosses over important social and democratic achievements that have been registered in recent years. I speak of the Office of Community Development's program which employs hundreds of young and intensely nationalistic Dominicans, some of whom participated in the 1965 revolution on the side of the Constitutionalists. I served as an instructor and consultant for the Office of Community Development from April, 1964, through October, 1966.

In passing, Mr. Wiarda refers to the office: "Thus while the United States is practically sovereign in some areas (such as the Dominican Office of Community Development), it can do little more than make suggestions in others." Professor Wiarda could have put the finger on almost any other Dominican agency and his assumption would be unquestioned. It is evident that he did not explore the objectives of or the three-dimensional realities achieved by the Dominican development program. Indeed, the office would be an ideal paradigm for strengthening the other half of his argument. As the director of the office, Mr. Fiore Marra has consistently followed and exercised an autonomous and independent, if sometimes peremptory, leadership of the office's activities, agreeing to Yankee assistance on his terms.

American Peace Corps volunteers would do well to follow the skilled example of the typical office field worker, who lives and works in the rural communities motivating grass-root community action. . . . I mention here only a few of the socio-economic accomplishments realized in the last three years. As of Jan. 1, 1967: farm to market roads, over 200 km; irrigation canals, 30 km; classrooms constructed, 200; potable water systems, 20; latrines, 1,000 units.

Nearly 70,000 farmers have volunteered their labor on 2,000 self-help, community improvement activities. The office field workers have fostered the organization of hundreds of local groups of leaders. In addition, several farmers' associations have been encouraged to improve and increase their crop yields by the provision of easy credit loans.

The *Alianza* has sponsored a winner for a change. Implicit in Wiarda's spurious assumption is a condemnation of the Agency for International Development's economic and technical assistance. By inference and omission he has done a disservice to both AID's and the Office of Community Development's serious attempts to cooperate meaningfully

(Continued on page 601)

EDITORIALS

The New Danger

By taking himself out of the 1968 race, and by starting (or appearing to start) negotiations with Hanoi, President Johnson has, as one reporter put it, de-escalated and dis-jointed the normal political combat which would otherwise have been the order of the day. But the United States, from the earliest days of the cold war and before we bogged ourselves down in Southeast Asia, has insisted on deeds, not words, in negotiations.

Johnson's one deed, aside from removing himself from what had become a well-nigh hopeless political contest, was to concentrate the bombing in a smaller area, and so to intensify it strategically. Hanoi could scarcely be expected to respond with the outstretched hand which Secretary Clifford seems to think would have been a proper *quid pro quo*. Hanoi replied only that it would negotiate for a complete cessation of the bombing, and named two locations acceptable to it. It then turned out that the President's offer to negotiate any place, any time, was subject to the rule of reason cited by Clifford—who is apparently functioning as the President's counselor-at-law as well as his Secretary of Defense. But "reasonable," which can have a very broad and obstructive meaning, was a qualification which the President had not inserted in any of his reiterated pleas for negotiation.

Yet this tergiversation, obvious as it is when one looks at the record, is not obvious to the front-page-headline reader, and it therefore puts the peace candidates in an awkward position. The Vietnamese issues remain as dangerous as ever, and as much an obstacle to domestic tranquillity, but criticism of the President becomes difficult.

Nixon, of course, is delighted. Wrapping himself in his drip-dry, spot-proof mantle of self-righteousness, he has proclaimed a moratorium on criticism. It is his sacred bipartisan duty to remain silent while Mr. Johnson wrangles with Hanoi. Governor Rockefeller, while by political instinct less mealy-mouthed than Nixon, has not enlightened us as to his views. It is the Democrats who have the problem.

Robert Kennedy has fired a cautious shot or two from safe cover. Hubert Humphrey is working out a strategy under which he will be the loyal, experienced junior partner in the Johnson-Humphrey Administration, yet no longer one who supported the Vietnamese War as ardently as appeared to be the case only a few weeks ago. Only Senator McCarthy, with his usual courage and candor, has rejected the moratorium on criticism out of hand. He intends to keep on discussing the issue until it becomes clear that the Administration has changed its policy and is ready for real negotiation, one in which both sides must be prepared to yield something in order to achieve peace.

Not only that, but he has gone far afield, viewing Vietnam as only part of a larger complex. He asked: why not negotiate in Warsaw, and ultimately consider recognizing Communist Cuba and Communist China? The North Atlantic Treaty Organization might as well be scrapped. We paid ransom to retrieve Castro's prisoners after the

Bay of Pigs; such transactions are distasteful, but is there any other way to get back the crew of the *Pueblo*?

By such common-sense statesmanship and appeal to reason, McCarthy has at least partially pierced the armor in which the President encased himself by his speech of withdrawal. In McCarthy's own words, the continued heavy bombing in the chosen area, the sending of more troops to Vietnam, and the call-up of additional reservists (some of whom have gone on TV to protest), "taken together can only discourage us as to what our first purpose was and also encourage us to continue the effort on through the campaign."

So speaks McCarthy, clearly and candidly on this issue as on others. In terms of votes, it is probably a standoff. The political decency it bespeaks, and the respect for the electorate, are admirable, but in politics good works are not always rewarded.

The New Answer

The best defense is an offense, the generals tell us, and it is as often true in politics as in war. In the foreseeable future of the Vietnamese confusion, the critics of the President will be at a disadvantage to the extent that their criticism is merely negative—and the more so because in the negotiations, whenever they do finally convene, Hanoi is going to be as tough as Washington, and to the average American our negotiators will seem reasonable by contrast. But much can be done to counter this lopsided view, inherent in the nature of nationalism, by constructive pressure on the Johnson-Humphrey Administration.

This can take several forms. Former New York City Councilman Paul O'Dwyer, who is seeking the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator, has been calling on the President to propose a cease-fire in Vietnam to provide a favorable atmosphere for peace negotiations. Mr. O'Dwyer, joined by Senator McCarthy, also called for the resignation of Secretary Rusk. That would show the Administration's determination to achieve peace, but for that very reason is not likely to occur.

But the best tactic of all—for which major credit must be given to Mayor Lindsay of New York—is to shift the emphasis from Vietnam to the crisis of the cities. In an angry speech to Harvard students on April 20, Lindsay said white America is "not getting the message" of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, of which he is vice chairman. Nor is it getting the message of the murder of Dr. King. Great is the grief at the death of a martyr, but it rises to a sharp peak and dies away. Some sentiment remains, but action is what is needed.

Thus to shift the focus of attack to the cities is by no means to abandon the issue of Vietnam, for as long as fighting continues there, effective action in the acute problem areas of America will remain impossible. Lindsay's insight is that pressure can still be placed on the Administration to deal honestly with America, but pressure in an area where critics need have no fear of "spoiling" progress by injudicious suggestions, complaints or demands.

Mayor Lindsay spoke scornfully of "vague calls . . . and slogans," directing his fire, according to his aides, not

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 19

only against the President but Robert Kennedy and Gene McCarthy as well. In the last case, the criticism is the least justified: the trouble is that McCarthy's quiet manner does not convince Negroes, who are accustomed to the lost eloquence and religious appeal of Dr. King, or to the call to arms of Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael. McCarthy, though his campaign for the nomination is going well, must convince the mass of Negro voters that he is their man, if he expects to be elected. He must counter the negativism of Richard Nixon, who under the incongruous color of honesty, in effect tells the Negroes that they will get nothing this time around. The ghettos are certainly not going to be rebuilt or eliminated in a day, but if some of that \$30 billion a year which is being spent for murder, rapine and corruption in Vietnam and Thailand were diverted to the ghettos, the first cracks might be seen in the walls of poverty.

The politics of the situation is generally unfavorable. There may be a tax hike which, in an election year, will create still more problems about spending for welfare. Taxes will be raised to keep the war going and to hold the line on the dollar and on inflation, but the price Congressman Mills and his crowd will demand is no increase in the social services most urgently needed.

The American Society of Newspaper Editors reacted coldly to Governor Rockefeller's proposals for a big spending program for the cities. The speech was badly written for a speaker of Rockefeller's style, but its gist was sound. The Administration's record, on the other hand, is wide open to attack. After the Newark outbreak Rockefeller visited Johnson quietly and urged a meeting of top leaders to avert further manslaughter. Johnson did nothing, and Detroit exploded. Now preparations for the coming summer are mainly military—beefing up the National Guard and federal troops to contain mobs in the streets.

The task of the Democratic candidates is twofold. They must keep hammering away at dilatory Administration tactics in negotiations with Hanoi. And they must demand substantive action against the outrage of the cities. They can probably best accomplish the first by being implacable in their demands for the second.

Landmark for the Seamen

In our issue of January 30, 1967, Dorian J. Fliegel ("Curran's NMU: Headquarters vs. the Men at Sea") explained in some detail how it is that Joseph Curran, now in his thirtieth year in office, is the only president the National Maritime Union has ever had. The explanation is quite simple: qualification rules have restricted national officers to some 355 of the union's 50,000 members. A group of dissidents, one of whom was severely mauled some months ago near union headquarters "by persons unknown," obtained reprints of the article and they were widely circulated among the membership. These same dissidents also induced the Secretary of Labor to bring proceedings under the Landrum-Griffin Act to set aside the 1966 election, charging fraud.

Last week Judge Constance Baker Motley, of the Federal District Court in New York, ruled that the 1966 elec-

tion was illegal. To the union's argument that it was necessary to restrict high office to a coterie of members because of their vast maritime experience, Judge Motley laconically observed that many of the national officers of the powerful seamen's union had not sailed on vessels in twenty-five or thirty years. The decision has been correctly characterized as "a landmark" in the uphill struggle of the seamen to achieve a structure of democratic trade unionism. We cannot refrain from noting, in closing the record on still another case in which *The Nation* has exposed undemocratic trade union practices (see "Postscript to an Article," April 29), that throughout the cold war Joe Curran's NMU has been devoted to a truculent and knee-jerk variety of "anti-communism." Redbaiting may not be the last refuge of scoundrels but in the labor movement it is the first and favorite refuge of labor leaders who run autocratically controlled unions.

It Was the Sheep This Time

About 80 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, the Army Materiel Command operates the Dugway Proving Ground for field tests in chemical and bacteriological warfare. It is one of thirteen associated facilities scattered over the United States engaged in CBR (R standing for radiological) warfare research. At dusk on March 13, Dugway ran a "routine" test involving a high-speed airplane which dispensed 320 gallons of a "persistent chemical nerve agent" in aerosol form, from a height of 150 feet. It also shot off some shells containing the same stuff and burned 160 gallons of it in a disposal pit.

The altitude being so low, and the wind apparently blowing in a safe direction, the Dugway staff foresaw no hazard in their experiment—especially as their proving ground encompasses 850,000 acres, an area larger than Rhode Island. But there are such phenomena as updrafts and changes of wind direction aloft; at any rate, the next day the sheep in Skull Valley, some 27 miles to the west, began dying. They kept on dying to a total of some 6,400, entailing a loss to the owners of about \$300,000. There were no casualties among the human beings in the sparsely settled area, although the two veterinarians who performed autopsies on some of the carcasses, and one herdsman, experienced passing illness which might have been caused by the poison that killed the sheep.

The first reaction at Dugway, with its 500 military and 1,400 civilian personnel, was one of incredulity; the base then became secretive and defensive. However, when Brig. Gen. William W. Stone arrived from Washington, he said: "We're in the position of being highly suspect until we can prove otherwise." Now the matter is no longer in doubt. In a telegram to Sen. Frank E. Moss of Utah, the U.S. Public Health Service states that "tests have isolated a compound in snow, water, sheep blood, sheep liver tissue and in grass taken from sheep's stomachs which is identical to that agent supplied by the Army. . . ."

The physiological effects produced by nerve gases are well known. Cholinesterase, a chemical produced by the body, regulates the passage of nerve impulses from one neuron to the next over a junction or synapse. An anti-

cholinesterase agent will disable nerve action and cause death. According to a report to the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, gases or aerosols containing such an agent "create casualties before their presence can be detected by human senses. Less than a minute of exposure is lethal. As gases, they travel via the lungs, although a liquid droplet will penetrate the skin. . . . Symptoms begin with respiratory troubles, salivation and perspiration, vomiting, cramps, involuntary eliminating, and leading through convulsions to death."

Medical World News (April 12) describes the burial of the sheep carcasses by small bulldozers supplied by Dugway, and quotes a doctor at a small hospital in the area: "The sheep's troubles are over. Now I'd start worrying about people." Another doctor says, "We should bear in mind that with a slight amount of misdirected contaminant, there could be a massive human disaster."

Daryl E. Lembke of the *Los Angeles Times* asked Dr. Mortimer Rothenberg, scientific director of a staff of 450 Dugway chemists, bacteriologists, engineers and other technicians, whether he wasn't disturbed to be working with chemicals and bacteria that could wipe out the human race. Dr. Rothenberg's answer was that the Russians are experimenting with such materials.

That, of course, is the standard attitude of the scientists and engineers of all militarily advanced nations, except for those we-won't-go individuals belonging to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science and a few other such groups. *The Nation* commented editorially on this dilemma

only a few days before the sheep disaster (March 11, "Passing the Biological Buck"). Perhaps the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council will now speed up their deliberations in this field (relative to U.S. chemical-biological warfare in Vietnam), with a view to ultimate international control of agents which may be as dangerous to the survival of the human race as nuclear-armed missiles.

Fed Up with Reagan

In this season of political surprises, another shock may be in the offing, this time in California. Without benefit of publicity, an organization known as the Reagan Recall Committee is quietly gathering signatures to force Gov. Ronald Reagan into a recall election. The committee claims to have collected 200,000 names on recall petitions, and is confident of obtaining the required 780,000 by the July 31 deadline.

Most political prophets say the petition drive has little chance of success, but they said the same thing about the Peace and Freedom Party in California, which not only qualified for the ballot but had some 39,000 signatures to spare. For what it is worth, we predict that Governor Reagan would survive a recall campaign, but if it became obvious at the time of the Republican National Convention that he was being forced into an election, that fact would hamper his Presidential maneuvering in Miami.

THE CAPITAL SCENE

WASHINGTON, LIKE IT IS

FAITH BERRY

Miss Berry is a free-lance writer who for the past three years has been contributing from abroad to American and foreign publications. She is now living in Washington, D.C.

Washington

"This city is turnin' on," a college student told an audience of some fifty at a recent panel discussion in the nation's capital—"and we're not turnin' off and droppin' out either." The issue was how students view the war and the draft. Speaking for four other similar sounding participants, the youth told listeners that the panelists were symbols of a new era for Washington:

The number-one city doesn't speak for us on the war, the draft, or the war in the cities—the number-one city can't even vote for itself, to represent what to speak for. So we, the new generation will speak for ourselves. . . . And we will change this city into a new symbol—one where it's at—where you tell it like it is . . . and if you want to, you can do your thing.

Parts of Washington have been looking like where it's at to do your thing for about a year—against the war and the draft, in the arts and the university, on the racial front,

in the ghetto, in life styles—with the main emphasis on creating alternatives: creating them for the existing system, creating what doesn't exist, and trying to substitute for what already does. The capital, for all else it includes, has five large universities, a 65 per cent black population, and the seat of government ten minutes from the Pentagon. And now it's swinging—between being a happening, a disaster area, and occasionally a citadel of hope. It's changing, especially for the young who seek change most.

Last December, a fund-raising book fair was held by some twenty Washington organizations for a Like It Is Bookshop—due to open as soon as a site is found—with books, magazines, pamphlets not obtainable elsewhere in town; with lectures and debates presented supposedly to tell it like it is on issues ranging from mid-Center to the far Left. The book fair was held at the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington's independent research center that has for its main purpose an effort to help create alternatives. Since opening in 1963, it has been a supporter of *do your thing* when that could hardly be done in many places in Washington. The institute's research has been not only on how to end the cold war, the war in Vietnam, and war everywhere else but on an analysis of new social and cul-

tural experiments, concepts in education and public policy especially pertinent to the little federal district that, now more than ever, seems to be trying to govern the world.

Also opening new possibilities are some *Are-You-Running-With-Me-Jesus?* churches in town, a few of which have made the church about the only part of the Establishment some people don't want to hammer away at. The church has been able to keep going through almost 2,000 years of crisis, and these churches in Washington might be showing how it's done. One, St. Stephens and the Incarnation, with interracial, international membership in a city which not so long ago had no interracial neighborhoods, offered at this year's Lenten services, guest speakers delivering *Tell It Like It Is Sermons*. This church also had H. Rap Brown last year after the Cambridge rebellion, telling it his way. With a minister (Rev. William Wendt) whom some have called "Christ in the 20th Century," the St. Stephens basement has been the scene of be-ins, learn-ins, love-ins, art exhibits, poetry readings, "soul sessions," anti-war, anti-draft organization meetings, African tribal dances, discussions on civil rights legislation, puppet shows and lectures on topics from LSD to germ warfare.

The Lincoln Memorial Temple, where Stokely Carmichael has spoken, gave its parish hall over to public planning sessions for the Pentagon march. Two recently opened coffeehouses, The Iguana and Through the Gate, featuring weekend jazz, folk-rock, poetry readings, plays and art exhibits, are in the basements of churches. Another church coffeehouse, The Mustard Seed, open since last fall, gives an average of 100 hippies a free meal every night. Poetry readings, chess and music are also on the program; a few marijuana takers and LSD trippers have come in, been welcomed, but invited to come back in another condition.

The ghetto is where it's at for more than half of the city's black population. It's where the bloc tenements, the blues and the soul food are—where many are still living where they were forced to live when the city had Jim Crow restrictions. The new emphasis in Washington, as elsewhere, is on black cultural identity, unity and *do your thing* in new arts and culture centers. Last June, Colin Carew, a former SNCC staffer and once an architecture student, organized The New Thing Center for Art and Architecture. "Some white Washingtonians thought it was for practicing karate in the front and storing guns in the back," Carew, who started the project with a staff of four, tells when he explains *The New Thing*. The center wasn't preparing riots; if anything, it was preventing them. It organized to tap the creative talent of children and teenagers in the ghetto, and at the same time, to develop black cultural identity. "We're open to any kid off the block, but it happens most of the kids off the block are black," says Carew. The center started in a dry-cleaning plant renovated for classes in drawing, painting, dance and creative writing. With an OEO grant and funds from private donations, it was able to move to a nearby four-story house, adding enough space to accommodate some 250 of the young between the ages of 2 and 20, five days a week. Local jazz musicians were sponsored in weekly concert at a nearby church. Alleys were cleared out for play space.

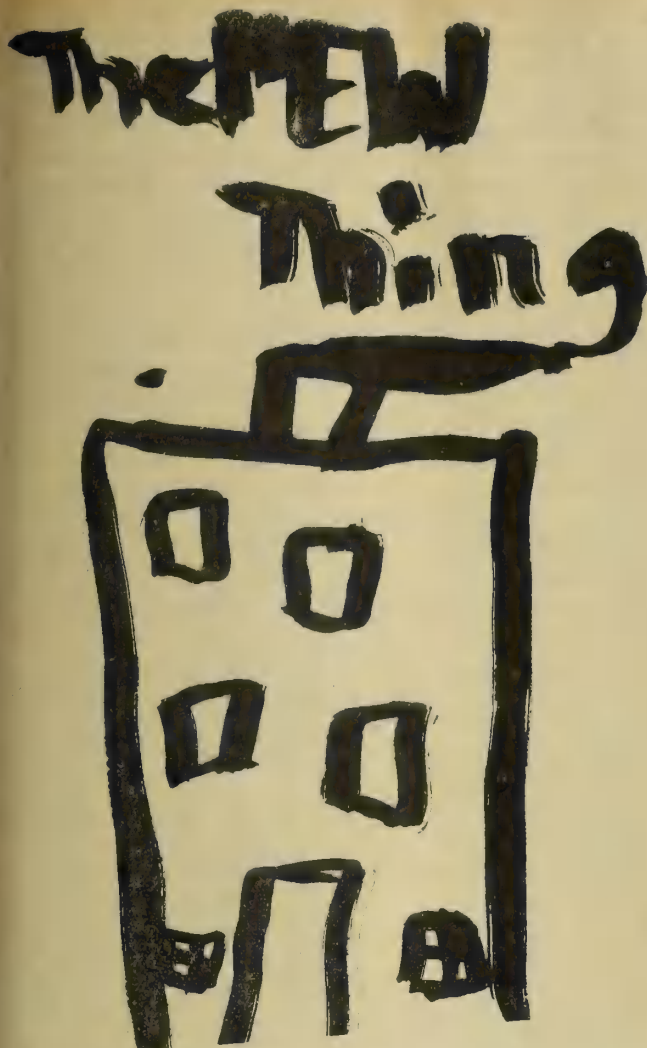
A group of local architects was organized to draw up designs for building in the neighborhood. Last fall the staff enlarged to include the New Thing Flick Company, teaching photography and film making. In September, space will again be added for about fifty participants in what Carew calls "a place for cats and chicks to come who don't dig school—and don't go—for the hard-core dropouts and the unwed mothers." This is to be the New Thing High School, non-accredited, without grades or diplomas.

In another ghetto area, a group of residents, The Cardozo Area Arts Committee, started in 1966 a center for adult education, The New School of Afro-American Thought. It opened to tell about black culture to both blacks and whites, but now is telling it only to blacks. The initial effort for the school opening was led by a young poet with funds raised from the sale of neighborhood art projects. It was here last December that Stokely Carmichael called together the first meeting of representatives from some twenty civil rights organizations to form a Black United Front. The school began as the first tuition-free institution in Washington to concentrate on the past of blacks taught by blacks—open to the public for classes and exhibits on the history of Africa, of black Americans dating from slavery, of the development of spirituals, jazz, blues, through present-day contributions in the arts and literature. There were and still are jazz workshops, an art gallery, foreign language classes, and a high school remedial program. Annual membership has been \$1, and some 350 students have been enrolled. The school recently made plans to move to larger quarters, still has many of the same courses, but the emphasis is now much more militant. Whites, accused by New School associates of "spying, coming in out of curiosity, walking around like the school was a museum, and not being able to contribute to a common black experience," are no longer given membership or, except in rare circumstances, permitted in the building.

Over issues arising from increasing black militancy, Howard, the nation's largest predominantly black university, was recently closed to most of the student body for four days. Some 1,000 undergraduates, until the school was reopened, took over running the campus from parking lot to switchboard—posting signs that temporarily renamed the institution "Black University." It had been closed because students protested the dismissal of thirty-nine undergraduates who had disrupted a Charter Day affair by reading a charter proposing that the school be "re-established"—"to meet the needs of the world's oppressed peoples . . . and renamed Sterling Brown University," after the poet-folklorist who was once a professor there.

At two other local universities, students stressing black cultural identity have organized groups officially recognized on their campuses—last fall The Organization of African and Afro-American Students began at American University, and The Black Student Union at George Washington.

Another campus activity that's *do your thing* for a couple of hundred students—besides sex, drugs, organizing against the war, and burning mock draft cards—has



Identifying Mark of the New Thing Center
Drawn by one of the Children

been teaching at student-led Free Universities. The movement started later here than in other places, but since beginning last fall on the Georgetown campus with some eighty courses, and at American University with twenty-one, plus learn-ins, it has made Washington one of the Free University centers of the nation. Typical courses: "Acid, Grass, and Zen," "Problems in Guerrilla Warfare," "Appreciation of Wine," "Black People—The Indelible Immigrants" and "The Establishment Press." Student-led forums open to the public have also been held with visiting professors lecturing on Vietnam, Southeast Asia, pacifism and conscientious objection. Foreign students have held seminars on their own countries, and free courses have been given in foreign languages.

Off the campus, freedom means doing your thing about what the year-old *Washington Free Press* on the cover of a recent issue termed "mindless middle-class moralism." One alternative is the Washington Free Community—first discussed last December by some like-minded Washingtonians at the (now defunct) Ambassador Psychedelic Theater. For a growing subculture

which first began appearing last summer (and now gets more obvious as the weather turns warmer), the Community is as "free" as Washington can be on \$2 a day, room and board.

With the help of two young local architects, the partnership of Michels-Fields, the Free Community began officially renting in early spring. Occupants live in three renovated, sparsely furnished houses of eight to ten rooms each, at a monthly cost of approximately \$25 per person. Three other such houses with Free Community-oriented tenants were renting before the Community was organized. Food and vegetables have been bought through farmers' markets; staples and canned goods at discount prices through one already existing co-op store. This costs another \$30 monthly. Additional housing, located by a Free Community Housing Exchange and assessed by Michels-Fields, is being renovated by a Free Community Co-op Housing Renovation Committee. A job exchange seeks temporary employment for Community tenants; three Community stores sell clothing, jewelry, pottery and leather goods of those whose living is made from handicrafts. The nearby (Virginia) Twin Oaks Farm, where several Community members now live, is to be a source of Community food, and a co-op child-care center is also planned.

Some local residents, though not living co-op, support the effort. A student at the Institute for Policy Studies is a chief organizer. The institute visiting lecturer, Paul Goodman, who has been advancing such proposals for years, telling us we were all growing up absurd, also approves. The Washington Society of the Parents of Flower Children and The Citizens of the Georgetown Community don't approve. Shrieks have been heard about the psychedelic shops on Wisconsin Avenue and M Street, and how Washington Free Community is turning part of the city into a hippie colony—something like the way Dupont Circle Park looked last summer, with a *mélange* of everything from drugs to folk-rock. Community people, calling themselves not hippies but "free men," have established Interface, their own citizens' association for keeping a dialogue going with citizens' committees, parents, clergy, police and youth; they meet at The Mustard Seed. Also planned is a Community "Indoor Park," with an information center, coffeehouse, bookstore (reportedly, *The Like It Is Bookshop*) and craft shops.

Supporting the Community idea and, as a part of it, also creating jobs, are the *Washington Free Press*, the underground alternative to the local papers, and the Liberation News Service, started last summer to feed information to the national underground press; they are assisted by Insurgent Printing and Graphics. [See "Underground Press: Growing Rich on the Hippie" by Thomas Pepper, *The Nation*, April 29.] Last January, these three joined Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the Washington Mobilization Committee To End the War in Vietnam, and the Washington area Committee for The Resistance, in a three-story town-house headquarters now named The Liberated Zone. In addition to its regular activities, the Zone has supported student demonstrations in front of the Selective Service, and protests against the

increasing number of Washington-based defense research agencies and defense industries. The alliance also recently organized The Washington Draft Resistance Union for work among high school students. The Washington Mobilization Committee To End the War in Vietnam, in contact with some twelve peace groups in the city, has been publicizing all local anti-war activities in a *Mobilizer* newsletter. The main hallway of the office headquarters, which in February showed an "Eyemaker of New York" collage collection of war photos superimposed on Madison Avenue Americana, has been converted into a Free Community art gallery.

Another Community counterpart, but on the scene almost a year before the co-ops began, is a theatre of protest for experimental American plays—The American Playground—organized when a former San Francisco Actors' Workshop co-director, Marc Estrin, settled in Washington. Joining forces with lawyer-playwright Edward De Grazia, other Washingtonians who put up money, and a cineast-guerrilla theatre experimentalist from Ohio, Estrin has been overseeing Institute for Policy Studies workshops in acting, dance, cinematography and guerrilla theatre. The group plans to begin working publicly in June in a former firehouse turned 200-seat theatre. Plans include occasionally getting the audience into the act; an underground film subscription is scheduled. The experiments have been heralded as being done nowhere else—although Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Theater Lab and Richard Schechner's Workshop might be guessed to have a few of the same acting techniques.

'NO ORDINARY LIGHT'

REFLECTIONS ON NONVIOLENCE

JOAN V. BONDURANT

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Half the world away from Memphis, Tenn., some twenty years ago, a heartsick Prime Minister, himself a noted freedom fighter, put into words the sorrow of a nation: "The light has gone out of our lives," Nehru broadcast to the Indian people, "and there is darkness everywhere."

Mahatma Gandhi was dead. His body had taken three bullets, fired point-blank by a young Brahman. At his trial the assassin described his profound frustration "so long as the Gandhian method was in the ascendance." Without Gandhi, he argued, Indians could be free to retaliate. Through the use of direct and unrestrained action, "Indian politics could become practical," and those who practiced such politics could grow powerful.

Estrin, who has called guerrilla theatre "the most communicative nonviolent means of protest being used today as an art form," has already been out doing exercises with Playground workshop performers in rehearsed street happenings and guerrilla theatre at indoor events, both for special occasions and in support of anti-draft and anti-war demonstrations: last Hiroshima Day, at the Pentagon; in front of the Justice Department; inside President Johnson's church (dressed as worshipers and handing out leaflets during a sermon); showing up at conferences and meetings, satirizing issues and political leaders; at the formal reopening of Ford's Theatre on the street with a mock scene of MacBird meeting John Wilkes Booth; and during the recent speech of a Presidential candidate, staging a funeral march to represent their idea, presumably, of the death of electoral politics, overturning a coffin of campaign buttons and a crumpled American flag.

Playground costumes and materials have been original and authentic, if sometimes looking as though provided by the Salvation Army. An ad in the *Washington Free Press* on March 27 might explain where some come from in an emergency:

This is not a joke. The Guerrilla Theatre urgently needs pajamas for its next surprise attack, preferably black. Bring them to the *Washington Free Press* office . . . or call . . . and we'll pick them up. If you have only one pair, sleep naked.

Alternatives have been found to as much as possible in the nation's capital—except as yet there are no *tell it like it is* postcards to send the folks back home.

A man dedicated to the proposition that violence could be restrained even during the heated conduct of overt conflict (providing that those who fought persevered in the fashioning of new and creative techniques) had been slain by a simple act of extreme violence. After the initial shock, questions came hard and fast. Had violence indeed won the victory? Wherein lay the instruments to power? Who could best wield them? And power for what? The end-means problem had never been more dramatically posed.

Twenty years later the news from Memphis has confronted Americans with similar questions. That the context is so very different has its own significance, but there is much to be learned by taking a steady look—not only at the similarities but also at the contrasts. For today, through another act of simple, extreme violence a fearless American, dedicated to struggle without violence, lies dead. And the questions are still with us.

How is it possible that in the twenty years between the death of Gandhi and the death of Dr. King the basic questions about nonviolence have not been answered? One may begin by suggesting that the truly fundamental ques-

tions have seldom been asked. To contemporary America the posing of such questions, and the shifting of focus which that necessitates, has now become imperative. For those who believe, as did Gandhi's assassin, that power can come through retaliation are promoting "confrontations" in our streets, seeking the repression which such action elicits in the hope that by building upon the reaction to such repression they can generate power which, they say, is to be used to effect political and social change. Let them—and those who would follow them—learn from the experience of others that such methods fail of any constructive purpose. Let them not misread either the immediate outpouring of emotion (which always follows in the wake of the murder of respected leaders), or the destructive acts of those who, with slight capacity for restraint, join the burning and looting and rioting.

The failure of Gandhi's assassin and of those who sought to pursue the line of reasoning which led up to his act was foretold by Nehru as he continued to ponder and amend his words—even as he spoke them—to the bereaved India of 1948. He said that the light had gone out, Nehru reflected, "*and yet I was wrong*":

For the light that shone in this country was no ordinary light. The light that has illumined this country for these many years will illumine [it] for many more . . . and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts. For that light represented the living truth, and the eternal man was with us with his eternal truth reminding us of the right path, drawing us from error, taking this ancient country to freedom.

Nehru, himself instrumental in forging a revolution, had often chafed under the restraints laid upon him by Gandhi. Yet he was later to describe Gandhi as the greatest revolutionary of all time. Here, then, was a statement about leadership, and I shall return to that central question of what is required of the leader who would use methods which are not violent, and the different but also significant demands placed upon those who would follow such a leader.

Gandhi was dead, but the ideas which underlie the technique he had first evolved during his twenty years in the subjugated lands of Africa, and which continued to develop during the struggle for Indian independence, and in the cause of removing social disabilities which bound millions of Indians—this body of ideas and some notion of the technique did not die. That there might be an alternative to violent means for conducting conflict echoed around the world and gave hope to others. It was to such a consideration that the young Martin Luther King was drawn as he entered upon his own leadership of conflict without violence.

During the winter of 1955 the Montgomery bus boycott eloquently opened an era of direct nonviolent action in the American civil rights movement. The constructive surge of those initial months gave every indication that nonviolent techniques would continue to be imaginatively applied. The determination with which Dr. King launched that movement, the spontaneous momentum it gained, and the support aroused throughout the country gave reason to hope that sustained experience would lead

to refinement of techniques. ". . . the boycott movement has brought something new into the lives of the Negroes of Montgomery," wrote L. D. Reddick (in *Dissent*, Spring, 1956). "They would be loath to give it up. Whenever the boycott ends, it will be missed."

In those days one dared ask whether lessons from the struggle for civil rights in this country could be used in the search for, and refinement of, techniques for conducting disputes constructively on the international level. It seemed then that few would deny the need to find and advance new methods of conflict. But the promise of Montgomery has yet to be fulfilled even at home. Destructively oriented means accompanied the challenge to leadership; impatience (which Gandhi labeled a form of violence) became the overriding consideration. The objective of integration—so well started toward realization in the Deep South, where Dr. King had moved with sure instinct to effect change through insisting upon legal rights—rapidly eroded as the cry for power took on a racist tenor in the cities of the North. "We shall overcome—*some day*" seemed no longer enough. The desire for instant remedies was translated into the repeated angry demand: "Freedom *now*!" Those who seemed neither to understand nor to care what is required for effecting change, when the nature of that change is profound, listened to the counsels of those prepared to use any means. Threat, fear, guilt and overt violence came to be understood as the effective instruments of change.

It is here that the argument must be joined and the seldom raised questions posed. We all know that immediate change can be effected through violence. Political power does indeed "grow out of the barrel of a gun," as Mao Tse-tung, the master strategist of guerrilla warfare, has instructed every Communist to "grasp as truth." But the significant questions remain: To what purpose? What happens to objectives when unrestrained violence becomes the *chosen* instrument of change? And, above all else, how are basic values to be defended or promoted with the use of means selectively violent?

The argument shifts from means to ends and back again where now it has come to rest on questions about the adequacy of nonviolence. For nonviolence all too often constitutes violence in symbolic form. At times, and with some, it is consciously designed as such; with others, unconsciously sustained. Gandhi came to understand the danger inherent in such unawareness. And in his persistent efforts to fashion alternatives to violence he learned to avoid pitfalls which, in these days, trap many an American as he unwittingly practices his "nonviolent" action. The field of nonviolent action is cluttered with debris, the residue from experiences poorly conceived and having no solid foundation.

Gandhi, who devoted the better part of his life to experiments in the nonviolent conduct of conflict, was also the first to urge that experimentation should be continued. No one was more aware than he of the ease with which nonviolence could be corrupted into violence. In the end he placed his reliance principally upon the leader's carefully trained and tested purity of motive and the followers' equally tested capacity to accept discipline and the suffer-

ing so often entailed. If, as some argue, only a man of Gandhi's stature could be such a leader, then the prospects for continued use of nonviolent techniques would indeed be dim. But the technique Gandhi developed was not confined to abstention from violence. He called it *Satyagraha* (literally, the grasping for and holding onto truth). An analysis of the many Satyagraha campaigns conducted in India during Gandhi's lifetime—led not only by Gandhi himself but also by others—leads to the inescapable conclusion that the technique can be understood, and learned and used by others.*

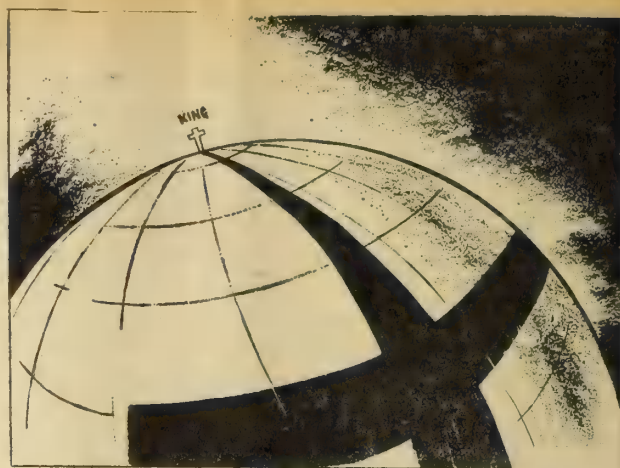
One of the disappointments in the American civil rights movement is that it failed to exploit and refine the Gandhian technique. That it can be analyzed, communicated and learned does not mean, of course, that anyone can emerge as an effective leader of Satyagraha once he understands the technique. A rare combination of qualities is requisite for such a leader: keenness and openness of mind, the capacity to understand human error and human potential (a capacity which, with imaginative insight, makes possible the building of bridges between antagonists), patience as well as drive, so that solutions to profoundly complex conflicts can be worked through toward a synthesis which embraces the felt needs of former opponents as well as the needs and objectives of the Satyagrahis themselves.

Conflict will always be with us; yet the instruments of violence become increasingly more dangerous. Among the obstacles placed in the way of getting on with the task of constructing alternatives, perhaps the most obstinate—and certainly the most obfuscating—is the popular use of those tactics characterized by symbolic violence.

Those who consciously set out with violent intent and destructive objective to prosecute their action through means which are not physically violent may be said to engage in symbolic violence in the sense that they substitute one form of action for another. Such "nonviolent" or symbolically violent acts have the contrived significance of violence once removed. There is another form of symbolic violence: symbolic in the psychoanalytic sense which describes behavior as arising from the unconscious, conditioned by personal history. Violence symbolized in this sense may well represent an unconscious wish (to be violent), a counterwish (to be nonviolent) or even both at once. There are indeed those who, attached to the ideals of nonviolence, nevertheless engage unwittingly in destructive acts.

The individual who uses symbolic violence but who believes that he is using no violence may be entirely unaware of the substitute nature of his behavior. Self-righteousness readily attaches to the actions of such persons through a failure to examine personal motives or to appreciate its effect in the objective circumstance. Yet others gain a feeling of self-righteousness through explicit use of the alleged guilt of the adversary. They set out to disclose

* For examples of Satyagraha campaigns in contrasting settings and with varying objectives, together with an analysis of Satyagraha in action, one may consult Joan V. Bondurant, *Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict* (revised edition, 1967), University of California Press.



David Myers, Evening News (London): Ben Roth
*The Longer Shadows Fall from
the Lofty Mountains—Virgil*

this guilt and to use it in prosecuting their "nonviolent" attacks. When a group is actively engaged in displaying the guilt of others, while at the same time demonstrating its own guiltlessness, the mechanism suggests psychological projecting. To use guilt in a situation of conflict is to exacerbate the conflict. Gandhi was quite clear on this. "We must refrain from crying 'shame, shame' to anybody, we must not use coercion to persuade other people to adopt our way. We must guarantee to them the same freedom we claim for ourselves."

If the results are intended to be constructive, the use of symbol requires a high degree of awareness. This is one of many aspects of nonviolence which require further exploration, understanding and refinement.

How, then, are we to cope with our present predicament? Can we press further the significant experiments which Gandhi began? It was in the application of some of Gandhi's methods that a distinguished American met violent death in Memphis. If we fail now to ask the significant questions, we fail to render him the credit appropriate to his achievements.

The dedicated leader of activist Americans may well be caught up in a set of contradictions. A British activist acquainted with both violent and nonviolent revolution has written that "so long as you totally reject the use of violence in any form as a means to any end, you can see clearly, feel purely, know where you stand." Ethel Mannin, whose experience stemmed from the Spanish Civil War but continued through an intimate association with the Indian struggle, has pointed out that the moment one reneges from this position to accept the principles of violence in, for example, the interest of a "just" war or a "modified pacifism," the "ambiguity sets in." It is then that one becomes ethically lost. "'The ceremony of innocence is drowned.'"

To those who insist upon acting out their understandable anger over undeniable grievances through confrontations in the streets, as well as to others who wait and watch in order to exploit such retaliation for their own purposes, one can only say: If you succeed in undermining

hard-won values through the default which arises from unawareness or by failure to learn the hard lessons of history, then violence has indeed won the victory.

Those who seek purposeful retaliation in the streets are also those who denounce the more disciplined violence of the "Establishment": police brutality—often so terribly real—has now become a slogan; judgmental placards condemning action taken in defense of the freedom of other men (mistakenly or not) disclose the acute hostility entertained by those who proclaim their love for all. The point here does not focus upon the entertainment of anger and hostility—that is to be expected, especially from those seized of genuine and profound grievance. The point, rather, is how the anger is to be channeled. Effective management of the feelings is the task and the test of leadership. Refusal to manipulate high emotion on the part of followers is where the effective leader begins. The commitment of those who accept the leadership of such a man begins with an acceptance of the need to learn how to contain impulsive action in the knowledge that it could well be destructive of value and purpose alike.

In the heat of action one can readily forget that within every organization lies some authority. The "power structure" (now a term of intense opprobrium) is just that because, without political structure, man could not handle violence. The state, with its monopoly over violence, arose not by accident but through design. Therein lies the meaning not simply of order in human affairs but essentially of law. The genuine anarchist seeks to eliminate the state and its institutions in order to eliminate violence. Anarchism has always failed because those who genuinely profess it have been able to offer no substitute for violence to control social chaos. The irony is that anarchists have had to resort to violence in their abortive attempts to overthrow the power structure—the very institutions designed through long experience to contain, if not eliminate, violence.

The Gandhian experiments advanced a technique and approach to the conduct of conflict well beyond what many Americans appear to recognize. Perhaps the most remarkable of Gandhi's achievements was his ability to effect revolutionary change without destroying basic values. If we are to contribute to the advance of such a technique—especially to adapt it to our own time and place—we must begin by acknowledging a need to build on what is already known, to refine technique and to develop a truly adequate alternative. A three-point program is indicated:

(1) Re-evaluate the means-ends continuum as expressed in action (never losing sight of the need to preserve basic values); (2) analyze the failures and pitfalls of symbolic violence so that the program for providing support and concern for all involved in the conflict (including the opponent) can be clearly devised in given conflict situations; and (3) distinguish the ideologue from the problem solver so that the effort will not be perverted by those committed to a political and social philosophy which holds that the course of change is predetermined (and the individual can therefore readily be reduced to a pawn in the irrevocable march of history).

Those now taken up with problems of change, and especially those who are in the process of making a commitment or choosing their leaders, are urged to consider this: "The community of the great demonstration . . . strengthens not only the individual but it also unites and helps in creating *esprit de corps*. . ." The man who comes to a "mass meeting doubting and hesitating leaves it confirmed in his mind that he has become a member of a community." These words were written some years ago by ■ master manipulator of masses for the purpose of effecting rapid change in a challenge to the existing power structure. They can be read—should one have the inclination—on page 716 of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Appeals such as this can be found in the writings of totalitarian leaders, whether Left or Right.

If, before acting, one were fully to reflect upon the nature of change, however urgent its need; and if, before acting, he were to consider how best to effect the desired reversal in social response, however grievous the injustice; he might do well to juxtapose to the above the following insight by one who, considerably removed from the "unhesitating" crowd, observed (in 1938) that "No common cause can issue from rationalization by which men persuade themselves and not their opponents." (Edward W. Strong, in a lecture delivered before the Philosophical Union, University of California.)

The first test of a constructive movement in social protest is an evaluation of its tone and tactics. Does the movement seek a genuine solution? When questions of choice are forced upon an opponent, is the stress thus generated fully recognized? Is the effort one of support and reassurance to the opponent whose change of habit and behavior is so much desired? To what degree has the encounter established (or suppressed) communication? Has the method embraced an adequate process of inquiry? In what way is the force generated through nonviolent action directed into creative channels—creative, that is, in terms of the overall situation (including the integration of the opponent and his felt needs)?

The conduct of conflict is demanding and complex, and every area of knowledge which man has acquired should be adapted to the development of techniques of force which are not violent. Until we have faced such major questions about conflict and have endeavored to build the framework to support the action, we are in no position to conclude that our hard-won values have become unworthy of us or that our institutions are worthless. To forge the means whereby conflict can be waged constructively, it may well be necessary to become receptive

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to the exciting technology of our day. If we can devise tools to match those of the well-equipped men of violence—disciplined in a time-honored mode of conducting conflict—then we might be relieved from the threat posed by desperate and defeatist moves of yet others who fight in our streets with so little restraint.

The brave of heart and the keen of mind have yet to work effectively to fashion weapons equal to the task of adequately opposing violence with stratagems and instruments of constructive force. Until we have something to

put in their place, we attack and deride the disciplined military (on the international field) or the corps of police (on the domestic scene) only at our peril.

The warning is clear that widespread alienation can be the most pronounced outcome of change demanded with such considered hostility as that, for example, of "hate whitey" campaigns. The murder in Memphis provides sad and telling evidence. If we take this lesson to heart, then Martin Luther King will have taught us something even through his death.

WEST GERMANY

YOUNG REBELS, OLD FEARS

CHRISTEL KOPPEL and DAGMAR SCHULTZ

Mrs. Koppel and Miss Schultz have both studied at the Free University of West Berlin and are both at present doctoral students at the University of Wisconsin.

Bombs thrown into U.S. Information Center! Greek Embassy besieged! Attempted assassination against Vice President Humphrey! The Mayor of Berlin resigns! (civil war in Berlin?) High school students sweep Germany with violent demonstrations! Windows of newspaper offices broken by students! (Red terror or Fascist revival? Will Bonn take the course of Weimar?)

Such were the headlines and such the fears of West Berliners and West Germans when revolutionary student fervor took over the universities. The more organized, the more radical and, in recent times, the more violent the activities of Germany's New Left have become, the more exaggerated has been the reaction of those who have seen quiescence as the citizen's prime obligation. No more quiescence for Germany! The students have declared protest to be the duty of a critical citizen and the population has responded with an uproar that well matches the students' agitation.

In the last two years the German student movement has grown into an active, influential New Left which has become the only opposition to the Bonn government. This comparatively new phenomenon has its center in Berlin, which has become the focus of student unrest by reason of its unique economic and political history, and specifically because of its Free University.

The history of the Free University divides into three stages. In 1948, a small group of politically motivated professors and students left the famous Humboldt University in East Berlin and founded the Free University in West Berlin. This action was a protest against the authoritarianism experienced in East Berlin, an echo, though from a different ideology, of the Nazi era. However, the desire of this group for academic autonomy and freedom of opinion was soon lost in a preoccupation with the cold war that produced a general reluctance to criticize the German Government and German society.

In the mid-fifties, students became more and more the

apolitical citizens of a welfare state. Sociologist Ludwig von Friedeburg wrote of that period: "Publications which present a more thorough and deeper examination of political questions are read only by a minority . . . whereas *Reader's Digest* finds a wide circulation among the students."

In the early sixties, the war in Vietnam and the proposal of emergency laws to suspend democratic procedures in time of crisis, produced a new upsurge of political activity. The United States' foreign policy and its handling of a rapidly intensifying racial problem disillusioned the students, who had closely associated democratic ideals with American practices.

The progressive character of the Free University, especially the participatory role of the students and the banning of traditionalist and fencing fraternities, was drastic enough to evoke suspicion and criticism. Accordingly, many professors turned down offers from the FU and some of the reforms were compromised in order to establish a prestigious faculty. Furthermore, rapid expansion reduced contact between students and faculty and the influence of the students decreased gradually.

However, from 1948, student political activity had been encouraged by a city that remembered the lack of critical spirit exhibited under the Third Reich. As long as a minority of students were so engaged, and as long as their orientation was anti-Communist as well as anti-Fascist, such behavior was acceptable. The students found support from the Berlin public and press when, after the construction of the wall, they helped fellow students and their families get from East to West Berlin through tunnels, across barbed wire, and by means of forged passports. When the president of the university expelled several students from the student village for possession of explosives, the population and the press were dismayed.

This attitude was not destined to last. The power struggle between faculty and students had sharpened by 1965, and the students became convinced that protest should not be sustained by activist organizations alone, that all students should concern themselves with political issues. The faculty, functioning simultaneously as the administration, was unwilling to accept any criticism which

questioned their authority, be it from outsiders, students or instructors.

With the expansion of industry, moreover, the demands for academically trained personnel rapidly increased, and the pressures on the FU administration were passed on to the students, who rebelled against the concept of an "academic factory." In the summer of 1966, two of the overcrowded departments decided to introduce time limits for degrees. (This year, when the decision was challenged by the students, a high court in Berlin declared time limits illegal because they violated the constitution of the Free University.)

The growing institutionalization of the university was just one cause of political unrest among the students. As they were becoming concerned about their role as academics, the escalation of the Vietnamese War turned them into critical citizens. The students were no longer willing to accept the existent three-way social division which assigned to them the role of apolitical students, alongside quiescent citizens, and subject to the decisions of professional politicians. And as they confronted the power structure of the university, the students came to realize that their radical demands were not supported by the press or, as a consequence, by any large part of the population.

The city has always had a lively interest in the FU: it existed, in the prevailing view, to demonstrate to the East Germans the function of a university in the "Free World." The students, however, were developing their own ideas about freedom and how to work for it.

The change in political attitude found its first public expression when, in 1964, liberal-to-left-wing student organizations received a plurality in the election of the FU student government. The public, inspired by the Berlin daily press, 70 per cent of which is dominated by the conservative Springer empire, reacted with an outcry against "Communist infiltrators."

The last few years have witnessed almost continuous anti-Vietnamese War protests by students and like-minded citizens. A march of 10,000 people supported the October, 1967 Mobilization in Washington. In April, 1967, Hubert Humphrey was met by 2,000 hostile students, some of whom were arrested and charged with "planning an attempt on the life of the Vice President"—with smoke bombs and pudding.

On June 2, 1967, however, came the climax of student rebellion. The events of that day exposed undemocratic procedures of the government and had a dramatic effect on previously apolitical West German students. The Shah of Iran encountered in front of the Berlin opera house 2,000 demonstrators who were protesting against the dictator and the hospitality extended to him by the West German Government. A clash between students and police ended with the death of a student, Benno Ohnesorg who, participating in a demonstration for the first time, was shot by a policeman.

During the following days Berlin was in a state of emergency, press and the university administration strongly approving the actions of the city government and the police. Heinrich Albertz, in a hasty statement which was to be one of his last acts as the city's Mayor, denounced the

students as "rowdies" and blamed them for Ohnesorg's death.

Senate, police and press released one-sided information about the event, calling it "terrorization of the city by several hundred idlers," and the police union denounced the students as a minority of "hysterical notorious noise-makers," an opinion shared by the majority of the population. The students responded with attempts to engage the local citizenry in informal sidewalk debates.

In all major West German university cities, students, writers, professors and trade unions expressed their solidarity with the students of West Berlin. Ohnesorg was the "coincidental victim of a planned attempt to suppress an extra-parliamentary opposition," said Hans-Joachim Haubold, chairman of the Federation of German Student Organizations. This federation, as well as several individual student groups, demanded a thorough investigation of police and government officials and their possible removal from their posts. Three months later Mayor Albertz was forced by his party to resign and with him the Senator of the Interior and the police chief, but this did not lead to a city government more sympathetic to the students.

Rudi Dutschke, the dark-haired, intense leader of the student movement who made the cover of the German news magazine *Der Spiegel*, is one of the most vocal theoreticians of the left-wing SDS (Socialist German Student Federation). Immediately after Ohnesorg's funeral more than 4,000 students held a congress in Hannover on "University and Democracy," analyzing the events of June 2 and trying to find the spark to inflame all West Germany's students. Dutschke called for action centers in all West German universities to provoke politicization in university and society.

In November, 1967, radicalization of the students was channeled by the foundation in West Berlin of the "Critical University," in imitation of the American Free Universities. Out of 240 tenured professors of the FU, fifty officially supported the Critical University (CU), whose main goals reflect the ideas of SDS:

- Public enlightenment concerning political goals and interests of the student movement, the political and economic situation of West Germany and West Berlin and the preparation of unified actions with democratic-minded workers and high school students.

- Preparation for resistance against future emergency actions, abuse of the constitution, and police terror.

- A campaign for the critical evaluation of Germany's attitude toward liberation movements in the Third World and their destruction by the American power elite, to be carried out in the universities and among the general population, including Americans stationed in West Berlin.

The CU, with participation of interested high school students, as well as blue- and white-collar workers, is supposed to develop into a component of an extra-parliamentary, anti-authoritarian opposition. It plans to prepare public hearings and tribunals (the first one to be against the Springer press monopoly), and to establish a documentation center exposing the abuse of science for inhuman, destructive purposes.

Besides these new forms of public instruction, the CU



Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen): Ben Roth

conducts colloquia, discussion groups and seminars (no traditional lectures!) dealing with topics which formerly have been avoided or distorted, such as: "Economic Crisis and Social Policy in West Berlin"; "Natural Sciences and Mathematics" (to determine dangers inherent in the apolitical attitude of natural sciences); "Medicine Without Humanity" (to examine experiments with human guinea pigs during and after the Third Reich). Other topics are: "Democratization of the Schools," "Sexuality and Domination," "The Function of Intelligence and Science in the Vietnam War and in the Imperialist 'Development Policy,'" "The Model of Cuba and the Future of Latin America."

At least twenty-five of the thirty-three West German universities have now followed the Berlin example and organized critical universities or at least critical lecture series. The general agreement is that university and society must be reformed, if necessary through revolution.

The movement, at least as far as SDS is concerned, is essentially based upon theories of Marx, Mao and Herbert Marcuse. "Our minimal program is the maintenance of the bourgeois democracy, our maximal condition the transformation of the capitalist countries into Socialist ones," explained former SDS chairman Reimut Reiche.

Students see the parliamentary opposition as an integral part of the establishment which represents the "authoritarian, repressive, established society" of the Federal Republic of Germany. They identify themselves with an extra-parliamentary opposition whose objectives are, according to Dutschke, "to aim toward a system of direct democracy, that is, of a democracy of councils [patterned after workers councils] which allows people to elect and vote out their temporary representatives as they deem it necessary on the basis of a critical consciousness toward any form of power."

The method to be used is a "long march" through the whole system of institutions—the family, schools, universities, vocational schools, factories. The politicization of other parts of the population is, according to Dutschke,

more feasible in Berlin than in other cities because of the tense situation of its work force, the outmoded structure of industry, the superannuation of the population, and the dependence on outside subsidies.

The students realize, however, that the role they can play in mobilizing workers is at present fairly limited. "We lost contact with the working masses long ago," said Reiche. This fact is more understandable if one considers that only 5 per cent of the students come from working-class families and probably not all of these are involved in radical political activities. Another reason for the lack of communication might be the academic high rhetoric typical of German intellectuals. It is hoped that eventually the unification of workers and students in form of councils will bring up the question of dual government. The short-term goal is to instill in the workers a consciousness of their political and economic situation and to fulfill supporting functions in strikes.

The immediate impact of the movement cannot be denied. Though it has been criticized for a lack of concrete goals, its direct influence on the development of certain national issues, such as the proposed Emergency Laws, East-West German relations and news media monopolies, has been acknowledged. The greatest criticism has been brought against the more violent tactics of the movement. Dutschke has himself said that a systematic provocation with tomatoes or stones is absurd and can only be understood as an initial form of true argumentation. Violent force is an inherent factor of power and therefore, according to him, has to be answered with demonstrative and provocative counterforce. The form counterforce must take is determined by the form of argument. However, SDS believes that terrorist force, though feasible in certain developing countries, is no longer necessary in the metropolis.

But in Germany, as elsewhere, there seems to be a willingness to see revolutionary methods of the Left and particularly of students as the beginning of metropolitan guerrilla warfare and of a new oppressive authoritarianism. Berlin students have been criticized for irrationally seeking their image of a future world in the developing countries. Liberals, who resent the cynicism and contempt directed against them by the "rebels," eagerly point out the naiveté of this ideology and at the same time, along with conservatives, compare methods of the radicals to those of the Hitler Youth.

SDS chairmen Frank and Karl Dietrich Wolff have explained the parallel drawn with movements in the developing countries as not being a simple identity of interests. "Political struggle never is solely based on existing subjective interests; at least as important is the consciousness of the objectively necessary liberation from domination and force, whether we are dealing with Bolivia, Spain or Germany."

The creation of this consciousness is the goal of the first stage of the societal transformation. The second stage envisioned is to establish a mass base of undergraduates, workers and high school students. The agitation of workers is to be initiated in stagnant and declining industries—Berlin providing a good starting point for this campaign.

Only after this mass base has been assured can a new Socialist party be formed.

Within the universities the spreading movement calling for student participation and university reform will definitely have a strong voice in reform planning and enactment this year. A government commission on higher education is at present working on wide-scale structural changes in the university system.

On the whole, the student movement has caught Germany by surprise and has left its marks within the universities as well as outside. One indication is the flood of publicity, including numerous pamphlets, books and articles, as well as constant news coverage. As Professor Habermas said recently in a lecture at the University of Wisconsin, the German students lack national issues as big as the war in Vietnam and the civil rights movement which split the population, and they often have to construct issues to mobilize fellow students.

Although violence has been declared by the leaders to be "counterrevolutionary," they approve of it as being at least an answer to violent suppression. This ideology has increasingly given occasion to the widespread reproach that the students intentionally provoke the other side to brutality so as to reveal the latent fascism of government and citizens.

The most recent events have brought about a clear split between the Left and the Right in the population, press and government. Encouraged by the Berlin example, even high school students have gone into the streets. In February, West Germans were stunned by a wave of violent demonstrations which flooded the country. The protests of 12-to-18-year-old students against the increase of transportation fares soon changed to a demand for participation in decision making at school. In one city the uprising went so far as to found an "Anti-High School," which, led by university students on a voluntary basis, offers mainly discussion on sexual taboos and sexual aberrations. Sex is still a taboo subject in German schools.

The same month, preceding the planned Springer tribunal, a film was shown to 800 students at the FU on how to make Molotov cocktails; it ended, provocatively, with a picture of the Springer building in Berlin. That night several windows of Springer distribution offices were broken with stones. Springer, after having been accused of his Nazi past, now presented himself as the martyr, comparing his broken windows to those of the Jewish stores destroyed by Nazis in the "Kristallnacht" of 1938. Most of the liberal students disassociated themselves from the violent tactics, realizing that a Socialist revolution is not feasible in Germany at this time, and that violence results in the loss of popular support for student demands.

Tension pervaded Berlin until the city government at the last minute authorized an anti-Vietnamese War demonstration on February 18 to prevent another bloody clash between students and police. Carrying red flags and Che Guevara posters, 10,000 people, including 4,000 students and visitors from European countries and the United States, marched on the U.S. Army Headquarters.

The Mayor immediately called for a counter-demonstration for "peace and freedom," in support of the United

States. It was sponsored by most of the unions and, being scheduled on a workday, drew 150,000 people. Some Berliners took this opportunity to express their indignation in ways which were too drastic even for the authorities: banners demanding concentration camps for students and claiming, "Under Adolf this would not have happened," had to be removed. A few citizens believed they had fulfilled their democratic duty by beating up anyone with long hair, a beard or rimless glasses.

The past few weeks have seen an overall escalation of conflict in Germany, caused by the shooting of SDS leader Rudi Dutschke by an admirer of Hitler, said to have been inspired to the act by the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr. The students reacted with violence, making the Springer press empire their immediate target. They attacked its buildings and distribution network and blamed Springer for the climate of intense anti-communism and hostility toward the student Left which they claimed led to the Dutschke shooting. Using Molotov cocktails and the force of numbers, the students tried to block distribution of Springer papers, ransacked several editorial offices, and burned out some delivery trucks.

This carrying of the conflict to the streets has led to a widely expressed fear that Bonn is going the way of Weimar, and many false analogies to the street fighting of that earlier period have been drawn. In fact, the confrontation so far has been entirely between the students and the police, rather than between Left and Right; the only organized Right, the NPD, has avoided any open clash, perhaps because of upcoming elections. Police brutality has brought support for the students from some parts of the population and even from government officials. On the other hand, support from the East German Government, publicly expressed during the riots, could backfire against the students.

The recent flare-ups could lead, on the positive side, to greater government vigilance against monopolization of the mass media by concerns as large as Springer, and could lead to a new spirit of dynamism within the Social Democratic Party and a possible breakup of the coalition government. This might restore true parliamentary opposition in Germany. On the negative side, the recent rioting might give just the impetus which the government needs to pass the Emergency Laws. Fear of this is expressed in the fact that the students have now switched from emphasizing Springer to concentrating on opposing the Emergency Laws. Another negative consequence is that rioting might help the neo-Nazi NPD gain votes in the upcoming elections.

With the lack of a radical Socialist party in West Germany, the country needs a new Left and it can only be hoped that the present movement will not further aid the reactionaries and thus improve the chances of the ultra-right-wing NPD (National Democratic Party of Germany). If Berlin accepts the notion that students are nothing but "terrorists," then indeed there will be a great danger of radicalization of the Right. But if the New Left succeeds in defining concrete goals, planning effective strategies, and increasing its support among the general population, it may become a truly influential force with which any parliamentary government will have to reckon.

Peace, Power and Politics in Asia

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author most recently of Concise History of East Asia (Praeger).

Wellington

In the first week of April a conference was held in Wellington, New Zealand, under the title of this article. It was subtitled a "National Conference on Vietnam, SEATO and Political Stability in Asia." "Asia," to New Zealanders as to Australians, tends to mean east Asia, and in particular Southeast Asia. As the conference coincided in dates very closely with the Ministerial Council of the South East Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO), held just up the street in the New Zealand Parliament House, it was widely supposed that the Peace, Power and Politics conference had been called as a counter demonstration. This is not really the case. The PPP organizers had planned to get their conference together when they had raised the necessary money—a factor at first highly conjectural, and certainly not to be equated with a narrow timetable. A group of young New Zealanders were the prime movers in this enterprise, and their outstanding success invites a reconsideration of many current ideas about their country and its standing in the modern world.

New Zealand has long been known and admired as a pioneer of the welfare state, the almost too perfect example of a propertied democracy, the country where race relations with a non-European indigenous minority, the Maoris, were regulated on a basis of democracy, equal civil rights and general tolerance. New Zealanders themselves are the first to question some of these assumptions, entering caveats against excessive praise. They point out that New Zealand, whether under a Labour or National Party government, has been conservative in its approach to wider questions of world affairs, has tended to shelter under the wing of the old British Empire, to which idea many of its citizens remain very firmly, if sentimentally, attached. There has been, they will say, an unwillingness, almost an ostrichlike refusal, to face the hard facts of the south west Pacific area in modern times. Great Britain's decision to withdraw from Asia east of Suez, and its concurrent attempts to enter the European Common Market (even if these latter have so far failed) have created for the first time serious doubts about this traditional attitude, which no longer seems founded on strategic realities or economic certainties.

It is against this background of growing unease and doubt that the PPP conference must be evaluated. The sponsors, a small group with no political platform, were aided by the co-sponsorship of the Committee on Vietnam, a body which united people of varying opinions who believe the war in Vietnam to be neither politic nor just. As New Zealand's commitment to that war is very small (about 500 men of the armed forces), this movement cannot be said to have had the stimulus of deep national in-

volvement in the war behind it. The PPP sponsors decided to set a registration fee of \$10, a not trifling sum for young people to raise. Four hundred registrations were hoped for but it was thought that the figure might be as low as 200. With great courage, and not a little faith, the committee of sponsors decided to go ahead, nonetheless, with invitations to a number of well-known people overseas, in America, Europe, India and Australia, whose fares to New Zealand the conference would pay. Just how the bills might be met was somewhat uncertain.

At this point the Minister for Finance, Mr. Muldoon, gave the sponsors a great lift, though that was not his intention, by refusing foreign exchange for these overseas fares. The facts were made public, and the result, apart from a valuable free advertisement for the conference, was that many New Zealanders with overseas funds at their disposal offered to contribute to the fares, which were thus easily met. At the same time, the main organizer of the conference, Mr. Alister Taylor, was dismissed from his post at the New Zealand Broadcasting Commission for his PPP activity. Because of the publicity and protest resulting from this action, the NZBC retracted its decision, but Mr. Taylor took the position that he was now too busy and refused reinstatement. Meanwhile, registration mounted rapidly to a final astonishing figure of more than 13,000. Finance was no longer a problem. The conference having thus demonstrated that it had wide public support and interest, the press gave it fair and excellent coverage.

All this occasioned no little surprise and even shock among the more conservative elements of society. When the conference proved that it could pack one of the largest halls in Wellington on a weekend of perfect late summer weather, not likely to be experienced again for six months or more, the wonder grew. This audience was made up perhaps more than half of young people—university students, recent graduates and men and women under 30. It was entirely orderly, with no demonstrations, or street marches, no exhibitions of emotional reaction to the matters under discussion; but showing a vast majority support for the views of the principal speakers who, each in his way, was critical of the involvement in the Vietnamese War, and urged a new approach to the problems of Southeast Asia. It was demonstrated conclusively that New Zealanders, and in particular the younger generation, were no longer willing to accept old formulas and wanted, above all, information and an outline of alternative policies. In this expectation they were satisfied by Mr. Krishna Menon, who gave the opening address, and stressed the difference in approach between Indians, and other Asians, and the Western peoples. Well-known New Zealand academics, and some from Australia also, supported the theme that the policy of the existing governments in Australia, New Zealand and the United States seemed bankrupt and unable to supply any expectation of a satisfactory solution. Two speakers from the United States, neither of whom is

an American citizen, but both long-term residents of the country, Felix Greene and Prof. Conor Cruise O'Brien, gave somewhat varying interpretations of the movement of opinion in the United States, and its possible outcome on policy toward Vietnam and in the forthcoming Presidential election.

On landing at Wellington, Professor O'Brien declared to the press that he did not believe President Johnson would stand for re-election, and that if he did, he would not win. This was on Saturday, March 30. When, allowing for New Zealand time, this prophecy was dramatically confirmed on Monday, April 1, before noon, he found himself obliged to recast the speech he had prepared to take account of his own prescience. It was to be expected that in a conference where most of the attendants were opposed to participation in the war, and almost all were hoping for guidance toward an alternative solution other than ultimate military victory, the news would be evaluated at a level of significance perhaps higher than it deserved. The governments of Australia and of New Zealand were assiduous in playing down the importance of the President's declarations, but these efforts were to some extent modified by press reports of the world-wide reaction. It may be said that in New Zealand, as in Australia, informed opinion, and wider circles also, are beginning to realize that President Johnson's declarations mark a turning point in the history of Western relations with Southeast Asia, and that his decision not to seek re-election gives these declarations a stamp of finality which previous bombing pauses and other endeavors have lacked. Professor O'Brien, to be sure, quoted General Sherman, including the vital final clause—"and if elected I will not serve"—which, as he pointed out, was thus far absent from the declaration by President Johnson.

The conference in Wellington—known locally as "the other conference"—thus had the good fortune to be held at a date which coincided with this major declaration of policy. Speaker after speaker had for three days demonstrated that policy in major matters was not in fact made in Wellington or Canberra but in Washington, and that no real change in the attitudes of the governments of Australia or New Zealand could be expected under these circumstances until a change occurred in the United States. When the unexpected event actually took place, the majority of delegates and participants were almost at a loss; they had taken far too little account of the movement of opinion within the United States, a movement played down in their local papers and almost ignored as unseemly by their national governments. The preoccupation with political attitudes rather than with economic forces was demonstrated by the very slight attention that had been paid to the possible effects on the stability of the dollar and the world price of gold of any full adherence to the still further escalation attributed to the advice of General Westmoreland. It may be that the people of New Zealand, as of Australia, are poorly informed about Southeast Asian realities; it can be seen that they are also very little acquainted with the true state of American opinion and its often rapid changes.

What was accomplished by this conference? It showed that the people of New Zealand, especially the younger

generation, are interested in and uneasy about their national policies; that they seek more, and different, information than is provided in their daily papers; that they are worried by the possible hostile response of Asia to their limited commitment in the Vietnamese War, and now uncertain as to their security in a changing world. These manifestations of public opinion, impressive though they may be in terms of packed halls and full registrations, are likely to impress politicians only if they are translated into voting patterns. One reason for the full attendance and the devoted contribution of services by hundreds of young students can be found in the widespread belief that both political parties are unrealistic in their approach to world affairs, and offer little promise of changing their policies to meet a new situation. The young may be too enthusiastic and cherish unreal aspirations, but the elderly are all too obviously without new ideas or comprehension of what goes on in the world. They are complacent without giving any evidence of being wise. In these circumstances, they deserved a kick, and in the polite New Zealand way, they certainly received one.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 586)*

in a joint effort for the social and economic advancement of the marginal Dominican farmer and his family.

Conrad Wilkinson

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Wilkinson's report on his own activities can hardly be taken as the observations of an unbiased witness; there is also an element of self-righteous defensiveness about his comments. His attempt to employ the jargon of social science ("paradigm," "three-dimensional realities") makes much of his communication incoherent. Substantively, the argument that the United States was practically sovereign in Mr. Wilkinson's Office of Community Development . . . is in fact supported by all of his superiors in USAID. The figures he cites are disputed by authorities less biased than he, and my own and others' studies of the apolitical farmers' groups he mentions conclude that they are about as effective as the pacification program in Vietnam.

I am all in favor of Mr. Wilkinson's building of latrines and other limited construction projects, but he—and we—should not be deluded into thinking that this will significantly change the social and political infrastructure of the Dominican Republic, or that it has anything to do with modernization or nation building. . . . No one would dispute that the Dominican marginal farmer and his family need help, but his status will not be improved by the kind of inane, typically AID rhetoric Mr. Wilkinson employs or by the vacuous programs in which AID is often engaged. Given enough U.S. money, the projects carried out by Mr. Wilkinson are relatively easy; the point of the article, however, was that in the much more difficult realm of political development, AID and the U.S. Government generally have abdicated. AID projects are being carried out in a political vacuum and are bound ultimately to be irrelevant, meaningless and probably self-defeating. While the United States is largely standing still, the people of the Dominican Republic and of other developing nations are undergoing radicalization of revolutionary proportions. This clearly has important—and probably catastrophic—implications for U.S. foreign policy.

Howard J. Wiarda

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Some Daughters of China

A MORTAL FLOWER. By Han Suyin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 413 pp. \$6.95.

A DAUGHTER OF HAN. By Ida Pruitt, from the story told her by Ning Lao T'ai-t'ai. Stanford University Press (Re-issue). 249 pp. \$7.50. Paper \$2.95.

MEMORIES FOR A CHINESE GRAND-DAUGHTER. By Stuart and Roma Gelder. Stein & Day. 286 pp. \$6.95.

MARILYN BLATT YOUNG

Mrs. Young is the author of a forthcoming book on American China policy.

It is strange that China remains so unknown despite all the travel books, analyses and pictures. Unknown not just in its "closed" present but in its wide-open past, through which Westerners walked with such illusions of assurance and mastery. We think of China always as vast, though it is not much larger than the United States which is merely big. No doubt China's millions make the difference. One could feel in control of China intellectually, when its millions could be dismissed as passive, blank-faced and empty-minded. That is not so easy now. Perhaps for the first time we are being forced to meet Chinese, all Chinese (not just the more or less familiar intellectual), face to face. Someday this may be true of Vietnam as well. Then the "crypto-racism" described by James Thomson in his illuminating *Atlantic* article on the operations of the State Department will perhaps suffer a defeat. It is easier to annihilate those we do not know; easier to hate too, though with sufficient effort both are possible.

These three very different books do not hand us China on a platter ready to be digested. Instead they expose aspects of China to us, and the job of assimilating what they teach remains our own. Each in its own way complicates our vision, delays judgment, forces a kind of agnosticism—even humility. China is going her own way. Understand her if you can. Manipulation is impossible.

Han Suyin complains, with a bitterness that marks her entire book, that Americans insist on possessing China. "With hysterical passion, with an ecstasy of hatred akin to love, the American experts on China seek to document China for themselves." So too does Dr. Han, but she is half Chinese and the triumph of China has made it possible for her to be whole again, after a lifetime of pain. The revolution was a "Last Judgment"

enabling her, among other things, to rediscover her father. He remained in China after 1948 and she, alone of his children, returned and knew that she had, after all, been "right" to love him.

The second volume of Dr. Han's autobiography covers the years 1928 to 1938. Interspersed with direct personal memory are great hunks of Chinese history summarized in a direct and assertive style. She adds little to our knowledge of the events she describes (from the revolution of 1911 to the Long March). Her interpretation is close to that of mainland historians today though she generally avoids using the tedious vocabulary of Marxist historiography. What is valuable about her account is not the ex post facto admiration of Mao or fury at Japanese depredations but her descriptions of how it was *then* when she was a 15-year-old secretary at Peking Union Medical College, a freshman at Yenching University, a pre-med student in Belgium. For all her pride and patriotism, Dr. Han is at the same time a literary craftsman of skill and immense honesty. She does not pretend to a heroism she did not yet have, to convictions that would only come later. Thus major events in recent Chinese history are directly reflected and we learn, with a renewed sense of shock, how much of ordinary life can go on within earshot of cataclysm.

Because she is Eurasian, Dr. Han can take us directly into the half-mad world of the Westerner in pre-revolutionary China, its restaurants and dance halls, its brothels and summer resorts, its universities and its offices. She sees all this from the tormented perspective of a half-caste, who earns better money (for the same work) than a Chinese but less than a Westerner. Dr. Han perfectly captures the very cruel essence of her situation in a moving description of the day she took the entrance examination for Yenching University. In European dress, smoking a cigarette, she is worlds away from the Chinese girls around her. Yet it is to belong to *their* world that she struggles against her Belgian mother, her Eurasian friends and European lovers. The particular world of a Christian university in China is beautifully depicted. As in the first volume, Dr. Han captures a past world and lashes it with historical rage and present pride.

During the two years she worked as a secretary in Peking Medical College Han Suyin often substituted for other

secretaries when they fell ill. So, at one point, she took dictation from Ida Pruitt. Some years later Miss Pruitt took dictation from Ning Lao T'ai-t'ai (Mrs. Ning), a vigorous and powerful old lady whose tales of ghosts and demons, of emperors and beggars enveloped Miss Pruitt three times a week for two years. Mrs. Ning ended up by telling, in vast detail, the story of her own life (she was born in 1867), from a protected childhood in Chefoo, through utmost penury, to her relatively comfortable old age, threatened, as the book ends in 1938, by the Japanese.

In *Daughter of Han* Mrs. Ning speaks directly to us, and the exact description of her life's experiences must stand for that of millions, even hundreds of mil-

Many timid politicians will say that . . . it is "not practical" to call for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. But in a democracy, the politicians are not the only ones who determine what is realistic. If enough of us citizens demand something, it becomes practical for politicians to recognize how we feel . . . If we are to get out of Vietnam without a nuclear disaster, we have to make the President realize how strong is our insistence. He must see that we will not be satisfied with peace feelers or peace promises. We want peace itself. . . . Who are the real lawbreakers? The protestors—or those who have sent one-half million Americans round the world to fight in violation of the United Nations Charter, without a declaration of war? Those who advise our young men not to go? Or those who order them to commit atrocities against the people of Vietnam? History will make the final judgment.

From *Dr. Spock on Vietnam* (Dell, paper, 75c) by Dr. Benjamin Spock and Mitchell Zimmerman. A strong and wonderfully simple history of our involvement in Vietnam, and an impassioned plea for its quick end by the eminent author of the best-selling book on child care. Dr. Spock is under indictment for conspiracy in counseling young men of draft age against serving in the war in Vietnam.

lions, like her. There is almost no end to what we can learn from Mrs. Ning. She tells of the life of the street, the neighborhood, the servant's special knowledge of Chinese officials and foreign missionaries. We feel her terrible anguish when her "opium sot" of a husband finally succeeds in selling her daughter. We understand her uneasiness when she must move out of the city of her birth.

Perhaps for the first time we are given a direct insight into what the revolution of 1911 was probably like for the majority of Chinese. Mrs. Ning describes how policemen caught men on the street and cut their queues. That is all. Of Yuan Shik-k'ai, of Sun Yat-sen, not a word. Later we discover that Mrs. Ning believes the old Empress Dowager lost the "great seal" when she fled Peking during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. Perhaps, she muses, the Japanese found it. "If the Japanese got it they will have the Mandate of Heaven and we should listen to our new masters." Her granddaughter, missionary educated and now a teacher in Peking (an old maid at 35 despite all Mrs. Ning's considerable efforts to marry her off) insists that this is not so. The Japanese must be driven out of China and she, Su Teh, herself slips out of Peking to join the guerrillas. But, Mrs. Ning complains, how can her granddaughter be right? "How can people govern a land? Always there has been a Son of Heaven who is the father and the mother of the people." Mrs. Ning dismisses with contempt her granddaughter's notion that "marriage is not necessary to working for the country." "That," she remarks, "is new talk. We all know that the family is more important than anything else."

To be sure, the new talk triumphed and the nature of the society which emerged has become, as Dr. Han rightly notes, an obsession for Americans. In 1960 the Gelders, who had worked as wartime correspondents in Chungking, returned to China to see how things were going; in 1962 they received permission to check on progress in Tibet and, in 1966, they once more traveled in China, taking the revolution's temperature. Each trip produced, not unnaturally, a book.

Until 1966 the Gelders felt fairly well at home with the revolution. They had seen China in the bad old prerevolutionary days and, as they tell us without much elaboration, it was very bad indeed. Who could quibble with a movement that replaced a diet of tree bark with one of rice, however rationed, or replaced national humiliation and despair with pride and hope? But the Chinese revolution has been unkind to its friends. It refuses to stop. Just as one is about to take one's ease in the incredible material achievements of the Communists, gener-

ously forgiving them for the peccadillo of the collapse of the Great Leap, they turn round to do something new, something unaccountable.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is the latest burden Mao has laid upon those of us who wish to praise him. The Gelders struggle manfully with it, concluding, without much evidence, that it is all an effort on Mao's part to weed out those who are not absolutely behind him so that China may be firmly united in the face of increasing external pressure. While tolerant of this goal, the Gelders are appalled at what it seems to involve—the mass religious worship of Mao, the petty persecution of Christians long deprived of any power to harm the state, the harassment which has driven good men like the novelist Lau Shaw to suicide. Disgusted and bewildered, the Gelders do not hesitate to argue fiercely with those they interview and the value of their report lies in these vigorous interviews.

The Gelders spoke with Ch'en Yi, Lau Shaw, Madame Sun Yat-sen and a host of ordinary citizens, students, night soil collectors, commune farmers. They sat in on discussions with small groups of workers on selected texts from the *Quotations of Mao Tse-tung*. One of their most illuminating discussions was with

a young student, herself the daughter of a professor and thus class tainted. When asked if she thinks she is destiny-bound to become an "anti-Socialist monster," the girl says No, but acknowledges her own class consciousness. "I can't help it," she explains. "If you come from an educated family you can't feel equal with a peasant or worker just by saying to yourself that equality is a good thing." That is what the cultural revolution is all about, the alteration not merely of political and economic arrangements but of the people themselves: "What we have to do is produce a new man."

Ch'en Yi similarly harps on this almost classical utopian objective of transformation. The entire cultural revolution is an effort to "close the gap between mental and manual labor," and to make absolutely certain that "there is no intellectual or privileged aristocracy which will become the governing bureaucracy of China." (Those interested in a deeper understanding of the cultural revolution would be well advised to read K. S. Karol's brilliant, *China, The Other Communism*, as well as his article in the *March Ramparts*.) However, the Gelders' report remains worth reading for its illustrative material and for the considerable pleasure of traveling once more with its forthright authors.

Problems of the Soft Societies

ASIAN DRAMA: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations. By Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon Books (with Twentieth Century Fund). 3 Vols. \$25. Paper \$8.50.

DWIGHT H. PERKINS

Mr. Perkins is an associate professor of Modern China Studies and economics at Harvard and the author of books and articles about China.

For two decades or more, numerous scholars and foundations have urged economists, sociologists and political scientists to get together for a combined attack on the barriers to an understanding of the process of modernization and economic growth. Unmindful of these urgings, economists have gone on refining analytical tools used in selecting projects for investment, political scientists have studied the evolution of political parties, and sociologists and anthropologists have concerned themselves with family and clan organizations and structures. Gunnar Myrdal's *Asian Drama* is a major exception to this more general picture. Not only does Myrdal relate social and political institutions and attitudes to the problem of achieving economic growth; he also demonstrates a com-

mendable sense of the historical origins of these institutions and attitudes.

The central theme of this three-volume work begins with an analysis of the difficult economic situation in which the nations of South and Southeast Asia find themselves today. Stagnant export markets and inadequate inflows of foreign aid and private foreign investment have seriously restricted development programs in the area. The lack of foreign exchange has in turn led these countries to institute a variety of discretionary controls over the economy. Because these are "soft" societies, the controls have further hindered development and fostered corruption.

In the long run, Myrdal acknowledges, industrialization will be the vehicle that carries the region into the modern world, but only in the very long run. Meanwhile, there are untapped resources already in the region which could be used to accelerate the development process. In fact, if these resources aren't so tapped, the countries of the area may never get to the modern industrialized society. The principal resource Myrdal has in mind are the people of the region. There is no surplus of labor in India or elsewhere in the sense that more and better labor

could not achieve significant increases in output. But the labor force in the region is underutilized because of social institutions that perpetuate negative attitudes toward work, among other things. The only way to make full use of the existing work force, therefore, is to break down these social barriers. Real land reform would be a major step in that direction. More and higher quality primary education may prove even more important. Such education would not only raise the quality of rural labor but would also contribute to the breaking up of the existing hierarchical systems of political and social control that are so inimical to progress.

Given the monumental political problem of making these changes in a short period of time, it is not surprising that Myrdal is generally pessimistic about future economic prospects in the region. Although one can agree with many of the individual points made in *Asian Drama* and also with the way in which Myrdal relates them to one another, it is not clear from evidence internal to this book that the case for pessimism is fully justified. Part of the problem is that the book is much too long and its style wordy and repetitive, making it difficult to grasp the argument in its entirety.

The more serious problem has to do with relating what Myrdal has to say with the actual economic performance in South and Southeast Asia over the past decade. Thailand, Malaysia, and to a lesser degree the Philippines, have all grown rapidly over this period (5 or 6 per cent per year). So has Pakistan. Progress in Vietnam, Indonesia, Burma and Ceylon has been slow or nonexistent, but it is much easier to attribute these failures to political turmoil and governments interested in almost everything except economic growth. Social factors, to be sure, have played a major role in the economic failures of these latter countries (principally communal antagonisms), but not so much the hierarchical caste structures upon which Myrdal places such great emphasis.

As Myrdal himself indicates, "to say that this book is mainly about India with numerous and systematic attempts at comparisons with other countries in South Asia would not be far from the mark." By any reasonable standard, this is a very good book about India and, for India, emphasis on the obstacles to significant progress may well be justified. To treat the rest of the area as being different from India in degree, but not in kind, is less satisfactory.

Per capita income in such countries as Thailand, the Philippines and Ceylon is half again the level of India, and Malaysia's income is three times that of India. Where Indian exports make up only

about 5 per cent of its national product, in these other nations the percentage is several times that figure. The literacy rate in most of Southeast Asia is double or more that of India. There is nothing comparable to the Indian caste system elsewhere in the region, and land tenancy is a rather different phenomenon in countries with large areas of virgin land, as is the case in much of Southeast Asia.

It is not that these Southeast Asian countries lack problems. In fact their problems are of a kind that should be analyzed in a general social-political-economic framework. But the Indian social-economic model is largely irrelevant to much of the rest of the region, based as it is on severe foreign exchange restrictions and a very rigid caste-based social structure. Myrdal, of course, mentions the differences that I have pointed out. But generally these differences are used to highlight how difficult the situation is in India, leaving the reader with the impression that the situation is similarly bad in Thailand or the Philippines, only less so. This approach makes about as much sense as comparing these same countries with Japan (present or past) and saying that the situation in Southeast Asia is similar to, but not quite as favorable for development, as that in Japan.

The two approaches together would still leave the reader wondering where in a range between a 3 and 10 per cent rate of growth in national product these countries are likely to fall and why.

The most interesting sections of the book are those where Myrdal traces the origins and nature of attitudes toward socialism and planning in the region, and how these attitudes and the institutions they have fostered have become related to the traditional social and political structure. This relationship in turn has often led to aims in conflict with the goal of modernization. The point that industrialization will not solve the employment problem for many decades to come is also well taken. Perhaps most refreshing is Myrdal's critical use of statistics, an unfortunately rare event among analyses of this region.

Asian Drama marks an important step forward in our knowledge of the modernization process in India, and there is much that can be learned from it about Southeast Asia as well. Most significantly, these three volumes contain one of the first successful attempts to combine the tools of several of the social sciences (together with history) in an attack on the central issue of modernization.

Community of Death and Guilt

DEATH IN LIFE: Survivors of Hiroshima. By Robert Jay Lifton. Random House. 594 pp. \$10.

KENNETH LAMOTT

Mr. Lamott is a novelist who was born in Japan and served on the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission.

Hibakusha is a new word in an ancient language, a word coined to describe the survivors of the bombing of Hiroshima. About 160,000 of the persons who were exposed to the atomic bomb survive. Of these *hibakusha* (the word literally means "explosion-affected person") some 90,000 still live in Hiroshima city, another 35,000 in Hiroshima prefecture, while 30,000 others have migrated elsewhere in Japan. (Also included in the official category of *hibakusha* are those who entered an area 2,000 meters from the hypocenter within fourteen days of the explosion, those who came in close contact with victims—as in disposing of their bodies—and infants *in utero* whose mothers were *hibakusha*.) There is, however, a certain amount of slippage in the statistics; like light-skinned Negroes escaping from the Deep South, some of the victims who are unmarked by keloids or other physical stigmata quietly pass

over the line into the general population.

Robert Jay Lifton's absorbing study of the psychological condition of the *hibakusha* provided an answer to a question that had puzzled me ever since, soon after the end of the war, I had visited the remains of Hiroshima and also had several occasions to drive through the southeastern wards of Tokyo, where 100,000 had been killed by the fire storms of the night of March 9-10, 1945. As Masuo Kato observed in his book *The Lost War*, that night's work by our B-29s constituted the greatest single disaster in the history of the human race up to that time. Perhaps motivated by local chauvinism—I was born and reared in Tokyo—I have been inclined to argue that, for either the victims or the survivors, there was little to choose between fire storms such as destroyed Tokyo (and Dresden) and an atomic holocaust. Dr. Lifton's thesis does not refute my argument entirely (the survivors of the Nagasaki atom bombing have reacted quite similarly to the victims of conventional bombing); the point, however, is that the destruction of Hiroshima was an experience entirely different in quality from anything the world had known to that time.

As Dr. Lifton, who is a research pro-

fessor in psychiatry at Yale, writes: "A striking feature of the Hiroshima environment is the communal reinforcement of guilt—the creation of a 'guilty community' in which self-condemnation is 'in the air.'" As was the case with the population of the German death camps, the *hibakusha* have been marked by the imprint of death, and like the *Muselmänner*, anonymous, faceless and supremely apathetic, life has become to many of them a counterfeit and death the only reality.

Dr. Lifton traces this psychological mechanism in the following terms: *I almost died; I should have died; I did die; or at least I am not really alive; or if I am alive, it is impure of me to be so; anything I do which affirms life is also impure and an insult to the dead, who alone are pure; and by living as if dead, I take the place of the dead and give them life.*

This in essence is the theme that emerged from interviews with seventy-five *hibakusha*. As a corollary to this proposition, Dr. Lifton observed that the death-tainted have become suspect to the non-*hibakusha* majority, a threat and an enemy and at last an inferior breed like the *burakumin* or *Eta*, who for centuries have comprised the untouchable caste of Japanese society. "The keloid," as Dr. Lifton puts it, "then comes closer to the pre-Christian meaning of the stigma as a mark or brand for slaves and criminals. . . ."

There has been then, on the one hand, the creation of a guilt-ridden community of the death-tainted, and on the other, the reinforcement of the guilt by the non-tainted Japanese who will even argue that job discrimination against *hibakusha* is not unreasonable, just as "good Germans" have argued that discrimination against Jews was not entirely unreasonable, and "good Americans" still argue that discrimination against Negroes is not unreasonable. (Americans have even played the *hibakusha* game; several years ago *Time* magazine drew an invidious comparison between Hiroshima—"the only city in the world that advertises its past misery"—and Nagasaki—"a monument to forgiveness.")

Yet Hiroshima is not all guilt and self-pity. Among the individuals who emerged as leaders of the *hibakusha* are some extraordinary human beings: a city official responsible for heroic feats of reorganization; a physicist at the university who, like his American colleagues, "knew sin" even though he was on the receiving end of the bomb; a Buddhist priest who was praying when the bomb exploded and has felt himself possessed of a special mission, a call to life; and, most striking of all, a souvenir vendor who calls himself A-Bomb Victim Number One but who, possessing "largesse and

human skills," has performed prodigies of good works on behalf of the *hibakusha*.

In the end, though, the dominant impression left by *Death in Life* is of massive damage to both the communal and the individual psyche, damage which manifests itself in queer and unexpected ways. There was, for example, strong resentment among the *hibakusha* over the inscription on the Hiroshima cenotaph, which reads

Rest in peace.

The mistake shall not be repeated.

It seems clear enough, simple, straightforward, and appropriate to the occasion it commemorates. Nevertheless, it was attacked by *hibakusha* who felt that they themselves were being blamed. The trouble, as Dr. Lifton analyzes it, "is that it made public and permanent the *hibakusha*'s own unconscious self-accusation, his conviction that his 'mistake' in remaining alive was the cause of atomic bomb deaths." In a somewhat similar vein, the so-called "Hiroshima maidens" were criticized for having ventured be-

yond the seemingly quietude more appropriate to victims.

The phenomenon of the guilty victim is of course not unique to Hiroshima and the atom bomb experience. Examples can be found in "normal" cities both on psychiatrists' couches and in police stations; in particular, examples can be found in our city ghettos. The portrait of Hiroshima that emerges from *Death in Life*, however, is of an entire community in which the mass consciousness of guilt and self-pity combined has been raised to a Dostoevskian level.

Dr. Lifton concludes: "In every age man faces a pervasive theme which defies his engagement and yet must be engaged. In Freud's day it was sexuality and moralism. Now it is unlimited technological violence and absurd death. We do well to name the threat and to analyze its components. But our need is to go further, to create new psychic and social forms to enable us to reclaim not only our technologies, but our very imaginations, in the service of the continuity of life."

Burchett's North Korea

AGAIN KOREA. By Wilfred Burchett. International Publishers. 188 pp. \$5.95.

KEY P. YANG

Mr. Yang is a specialist on Korea at the Library of Congress. He is the author of many works on Korean history and North Korean affairs.

Wilfred Burchett is an unusual traveler who might be called a searcher for the soul of wars. He spent more than two and a half years from June, 1951 to February, 1954 at Kaesong-Panmunjom, where truce negotiations to terminate the Korean War took place. From there he went directly to Vietnam, arriving at the beginning of the historic battle of Dien-bienphu. From Vietnam he revisited North Korea last spring, to attend the 1967 May Day celebration. *Again Korea* is the author's account of his impressions of his second visit.

Burchett, an Australian, who was a correspondent in Korea for *Ce Soir* during the Korean armistice talks, arranges his views under three categories: (1) His reminiscences of the war in Korea and the Panmunjom truce negotiations. (2) Comparison of South Korea and South Vietnam with North Korea and North Vietnam. (3) North Korea's independent posture in domestic and international fields, and economic reconstruction under the leadership of Kim Il-song, Premier of North Korea.

The question, who first invaded whom, is one of the determining factors distinguishing international warfare from internal conflict. Burchett, a recipient of the Medal of the Order of the Presidium of North Korea, concludes that Syngman Rhee's troops launched the attack first across the 38th Parallel. He cites as proof the North Korean allegation that it was from Kaesong (then in South Korea) that the main attack was first launched, and that President Truman had already ordered U. S. air and sea forces to give the South Korean Government troops cover and support several hours before the UN Security Council had actually met.

Burchett's arguments contrast with I. F. Stone's assertion that North Korea might very well have first attacked South Korea, although Stone maintained as fact that Rhee was agitating for war, and international intrigues to command hostilities were plotted by the U.S. prior to the actual armed conflict. Stone, an American journalist, and one of the outspoken critics of American policy in the Korean War, has written perhaps the most controversial work on the cause of the war in his 1952 book, *The Hidden History of the Korean War* (Monthly Review Press).

Burchett's description of his personal experience during the truce negotiations at Panmunjom might be considered as

(Continued on page 608)

Ho Chi Minh: From 'Prison Diary'

HARD IS THE ROAD OF LIFE

*Having climbed over steep mountains and high peaks,
How should I expect on the plains to meet greater danger?
In the mountains, I met the tiger and came out unscathed:
On the plains, I encountered men, and was thrown into prison.*

In 1942, at age 52, Ho Chi Minh, now Chief of State of North Vietnam, was arrested in South China, accused of being a spy. For fourteen months, bound in leg irons, he was shifted from jail to jail. Throughout he kept a diary written in poetry. Following is a selection from *Prison Diary*, translated from the Chinese by Aileen Palmer and available in paperback from China Books and Periodicals.

THE FLUTE OF THE FELLOW-PRISONER

*Suddenly a flute sounds a nostalgic note:
Sadly the music rises, its tune is close to sobbing:
Over a thousand miles, across mountains and rivers,
Journey's an aching grief. We seem to see a woman
Climbing a far off tower to watch for someone's return.*

MOONLIGHT

*For prisoners, there is no alcohol nor flowers,
But the night is so lovely, how can we celebrate it?
I go to the air-hole and stare up at the moon,
And through the air-hole the moon smiles at the poet.*

ON THE ROAD

*Although they have tightly bound my arms and legs,
All over the mountain I hear the songs of birds,
And the forest is filled with the perfume of spring-flowers.
Who can prevent me from freely enjoying these,
Which take from the long journey a little of its loneliness?*

ON THE WAY TO NANNING

*The supple rope has now been replaced with iron fetters.
At every step they jingle as though I wore jade rings.
In spite of being a prisoner, accused of being a spy,
I move with all the dignity of an ancient government official!*

RESTRICTIONS

*To live without freedom is a truly wretched state.
Even the calls of nature are governed by restrictions!
When the door is opened, the belly is not ready to ease itself.
When the call of nature is pressing, the door remains shut.*

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

*Through the endless nights, when sleep refuses to come,
I write more than a hundred poems on prison life.
At the end of each quatrain, I put down my brush,
And through the prison bars look up at the free sky.*

ON READING 'ANTHOLOGY OF A THOUSAND POETS'

*The ancients used to like to sing about natural beauty:
Snow and flowers, moon and wind, mists, mountains and rivers.
Today we should make poems including iron and steel,
And the poet also should know to lead an attack.*

AUTUMN NIGHT

*In front of the gate, the guard stands with his rifle.
Above, untidy clouds are carrying away the moon.
The bed-bugs are swarming round like army-tanks on manoeuvres,
While the mosquitoes form squadrons, attacking like fighter-planes.
My heart travels a thousand li towards my native land.
My dream intertwines with sadness like a skein of a thousand threads.
Innocent, I have now endured a whole year in prison.
Using my tears for ink, I turn my thoughts into verses.*

AFTER PRISON A WALK IN THE MOUNTAINS

*The clouds embrace the peaks, the peaks embrace the clouds,
The river below shines like a mirror, spotless and clean.
On the crest of the Western Mountains, my heart stirs as I wander
Looking towards the Southern sky and dreaming of old friends.*

Two Poems of Pakistan by Aijaz Ahmad

I Read A Report On How To Preserve Elements Of Local Culture While Reforming Modern Education In Pakistan, Prepared By A Team Of Experts, Sponsored By The Ford Foundation, And Submitted Simultaneously To The American Agency For International Development And The Commission On Education Appointed By The President Of Pakistan. Thereafter, I Reflect Upon What I Have Read, And Write The Following Poem.

*Asia! Your Asia! It is
A sham museum masterpiece
Slung around my neck. A
Counterfeit three-penny opera.
A mock-heroic pygmalion.
I encounter it and blush.*

*From Kipling to Santha
Rama Rau, you have sent
Numerous observers to scratch
The soul and surface of Asia.
And now these experts who
Don't even know how to despise.*

*Your Asia is a glazed,
Unreflecting mirror
And I fail once more
To see, in it, my face.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1965

*"The city is yellow with rancor."
St. John Perse*

*The streets of Lahore, charged like electric wires
with popular songs hung in the mist, are damp and
dreary like the night of my insomnia. The dying
year wraps itself around the wind like so many
sailors knotted in the belly of a high mast. Morning
will bring tidings of new arrivals, as the fresh news
of yet another ship embarking in the port. Meanwhile,
all the voices of my city are voices of silence,
waiting, muted in a fatigued terror.*

*City! O city! Let peace be on your streets. I
have given the best years of my life to you and
your women. There lingers now, in the odors of my
flesh, the smell of past loves and a taste of dying.
This year, even as it passes and is about to merge
with the remembrance of those who have left a scent
on my life, clings to me as flesh to the bone, and
does not let go. Let this year be as a flower with
no tendrils, and make of my body the test and testament
of my nearness, my love and loss.*

*Let this night not go unavailed, nor this year
unmourned. Memory is often imprecise, like the
lost smell of roses half-forgotten or remembered
only in relation to other things, or as the strong
autumn wind reeling across thin reeds; never hard
and realisable like the yellow foliage in the hedge,
or as the sproutless acacia beyond. So, let the
writing be of words*

and, after that, our exile

a most useful and timely revelation of what can be expected—offering perhaps even an actual rehearsal scenario—in the about to begin talks between the United States and North Vietnam. There are certainly differences in depth and width between the two situations, but there are at the same time many similarities. Vietnam and Korea have traversed much the same historical and political paths, and Burchett emphasizes that the two countries have learned immensely from each other in fighting a United States caught in a disadvantageous position. It is conceivable that North Vietnam will utilize every North Korean experience and tactic in the truce negotiations with the United States which are described in this book.

Burchett discloses the reason behind North Korean activities in war preparedness during the past few years, saying that "if [North] Vietnam fell, the [North] Koreans believe that the full force of U. S. power and that of her Asian partners would be turned against them." This same theme of fear of war on the part of North Korea is touched upon by Burchett in an article called "Revisiting Korea" which appeared in the North Korean monthly publication *Korea Today*, where he states that "the whole country has been transformed into a fortress and armed forces are in a high state of preparedness."

One wonders, now that this source of danger has been somewhat lessened by President Johnson's recent announcement of efforts to de-escalate the war in Vietnam, whether North Korea might take a different view of the United States. Although it is still too early to judge, past indications do not warrant hope for any changes so long as U.S. forces remain in South Korea. There is also evidence that North Korea will probably not relax its war tension policy because of its emphasis on the need for reunifying Korea "within the life of the present generation" (*Korea Today*).

The author's analysis of the past, present and future courses of North Korean policy is based on Kim Il-song's thesis called *Juche* (*Chuch'e*) which combines nationalism, self-identity, self-reliance and self-defense. The development of *Juche* represents North Korea's apparent determination to establish its own national identity, despite pressures to conform to the Communist bloc political image. *Juche* was formally promulgated in 1955 by Kim Il-song; since then it has become the motivating force behind the development of the North Korean economy and cultural life, as well as in the conduct of its foreign affairs. Perhaps most important of all, it has been used to instill energy and pride in the North Korean people. A clear understanding of this approach, in

theory and in actual practice, is vital in envisaging the future of Korea. The author has devoted an entire chapter to this subject, and he asserts that *Juche* is a doctrine "which eminently fits the Korean psychology," although "it is difficult for some socialist states to understand and endorse." This concept of *Juche* is found in both South Korea and South Vietnam and creates a feeling of affinity with their fellow countrymen in the North. *Juche*, with its inherent anti-foreign overtones, could result eventually in a shift in the balance of political direction in East Asia.

Finally, Burchett depicts North Korea as a land of milk and honey; concluding that "no country in history has moved so far so fast in all fields of developments." However, information available from other sources reveals that North Korea is certainly not a utopia or a dreamland for workers. It is still struggling against odds to meet basic needs, including a regular bowl of rice.

What the author illustrates as economic achievements are not new. It is known that North Korea can produce electric locomotives, that it even exports lathes and tractors, and that in per capita income North Korea reportedly occupies the sixth place in East Asian countries. What the author fails to indicate is how the people actually live and how they express themselves. He seems con-

tent to state only that "people work with great intensity."

Burchett makes clear that certain attitudes can be anticipated: (1) Economic forms will be changed to meet the second edition of war expected by North Korea by transforming the whole country into an "impregnable fortress." (2) The present cooperative farm system made up of individually owned lands will eventually be replaced by the state farm, a cooperatively cultivated farm owned by the state. (3) Finally, total Proletarianization of the entire working populace is the ultimate goal.

There is a Korean proverb to the effect that no trial is complete unless the opposite side is presented. Whatever his motivation and within the limitations of his highly subjective view, Burchett has provided us with information that could help lead eventually to more objective dealing with North Korea and North Vietnam. Regretfully, the author's anti-American overtones and obviously one-sided sympathy for North Korea, coupled with the absence of on-the-scene knowledge of the South, may lead to an adverse reaction to this book. But it depicts the other side as it appeared to one reporter, and I would recommend it not only to students of East Asian affairs but to all hawks and doves who are searching for clues for the solution of problems in contemporary East Asian politics.

Giap, Chou and the Willies

BIG VICTORY, GREAT TASK. By General Vo Nguyen Giap. Frederick A. Praeger. 120 pp. \$4.50.

CHOU EN-LAI: China's Gray Eminence. By Hsu Kai-yü. Doubleday & Co. 294 pp. \$5.95.

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky teaches at Dartmouth College and New York University.

Chou En-lai and Vo Nguyen Giap attract a good deal of respect in the West, although for different reasons. Chou, the Premier of the People's Republic of China, has had a remarkable career. Born into a well-to-do family, he received a good Middle School education, studied in Japan (or, actually, went to Japan to study, spending his time thinking about post-1911 China), and lived in Paris after the First World War, where he came under radical influence. Committed to communism, Chou returned to China. There, during the Communist-KMT coalition of the mid-twenties, he served for a period at Chiang Kai-shek's military academy (where Ho

Chi Minh could also be found). Later, after the bloody break with the KMT in 1927, he participated in the inter-party disputes about urban or peasant revolution (his views are indistinct), survived the Long March, the Second World War and, now, the Cultural Revolution. Somehow, even in the very jaws of his enemies, Chou En-lai's person and integrity remain intact.

Among those who know him, Chou stirs affectionate responses, especially in women, who regard him as handsome, urbane and sophisticated. This is a response which women reserve for few political leaders. Chou En-lai would probably be a success striding down Fifth Avenue, if not on St. Patrick's Day, certainly marching in a Mobilization.

General Giap, on the other hand, is almost unknown as a personality. He seems slight and unsparkling in his photographs, and very few visitors to Hanoi get to see him. But as the victor of Dien-bienphu, and North Vietnam's Minister of Defense, he commands everyone's respect and probably gave General Westmoreland the willies.

Several years ago Hsu Kai-yü, ■ professor at San Francisco State, compiled a volume of his translations of modern Chinese poetry. In it he showed a lively literary style of his own. It is accordingly sad to read this tepid biography of Chou En-lai whom Professor Hsu plainly holds in considerable regard. (Also, it is shocking that he should have allowed the expression, "The God of revolution and the demon of bloodshed," to be used as a final chapter heading and in the blurb; since it does not fit Professor Hsu's own description and stems from one notoriously erratic individual, it seems to be an epithet to avoid.)

Commendably, the author's intent is to make Chou come alive. To this end he employs several dozen (mostly anonymous) informants who claim to have been intimate with Chou En-lai at various times. Unfortunately, the result is an overstraining of the reader's credulity. Not only are there *verbatim* conversations of forty years ago but descriptions of minute actions as well, such as "... we'll talk about it again tomorrow," Chou En-lai said, glancing at his watch" (1924), or "... the slight flush on Chou's face ..." (1928). The book is shot through with this kind of thing, so that while welcoming the information which Professor Hsu has so painstakingly compiled from his sources (many documentary as well) we resist what we tend to believe already: that Chou En-lai is a human being. Biography is a marvelous art, but we must believe in it. Even *auto*-biography which falters toward total recall disengages the reader.

Professor Hsu, in his eagerness to show Chou's central importance, virtually removes everyone else from the stage:

"The only person who has remained in the forefront of the Chinese Communist movement, from the beginning, until today, is Chou En-lai."

"Chou built the Party elite ... long before Mao emerged. ..."

"All the key systems that the Communist Party set up from ... the 1920's to ... today, Chou organized."

"... He built the Red Army elite."

"As chief architect of Peking's foreign policy ..."

"Chou is the only one in the CCP top echelon who can understand and lead China's youth and intelligentsia."

What makes us smile is that if the name Mao Tse-tung were substituted we would say the cult of personality was working overtime. It is easy to make Professor Hsu's case if you mention Mao only fifty times (in almost 300 pages), and deal with the founding of the CCP as a French phenomenon, skimp Mao's development as theoretician, and end the volume with a fanciful "day in the life of Chou En-lai." The evidence for the almost solitary importance of Chou is

not sufficient to support such a thesis, although Professor Hsu is quite right in stressing Chou's supreme ability to survive. But Mao hasn't done too badly himself and he *has* been running the show for more than thirty years.

From a literary standpoint Giap's *Big Victory, Great Task* rates low marks. David Schoenbrun's excellent introduction is correct in describing its tone as polemical Chinese style. This is disturbing because North Vietnamese officials don't actually *speak* in this weird manner ("pirates," "running dogs," "lackey," "puppets," "heroic people's army") as I have found on a number of occasions—as opposed to the Chinese who distressingly do.

Never mind. We want to know what Giap thinks, and the message comes through the static. The book, which is overpriced at \$4.50 for 120 pages of large print, is a series of statements by Giap on the course of the war serialized in Hanoi during September, 1967.

Giap's central point—for Americans, anyway—is that the war is being fought in the South, by southerners, under southern leadership. I counted the words "southern people" and "southern battlefields" eighteen times in 4 pages alone. What does it matter: doesn't he do this to delude us into thinking Hanoi isn't in charge? I think not. These messages are designed to be read all over Vietnam. They must give the NLF cadres ■ tremendous awareness of their importance.

Of almost equal weight is Giap's stress on the basic inability of the Americans to win, despite their planes, equipment and large forces. He starts with an uncompromising moral line: "The United States imperialists are in a difficult stalemate not because they lack troops, but because their war of aggression is unjust." But he is far too practical to leave it at that. Giap knows there are quarrels in Washington about the escalation, and he knows at the root of the quarrels lies the fear of a long war, a fear of "upsetting political, economic, and social life in the United States." Because of this "the ratio of United States expeditionary troops actually engaged in combat will continue to be low. This is a bitter fact, a weakness, and a major difficulty for the United States imperialist aggressors."

But the Americans continue because they have faith in their technological supremacy. "They believe that the adversary's backbone is its armed forces and that if they can defeat these they can end the war." Naturally, Giap thinks the will to win, the ideology and the éclat of the Vietnamese are the critical factors, and that coupled with support from "the socialist camp" and the "isolation" of the United States, the American defeat is inevitable. *Unlike American*

leaders he is careful to offer no timetable, and says repeatedly that things are going to get worse before they get better.

Accordingly, he anticipates more American troops and foresees the possibility that Washington may "send infantry troops to the North." Up to this page, 18 from the end, General Giap underscores the importance of the Vietnamese going it alone. But an invasion would change things. An invasion "would be attacking the mainland of a member country of the socialist camp. In this enlarged war the United States imperialists would meet with incalculably serious consequences." General Giap must be talking about China, which en-

"Monumental...Brilliant..."*

WHITE OVER BLACK

American Attitudes Toward
the Negro, 1550-1812

Winthrop D. Jordan

"In seeking out the origins, meaning and explanation of Negro debasement in America, Mr. Jordan has tackled one of the most abstruse, subtle, tangled, controversial and certainly one of the most important problems in American history. It has tripped many scholars ... The author has put simple solutions and flashy theories aside and brought to his task a patience, skepticism, thoroughness and humility commensurate with the vast undertaking. He combines these qualities with imagination and insight. The result is a massive and learned work that stands ■ the most informed and impressive pronouncement on the subject yet made."

—C. VANN WOODWARD,
New York Times Book Review

"A monumental work of scholarship, brilliant in conception and execution, humane, convincing, informed by warmth and wit, illuminating..."
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tered the Korean War under the same circumstances after first warning Washington in what now seem to have been unmistakable terms. In Laos, a North Vietnamese diplomat told me in December that he "supposed" the Chinese would enter Vietnam in the event of an invasion, and the Chinese told me in Nepal that they would regard an invasion of the North as intolerable.

Vo Nguyen Giap sees the present struggle as "an important contribution to the common struggle for peace, national

independence, democracy, and socialism waged by progressive people throughout the world." The Hanoi diplomat in Laos disabused me at once of any illusions on their part about the American peace movement, remarking that "It is very good for America that you struggle against your government," although he added, sincerely I think, that the Vietnamese appreciated such efforts. Giap, however, is right. What do you suppose life would be like in America if the NLF and Hanoi surrendered tomorrow?

ligious experience of Zenism but Basho's own very odd and very refined personality. The translator of Basho sets himself the task of solving a whole set of telescoping conundrums, like Chinese boxes, in intercultural transmission.

Nobuyuki Yuasa and Cid Corman take two radically different roads to attempt to follow Basho's travel diary in English. Neither succeeds, but then, neither fails as much as most translators. Nobuyuki Yuasa, like almost all Japanese translators, expands and explains in translating. This is usually disastrous. In his case it is done with dignity and taste and by and large is illuminating, not degrading.

Corman adopts an extraordinary language, bearing some resemblance to his own poetry and those poets associated with his magazine *Origins*. It does not mimic Japanese syntax but it does try to mimic Basho's own psychological syntax and the tone of a decoratively scrawled notebook. Corman's *haiku* are something else—Zen *mondos* with a vengeance. Many of them have half the syllables of the Japanese originals and resemble nothing so much as lines taken at random from a radically dissociated Robert Creeley. This is not always successful, but sometimes it is, and it is certainly one way to avoid lapsing into sentimentality. Or does it substitute a new, hip sentimentality? My principal objection is the excessive use of Japanese words and expletives. If you're going to translate, translate, don't duck. Corman gives the Japanese text in Chinese-Japanese characters on facing pages. Nobuyuki Yuasa gives just English. I would suggest that any future edition of Corman give the *romaji*—transliteration into the Western alphabet. The prosody of *haiku* is totally unknown to almost all *haiku* devotees in the West and bears exhaustive study, especially by those amateurs who think all you have to do is string together an imagist whimsy in seventeen syllables.

A book which is, perhaps, more important and interesting than the Basho translations is Ichiro Hori's *Folk Religion in Japan*. Ludwig Wittgenstein always spoke of *doing* philosophy—"what do we actually do when we do philosophy?" Altogether too few people ask this question of religion, least of all of the major religions of the civilized nations. Questions like this are left to the anthropologists and ethnologists. Descriptions of what actually goes on are abundant for every primitive people. Islam, Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism are almost always described in terms of what their theologians say about them. This is a kind of hallucination of documents and may have little indeed to do with what happens in a Polish village synagogue, a church lost in the Abruzzi mountains,

Haiku and Religion

BACK ROADS TO FAR TOWNS. Oku-No-Hosomichi. By Matsuo Basho. Translated by Cid Corman and Kamaike Susumu. Grossman Publishers. 175 pp. Illustrated. \$8.50.

THE NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH AND OTHER TRAVEL SKETCHES. By Matsuo Basho. Translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa. Penguin Books. 167 pp. Illustrated. \$1.75 paper.

FOLK RELIGION IN JAPAN: Continuity and Change. By Ichiro Hori. Edited by Joseph M. Kitagawa and Alan L. Miller. University of Chicago Press. 278 pp. \$7.

KENNETH REXROTH

Mr. Rexroth, a frequent Nation contributor, is the author most recently of *The Heart's Garden/The Garden's Heart* (Pym-Randall Press).

It would be most difficult to conjure up a better example of the ambiguity of Japanese, and in fact all Far Eastern, verse when read in a Western cultural context and syntactic structure, than the comparison of these two translations of the same work. Basho's travel journals are rather telegraphic jottings of prose, each short section culminating in one or more *haiku*. A number of these are standard classics, *haiku* known to every Japanese school child, which have been translated by any number of Westerners. Any teacher who wished to make up a little collection of them and then use these two books as basic texts would have a wonderful source book in the problems of translation, or in the nature of poetic utterance. In addition, considering the sensibility, or lack of it, of most translators of *haiku*, Western or Japanese, you'd have a perfect study of progressive vulgarization—a built-in scale of aesthetic values.

This is the first problem. Like *ukiyo*e prints, with the possible exception of Kiyonaga and Sharaku, the seventeen-syllable *haiku* is a decadent form as such.

The great age of Japanese poetry, in fact of art and literature generally, ended with the Ashikaga period in the 15th century. From 1500 of the Christian era the entire country was convulsed with continuous warfare. From 1615 to the opening of Japan to the West the *de facto* cultural and administrative capital was Yedo, modern Tokyo, and the arts become progressively more decorative, sentimental and insentient, under the influence of the taste of the growing middle class. The *haiku* of Basho, the prints of Hiroshige and Hokusai, are very definitely bourgeois art, which doubtless accounts for their great popularity with Midwest housewives. Similarly, in recent years, most Japanese have come to regard Zen Buddhism, the sect that most influenced the major *haiku* poets, as "Buddhism for Westerners." Certainly a tradition which can admit to its canon of "greatest poems," a monstrosity of sentimentality like "Led to the flower viewing by his nurse, the little blind boy," runs the danger of being totally assimilated to the flower arrangement and tea ceremony classes on which female American exurbanites waste their husbands' money.

This is the great problem. When Basho writes them the depth, precision and lack of sentimentality redeem the *haiku* from decadence and elevate his best to major works of art. But can the form and sensibility of a genuinely significant poet like Basho be made aesthetically worthy of respect in English translation? This has in fact practically never occurred. Almost all translations of *haiku* are pernicious corrupters of taste, as can be studied at leisure in the resulting horrors, the native American "haiku." Basho presents still another problem. In addition to a sensibility that can be so easily transformed into gross sentimentality, he is peculiarly cryptic. Many of his *haiku* are as puzzling to Japanese as they are to Western scholars and resemble Zen *mondos*; but lurking behind their mystery is not the ultimate empirical re-

or the temple of Marichi, patroness of prostitutes in Kyoto's Gion District.

Nowhere is it more important to understand what people do when they do their religion than in Japan. The person who thinks he can use D. T. Suzuki or Alan Watts as Baedekers to the actual practice of Japanese Buddhism is due for quite a shock when he visits Japan. The theories have as little to do with what happens as the works of St. Thomas Aquinas have to do with the folk religion of the peasants in Aquino.

In recent years there has grown up an

Probably few Americans will see a film made for the Bertrand Russell "American War Crime Trials" propaganda extravaganza in Stockholm last autumn. One would expect to dismiss it as blatant Communist propaganda, too, but it doesn't work quite like that. . . . Every inch of the [seventeen-minute] film was made by Western non-Communist newsmen working for our television, magazine or newspaper services. And the film is a heartbreaker, so appalling as to defy total mental recall by a professional reporter. It shows American and South Vietnamese soldiers torturing, beating, mutilating Viet Cong and suspected Viet Cong prisoners; others, dead, are dragged off triumphantly behind tanks and amtracs. Villages, of course, are razed and burned; babies are left dying—also burned; and there isn't a sound from the screen. . . .

Many of us in America, at least men of my generation, can still clearly recall those early terrible newsreels made in Greece and Yugoslavia and Germany itself during the Hitler era. Now, one such newsreel exists which shows American atrocities in Vietnam. Every American would be disbelieving and aghast at seeing the film for himself. Of course, no one has really known—just as surely as many Germans did not know—but I am telling you all, now, that the film exists, that the pictures were made by non-Communist newsmen, and that ignorance will be no excuse or defense when the film finally surfaces in this country . . . as it assuredly will.

From David Douglas Duncan's introduction to *I Protest!* (Signet, paper, \$1). An extraordinary pictorial record of U.S. Marines under fire at Khesanh, taken within the combat zone in February of this year by a veteran combat photographer who also produced Picasso's *Picassos* and *The Kremlin*, among other works.

immense literature of folk religion in Japanese, but Ichiro Hori's book is the most comprehensive work to get into English in a very long time, and it is certainly the most comprehending. Much of the writing on this subject in English has been tendentious and misleading, notably Ruth Benedict's *Sword and Chrysanthemum*, written during the Second World War, but still used by American students. Actually the best books were written during the fashion for things Japanese—of which the again fashionable art nouveau was a reflection—around the beginning of the century, Percival Lowell's *Occult Japan*, or the eccentric and sentimental writings of Lafcadio Hearn. They may verge on travel brochures, but they are about actual practice amongst people who never heard of the *Lankavatara Sutra*.

In no modern nation is folk religion more important than it is in Japan. This is the whole secret of Japanese culture. The Japanese themselves like to talk about what enthusiastic Westernizers they are and Japanese scholars write books about Chinese, Indian, Central Asian and even Bactrian Greek influences. In fact everything that comes from outside is digested and absorbed and turned into something completely Japanese, whether it is an electric sign on the Ginza, or a Kabuki play with the same plot as *Medea*.

The great virtue of Ichiro Hori's book is that it traces the shaping and transforming influences of the living folk religion from prehistoric antiquity and the practices of Northeast Asian shamans and shamanesses down to the proletarian religions which have proliferated since the Japanese defeat and occupation. A modern cult which takes off from Nichiren Buddhism becomes much more comprehensible when understood as a new expression of an always abiding common religious life; but so too does the esoteric Buddhism of the period of the great Japanese literary classics, or the Zen of the post-feudal age.

Cultures die if this folk response to the crises and mysteries of life is obliterated by an invading culture. Pitt-Rivers long ago pointed out that the people of the Pacific Islands were dying of anomie—namelessness—because Western culture had robbed them of their responses to life. There was certainly plenty of anomie abroad in the ashes of Tokyo, Nagasaki and Hiroshima—as can be studied in the hopeless novels of Osamu Dasai—but the common people were able to regain a sense of control in religious practices that went back to prehistoric Japan.

The only fault I have to find with Ichiro Hori's book is that its descriptions are too verbal and abstract. He could have done with a bit of the travelogue,

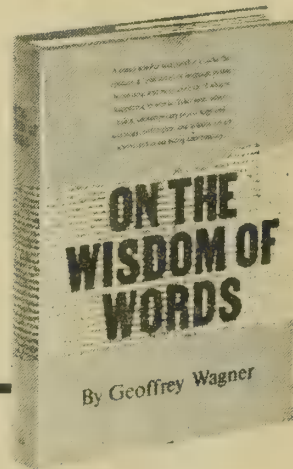


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objective description of Lowell's *Occult Japan*, and with plenty of illustrations. It is hard for a person who has never been to Japan to visualize exactly what the people are doing when they do folk religion. He tells you about it but he

does not present it in sensory, objective terms. However, as an introduction to the loftiest speculations of Japanese Buddhist metaphysics, or as a guide to a walking tour of Japanese rural temples and festivals, the book is invaluable.

The Lady Wrote It Down

THE PILLOW BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON. Translated and edited by Ivan Morris. 2 Vols. \$20. Columbia University Press.

ROY ANDREW MILLER

Mr. Miller is chairman of the Department of East and South Asian Languages and Literature at Yale. He has written and translated a number of books on Japanese culture, art and religion, of which the most recent is *The Japanese Language* (University of Chicago Press).

The *Makura no sōshi* is a classical Japanese text ascribed to a 10th-century author known as "Sei Shōnagon"; the original is part literary miscellany, part diary, and part poetaster's commonplace book, with over three hundred sections arranged in more or less random order, without respect to subject matter. In its present form (and that now translated with great distinction and sensitivity by Ivan Morris) the text is an accumulation from many different times and hands, a mountain of accretions which has built up around what was probably a fairly small late-10th-century nucleus.

There is some slight reason for attributing that nucleus to a Heian court lady, but little or nothing is really known about her, and her name has not survived. ("Sei" is an abbreviation for an aristocratic clan name; "Shōnagon" is a court title; but we know the actual names of very few of the Heian literary ladies.) What she actually wrote down, whoever she was, was probably a roughly classified listing of names of places, bridges, mountains, flowers and the like. The names were selected because they (or the things they stood for) were somehow exceptional, interesting or famous, or sometimes simply because they were difficult to write or remember. Such lists were handy for writing one's own poems or for criticizing the poems of others, virtually the only two productive activities of the Heian court.

We know from other sources that the entire year during which the text nucleus of the *Makura no sōshi* was probably first drafted saw famine and disaster throughout Japan—but such problems made no impression on the text or on its author. Men and women dropped dead from starvation in the streets only a few

yards from the carefully guarded royal enclosure where a handful of Japanese aristocrats sat and exchanged poems, and drew up private lists of commonplaces.

Professor Morris has translated one of the more conflated vulgate versions of the received text, plus fragments from other text traditions, so that his "Pillow Book" is even more catholic in content than any single Japanese version published to date. But for all its tortuous textual history, the *Makura no sōshi* is an impressive monument of Japanese aristocratic taste, artistic sensibility and aesthetic prejudice; and Professor Morris' translation is equally impressive, painstaking and refreshingly literate.

His methodology and theory of translation are heavily in debt to the work of the late Arthur Waley. This is intended to be a major compliment. He shows himself more than capable of working with great credit within the demanding canons of a noble Bloomsbury tradition—as rigid as any the Heian nobility enforced against themselves, but infinitely more fruitful and rewarding.

Sir George Sansom once asked of Arthur Waley's translation of the *Genji monogatari*, "is it ungrateful to add that perhaps it does more than justice to the original—not because of any shortcomings in [the original], but because modern English is incomparably richer, stronger, more various and supple than Heian Japanese?" Sir George's perceptive query has great relevance for Morris' new translation. The "Sei Shōnagon" of Morris' translation moves in a world "incomparably richer, stronger, more various and supple" than that of Heian Japan or that of the text, and his translation endows her with such grace, wit and sophistication as to leave the poor painted Heian nobles, with their blackened teeth and absurd posturings, crawling about on the straw mats in their ill-lit, uncomfortable and absurdly cold palaces; quite out of it.

In this text, particularly in the sections closest to Heian life in time and feeling, there are largely lifeless lists and canons of aesthetic prejudice and conduct: this is proper, that is not; this is suitable, that is not; some things are simply not done, some things by all means must be done. But in these pro-

scriptions the author was not giving expression to her personal likes or tastes as an individual; she was only recording, on behalf of her class, the way things are (or should be). Neither her motivation nor her goal was essentially aesthetic, much less literary. She was more interested in honing a keen double-edged blade of social regimentation for her class: get it all down and on record in case you can arrange to have someone get caught with his taste down, and then you can use it against him; besides, writing it all down will help you to remember it yourself.

Morris has recast and restated these essentially sterile strictures (many of them not without their depressing similarities to Hindu caste law), refracting them in the process against the personality of a "Sei Shōnagon." Heian Japanese, with its abhorrence of the personal pronoun and its almost total innocence of voice in the verb, makes it possible for the translator to take great though completely legal liberties in the form of the personification of what are in the original impersonal statements. Arthur Waley's great contribution to Western studies of early Japanese literature was to show how exciting these possibilities of personification might be when fully exploited; and Morris now brings the technique to its ripe fruition. The "Sei Shōnagon" of his translation, who charms us by her insistence upon what "I enjoy," what "I like to see," and what "I find unattractive," is essentially a human figure, not from the Heian but from our own "richer, stronger, more various and supple world." She gives expression to an individuality, and exercises a modern, Westernized personality, in a way that the several different people who at different times wrote the original text would have found quite as incomprehensible as they would find, if they could be confronted with it across time and history, the always elegant and engaging English prose of Professor Morris' translation itself.

The translation appears in a Columbia University series. Most of the titles exclude all scholarly annotation or other evidence of the process by which the translator arrived at his version: this is apparently along the same lines of reasoning by which the Victorians thought most highly of children and family life but could not endure any overt reference to the physical processes by which they had to be brought into the world. Professor Morris has most wisely chosen not to go along with Columbia University Press's hangup in this connection, and gives us a second volume of notes and miscellaneous apparatus, in addition to and of even greater length than the translation itself, and of at least equal interest and value.

Book Marks

NORMAN J. GALLO

Mr. Gallo has lived in the Far East for three years. He is currently writing a novel about the Far East.

CADRES, BUREAUCRACY, AND POLITICAL POWER IN COMMUNIST CHINA. By A. Doak Barnett. Columbia University Press. 563 pp. \$12.

Based on intensive interviews of Chinese who have defected from the mainland, this is a detailed analysis of the organization and operation of Communist China's governmental structure. The study ranges from the central government in Peking to the local governments of the communes and brigades and indicates that despite recent turmoil, the regime has achieved centralization of power in an unprecedented manner.

CHINA AND THE WEST. By Wolfgang Franke. Translated by R. A. Wilson. University of South Carolina Press. 165 pp. \$5.95.

An illuminating account of the Chinese-Western relationship by a German scholar who lived in China from 1937 to 1950. Franke feels that out of the bloodshed and misunderstanding characterizing the relationship from the early 16th century, a synthesis must be established between the two civilizations as the only way in which peace can even become conceivable in the world.

CRISIS NOW. By James M. Gavin. In collaboration with Arthur T. Hadley. Random House. 184 pp. \$4.95.

A distinguished military leader and business executive outlines the twin crises facing the American people today: Vietnam and the dangerous situation in the urban areas. He views U.S. involvement in the two World Wars as having taken on the appearance of a morality play; but its entrapment in Vietnam speaks more of a tragedy from which it cannot extricate itself without "some cost, some pain." He states that the initiative for dealing with the urban revolution rests with the President and recommends that the equivalent of a domestic National Security Council be created for the task.

U.S. POLICY AND THE SECURITY OF ASIA. By Fred Greene. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 429 pp. \$9.95.

A comprehensive review of U.S. policy in its relationship with a vast, heterogeneous and complex continent, arguing that the U.S. presence must remain strong in Asia. To fulfil this mission, the author believes that presence must

be a military one; however, the military approach must be a foundation for a political settlement with China at some future date.

THE RED GUARD. By Hans Granqvist. Translated by Erik J. Friis. Frederick Praeger. 159 pp. \$5.95.

A Swedish correspondent's view that Mao's final goal in the Cultural Revolution is the creation of a completely egalitarian society in which no group can place itself higher than the masses.

VIETNAM FOLLY. By Senator Ernest Gruening and Herbert W. Beaser. The National Press. 664 pp. \$8.95.

A record of how the United States became involved in the Vietnamese War by one of the two Senators who voted against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution in 1964, and a most persuasive argument that the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese people cannot be won with bombs, grenades and napalm. The book quotes a statement of Thomas Reed (U.S. House Speaker in the 1890s): "The best government of which any is capable is a government they establish for themselves. With all its faults, with all its imperfections, it is much better than the best government established for them even by wiser men."

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE COMMUNISM. By Franklin W. Houn. Prentice-Hall. 245 pp. \$5.95.

The main strength of this volume is that the author, a former Chinese Nationalist official, is equally facile with both Chinese and English source material. It is a concise and well documented narrative causing one to realize that the Chinese civil war, in varying degrees, existed for over a period of two decades and, in some of its aspects, bears similarities to the Vietnamese conflict.

HOW COMMUNIST CHINA NEGOTIATES. By Arthur Lall. Columbia University Press. 291 pp. \$7.95.

A former Indian Ambassador to the United Nations analyzes the methods and the nature of Chinese Communist diplomacy with emphasis on the 1961-62 Laos Conference. China's diplomacy is viewed in the context of its theory of international relations.

CHINA: THE OTHER COMMUNISM. By K. S. Karol. Translated by Tom Bais-tow. Hill and Wang. 474 pp. \$7.95.

Karol took a four-month trip through China in 1965. In this work he compares its form of communism with that

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of the Soviet Union, revealing the distinct and profound differences between them. He concludes that Chinese communism in many respects has reached a stature equal to that of the Soviet Union and that it will play an important role in the history of our time.

THAILAND: THE WAR THAT IS, THE WAR THAT WILL BE. By Louis E. Lomax. Random House. 175 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$1.95.

U.S. policy and involvement in Thailand is indicted strongly in this work. As one female Thai Communist told Lomax: "If an American general were in charge of the Communist insurgents

in Thailand, he would have us immediately start a major conflict here; his reasoning would be that this would give America a war on two fronts. . . . It would be much more to our way of thinking to plunge you into a war in Thailand on the day you sign an armistice in Vietnam . . . we cannot match American firepower, but we can drive you insane and make you spend yourselves broke."

WOMEN IN MODERN CHINA. By Helen Foster Snow. Mouton & Co. (The Netherlands). 264 pp. \$6. (Distributed by Humanities Press.)

A fascinating and absorbing account of some Chinese women who have played and, in some cases, continue to play major roles in their country's affairs, it contains rare photographs of the Soong sisters in their youth. They are known today as Madame Sun Yat-sen, Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Madame H. H. Kung.

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS: The United Front in Chinese Communist History. By Lyman P. Van Slyke. Stanford University Press. 330 pp. \$8.50.

An intriguing thesis that the United Front concept after 1935 became an integral part of Chinese Communist doctrine and is an inseparable aspect of its present and future policy as long as Mao Tse-tung remains its leader. Written as entertainingly as a historical novel, but without any loss of its quality as a serious and first-rate academic work.

THE EAST IS RED. By Maslyn Williams. William Morrow and Co. 266 pp. \$5.50.

A sensitive and perceptive analysis of a visit to Communist China by an Australian journalist. Williams' strongest impression was that the Chinese Communists feel war between them and the United States is inevitable.

ANATOMY OF CHINA. Revised edition. By Dick Wilson. Weybright and Talley. 327 pp. \$8.50.

In addition to a six-year stay in Hong Kong, Wilson visited several parts of China in 1964. It is this British journalist's view that, paradoxically, possession of the hydrogen bomb will end China's diplomatic isolation.

STORM OVER ASIA. By Robert Karr McCabe. The New American Library. 225 pp. \$5.50.

Fast-paced, smoothly flowing impressions of Southeast Asia by a former *Newsweek* correspondent, who disagrees with pres-

ent U.S. policy in Vietnam. He also gives a keen insight into the current situations of Thailand, Burma and the other nations of Southeast Asia.

ASIAN DIARY. By Charlotte Y. Salisbury. Charles Scribner's Sons. 158 pp. \$4.95.

An informal, personal record of a trip through the Far East in 1966, refreshingly told by the American wife of Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*.

NEGOTIATING WITH THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS: The United States Experience, 1953-1967. By Kenneth T. Young. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 461 pp. \$10.95.

In his faithful recording of the diplomatic contacts between the United States and Communist China over a period of fourteen years, Young finds that relations between both countries are marked by a "love-hate syndrome" and that, despite only infinitesimal progress, it is essential that contacts between them be maintained and continued. It is interesting to note that the views of Young, an American diplomat who negotiated with the Red Chinese, coincide with those of Franke, a German professor who lived thirteen years within China. Both feel that China can no longer remain isolated and that it will play an immense role in future international events.

VIETNAM TRIANGLE: Moscow/Peking/Hanoi. By Donald S. Zagoria. Pergamon. 286 pp. \$6.95. Paper \$1.75.

An awkward attempt to view the policies of the major forces involved in Vietnam. The title is misleading and confusing in that the book actually deals with a five-sided interpretation of policies followed by Moscow, Peking, Washington, Hanoi and the National Liberation Front. While it is informative, *Vietnam Triangle* gives the impression of being put together in a contrived and piecemeal fashion.

THE CHINA WHITE PAPER, August 1949. Originally Issued by the Department of State as "United States Relations with China, With Special Reference to the Period 1944-1949." With a New Introduction by Lyman P. Van Slyke. Stanford University Press. 1079 pp. \$15. Paper, 2 Vols. \$5.95.

Issued by the State Department under the direction of the then Secretary of State Dean Acheson, this work presents the case why the United States did not become involved in the Chinese Civil War. The introduction compares the situation of China in 1949 with that of Vietnam today.

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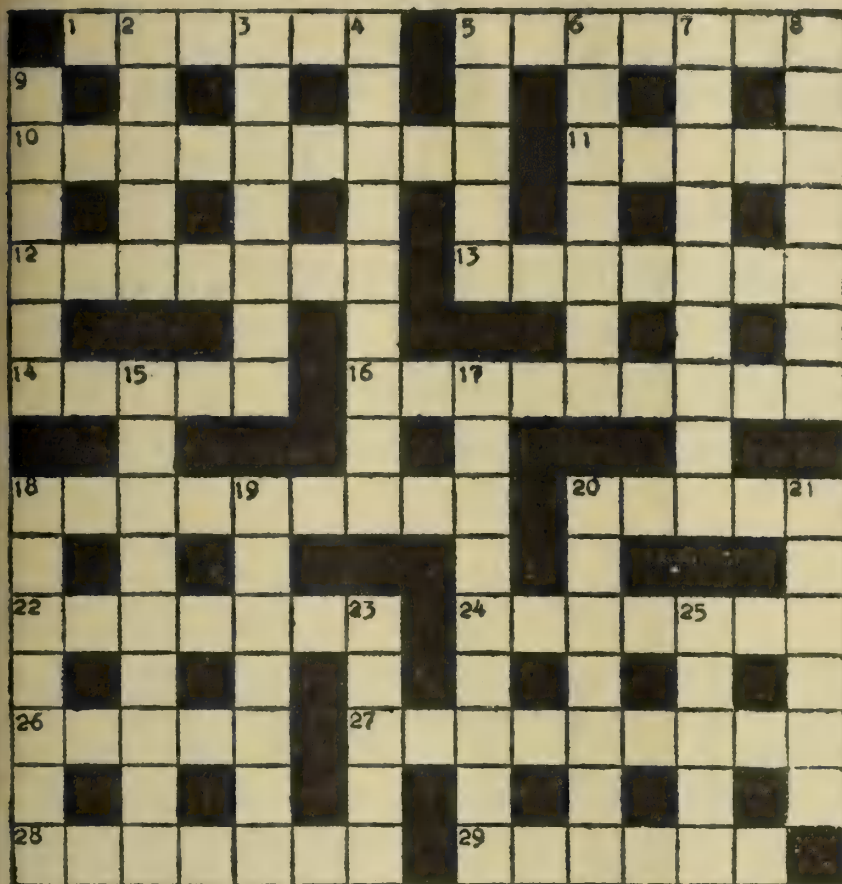
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1248

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Evidently a queen isn't quite on top of things. (6)
- 5 Continued the addition with something blown around. (7)
- 10 Getting ready by taking the cover off ahead of time? (9)
- 11 School of trout? (5)
- 12 and 20 across Apple-eaters suggest being indulgent to the little pests! (7, 5)
- 13 The type of gambler one takes in, in the north, possibly? (3-4)
- 14 Is it drink that brought the big champion down? (5)
- 16 One would expect to find a rather unattractive railing with it. (9)
- 18 Stray evidence or water might have been. (9)
- 20 See 12 across
- 22 Certainly not the end of the thoroughbred, as a way to reduce. (7)
- 24 Is the human engagement out of commission? (7)
- 26 Is one in place of the harp worn on the head? (5)
- 27 One who maneuvers to make the C.I.A. intact? (9)
- 28 They pose a problem for the outgoing type, perhaps. (7)
- 29 See 5 down

DOWN:

- 2 and 3 Hurry to a place of literary confinement—it should make the sentence go by faster. (5, 7)

- 4 Two derogatory terms for the possible date of coffee? (4-5)
- 5 and 29 Correct, and very conservative! (5-6)
- 6 Like the chief head of 18. (7)
- 7 I'd the most trouble with one who really isn't a Stanislavski follower! (9)
- 8 Upset and angered, possibly. (7)
- 9 Acts like your girl Friday when she hits the bar! (6)
- 15 How to bring a worker into the country certainly isn't trivial. (9)
- 17 Go with me, as they once said, for ready reference. (4, 5)
- 18 It's nice to scramble eggs on. (7)
- 19 Not so you can notice it! (7)
- 20 It's not mine to talk about! (7)
- 21 People such as Gert can certainly hold their beer. (6)
- 23 We might be placed under quite a bit of symbolism, when it comes to forgetfulness. (5)
- 25 Similarly, a favor. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1247

ACROSS: 1 and 23 Rubber of bridge; 5 Grader; 10 Calve; 11 Windsocks; 12 Patient; 13 and 14 Bait and switch; 15 Eidolon; 18 Unravel; 21 Twangs; 24 Imparts; 26 Swelter; 27 Trouseau; 28 Broad; 29 Cheese; 30 Concrete. DOWN: 1 Recipe; 2 Bell tower; 3 Element; 4 On watch; 6 Rescind; 7 Dicta; 8 Resident; 9 Unable; 16 Light-some; 17 Muratic; 19 Viruses; 20 Lessee; 21 Testudo; 22 Alembic; 25 Prove.

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AFER NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

war and the Peace Corps

Buffalo, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Berreman's attempt to sound a death knell for the Peace Corps ["The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed," *The Nation*, Feb. 26] seems to be more of a function of his anti-war prejudice than a fair appraisal of the Peace Corps. His argument seems to be: The United States is engaged in an evil war; therefore, anything constructive we attempt is hypocritical and doomed to failure. I would suggest, for example, that the orphans in Chitre, Panama (where my brother is a PCV) are finding new rewards through learning athletics, dancing and singing, despite the Vietnamese War which they—and most people with whom PCVs work—neither know nor care about . . .

Thomas T. Frantz, Asst. Professor of Education
State University of New York at Buffalo

Greensboro, N.C.

DEAR SIR: I am a returned Peace Corps Volunteer from the Dominican Republic and also worked in the Peace Corps Headquarters in Washington. I was quoted twice in Mr. Berreman's article and was, hence, very interested in what he had to say—both about me and the Peace Corps.

Of particular interest were Berreman's cases of volunteers who have tried to speak out against U.S. foreign policy while still serving overseas. The pressures and efforts to discredit such free speech were great and even extended to the petition of 800 ex-volunteers that Berreman mentioned. Peace Corps officials threatened to fire those returned volunteers who were working for the Peace Corps administration and wanted to sign. The Director of Public Affairs was successful in planting a completely false story in *The Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Vaughn's remark, as quoted by Berreman, that the petition ". . . was done by outsiders . . ." could not be less true. In fact, I organized that petition while still working for the Peace Corps in Washington.

Dr. Berreman later describes the Peace Corps in the Dominican Republic ". . . as a sugar-coating, and a thin one at that, for the bitter pill of U.S. foreign policy." He used this description to support his contention that the Peace Corps acts as a diversionary device for U.S. foreign policy. I was a volunteer in Santo Domingo in April, 1965, and can personally attest to the contrary. . . . Not only did the revolutionary Dominicans consider us on their side but Dean Rusk agreed with them. There are fairly well-substantiated reports that Rusk threatened to pull all of us out of the Dominican Republic if we continued to verbally and actually consort with and support "the enemy." We continued and he didn't . . .

I must also take issue with Berreman's rather liberal interpretation of some statements that I made while I was still working for the Peace Corps in Washington. It is not only that he completely misquoted some remarks that I made at Berkeley in 1966 but invented some as well. I did not say that ". . . protest activity is not really a genuine service. The Peace Corps offers active participation in things that are really happening." Nor did I say that the ". . . electric climate on the Berkeley campus was phony, amateurish and superficial." I did say that "There exists an electric climate here at Berkeley and one of which I am proud to be a part this week. Carrying picket signs and taking LSD trips may be activity, but it is minus involvement. Much of it is phony, amateurish and superficial. Participation these days means more than membership, means more than carrying signs or wordy protests. It means VISTA, Civil Rights, and Peace Corps—sharing the lives of the poor and the outcasts."

In Berreman's use of an article that I wrote for *The*
(Continued on page 636)

EDITORIALS

Humphrey and Rockefeller

We welcome Governor Rockefeller's belated announcement. Again and again we have expressed concern about the Republican Party. We should like to see two strong parties, each capable of producing Presidents worthy of those qualities of greatness which the American people possess, and at least mitigating their failures of character and intellect. From this standpoint, Nixon would be an appalling nominee. The national sin of hypocrisy, which racism has laid bare, is personified in his fork-tongued approach to every issue. His support befits the man. He has curried favor with the local and state chairmen, who by and large do not represent the rank and file. And if they did, the GOP is a minority party which Nixon could not rejuvenate or bring back to a position of influence. Nor could he contribute to a meaningful campaign. Rockefeller can; that is one reason for cheer.

Vice President Humphrey's announcement surprised no one, nor was his statement other than what might have been predicted. The same may be said of the ensuing comments, for Hubert is known to all, and disliked by none who have had personal contact with him. But the point about Hubert is that he is a stand-in for the Johnson Administration. It is a liability that nothing he can say or do will obliterate. The views of those who set out to dump Johnson—and dumped him—call for dumping Humphrey too.

We have never gone along with the notion that Hubert "betrayed" any principle of his or that he was Johnson's toady. When he went along with Johnson on the Vietnamese War, when he approved the bombing of North Vietnam, and in everything he has done and left undone, he was himself. All talk about the "old Hubert" is myth making. There is not an old Hubert nor a new one. Humphrey emerged from his early political background in Minnesota with a deep mind-set on the question of communism, a term far too broadly construed, by him and others, and one arousing ludicrously exaggerated apprehension. He was one of the Senators principally responsible for the Communist Control Act of 1954 [see "A Can of Worms" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 28, 1954]. His record is perfectly consistent, and the way in which he attacked Kennedy's "no more Vietnams" statement is a measure of that consistency. He would indeed fight "communism" in Guatemala, in Greece, or any other place.

Today he finds himself the candidate of Big Labor and of a section of Big Business, of bosses like Mayor Daley of Chicago and the Dixiecrats. The Democratic opposition to Johnson, on the other hand, must hold him personally responsible for Johnson's policies and their consequences. Humphrey is a loyal man, but he did not back the President out of a sense of tormented loyalty. Humphrey spoke out of his own convictions.

Aside from this crucial factor, we doubt whether he has, or the American people will feel he has, the stature required in an American President. He is too facile. He talks

too much. He radiates good will and it is genuine, but the Presidency requires strong, not necessarily agreeable, qualities. Humphrey is intelligent, yes; profound, no. Today, when the Presidency has become an excessively omnivorous office, the qualities of the man who occupies it become of the utmost importance. In our judgment Mr. Humphrey lacks the qualities needed.

The Chaos at Columbia

The scenes of chaos, injury and destruction at Columbia University are a striking illustration of what happens when institutions of this kind forfeit public confidence in the legitimacy—in the classical political sense—on which their authority rests. In such cases, the various elements that make up its constituency, so to speak, then lose confidence in the decision-making process, and minorities within these elements feel no obligation to respect it. Dialogue gives way to a struggle for power which, before it is resolved, usually terminates in violence of one degree or another.

At Columbia, the administration has for a long time simply been "out of touch"—with student opinion, with faculty opinion, with the mood of the city, the state, the nation and the world. It has proceeded on the assumption that although the university is in New York City it has no special relation or responsibility toward the community of Harlem. It has, not entirely figuratively, "walled itself off" from the surrounding ghetto. Perched like a fortress on Morningside Heights, the university has been separated from Harlem by a strip of park. It has been a kind of moat, a barrier, a means of keeping poverty at a discreet distance.

The decision to go ahead with plans to build a gym in a section of this park was wrong in principle; it is, after all, a public park. But it was administrative lunacy to proceed with these plans over the opposition of the Harlem community and against the convictions expressed on the campus. However, the administration has been similarly arrogant for years in its relationships with those who live in the surrounding area, where the university has extensive real estate holdings. It has dealt with the tenants in these buildings—Negroes and whites alike—with lofty unconcern for their wishes, their needs and their welfare.

Prof. Marvin Harris has accused President Grayson Kirk, and with aptness, "of not having spoken to anyone under 30 since he was under 30." When administrations with public responsibilities fail to sense and respond to changing moods based on changing realities, the risk is always great that they will forfeit the compact of confidence which is their only valid mandate. In the long run, people of independent mind (a type which universities necessarily foster) will not respect rules or decisions which they had no part in making; and they will certainly not show respect in such situations when they sense that what they think about them is of no concern to those who wield authority.

In all the recent turmoil, Dr. Kirk has been (or has appeared to be) remote; he has not spoken directly to the students. He has dealt with them as an administrator of

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 20

occupied territory might deal with the natives. Rather like the Johnson Administration, Dr. Kirk has been given a harsh, but deserved, lesson in the limitations of insensitive power.

The question of legitimacy is the key question in the complex of issues underlying the tragedy at Columbia. That some of the student activists, bemused by a *mystique* of guerrilla warfare, seized "hostages" (who were later released) and engaged in other acts which had no discernible relevance to "confrontation" politics à la Herbert Marcuse, is, in the context, a minor issue. That the administration felt compelled to call in the police is tantamount to a confession of incompetence. An administration that is aware of what goes on in today's world, and makes the adjustments which such an awareness suggests, will not need to fall back on the authority of the blackjack and the boot, or to cause the arrest of nearly a thousand of its students.

Voice of the Students

If media broadcasters are searching for models, they would do well to emulate the young men who manned Columbia University's student radio station WKCR around the clock for the duration of the week-long demonstrations. Whatever its views of the issues and tactics, the public needed clear definitions of the positions taken and honest accounts of the events as they occurred.

The staff of WKCR exhibited a fairness which puts to shame the standards of the mass media, and provided a shining contrast to the coverage given by professional commentators. WKCR presented the substantive issues, gave all parties involved a voice, checked all information carefully before making it public—and never lied. Not even during the long night of the police "bust" did the staff allow the outrage, which they later expressed editorially, to distort their information or to alter the clean and literate lines of their objective handling of all views. All sorts of lessons will be drawn from this dismaying event; one of the first that their seniors should study is this example of youthful dedication to truth for the whole community.

Exit Arthur Goldberg

The lot of a U.S. representative to the United Nations is not a happy one, and Arthur Goldberg's departure from that post had been expected for some time. In resigning as head of the U.S. Mission last month, Ambassador Goldberg (or as he preferred to be called, Justice Goldberg) gave no clear public explanation for the timing of his decision. He said that he thought he could better serve the cause of peace as a private citizen and that he was taking advantage of the President's offer to members of his Cabinet, on the day when he announced that he would not seek another term, to accept their resignations now if they so desired. Beyond that somewhat bland statement, it was rumored that Mr. Goldberg had left in anger after protesting the decision to stage the largest U.S. underground nuclear explosion on the opening day of the UN debates on the nonproliferation treaty—a coincidence

which he held would prejudice and even sabotage the American presentation of the draft treaty.

Whatever the reason or reasons, it is not difficult to assess the frustrations which beset the Ambassador during the three years of his mandate, and which eventually must have piled up to an unbearable level. Arthur Goldberg came to the United Nations in July, 1965, with hopes which were soon to be revealed as misconceptions, not only of his own role vis-à-vis the international organization but of the role—or rather lack of role—assigned to the UN by present American policy.

Actually, within the limited framework of his functions, those of an Ambassador and not of an Under Secretary of State, Justice Goldberg was able to use his considerable skill to advantage. He showed it especially in prolonged negotiations with the Soviet Union, first on the Kashmir crisis (which erupted soon after he took office), then on the space treaty, and finally last summer in drafting formulas for cease-fire resolutions on the Middle East. In all these areas, the agreements between the American and Soviet delegations which emerged were due to common interests between Washington and Moscow and not to discussions in United Nations corridors or chambers. Yet, from all accounts, Mr. Goldberg's talents as a negotiator transformed vague consensus to precise language and forged decisions which might otherwise have been left up in the air.

In other cases, however, Mr. Goldberg was to discover that international negotiations are very different from labor relations. The interests of both companies and unions are best served by the signing of a contract, whereas national governments may well desire to register opposition to other governments as a matter of policy. This applies, among other cases, to the war in Vietnam and the search for a political settlement in the Middle East.

It has been said many times that Mr. Goldberg disagreed with the Vietnam policies of President Johnson and Secretary Rusk. When he consented to leave the Supreme Court, Mr. Goldberg sincerely believed—or had been led to believe—that he would be able to help promote a negotiated settlement of the Vietnamese conflict through the United Nations. But when on January 31, 1966, he was able at last to obtain from President Johnson a decision that the question of Vietnam be put on the agenda of the Security Council, the White House announced simultaneously the resumption of the bombings of North Vietnam and thus destroyed the credibility of the peace move.

All further utilization of the United Nations by the United States assumed this ambivalent—not to say hypocritical—character: all the speeches of Ambassador Goldberg asking rhetorical questions (and reciprocal concessions) of Hanoi in order to "explore" the possibilities of opening negotiations were echoed by pronouncements from Washington to the effect that American forces would remain in Vietnam until aggression by the North was terminated. The United States Government used the UN not to search for a settlement of the war but for propaganda purposes, both at home and abroad (a tactic which it shares with many other powers). Mr. Goldberg played his part with apparent satisfaction, but it must have become increasingly evident to him that the UN peace button

was pressed by the Administration more often than not as a gimmick. For instance, when the *Pueblo* was seized, the United States submitted that question to the Security Council concurrently with its calling up of reserves, only to neglect the Council the next day in favor of direct talks with North Korea. Secretary General U Thant's proposals on Vietnam, which Mr. Goldberg favored, were turned down or ignored by Washington. And when the big change came on March 31, and President Johnson dropped his conditions for a partial cessation of bombing, the UN was not in the picture and neither was Ambassador Goldberg. The President had looked elsewhere for his team of negotiators, and the United Nations was not involved even in the exasperating search for a suitable site for preliminary talks.

This, for Arthur Goldberg, must have signified the end of his usefulness. He had had to battle the State Department—on whose side he was supposed to be—in order to present views palatable to the majority of the international community. He had had to take personal abuse from Arab delegates, who accused him of bending U.S. Middle East policy to Zionist aims, although he took pains to reflect meticulously the almost balanced stand of Washington.

Like Adlai Stevenson, also a "prestige" appointee from outside the diplomatic ranks, Arthur Goldberg misjudged the scope of his job and his influence. Both men were the victims of an inherent contradiction of U.S. policy, which seeks to create an image of internationalism and flexibility in the United Nations, while largely ignoring the world organization and pursuing nationalistic aims, in peace as in war. It was Mr. Goldberg's image which became blurred, and he left to seek a new focus.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Poor Poor and Rich Rich

If the Poor People's Campaign needed documentation to support their demands, it has been abundantly provided, and from irrefutable sources. There is first of all the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, a twenty-five-member panel of distinguished public figures, their staff work financed by foundation money and with Walter Reuther in the top spot. Highlights: four-fifths of the population are more affluent than any other people in history, but the nation is disgraced by the fact that the other fifth lives in abject poverty. The report pinpoints 256 "hunger counties," and proves that the term is no more than soberly descriptive.

It proposes specific remedies: food for the needy, with distribution *not* administered by the Department of Agriculture—which, according to Robert Kennedy, has failed to reach 80 per cent of the poor and "in the face of overwhelming need returned more than \$200 million in available funds to the Treasury, money that should have gone to feed these people." The report strikes hard at subsidies for rich farmers, an area in which the Department of Agriculture seems to be much more effective than it is in feeding the hungry. In 1967 alone, nine large landowners received a total of more than \$14 million from one or a

combination of farm programs "designed to encourage, promote and strengthen the family farm"!

If more evidence is needed, it is provided in *The People Left Behind*, a report of the President's National Advisory Commission on Rural Poverty, just released. This details the plight of 14 million rural poor, including 3 million rural adults classified as illiterates (whites, incidentally, outnumber nonwhites). These outcasts are piled up in rural areas, waiting, many of them, to move into the cities and add to what we call the "urban poor."

The urban poor and the rural poor are basically alike in that both groups live more or less outside the market economy, and also outside the political economy: politics is mostly about who gets what, or doesn't. One reason why affluent America largely ignores them is that they are not organized to make noise—to demand, for instance, subsidies of the kind we bestow on corporate farms, the aerospace industry, the military contractors.

They are not heard, they are not seen. The Poor People's Campaign proposes to bring them to the national capital and there give them a forum, coverage, exposure, so that affluent America, and the politicians representing it, cannot avert their eyes and ears. That project was Martin Luther King's legacy to his country, and the Reverend Abernathy and his colleagues are carrying on what he would have done.

To bring the poor within the market economy, they must be given jobs; accordingly, an intensive public relations campaign has been mounted to make the poor feel that private industry is girding itself to give them work. With its usual acute sense of realism, *The Wall Street Journal* has disposed of this illusion. To be sure, many dedicated citizens in positions of influence are on committees organized for this task, and some of them are working at it; but hardly a dent would be made in the plight of the jobless if all the efforts now proposed were to prove successful. The Johnson-Humphrey Administration has plans for subsidizing business to hire and train some 500,000 men and women over a three-year period, with a goal of 100,000 during the next year. The 500,000 total averages out to about 3,500 per year in each of fifty cities. This falls absurdly short of the need. Washington's quota is 2,000 jobs; estimates of the capital city's hard-core unemployed vary from 8,000 to 12,000. That is as of now, but the rural poor are still seeping in and will probably keep pace with such employment as the government is able to generate with expensive subsidies.

The whole basis of this campaign is dubious. Business is out to make money, and when it needs people it hires and trains them at its own expense. If the problem is to be solved, it will probably end up with public works and

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with the government as the "employer of last resort."

Across the tracks and up the hill from all this misery, *Fortune*, the unofficial organ of big business, comes out in the May issue with some interesting statistics. To be a millionaire nowadays is, among the really rich, almost to bear the stigma of poverty. The present mark of success is to be a "centimillionaire"—you don't belong unless you are worth at least a hundred million, and from that entrance fee the elite go on up into the \$1 billion to \$1.5

billion class, J. Paul Getty and Howard Hughes being in that enviable position. The astronomical gap between the really rich and the really poor is discussed in the same issue by Max Ways in "The Dynamite in Rising Expectations." The affluent society that American capitalism has wrought in the sixties may be more dangerous to the unrocked boat than the collapse of the economy in the thirties. The Poor People's March will be a long time passing the reviewing stand of the American dilemma.

CAMPUS UNDER SIEGE

WHY STUDENTS SEIZE POWER

LOUIS S. LEVINE

Mr. Levine, professor of psychology at San Francisco State College (on leave), is at present associate director for research of the Center for Research and Education in American Liberties at Columbia University and Teachers College, and director of research for the Division of Rehabilitation Services, Department of Psychiatry, Harlem Hospital.

Early in the morning of April 30, the week-long siege of Columbia University was ended. Police recaptured the five buildings held by activists, mostly students. More than 700 arrests were reported and approximately 150 persons were injured. Classes remained suspended and the division between students and administration widened.

The use of the police has intensified anti-administration attitudes. Many members of the faculty, previously aloof from the fray, are at this point highly critical of their administration. An official faculty committee composed of eight distinguished senior scholars and two junior members of the instructional staff was appointed to meet with representatives of the trustees, administration and students for the purpose of returning the university to operations as close to normal as possible.

As the substantive issues of this confrontation—the building of a gymnasium on a largely granite-covered little park used by the community, and the university's participation in the activities of the Institute for Defense Analysis—did not represent the beginning of the conflict, neither did the clearance of the buildings represent its end. True, the advantage of being able to command overwhelming force was demonstrated, but it is unlikely that this physical display will either resolve or limit the eventual outcome of the Columbia crisis.

As I write, the future course of the Columbia upheaval is in doubt, but the issues of war and peace present in this confrontation between students and college administration have been evident across the country in past campus crises, and they will increasingly become focal points of contention as the issues themselves intensify and as student militancy correspondingly increases. The following impressions, though expressed in general terms, derive from specific student-university confrontations that have occurred at various schools in the recent past.

The most significant point, which is not perceived by most faculties, administrations and boards of trustees or regents is simply that students possess a great deal of power. If a very small percentage of students decides to employ that power, they can bring any academic institution to a halt. Further, there is in most communities a committed nonstudent minority which will line up with the students if the situation reaches crisis proportions. Given this fact of student power, and putting aside the issues of the means employed or the ends toward which the power is directed, several questions seem particularly relevant. Can university trustees, administrations and faculties be made to understand the degree of actual power that a small minority of students can mobilize? Must colleges and universities undergo crisis situations in order to develop appropriate policies and procedures for handling student-university confrontations? What issues complicate the resolution of campus crises?

It is possible that the degree of actual power that a minority of students can mobilize is underestimated or misperceived simply because students have not so behaved in the past. Although this may be partially true as far as the post-World War II population of students is concerned, a more inclusive explanation would have to cover several additional points. A critical consideration is that faculty, administration and students do not form monolithic groups. There seems to be a tendency on the part of all parties to a campus confrontation to perceive and treat one another as if they were homogeneous. Administrators or professors define their roles according to traditional functions; this role definition is one which increases numbers of students concerned with Vietnam, the racial issue, and the economic and political scene reject as inappropriate and unrelated to their lives. Within that portion of the student population which may be termed disenchanted but not alienated, there are those committed to changing the system by working within it, those concerned with retribution for past and present wrongs, and those committed to revolution. These students are intellectually alert, highly critical, and ever ready to condemn the "Establishment." Faculty and administrators who see themselves as the dispensers of knowledge and the stimulators of rational inquiry, and who value a sense of de-

tachment from the hurly-burly of the market place, lump the dissenters into such groups as "poor students," "neurotics," "undisciplined people" or "anarchists." They all fail to fit the old mold of the "good" (read docile) student.

The difficulties of changing one's style of perception are matched by the difficulties of changing one's style of professional life. Many faculty who have endeavored to reach the activists have done so in their own particular intellectual fashion and within their own role perceptions, and this has often resulted in considerable frustration. To these professors, the students may appear to lack knowledge or a capacity for logical thinking and rational analysis. Further, if the faculty member or administrative official has contact with a member or members of a black student group, he may extrapolate his observations of those students to the members of Students for a Democratic Society, or vice versa, thus failing to differentiate among the dissenting groups. There is often an additional failure to see that many segments of opinion exist within each of the groups, in which case opinions as to who the students are and what they are tend to be both inaccurate and inadequate.

One of the serious misperceptions of dissenting students, at least at the leadership level, is the extent of their distrust of faculty and administration, and their disenchantment, to varying degrees, with conventional dialogue as a means to social change. This point was recently made by a high school student at a conference on "Students and Society" sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who stated that "dialogue assumes a common set of assumptions and goals; and in their absence, dialogue is only a way of avoiding change."

Although the range of student activist groups is wide and the differences between the objectives, tactics and rhetoric of black and white organizations are marked, they share a considerable interest in revolutionary strategy. Professors, on the other hand, even those in the relevant fields which have brought them into contact with the history of revolutionary events, have not had either experience in or knowledge of the tactics of confrontation. Many faculty and administrators think of dissenting students in terms of the 1963-64 civil rights movement; they now should be studying the writings of Frantz Fanon, Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara.

The failure on the part of the faculty and the administration to appreciate the actual power which a small minority of students can mobilize leads directly to the need to formulate in advance procedures for negotiation whereby disputes can be resolved *before* they become actual showdowns. As long as a college president and his immediate supportive administrative staff believe that their students will never become militant, laying siege to buildings, disrupting classrooms, or holding administrative officers hostage, they are not likely to think seriously how they should respond to such uprisings. And yet the "business as usual" mechanisms of the university or college are poorly adapted to rapid decision making. Part of the reflective posture of the academic world is to "carefully study" problems that require either faculty recommendations or

administrative decisions. The diversity among student groups is probably exceeded only by the divisions within any faculty. Hence, it is indeed a rare occasion when a faculty expresses its overwhelming support of a given position, as was the case at Berkeley in December, 1964, or at San Francisco State in December, 1967. But in both of these instances one important issue served to unify the faculty: groups outside the university were pressing to fragment or limit the traditional prerogatives of the institution. Often on occasions of direct clash between student opinion and administrative policy, the faculty has



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lacked an apparatus for making its opinions known or its influence felt. Depending upon the matter at hand, faculty organization ranges from small units such as departments to the total faculty which is convened on special occasions for either academic or ceremonial purposes but which rarely operates as a legislative entity. Frequently, the pattern is for representative groups such as academic councils or senates to advise and counsel the administration. In its turn, the administration is often either restricted in fact, or believes itself restricted by the policies, procedures and past decisions of the board of regents or trustees. In this situation, the speed and cogency of the president's decision, when attempting to deal with a student confrontation, may be dependent not only upon his capacity to comprehend the nature of the situation—and of course on his courage—but also on his perception of his own relationship to his trustees.

Student activist groups that press for confrontation are well aware that the prolongation of actual disruption of the campus produces pressures that polarize the position of trustees, administration, faculty, students and members of the community. Student militants have learned well the dynamics of conflict. They understand that the initial or precipitating incidents either can be restricted or can be fanned out to include a host of related or unrelated grievances, and they can choose the method most advantageous to them. The militants will generally be quite clear about what constitutes the substance of their grievances and the tactics to be employed in pressing for confrontation. In some instances those confrontations, which place the administration in the most untenable posi-

tion, may appear to be entirely tactical from the observer's frame of reference, but the militant's objective is to make clear the repressive and oppressive forces which a university can exert, usually through the local police, and this constitutes an end in itself because it can broaden the constituency of the militant groups. In this connection, the militants understand the distinctions between the political and mediator roles which may be performed on their behalf by sympathetic members of the faculty. The mediating efforts of the moderate or liberal, well-intentioned faculty interventionists may be summarily dismissed because they constitute an obstacle to violent confrontation.

Of the issues complicating the resolution of campus crises, some of the thorniest relate to the subsequent treatment of students who have disrupted the university. Although various patterns of faculty and student advisory boards and councils exist within many institutions, the actual responsibility for disciplinary action resides with the president, who may or may not be restricted by the trustees in the delegation of this authority to disciplinary committees composed of faculty, students and administrative staff.

Militant groups recognize that no matter what stipulations or concessions are offered, they must inevitably hold out to the extent possible for total amnesty for all participants. At this point the nature of the conflict moves from substantive grievances into disputes over the operation of the university and past administrative decisions and procedures. And at this point, faculties and administrations that have been capriciously indifferent to the attitudes of students in the past will cite polls of students indicating that the majority supports punitive action against the dissenters. The hard-line, law and order position will be taken up by certain intellectuals on the faculty, the "jocks" and the trustees. Their rhetoric varies from the position that concession to the demands of the minority encourages further rebellion to the simple wish of the "jocks" and "freddies" to have a legitimized chance to demonstrate their masculinity.

When the crisis approaches its peak, the president must formulate a plan to punish the offenders. The initial difficulty at this stage is to define the offender. If the criterion is to be a legal one and judged by the courts, what evidence is available to prosecute, and can actions such as suspension be taken by the university prior to court judgment without prejudicing the cases? If the definition is to be made within the university, the offense must still be specified. Is the student who enters a classroom while a lecture is going on and politely asks the instructor for permission to make a one-minute announcement guilty of "interfering with the normal processes of the university"? If the president takes a "soft" position, he risks the wrath not only of his board of trustees but also of many members of his student body, faculty and the community. This is an amount of pressure and force which few administrators are strong enough to resist.

The issue often requires a long-range perspective, wherein the president finds his position utterly untenable. Will a university that has failed to respond to the needs and interests of a significant minority of its students serve its own interests by taking a "hard line"? If outside police

are called in and charges filed, the president has publicly acknowledged his incompetence and the incompetence of his institution to deal with its own students. If he does not, and the crisis is prolonged, there is a vivid possibility, particularly in urban centers and specifically when the issues relate to race or peace, that community support will flow in to assist the student activists. And if such outside assistance does come and violence occurs, the president will then be subject to the criticisms of those who equate law and order with justice.

The president who does call in outside force to clear a building or put down a demonstration violates the intellectual conscience of many within the academic community who may be sympathetic to the students' cause though in disagreement with their methods. The academic community—or at least a segment of it—will see the use of outside force as representing a failure in the power of reason, intellectual persuasion and open dialogue. Sensitive to such concerns, the administration may call upon its faculty or some representative group or council for advice and may also ask for the consultative assistance of the local police. The territorial integrity of the university will usually be respected by the police who will, in effect, wait for the call, although they may take preliminary steps such as establishing command posts, communication centers, and drawing up their own strategies for dealing with the disturbance. But in the end, the critical decision of whether to call the police onto the campus and in force rests with the president. Given a disturbance that forces this question, one course of action will bring a president about as much criticism as another—he will not only lose either way but in most instances he will be unable even to lose gracefully.

The prolongation of siege states due to bickering over degrees of punishment can well be viewed as an effort to save dying institutions by knocking off the students who represent forces of change. Whether these changes are undesirable or offensive to some, or even if the ultimate judgment of history proves them wrong, to deny the presence of such social forces is to deny reality and thereby divert the university from one of its major endeavors.

What then is the reality? Or, more accurately, what are some of the realities reflected in the campus crises? The first and most obvious to everyone except the do-business-as-usual folks of the university and non-university world is that significant changes are occurring in a society which is being torn apart by its racism, its pursuit of an unpopular war, and its bureaucratic breakdown. The committed youth are not dropouts, but they see their professors as "copouts," who are often anti-ideological, and view dialogue as a convenient way to forestall action. Above all, the youth want action. They do not want to be patronized, lectured to, or ritualistically listened to; they want to be heard and they want a fast response. Lacking it, they will act, whether wisely or unwisely; they will use the power they have and, ultimately, they will move the university closer to what it should be—not a sheltered community of scholars detached from a dying world but rather a community of individuals seeking the truths that will, in fact as well as in words, set men free.

TELLING IT IN AFRIKAANS

STANLEY MEISLER

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Complete apartheid reigns at the winery of fictional Jock Silberstein: white wine is bottled by colored girls in white uniforms while red wine is bottled by white girls in brown uniforms. Jock Silberstein is a creation of Etienne Leroux, an Afrikaner novelist who explores sex, evil and decadence, and sometimes treats Afrikaners and apartheid with mocking irony. By doing so, Leroux and André P. Brink, another Afrikaner novelist who is like him, desert the traditional way of the pastoral, patriotic and puritanical Afrikaans novel. The Afrikaner literary set in South Africa likes to describe the new novels of Leroux and Brink as "the renaissance in Afrikaans prose." That's overblowing it, but the novels do have significance, for politics as well as art.

Afrikaner nationalists have long looked on their language, which comes from 17th-century Dutch, as more than a means of expression; to them, it is an end in itself. Using Afrikaans glorifies nationalism. Extreme nationalist Afrikaners, convinced that Leroux and Brink use it in a way that soils Afrikaner nationalism, now condemn the two writers as traitors to their culture.

After the Boer War, Afrikaners, descendants of the early Dutch settlers, tried to avenge the humiliation and indignities of their defeat by intensifying their belief in the worth of their own culture. They removed their sons from the Boy Scouts and put them into the *Voortrekkers*. They patronized Afrikaner banks, attended weekly meetings of the Afrikaans cultural society, voted for a political party, the Nationalist Party, that preached the need to keep Afrikaner culture pure and isolated. They became a people who, according to one conceit, lived in a house that had mirrors instead of windows.

Afrikaans became the second official language, replacing Dutch. Afrikaners founded the first Afrikaans newspaper, translated the Bible into Afrikaans, wrote textbooks in Afrikaans, and began teaching their children in Afrikaans at school.

Novelists who wrote in the language were patriots more than artists, and their work showed it. They glorified Afrikanerdom and the Boer War, dwelt on rural and village life, and wrote heroic sagas with unsullied Afrikaner heroes.

Leroux and Brink reacted against this when they began writing in the early 1960s. They wrote in Afrikaans not because it was patriotic to do so but because it was their native language and therefore the best means of expressing their feelings and ideas. Calling themselves the *sestigers* (Afrikaans for "the men of the sixties"), Leroux and Brink were influenced more by the literary fashions of Europe and America than by the glory of the Boer War.

This new approach, especially its frankness about sex, shocked an Afrikaner society dominated by the Calvinist

Dutch Reformed Church, a society that bans, under its obscenity laws, publications like *Playboy* or *Valley of the Dolls*. Leroux and Brink have stepped very carefully. Their sex scenes, in fact, seem tame by any standard except that of the Afrikaners.

South Africa also bans books which the government deems politically offensive. Leroux and Brink have not written any diatribes against apartheid. Their publishers, Human and Rousseau of Cape Town, insist that they are nonpolitical writers. Yet that is true only up to a point for, like almost everything else in South Africa, their books cannot help reflecting some aspect of race and politics. Leroux and Brink, however, deal with these matters in special, undogmatic and quiet ways.

So far, only two of their novels have been translated into English. The first and most important is Leroux's *Seven Days at the Silbersteins*, published in Afrikaans in 1962 and in English in the United States last year. In tones of symbolism and decadence that recall Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, the novel is a story of a fall from innocence. The family of a young Afrikaner, Henry Van Eeden, engage him to marry Salome, a daughter of the Silbersteins, wealthy Jewish owners of a Cape vineyard. He had never met the girl when he arrives at *Welgevonden*, the Silberstein estate, to spend seven days with his designated in-laws.

In the first six days, he experiences six dances: of the rich, the artists and the farmers, then a wild integrated masquerade, a dance of the intellectuals, and a *Walpurgisnacht*. By then, he has begun to experience his fall: "the loss of grace, the birth of consciousness, the twilight state of realization, the curse of reason." On the final day, he meets Salome.

The fourth day is devoted to apartheid, a subject that Leroux treats with his special irony. At night, the Silbersteins stage their wild, frenzied, multiracial masquerade for Henry, a party followed by rioting and fire in the native village of the plantation. It takes Henry's future father-in-law, Jock Silberstein, until noon of the next day to restore order. Henry then joins the dance of the intellectuals who, unaware of any disorder, are concerned with less real aspects of apartheid. "Tell me, Doctor, if an albino is born of native parents, could you describe someone like him as a native?" a journalist asks a social anthropologist.

The second novel is Brink's *The Ambassador* (1963). Greatly inferior to Leroux's book, it reads like an exercise by a college student who has read too much in James Joyce and fills his notebooks with streams of consciousness. It is trite and wooden. The book's faults as a novel, however, are related to its significance as a breakthrough in Afrikaans writing. Brink has made a studied attempt to get away from the old Afrikaans prose and write a modern novel. His hero is a stolid, solid Afrikaner cliché, South Africa's ambassador to France, who suc-

cumbs to love in Paris and, at 56, discovers that, ach, he has never really lived before. Sex is celebrated and adherence to South African duty is ridiculed. This is old stuff, but not in Afrikaans.

The significance of the new Afrikaans writing may be more political than literary. From an artistic view, Leroux, though not Brink, can probably join English writers like Alan Paton and Nadine Gordimer on any list of distinguished South African novelists. Non-Afrikaans readers will be better able to judge this in the next year or so when the rest of Leroux's novels are translated into English. From a political view, however, the significance is clearer. Writers like Leroux and Brink reflect and intensify the forces in South Africa that are pushing the white supremacist Afrikaner out of his isolation and into a modern world.

In fact, a public controversy over *Seven Days at the Silbersteins* first made the rest of South Africa aware that there were splits among white Afrikaners; that all did not think alike. In 1964, the South African Academy of Arts and Sciences, an organization of distinguished Afrikaners, awarded its annual Hertzog Literary Prize to Leroux for the novel. This enraged extreme nationalists in the academy. They protested publicly and spent the next three years trying to take over the academy's governing committee.

The extremists failed, but their battle caught public attention. South Africans noticed that extreme and liberal Afrikaners were fighting also over other issues. Newspapers began to call one group the *verkrampies* or "the cramped, constricted ones," and the other the *verligtes* or "the enlightened ones." The fight between *verligtes* and *verkrampies*, the most significant political development in South Africa in a decade, was brought into the light. South Africans suddenly realized that new ideas and fresh doubts had infiltrated some of the thinking of a small group of the dominant white Afrikaners.

In the last twenty years, two forces have cracked the monolithic isolation and dourness of Afrikanerdom. The first is urbanization. The Boers have come to the cities and been caught in all the traps of industrial society. This has made the Afrikaner more educated, more sophisticated, more aware of the rest of the world. A few Afrikaners have become capitalists and industrial managers and been forced to face the contradictions of a policy of apartheid in an industrialized economy.

The second force is success. After twenty years of control over South Africa and of defiance of the United Nations, the Afrikaner nationalist hardly feels the need any more to shore up his inner strength by intensifying his identity with fellow Afrikaners. He can afford to relax a bit, think for himself, even test a few new ideas. As a result, in the words of one well-known Afrikaner judge: "We are beginning to realize that we can't isolate ourselves, that we can't stop the world and get off, that we must change."

Actually, only a few Afrikaners have changed, at least to the point where it matters. But their presence and influence have frightened extreme nationalists into vitriolic attacks on what they consider a new and dangerous threat

to the purity of their culture. Besides denouncing the novels, the extremists have centered their attacks on Prime Minister John Vorster's entertainment of black leaders and diplomats from other countries, the encouragement of immigration of foreign whites, and the agreement to assemble a single Olympic team from members of different races.

Measured against South Africa's racial problems, these are piddling issues. If the *verkrampies* and *verligtes* are fighting only about sexy novels, black diplomats, Greek immigrants and colored sprinters, their rift is insignificant. But, when you talk in private with *verligtes* about the future, it becomes clear that the gap between them and other Afrikaner nationalists is wide and perhaps significant.

The *verligtes* believe in a sincere, thorough and speedy implementation of the Bantustan policy set down by the late Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd. To them, unlike other Afrikaners, the Bantustans are not a sham designed to divert the world's attention from apartheid. *Verligtes* want South Africa to develop the Bantustans or African tribal homelands and give them independence. At the same time, they want the government to end racial discrimination in the rest of the country, the so-called white areas.

On the surface, these views are neither startling nor acceptable. But the significance of the *verligtes* lies less in what they believe now than in what they may come to believe later. They are practical and thoughtful men who intend to face up to all the implications and contradictions of their convictions. In the years ahead, the *verligtes* will probably go through two crises that could determine whether they will ever become a force for change.

The first crisis will come when evidence and logic force *verligtes* to realize that the Bantustans, as set up now, will never work. Some *verligtes* understand this already and are talking about partition, perhaps giving Africans half of South Africa, including some industrial areas.

Furthermore, *verligtes* will have to realize that no matter how you divide South Africa, the so-called white areas will always have sizable permanent African populations. Africans, who may even be in the majority, will demand the vote as well as an end to social discrimination in these areas. *Verligtes* will either accept the implications or give up and withdraw into white supremacy.

The second crisis will come from the calumny that traditional Afrikanerdom will heap upon the upstarts. Even if *verligtes* believe in partition and the African vote, their beliefs will be meaningless if they are afraid to express them. So far, their record has been poor. They have refrained from saying what they really believe and contented themselves instead with making fun of the *verkrampies*. This caution probably comes from the realization that most other Afrikaner voters care nothing about Bantustans or Africans. Their creed is white supremacy.

Change is in the air in South Africa. But the timidity of the *verligtes* and the strength of their opposition may shackle modern men in the long run, turning them into a small class of intellectuals who talk dreamily of change and do nothing. If so, South Africa will lose one of its last slim chances for a peaceful way out of its racial binds.

REQUIEM FOR THE GREAT SOCIETY

JASON DRUKMAN

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When President Johnson asked his fellow Americans not to allow the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., to lead to increased violence, to further divisiveness, his appeal could evoke only a cynical response from most of his listeners. Whatever emotions Johnson could once awaken he had long since rubbed raw; whatever leadership capital he possessed had been squandered in the pursuit of his Vietnamese policy. It made little difference that only a few days earlier Johnson had announced his withdrawal from the campaign in order to "raise the Presidency above politics" and "promote unity" in a badly divided nation. Such displays of "statesmanship" came much too late. Not even the assumption that he had the highest of motives, that his "sacrifice" was entirely unrelated to the next day's Gallup Poll or the impending defeat in Wisconsin, could redeem Johnson. He had so vitiated the authority of his office that it somehow seemed appropriate for the country to bid him farewell through the "Thank you, Lyndon" signs which Washington hippies paraded in front of the White House. Presidential prestige had so deteriorated when the country was grief-stricken, shocked and enraged by Dr. King's assassination, and Johnson stood helpless, except to engage in still another application of force. After Memphis, the people stood in desperate need of political and spiritual leadership, but by then the Johnson Administration had become a moral and political tragedy.

To those who view the Johnson years as primarily an exercise in tawdriness and duplicity the word *tragedy* might seem a grotesque inflation of terminology. Tragedy, one might argue, pertains to ambitions far nobler than those of the Great Society or the War on Poverty. I shall try to suggest why this position is misconceived, why the fall of the House of Johnson has tragic implications for all of us.

I am a political theorist and I must confess that I found (and still find) the *concept* of the Great Society enormously compelling. It embodied a vision of something more than a society based on consensus. It described a nation founded upon and energized by a sense of community: a society in which none would suffer the degradation of want, where all would enjoy equally the advantages of education, progress and public service, where all could link arms as brothers and strive together to achieve a nation whose greatness was not only material but aesthetic and spiritual, where equality and justice would not be regarded as the shibboleths of institutionalized hypocrisy. This plea for community argued that the current of progress was wide enough to include everyone, and that no citizen should be cast adrift or left caught in the eddies of social disadvantage or economic depriva-

tion. And the War on Poverty was a perfect device to make the quest for the Great Society operational, for the reference to warfare suggested a total mobilization of the nation's resources against an enemy common, in one way or another, to every segment of society. The Great Society, in short, provided a national purpose to which American citizens and public officials alike could dedicate themselves; the War on Poverty provided a framework within which Americans could work together as a community to achieve their national purpose.

Surely the call to seek the Great Society was a call to nobility, a call far clearer and more compelling than that which had issued from the New Frontier. I would argue, in fact, that the Great Society idea stands unique in the annals of recent American politics. In this century, for example, the Great Society notion compares very favorably to its political predecessors; it was broader and more profound than either Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism or Wilson's New Freedom and it possessed more consistency and sense of direction than did FDR's New Deal. Had the Great Society doctrines been taken at their word and been implemented with even partial success, the resultant accomplishment would have constituted a genuine triumph for democratic politics and guaranteed for Lyndon B. Johnson an illustrious place in history. That the Great Society failed so miserably must be regarded as a defeat of tragic proportions.

Of course, there were reasons at the outset not to accept Johnson's doctrines at face value. For one thing, his rhetorical style raised doubts. Johnson's speeches, alternately saccharine and mail-fisted, did little to inspire a vision of greatness or vivify a lethargic population. Even more distracting, although not clearly perceived by many, was the paradoxical nature of a call for community arising from the political mainstream. The traditional political approach had been to settle for a sufficient modicum of consensus based upon the preservation of law and order. And the American pattern of consensus falls considerably short of a genuine sense of community. Consensus suggests a system in which individuals or groups pursue their own specific goals, where interests must compromise with other interests in order to obtain at least part of what they want, and where all interests are generally expected to agree to the same "rules of the game." Community, on the other hand, ties men together in a common enterprise and engenders in each a feeling for the well-being of all citizens. Community presupposes that citizens can depend upon one another in a fundamental way for social, economic and even psychological support. Thus, it seemed odd that Johnson, a consensus practitioner of long standing, should transcend his background in political brokerage for a new position of such radical dimension.

The truth is that Johnson never really transcended his past experience. His political style was fixed, and it was probably inevitable that his program should be sundered by the age-old tension between ends and means. While the Great Society's stated objectives were equal to our

highest aspirations, Johnson failed to understand that these goals could never be reached by the traditional methods of interest politics. He preached equality of opportunity, justice and brotherhood, but engaged in a political enterprise whose blatant motto was: "Jump aboard boys, there's something here for everybody—everybody, that is, who agrees to play ball."

The tip-off came very early when Johnson's first response to racial explosions in the South was to call together the businessmen of the area and explain to them why their image might be impaired by continued unrest. His program as a whole suggested that the new community, the end to poverty, deprivation and bigotry, could be realized with a philosophy which assumed business as usual, no fundamental alteration of outlook and, until Vietnam got totally out of hand, even a reduced and balanced budget. It should have been apparent to everyone, especially to those progressive-minded intellectuals who remained on the Johnson team, that such a program would inevitably founder.

Especially ironic in the light of later events was the fact that Negroes, more than any other segment of the population, tended to take Johnson's call to greatness seriously. In supporting Johnson, black leaders were asking that white society willingly open its arms and unlock its doors. At its loftiest, the Negro aspiration demonstrated a genuine commitment to equalitarianism, to a sense of mutual reliance and brotherhood. This was the dream of Dr. King and this also was the hope of James Baldwin who, in *The Fire Next Time*, imagined an America purified by a national unity born of a collective, biracial response to a common exigency.

When this did not occur, it simply meant that Baldwin's worst predictions would be fulfilled—and they have been. One must bear in mind that mass violence in the ghetto is of fairly recent origin, and that its appearance is not just a reaction to a continued life of poverty and squalor but even more a response of utter rage against a Great Society promise that failed to live up to its own word. That Dr. King had the forbearance to hold out hope even after the program had shown its true character was either a tribute to his saintliness or a commentary on his naiveté.

I said earlier that even partial fulfillment of the Great Society would have meant a good deal. But even partial success was impossible once the Vietnamese War went its terrible way. While Johnson, as Robert Sherrill has pointed out, had a long history of illiberality in foreign policy matters, his strategy of escalation seems to have been, at least in the beginning, as much a function of unconcern with foreign affairs as of hard-line attitudes.

In almost mindless fashion, Johnson continued in office all of the *Realpolitik* academics who had taken power with Kennedy. As Noam Chomsky and others have shown, these men are not objective social scientists but rather ideologues who conceal a virulent anti-communism beneath their "policy science" methodology and their balance-of-power lexicon. They were dominated by cold-war perspectives and this position meant that all dialogues about alternatives of policy took place within the given context of counterinsurgency and the imperatives of mutual security



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agreements. In this context, Vietnam could proceed in only one direction. Whether or not Johnson was personally committed to such views, he became committed to the men who held them, for the politics of interest places a higher premium on loyalty to men than it does on fidelity to position. It was not long, therefore, before defense of policy and defense of men coincided, and Johnson himself, despite his training in the school of compromise, grew almost into a caricature of the anti-Communist ideologue. Once that happened, the Great Society was doomed.

It is not certain that this consequence was unavoidable. If Vietnam had not so dominated the scene and, more important, if Johnson had used the enormous political advantage gained from his election more constructively, the Great Society might have had at least a fighting chance. Despite its unwieldiness and its tendency to be heavy-handed, governmental leadership can help direct and even provide the galvanizing ingredient in the attempt to achieve a decent society. Most of those in the New Left who have eschewed national programs and have concentrated on local organizing have for many reasons found the going very difficult. In the first place, they have confronted massive apathy on the part of their "constituency." Second, they have been forced to deal with the intractable problem of organizing without really creating an organization—that is, they have attempted to form isolated individuals into an effective political body without falling into the pitfalls of bureaucratic authoritarianism which beset all organizations once they have become established. Finally, they have continually had to deviate from their course in order to fight rear-guard actions against the counterattacks of local establishments. Leadership at the national level can deal with all of these problems.

Apathy, for example, can be overcome only as the cynicism of the impoverished is mitigated. And this will not happen until the poor feel that what becomes of them makes a difference, that a national policy exists to demonstrate that the nation cares about them and regards them as legitimate citizens. Similarly with local organizations. So far as I know, the only way to combat the inexorable growth of bureaucratic structure is to provide an external purpose to which all members of the organization are committed and feel some confidence in attaining. Bureaucratic rationalization invades all organizations. This must be acknowledged and accepted at the outset. The problem is not how to avoid the phenomenon but how to keep the inevitable pettiness, red tape and routinization of procedure from becoming so powerful that they strangle the organization. Demoralization in Peace Corps and VISTA programs, with which I am familiar, has occurred precisely when the participants have become convinced that bureaucratic imperatives are more important to the leaders than the goals of the program. When substantive goals and purposeful leadership vacate the field, procedural mechanisms can be counted upon to occupy the territory.

Local power structures can be dealt with most effectively when organizers are supported from Washington. It takes strong leadership dedicated to principle to avoid the compromises and capitulations which are typically made to parochial establishments. I personally saw a creative and productive Upward Bound program scuttled because federal authorities would not defend the program directors against local conservative factions. It would have taken only a modest endorsement by the national office to have resolved the matter differently. Such support could and should have been forthcoming and, if the Administration had been truly interested in advancing the War on Poverty, it would have been forthcoming. But while support from the top is vital and must be strong, it must not be accompanied by a dogmatic insistence upon centralized control. A grasping hold on power from above is the quickest way to produce alienation and apathy in the local elements.

Just how strong the national commitment must be is indicated by the fact that much of the nation is at best ambivalent about its own professed ideals. The Kerner committee's conclusion that America is a racist society

should not have surprised many informed observers. The survey research findings of innumerable social scientists have shown time and again that the majority of Americans neither practice nor understand the specific applications of civil rights and social equality, even as they espouse the most general formulations of the American creed. The next leader of a Great Society program, if there is to be one, must be able to grip this situation. He must, by example and a judicious and dignified use of his office, construct a public policy which brings American political behavior and the lofty goals of American idealism more closely into harmony.

The possibility of such an accomplishment presupposes that it is not already too late, that militarism, racism and corruption have not become so deeply implanted in the American system that they can be rooted out only through the use of revolutionary force. It also presupposes that the alienation of black America has not passed beyond the point of amelioration. Neither of these assumptions is palpably demonstrable. The absolute hegemony of the military perspective during the last twenty-five years is undeniable. It is equally important that over a long historical development American conceptions of liberty and equality have come to be defined almost exclusively in economic terms, translated into doctrines of economic individualism and the defense of property rights. With the essential components of American democracy so understood, it is difficult to be optimistic, particularly when economic self-aggrandizement has so frequently been achieved at the expense of the poor. The realization of this fact has driven many blacks beyond recall. The most visible leadership in the movement (now that Dr. King is gone) has grown increasingly estranged.

It is foolish to think that the black masses will remain stationary, waiting patiently for white society to accommodate them. Perhaps it is true, as some have argued, that Dr. King's death represents the "worst" moment, before things get better, that it is the critical event which will engender a policy of genuine reform. What is even clearer, however, is that with his death black Americans, leaders and followers alike, have escalated their militancy and that if no new sense of community and purpose develops throughout the nation, it is probably now realistic to forecast the Apocalypse Next Time.

AUDITING A THINK TANK

The Profit and Loss of Herman Kahn

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A glimpse into the cogs and synapses of a "think factory" is afforded by a recent report of the U. S. General Accounting Office after an audit of the Hudson Institute,

Inc. (Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.), Herman Kahn's "non-profit" corporation engaged in research, study and analysis relating to national security and international order.

Three Civil Defense (OCD) contracts having a total value of about \$600,000 (of about \$5 million in U. S. contracts to Hudson from July, 1961, through 1966) were reviewed. The U.S. auditors found that the OCD judged most of the work to be valueless, "a rehash," "superficial," and further that virtually no records were

kept either at Hudson or OCD on how money had been spent or how progress had been monitored by the government.

Hudson Institute, Inc., is classified as a "Federal Contract Research Center," one of about 100 such institutions exclusively or substantially financed by the government whose primary products are technical and policy advice, information and formulation of planning options and concepts. Their main tools are assorted Ph.Ds, computers, blackboards, pads and pencils, and walnut conference rooms for brain-storm sessions. Officially they are engaged in a form of research and development known as "software," distinguished from the 400 R&D firms engaged in actual laboratory work, engineering, or "systems management" of weapon development (the latter mostly by industrial profit firms) which together absorb 17 billion public dollars each year.

Hudson is modeled after its parent, the RAND Corporation (a "university without students"). The auditors note that Hudson's establishment in 1961 was facilitated because government officials wished to insure the availability of the expertise of Herman Kahn. By incorporating himself, Dr. Kahn guaranteed his availability on the basis of multimillion-dollar contracts rather than for the customary \$100 a day government consulting fee.

The proliferation of think factories, independent R&D firms, and systems managers, etc., is the result of a deliberate policy initiated during the missile race (mid-fifties) to "contract out" virtually every government job not nailed to the floor—mostly on a cost-plus basis. The traditional in-house capability of the government to direct activities of contractors has been in the process of dismantlement. Agency regulations and Congressional resolutions convert public servants into mere paper shufflers, brokers and pawns of private power groups whose operations are almost completely shielded from public scrutiny. [See "The Feast at the Pentagon," *The Nation*, December 25, 1967, and "Little Watchdog of the Dollar Warriors," *The Nation*, March 4; both by Sanford Watzman.] This is done in the name of "preserving free enterprise" and "limiting federal bureaucracy." All government agencies have in the last ten years adopted the formula of open-ended and permissive "contract out."

The Hudson audit was the first ever made of a think factory. Up to now, these new havens of meditation have failed to show the public their seams. Virtually all of their workers have reaped prestige, financial security, new contracts, better paying jobs in aerospace firms or university professorships (along with government contracts and industrial consultantships), thus maintaining a smooth self-confident façade. Just what has the nation been getting for the investment of billions?

The Comptroller-General's report notes that OCD's objective in awarding study contracts was "to obtain well-reasoned and useful information that would enhance its ability to deal effectively with complex civil defense matters." Under the three contracts studied, Hudson submitted eleven reports (between 1964 and 1966). Seven of these were unsatisfactory, if not useless.

Item: "On the Rating of Blast Shelters," November,

1965. The director, OCD Systems Evaluation Division, indicated that "the author did not have sufficient knowledge of the subject area" and it was refused publication and distribution.

Item: "A New Look at the Design of Low-Budget Civil Defense Systems," August, 1965. Rejected for publication because, OCD found, it did not present a "new look" at all; it offered "unilateral arguments" representing advocacy of a narrow point of view; its technical conclusions were based on evidence and postulates that were not explicit or identified; it constituted "sensationalism" which, while appropriate "in muckraking newspapers, pseudo-intellectual magazines, and SANE propaganda . . . is not appropriate for research papers." Revised by Hudson with the advice and aid of OCD personnel (who were thus forced to do most of the work themselves), it was approved for publication subject to security clearance and after correction of an unsubstantiated and probably false central assumption "relating blast pressures to fallout casualties."

Item: "On the Design of Risk-Oriented, Low-Cost Fallout Shelter Systems," March, 1967. Rejected because "many of the report's assumptions were obvious or unproved" and its recommendations "indicated that Hudson was unaware of OCD's present activities"; after revision the paper was still unacceptable to OCD, but was accorded limited internal distribution with the stipulation that it "could be expanded, modified or withdrawn at any time" and was "not to be quoted or used as a reference in publication." Revised twice again over a two-year period with the advice and assistance of OCD personnel, it was eventually approved for publication.

Item: "Management Requirements for Crisis Civil Defense Programs," November, 1965. Approved because "the report had already been paid for" and "one of OCD's research personnel . . . had commented favorably," although the technical monitor considered it "superficial and not of much value." The gist of the project was, according to OCD, "to show the importance of peacetime preparations for the management of crisis programs," a goal which was obvious to begin with.

Item: "Deferred-Cost OCD Options for Nuclear Crises," December, 1966. Rejected with OCD comment that the central theme of the paper (to alternate survival options of varying response times as a "hedge against ambiguous attack warning") was too general and had "been a keystone of military defense doctrine for many years." Paper was full of "unsupported guesses that serve only to distract from . . . the original idea." A three-day deadline for revision was rejected by Hudson which preferred a new contract to rework the study in more detail. Finally approved for limited distribution but "not considered to be of sufficient depth to warrant general use."

Item: "OCD Program Planning for Crisis Program: Some Environmental Considerations," November, 1966. Based on an OCD civil defense study game held at Providence, R. I., the monitor approved the report "as evidence of the contractor's performance of the contract," but limited its distribution to within the agency (except with written approval by the Assistant Director of Research). This approach was intended "to preclude loading

bookshelves with a report" for which the monitor saw no value. Hudson was not requested to make needed revisions, lest the government "incur additional costs" for a matter which had "no immediate significance."

Unlike the purchase of off-the-shelf hardware and the development of designs and prototype hardware, the thinking of Ph.D. wildcatters and promoters confronts the nation with a stiff bookkeeping and accounting problem. One of the chief reasons for the phenomenal growth of research and development in the federal budget (now \$17 billion) is precisely the open-ended, permissive and un-auditable nature of R&D contracting. R&D can readily become a handy and subtle kind of defense profiteering.

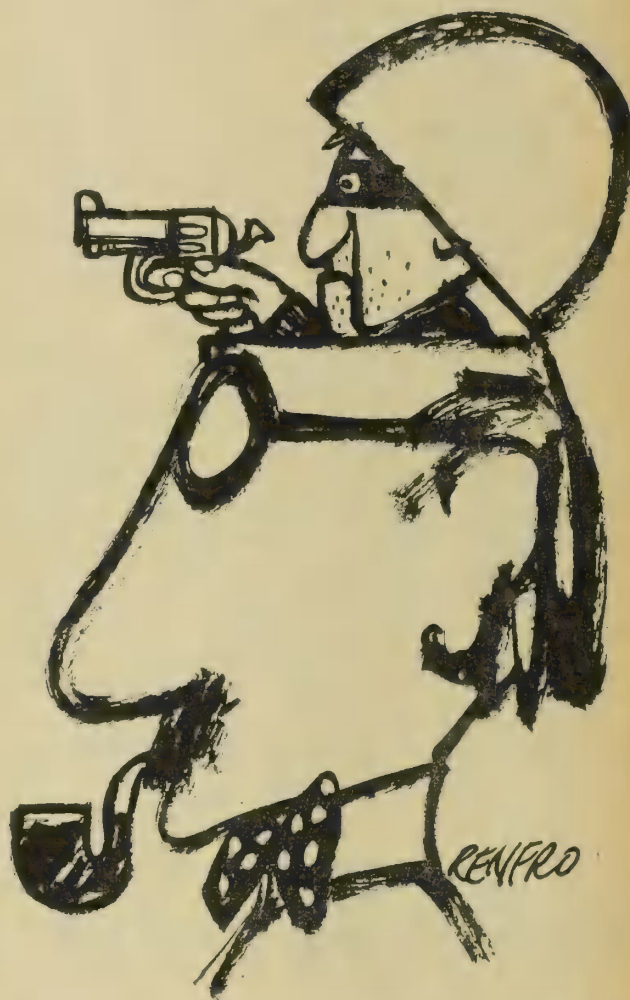
In its Hudson study, the GAO was "unable to determine the cost of the seven reports from the records of the Hudson Institute." Herman Kahn consented only to submit accumulated totals "on a contract basis" without certification or indeed further explanation. Consequently, the audit states, "the costs of any of the several reports prepared under each contract could not be identified." The "nonprofit" fee is usually set at 6 per cent of the total direct and indirect costs. Theoretically, under law and procurement regulation, rigorous limits are defined on reimbursable direct and indirect costs, while the fee remains beyond the public ken. Since the actual cost figures are concealed by the contractor, the notion of a fixed fee becomes ludicrous. Why should a nonprofit get any kind of fee beyond costs?

Hudson-supplied estimates enabled the GAO to guess a cost of about \$50,000 per man-year of work under the contracts. There appears to be no way to verify this figure. Other studies of cost-plus contracting have suggested a host of devious bookkeeping contrivances that enable both profit and nonprofit R&D firms to inflate fees, stuff overhead, hide equities and profits, add unconscionable perquisites and expense account items to already high salaries, allow the acquisition of buildings, computers and equipment of all sorts, not to mention reserve funds, investments, indirect expansion through mergers and subsidiaries, phony insurance fees, rigged prices paid by the contractor to his suppliers, etc. The open-ended nature of "science," thinking, systems analysis and management, research and development, all open a back door to a mid-20th-century brand of "honest graft," corruption and political patronage, underwritten with a government guarantee of corporate health and future growth.

The GAO study of Hudson shows that OCD, the contracting agency, did not implement even such sound procedures as were available and thereby increased the likelihood of unresponsive results. In fact, once a contract was signed, the agency evinced little interest in its performance. The work defined by the contracts "was very broad and permitted a great deal of leeway," consisting of brief general statements largely lifted intact from Hudson's own proposals. The GAO comments: "Since these proposals were not more specific than the contracts, this . . . did little to provide assurance that the work to be performed would provide information of

direct interest to OCD." A review of agency files "did not reveal any additional documentation supplementing the scope of the work which would clarify what specifically were its objectives or would show that a mutual understanding had been reached on the work to be done."

A typical definition of task (Contract 66-30) concludes with a pledge to include in the consideration of "major elements of strategy the following: geopolitics, economics, national resources, and technology." The lack of detail



led to situations in which unacceptable Hudson studies were nonetheless approved because, in the words of the Deputy Assistant Director of Research, they "could be rationalized . . . under the contract scope."

Such grudging progress reports as were made "did not show how much time Hudson had spent on the studies, individually or in total, or the amount of time Hudson planned to spend." Accordingly, the GAO comments, they "did not provide sufficient information to permit an evaluation." Reports often merely narrowed the field of inquiry, as though the research done up to that point had been really an effort to discover what should be researched. Under contract titled "Passive Defense and Future Nuclear Wars," one typical progress report stated that Hudson has been "developing some war-outbreak scenarios to study some of the strategic implications of

defensive systems and their potential important influence on the future styles of nuclear diplomacy."

The Assistant Director of Research told auditors that "progress reports submitted by contractors are generally not well prepared and therefore not too useful." Even such inadequate reports as were made were "so late it would have been difficult to change the direction of the work even if the information provided had indicated that such a change was warranted."

No evidence was found that any of the conferences required by procurement regulations had been held, nor had regular and useful visits been made to Croton-on-Hudson to examine the status of work. Even when meetings were held and trips made, there were "no written records of meetings or trip reports" and such implementing agreements as were reached between OCD and Hudson were never written down and placed in the contract files as guidance for other members of the agency or for subsequent contract monitors. Did anyone really care? Did it make any difference?

The whole system of contracting-out to think factories has become an empty ritual, a means of spending money while rationalizing useless, unread and often uncirculated results. It has come to represent a collaboration subsidized by the taxpayer in which it is difficult to judge whether Herman Kahn is working for the government or OCD personnel are working for him, keeping him and his cohorts in their elegant and delightful retreat on the Hudson, shiny fatted monks whose real function is to pray for the United States, to enjoy the comforts of their monastery as a symbol of our affluence and sophistication, in hopes that an occasional inspiration will elevate, exalt and enlighten us. Kahn argues exactly along these lines in his rejoinder to the GAO charges:

Our primary focus . . . is on major policy issues, and we

believe that our job is to emphasize rather speculative areas of study. We think that for this specialized type of research, the research organization . . . must be allowed an unusual degree of freedom to develop its thinking as it goes along. . . . Our most basic objective is to stimulate the imagination

In the corona of schlock-science, jargon and impenetrable numbers, he spins new myths which seek to justify national policies and inexorably advance the cases of sponsoring agencies before Congressional appropriations committees.

The central function of the think factories, viewed in terms of the impact and motivation of their reports, has been political. The RAND Corporation early pre-empted the brain-trust field. On behalf of the Air Force, it exerted a powerful influence in the National Security Council and on the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress. Supported by RAND's closely reasoned, bountifully documented technical papers, embellished with mathematical boiler plate spun out by tireless giant computers, the Air Force rose in the 1950s to become undisputed queen of the services in the critical disputes concerning strategy, weapons systems, mission assignments, budget allocations.

The function of the think factory as a contemporary form of political advocacy declined under Robert S. McNamara's term as Defense Secretary. Himself a product of computerized, operations-research-style management, surrounded by leading RAND gray eminences (such as Charles J. Hitch and Alain C. Enthoven), McNamara wrested himself free from the cobwebs of RAND logic.

The fact that the GAO has now questioned the authority of Herman Kahn testifies to the waning magic of chateaucloistered expertise, and possibly forecasts the demise of the Hudson Institute and all similarly strange mutations of quasi-government. Perhaps it presages only Kahn's own return to the shabby gentility of physics and the university.

INTEGRATION IN BERKELEY

THE CITY THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

RAY and BETTY HALPERN

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Berkeley

In his discussion of the "Retreat to Separate but Equal" in American education (*The Nation*, November 27, 1967) Ivor Kraft argued convincingly for a new determination to integrate our schools—even though black radicals, tired liberals and die-hard bigots currently "agree" on apartheid education. In an impassioned conclusion he asserted that as the way to peace is through peace itself, the way to integration is through integration itself. Fine—no one should disagree. But this still leaves a mournful question: How?

The citizens of Berkeley, Calif. (now best known for its tumultuous university) can suggest one "how" that seems to be working. Basically, it is the notion that integration must be experienced on *some* level, and that black and white parents must "integrate" first, must face together their common problems in the political arena, before they will ask their children to do likewise. If Berkeley is a reliable guide, this process will involve crises, disputes, mass school board meetings, recall elections—the full political show. But once people are determined to live in a city rather than build walls, they can discover common grounds of interest that will override fear of change. When this occurs, they can move to build something new.

In September, Berkeley will become the first city in the country of more than 100,000 population (it now has 121,000) and a large Negro school enrollment (more than

40 per cent) to put into effect a plan for *total* integration of its elementary schools. Its keystone—the heterogeneous classroom—will replace the tracking system (based on “ability” or homogeneous grouping) which has become the main instrument of Northern school segregation. The Berkeley elementary system will be integrated, not just within the schools but within each classroom, and on the bases of race, sex, academic achievement and economic status.

To accomplish this, the school board will inaugurate a revolutionary two-way busing system never tried by any other community on more than a pilot basis. All children from kindergarten through 6th grade will share both the ghetto and the middle-class schools: classes from kindergarten through 3rd grade will be conducted in the white “hill schools”; those from 4th through 6th grades will be held in the now segregated Negro schools “on the flats.”

This will be no simple logistical exercise. Fifteen schools, with a total enrollment of almost 9,000, are involved. (Parents are now being invited to experience the busing their children will soon negotiate daily!) Fortunately, Berkeley’s school system does not cover a large geographical area. It extends along the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay for about 3.5 miles and runs back about 3 miles to the hills.

It is a desirable place to live—the weather temperate, the setting attractive, the housing *relatively* good even for the families (15 per cent) with yearly incomes under \$3,000. There is no core slum, though much of the housing in the west and south is depressed. The hills, facing the Golden Gate and San Francisco’s jagged silhouette, contain a variety of old and modern homes of great warmth and appeal, their overall tone somewhat British. As Robert Gilmore, a Negro technical employee at the university, puts it, “Whites and Negroes both have ‘made it’ to be here.”

The university is the job giver for about one-third of the 50,000 gainfully employed. Although there is considerable industrial development, 62 per cent of the work force is white collar, and that explains why a near-record 67.5 per cent of the adult population has completed four years of high school or more. Berkeley’s citizens—both black and white—have great potential, but it took a long series of confrontations to make it actual.

Perhaps the story begins in the late 1950s when liberals were recovering from the blows of McCarthyism which were especially damaging in this oath-wracked university town. In January, 1958, the Berkeley branch of the NAACP requested that the school board address itself to the problem of *de facto* segregation. In its conservative fashion, the board acted—slowly. Twenty-one months later, in the fall of 1960, one of the first of Berkeley’s celebrated citizens’ committees—the Staats Committee—reported on “Interracial Problems and Their Effect on Education.” It was a modest report, in effect accepting the segregation pattern; yet its two major recommendations—the accelerated hiring of Negro teachers and the establishment of in-service training in integration for the teaching staff—have been carried out with far-reaching effect. The present integration plan would not have been conceivable without the solid professional base called for by the report.

In this period, also, black and white forces elected a second liberal member to the school board. In 1961 two others, including the first Negro—Dr. Roy Nichols, now pastor of Harlem’s St. Mark’s Methodist Church—became members, making a 4-to-1 majority. These victories proved, as Mary Jane Johnson, Berkeley’s NAACP president, states, that the “two races were in contact with each other, that lots of university people were aware and were functioning as part of the total community, that the hills were not an island.”

When urged by CORE in 1962 to correct segregation, especially in the junior high schools, the board again took typical action—it appointed another citizens’ committee, the thirty-six-member Hadsell Committee, to suggest a plan.

A year and a half of conflict and compromise within the committee and of study and controversy in the community at large, including virtually every PTA group and a score of political, business and civic organizations, elapsed before the so-called Ramsey Plan was adopted in May, 1964, by the school board before an audience of 2,000 divided citizens.

It was a hectic period. The infuriating logic of the plan—prefiguring the future total elementary school integration—hardly mollified white conservatives: There were two segregated junior highs—one white and one black. (A third was well integrated.) Therefore, why not simply declare the all-black school a 9th grade school for the entire system and divide the 7th and 8th grades between the other two? It has been done—and it’s working, but the plan shocked the community down to its gunwales because the white school had long been a cherished possession of the separatist hill folk. In the words of Dr. Thomas Wogaman, assistant to Superintendent of Schools Neil Sullivan: “This was a traumatic time for many citizens who resided in areas affected by the proposed boundary change and who had long regarded themselves as ‘liberals.’ ”

In fact the controversy erupted into an election to recall a majority of the school board after it had adopted the uncompromising boundary system. The community was crucially divided. The election was to take place on October 6. The summer months saw the most intense politicking over education that had ever shaken Berkeley—and at its height Sullivan arrived on September 1 to commence his new administration! The election resulted in an overwhelming endorsement of the incumbent board members.

The day after that victory, Sullivan offered a proposal for a Master Plan Committee of 138 members that would “take the school system apart and put it back together in our own image,” to quote Marc Monheimer, its future chairman. Sullivan had caught on quickly to the Berkeley way. He knew that a citizens’ committee need not be a delaying tactic of conservative forces but could as well be an instrument to unite a divided city and maintain a liberal consensus behind himself and the board. The community itself could be a school.

The Master Plan Committee was initiated in May, 1965, by the board to suggest solutions to both short-term problems and those “more of a directional nature, that is, establishing guidelines for the district to follow over

twenty-five to thirty years." Since the specified areas for study "covered no less than the whole spectrum of public education in the modern urban community" (to quote the report), each became the title of a subcommittee: The Instructional Program; Special Education and Special Services; Finance and Business Services; Community Environment, School Buildings and Facilities, and District Relationships.

One-third of the committee members were from district staff. Lay members were selected by the board from 220 nominations by individuals and by almost every known community organization. Negroes were well represented. This group finally completed its plan, embodying 110 primary recommendations and hundreds of valuable suggestions and analyses in more than 600 pages of text, in October, 1967, after two and a half years of remarkable community labor.

Although the concept of an integrated school system in an eventual integrated society informs the entire work, its rich profusion of ideas cannot possibly be adequately summarized in one article. Here are but a few of the proposals.

A major suggestion is the centralized elementary school, with present neighborhood school buildings being converted to neighborhood centers containing libraries, meeting rooms and recreational facilities. Another is to place "the arts at the center, not the periphery of our culture." The plan advises also the elimination of "observances which tend to emphasize one religious tradition over others." Two recommendations on finances propose that school boards should have the same right as city councils to set property tax rates without statutory limitation and that the state should be expected to pay for the courses and programs it requires.

But the group dynamics of community confrontation is the real story of Berkeley's Master Plan—as it is of the evolution of the tracking proposal (which buttresses the forthcoming elementary integration) and, indeed, of Berkeley's renewal in education. True, Berkeley is a special place, and its specialness will be gone into further; nevertheless the basic point is that its people want to live together—and as one conservative member put it, "Get people together and differences do melt."

Robert Baldwin was chairman of the key Instructional Program Committee, which was divided into subcommittees on tracking and curriculum. He was a fortunate choice because of his background in labor relations and economic research. He had often seen "differences melt" in labor negotiations and believed he knew the correct strategy for arriving at consensus: research and "open-door" (read neutral) language.

Of course, first there had to be agreement on goals. But that is easy where everyone at least formally recognizes democratic aspirations. However, it is also easy to formulate democratic justifications for almost any program, including the homogeneous classroom: "respecting individual differences" pretty well summarizes these, and weighty argument can be marshaled to justify this position—which, after all, prevails in more than 95 per cent of the country's secondary schools and, in essence, a majority of elementary schools.

It would be wrong to assume that only "bigots" or conservatives favor homogeneous grouping. In fact, many liberal professors who found the philosophy of segregation noxious but who were also the parents of bright youngsters were extremely anxious about the dangers of "leveling." ("High-potential" students comprise 13 per cent of Berkeley school enrollment; the national average is only 2 per cent!) Therefore it was necessary to study actual conditions in the schools. The committee went into the classrooms, interviewed teachers, examined student records, consulted authorities, and did vast reading in the controversial IQ-achievement-grouping field.

They discovered: "The most obvious *unintended* (author's italics: a good example of "open-door" language) result of the tracking system in Berkeley is that it produces *de facto* segregated classrooms within our integrated secondary schools. Racial stereotyping, social circumstances and differences in educational background result in the top track being populated almost exclusively by Caucasians and Orientals and the bottom tracks almost exclusively by Negroes."

Furthermore, the consequences of tracking are intellectual, cultural and economic isolation, resulting in the lowering of both student and teacher aspirations. Therefore: "We conclude that the structural device of tracking inhibits the realization of the educational goals *that we seek for all children in the Berkeley community.*" (Author's italics: once again note the careful, noncombustible research-style language.) To arrive at such findings was not easy. When its conclusions can prick the nerves of an entire community, research will never be dispassionate. Facts can become pawns of preconceptions, those that do not fit being conveniently ignored. Education of the young can arouse passion and anxiety. So it was in the tracking subcommittee.

Its chairman, Carl Mack, was a Negro who had been a teacher and professional scout leader and is now a housing administrator. He had become concerned with "doing something about education" when he observed Negro students in a nearby segregated Oakland high school being taught washing and ironing in senior English. One of his sons, who had been told by a prejudiced or incompetent Berkeley teacher that he could not learn to read, was transferred to another class and began reading above average.

But progress was not easily made. "Several of the committee just didn't want to believe. They would go to an 'integrated' high school and see all-Negro classes and all-white classes, with maybe one Negro, but they didn't believe it. They didn't believe what they saw. Ghetto schools, they could understand."

Even after the tracking subcommittee had presented its recommendation to the committee as a whole, three unresolved members made a motion to rewrite. At this point Mack threatened to resign.

He gathered up his papers amidst shocked disbelief. There were cries of "No!" "You can't do this!" But seemingly he was going to. Something had to break the horrendous impasse, but no one knew what. At last a Baldwinian motion was made to rewrite the entire rec-

ommendation by eliminating unnecessarily divisive language, professional jargon and excess verbiage.

The emphasis was to be placed on experimentalism. At least they were agreed that tracking was bad, even though they were not certain what strategies would be employed to assure that heterogeneity could produce quality education. But they could make suggestions, and they were all—regardless of color or philosophy—agreed on high standards. Why not say *that*?

The “open-door,” experimental approach prevailed. Following are some statements in the anti-tracking recommendation:

“How can we teach heterogeneous groups while still maintaining or raising our educational standards and meeting the individual needs of the students? . . . We are looking for teaching techniques that allow the teacher to meet the needs of individuals and small groups within the larger classroom. . . . Such teaching methods already exist. . . . They are the methods . . . of team-teaching, individualized instruction, independent learning, and the non-graded school.”

It became clear that the heterogeneous class could be visualized as the basis for a more individualized kind of learning than the homogeneous class affords, because from it can spring numerous subgroups formed for *temporary* diagnostic goals. Thus a student can join many successive—or simultaneous—groups instead of being frozen in one track throughout his school career. (This point, of course, appealed to any wavering advocates of tracking.)

Previous to the Master Plan certain predominantly Negro and white schools had been “paired,” a device which involved limited busing of students and considerable working together of the respective parent groups. Mack observed:

These parents were the most determined critics of tracking because they had become convinced through common experience that Negroes, as well as whites, want quality education.

Among my own friends I can observe this. Those who are products of integrated settings can understand whites and rationalize their positions, and they will work in the community. Yet they just don't go along with the Establishment either.

Even in my own family . . . one of my sons went to an integrated school and the other to an all-black school. One can get along with all types, the other thinks along Negro lines.

I had to do some rethinking of my own ideas and beliefs. I had been thinking just in terms of race. I learned that this isn't just a Negro problem. It just happens that most in the lower socio-economic group are Negro. It's a problem of the poor.

Ralph Miller, an advertising account executive on the committee, had another angle:

I started out strongly for tracking. Many of us in the Caucasian community thought our kids were doing well in school and saw no reason for change. I still think that tracking can be successfully used in the training of all youngsters.

Yet if Negroes are discouraged and demoralized, then—whatever your views—something is wrong. It is costing more than it is doing good. This is where the dilemma lies, and it is where I became confused, con-

cerned and torn. I decided it is the concerns of people that are important, and I voted with the majority.

But he still insists that this was a moral decision, a decision based on values, and not on “facts” or research.

Basically, it is a question of the meaning of community: “We found new understandings come out. We saw why some people were concerned and why we would have to be concerned. Once your views are heard, you feel better.”

Monheimer, overall plan chairman, recalls many instances of those who reversed their beliefs. He can tell of conservatives who had formerly attempted to recall the board and are now strong advocates of heterogeneous grouping—“of real change for the schools”; and of liberals who “pulled in their horns” to join a more moderate consensus.

During plenary session almost all the proposals got better than 75 per cent approval of the entire committee; most of them received 90 per cent. The anti-tracking proposal was opposed by only five members. Monheimer attributes this high degree of agreement to the unifying impulse in people who have been working together for a long period of time. “They stop thinking about why Mrs. Smith doesn't change the text in Johnny's classroom. They discard pet schemes and peevess. They forget they are Johnny's mother or father.”

Monheimer is proud of the work done and he is aware of its significance. Yet he and his committee also know that they must constitute themselves into an organized force to insure serious consideration of the *entire* plan, for although “accepted” it is not mandated. Already a committee of Master Plan leaders has been appointed to assign priorities to its manifold proposals. “After all, we have to protect our investment: we worked two and a half years for this.”

This is the point at which to assess Berkeley's specialness in order to determine whether other cities could perhaps profit from its example. It would seem that Berkeley is *not* so very special. True, the university is a liberating force; true, the Negro community is compact, well organized and well led; true, the white community is well educated and has made numerous contacts with the black people on the flats; true, there are no suburbs for whites to flee to and yet remain in Berkeley.

Yet Berkeley's august citizens destroyed the career of liberal Mayor Lorraine Cross for having given Paul Robeson the opportunity to sing in a city auditorium; its beleaguered property owners recently rejected a local “fair housing” ordinance by a considerable margin; its voters have backed Republican candidates with dreary predictability. Berkeley is not so special. It is a city much like other American cities: impeded by contradictions, filled with promise.

The major distinction between Berkeley and some other cities is that it has no core ghetto. But even in those that do—Los Angeles, for example—many non-ghetto Negro areas could be joined to neighboring white districts if there were sufficient will, sufficient consistent effort to halt the murderous drift toward civil disaster!

As for Berkeley's vision of its schools, its goals are still more exemplary than its accomplishments—yet the

goals have the deepest possible significance for a fracturing society. What they seem to mean is that a community uses its view of itself as a model for the "society" it establishes in which to educate its young people.

If a true community organization becomes such a model, the school will reflect its variegated but unified composition; the classroom too will become heterogeneous but cooperative—in other words, a *community*. But if a school bears the impress of an upper-class or racist or bourgeois view, it will be highly competitive, therefore rigidly grouped so that competition can function on a hierarchy of ability levels. As the result of "ability" grouping, students will operate in quite distinct educational, social, cultural and political worlds *within the school society*—just as their adult models on the outside do. And such a system can work very well if the society is agreed on the model. Ability grouping is not new. Europe has operated "successfully" on such a basis for centuries.

But, as Kraft points out, America's hangup lies in its dual allegiance to the aspirations of formal democracy on the one hand and the more coercive use and custom of a rigidly stratified "ability-grouped" socio-economic system on the other. If we adopt the latter, we must realize, as NAACP general counsel Robert L. Carter has warned, that "anti-white feeling will have become so virulent within a generation that any hope of the two races finding a common basis for peaceful coexistence will have gone forever."

Presuming democratic goals, therefore, the question becomes how to push the schools off their stuporous dead center to accomplish genuine integration. The Berkeley answer is adult "integration" even on the relatively superficial level of interracial participation in community committees responding to common problems—that is, presuming these committees have a real function and will be listened to, as they have been in Berkeley. People have been "protected" too long by their political representatives, their media, their prejudices. When they are face to face, responses become "surprising," human. Of course it would be better if residential and economic integration were the matrix for cooperation—but if that were the case there wouldn't be a problem! It's getting started that is difficult.

Fortunately Superintendent Sullivan is no stranger to conflict. In fact he was appointed by the Berkeley board because of a reputation gained the previous year when he reopened and re-established the school system of Prince Edward County, Va., closed for four years because of the unwillingness of its white citizenry to desegregate. Dr. Sullivan (Ed. D., Harvard, 1956) is tough, intelligent and adaptive. Also—unlike many of his breed—he has charm and style, along with experience gained from superintendencies in New England and Long Island, N.Y.

He is an appropriate leader for the kind of battle Berkeley's progressive forces are waging. The battle was explained in the preamble to the Master Plan. "Our country is in the midst of a profound social revolution. Our children will have a better understanding of their country, their community, and themselves if they learn to feel at home with the broad spectrum of individuals and backgrounds we find within our own city."

LETTERS (Continued from page 618)

Annals ("The Peace Corps Volunteer in the Field: Community Development," Vol. 365, May, 1966), he criticized my description of Latins as having had certain conditioned characteristics. This point was based on the previous, unquoted sentence in my article which said that "the environment in Latin America exerts a strong, almost regulatory influence. Having existed under various forms of oppression, Latin Americans have been conditioned to certain values and attitudes." . . . The point is not what Latins or North Americans are or are not. It is the nature of the element that does the conditioning that is significant. There is no value judgment placed on the results of the conditioning—i.e., people—whether Latin or North American. In this sense, my words carried an indictment of the rulers of the Latin countries rather than their oppressed citizens. But then again how can one expect an academic expert on Indian anthropology to understand the reality of Latin America?

Kirby Jones

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: My mention of the termination of the Peace Corps activity in several countries (we may now add Nigeria, it seems) was presented as one kind of evidence of the deteriorating response to the PC, not as a direct result of the war in Vietnam as Mr. Norman (letters, Mar. 18) seems to think. There is plenty of other evidence of the effect of the war on the PC, and I presented some of it. I did not "seek to make the Peace Corps a casualty of the war in Vietnam." That war makes its own casualties, and the Peace Corps is one of them.

I think Mr. Frantz missed my point. I am sure that his brother is doing a good job in Panama. But that does not alter the fact that teaching athletics to orphans in Panama is regarded as hypocritical by many people at home and abroad when done in the name of peace by a government whose main foreign endeavor is the war in Vietnam. I am sorry that it should be so, but it is—and understandably.

I congratulate Mr. Jones for having organized the Peace Corps petition against the war. It was a worthy act and it took courage. In response to his comments on my article, I must say that I did not imply that during the Dominican Republic uprising, the Dominicans or the U.S. State Department regarded the Peace Corps as pro-Marines. It is to the PCVs credit that they were not so regarded. My point was that their activities have been used (in retrospect) by our government to direct attention to the benevolence of U.S. policies there and by implication elsewhere as well—hence the sugar coating.

My quotations of Mr. Jones's remarks at Berkeley were taken from local press reports, and while they may not be wholly accurate, they were not "invented." I heard him speak them and they were substantially as reported.

I am well aware of the conditioning effects of oppression. I have worked intensively with untouchables of India whose oppression is unsurpassed. . . . It seems that the most profound conditioning is in the means by which such systems are manipulated, cushioned and circumvented rather than passively acquiesced to or assimilated by those oppressed. This is true of Indian untouchables, black Americans and Latin Americans under dictatorship. . . . To characterize Latin Americans as "fatalistic," "blindly hopeful," "desirous of any status symbol of their own," etc., is patronizing and an underestimation of them, regardless of the presumed sources of these characteristics. If one reads the quoted paragraph to a Latin American, as I have, the response is likely to be about the same as that of a black American to a description of his people as lazy, dishonest and musical. The contribution of "academic experts" on anthropology . . . is precisely that they relate the realities of India to those of Latin America and wherever men live.

Gerald D. Berreman

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Coupling and Uncoupling

COUPLES. By John Updike. Alfred A. Knopf. 458 pp. \$6.95.

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is the author of *A Wake in Ybor City* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), *The Goodbye Land* (Pantheon), and the just published *In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town* (Pantheon).

John Updike lives with his family in Ipswich, Mass., and during the weeks before publication date of his new novel, everyone began to call the book "Ipswich Place." Perhaps because of its sexuality. Perhaps because of the hundreds of thousands of dollars the movies had paid for it. Updike is very unpopular with much of the literary establishment—that part of it still flaying away at *The New Yorker*—and he makes a perfect butt for them: a kind of embodiment of the literature of the fifties that no one wants to defend any more. The critics are very hip now: they want Experimental Prose and Large Statements in fiction. They gave him up three years ago—there was almost a gang-up on *Of the Farm*—and it is very galling that he continues successful and widely read. That his present novel has all the stigmata of a bestseller will seem a confirmation—he can be flung on that heap where John Steinbeck and John O'Hara lie.

Yet the most striking thing about *Couples* is Updike's attempt to break out of the intimist, unpolitical, miniaturist mold that had become his official bust. He seems to be responding to the critics who wrongly argued that he had "nothing to say," by choosing the "larger social canvas" from which, *ipso facto*, significance must emerge. This is a presumptuous guess—writers, it is safe to say, respond mainly to their own vision—but Updike's novel is full of evidence that he is simply being his critics' dutiful student. Dutiful but unconvinced. The result is an uneasy mixture, as if James T. Farrell had been persuaded to sprinkle one of his laconic novels with metaphors and conceits.

It would appear that Updike started out to depict a group of married couples in Tarbox, a town sufficiently like Ipswich to have its quota of Boston exurbanites, but the early promise of equal time for each couple is soon dissipated. Piet Hanema, partner in a local construction firm, partner in an uneasy marriage, takes the center of the stage and

becomes the single point of view from which we gaze at his circle of friends: an aesthetics for the construction of the novel that Updike seems incapable of abandoning. He cannot forgo, either, his marvelously developed talent for the exquisitely observed detail, the sensual nuances of physical response—as out of place in this flatly naturalistic scene as in the anonymous "Talk Of the Town" items in *The New Yorker* that Updike signs with his style. The pull of old habits is strong with writers. Updike's real accomplishment in finding a perfectly jointed phrasing and construction for his short stories and past novels becomes a manner and a lazy habit when imposed on a traditional novel about social relations.

In a sense, Updike is forced to settle on the single point of view—on a hero whose feeling for building things well comes close to Updike's own craftsmanship—to pour into his hero's life all the poetic images he (Updike) can with seeming ease scoop up from the simplest action. To do otherwise, to follow the action with other characters, is to run the risk—unwilling as he is to give up his mannerisms—of peopling the book with a cast whose sensibilities are all the same.

Though he abandons the fictional construction for a group portrait to the demands of his style—rather, mannerism: we tend to call inept protuberances style—he never gives up his subject, an acrid landscape of middle-class couples, coupling and uncoupling as the sociologists and scandal sheets have informed us has become usual. To their coupling Updike brings another transplanted old virtue: his sweet sensuality. It is a minor dividend—in a book with many minor pleasures—to find, as in all his novels, love for the flesh of women, affection in sex, naturalness and magic in the intimate touch. But, again, so inappropriate—in their effect—to these characters that one is tempted to hand Updike the ambiguous compliment of being the most sensitive heterosexual writer around. Like his metaphors, the fineness of sex feeling finally seems an overlay, a gratuitous display of "sensitivity."

Thomas Mann in one of his last essays, at the time he had finished the dense *Doctor Faustus*, with its style of scholarly qualifications, and about to embark on the light, cynical *Felix Krull*,

said that the only stylistic approach left to the bourgeois writer was that of parody. Parody dictated by his subject or his narrator, for Mann believed that bourgeois social relations could be fruitfully described only in a satirical tone. Piet Hanema, asking his wife to sleep with the local dentist to get him out of a jam and his wife complying—all with no questions asked—might be made a believable scene; but not in the humanist style—either his own or Chekhov's or Edith Wharton's or any of those writers who straightforwardly expect that the most aberrant action can be salvaged by the essential human worth of their subjects or their unawakened potential. Something new has happened in the bourgeois world and you cannot do it justice with affecting metaphors. When his wife agrees, Piet is unable to answer for a moment: "he lay on the bed like a man lying on water, only his eyes and nostrils not immersed." It would make Aristotle laugh.

What has happened is that Updike has not allowed his partner-switching couples to say anything to him and, therefore, there is no tension between him and his subject, no stylistic consistency, and no interest for the reader. His doggedly pursued story turns into one of those overlong novels to which one surrenders dully in order to complete it. You can see it being read in *snatches*—in subways, lunch hours, before falling asleep—by readers of bestsellers used to skipping "poetic" passages to get on to the titillating moments of sex and the improbable dramatic turns.

Of course Mann's dictum works only with writers who know the class nature of their society and have some feelings and desires about it. Rather concrete desires too, even if they're not expressed in political, programmatic terms. Updike has chosen as his subject a recognizable social group engaged in specific activities (business, the professions, academia), and has refused or been incapable of judging it on its own terms. I do not mean overt judgment—though any lapse is forgiven a writer who confronts his subject—but that implicit judgment that creates the unifying tension in any work. Surprisingly, it is such social judgment on the author's part that gives his characters humanity, no matter how mean and senseless their ambience may be: the sour air that hangs around his couples comes from Updike's lack of

committedness to any social point of view.

John Updike seems worrisomely aware that something is missing and to that we owe a couple of techniques, intermittently indulged, for imbuing the novel with Higher Significance. (Let's forget the epigraph from Paul Tillich and Updike's watered protestantism scarcely in evidence here.) He gives some characters names that are descriptive of the roles they play. Nowadays that passes for myth making, but when Dickens called his happiness-making characters Cheeryble, it was good for a laugh and no more. Now and again there are some vaguely symbolic descriptions, such as the weather vane on the church steeple, and happenings, such as the church fire at the end.

The New Mainstream

SOUL ON ICE. By Eldridge Cleaver. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 210 pp. \$5.95.

JULIAN MAYFIELD

Mr. Mayfield is a novelist and journalist who worked as an aide to President Nkrumah in Ghana after his active support of the Robert F. Williams self-defense movement in Monroe, N. C. Presently a Junior Fellow of the Society for the Humanities at Cornell University where he conducts a seminar in race relations, in September he will join the faculty of the Schweitzer Program in the Humanities, at New York University.

There used to be a lot of nonsense written about black writers being outside the mainstream of American literature. This was because, for the most part, their work followed the protest tradition, and resisted the fads which sought to obscure the realities of history, economics, and the distribution of political power. Black writers, with varying degrees of success, clung stubbornly to the conviction that the black experience in America was worth exploiting. Now we know that it is worth more than most of us imagined, that it is integral to the American experience, not a marginal back street, and that the nation's survival may depend on how quickly it understands this and changes accordingly.

These thoughts are prompted by a remarkable book, *Soul On Ice*, a collection of essays and letters by Eldridge Cleaver, a 33-year-old black man who has spent the greater part of his adolescence and adulthood in California state prisons. He is, therefore, no stranger to violence, but neither are any of us any more. I feel more like a war correspondent as I sit down to review this book, for there are

Also, since his publishers allow him to decide about his book jacket and flap copy, Updike makes one last attempt to give the book coherence: "The circle of acquaintances is felt as a magic circle, with ritual games, religious substitutions, a priest (Freddy Thorne) and a scapegoat (Piet Hanema)." The art on the cover is William Blake's "Adam and Eve Sleeping." The only significance in this is that a jacket wraps a book, it can't hold it together.

All these truisms aren't worth pointing out to readers were the writer ~~someone~~ less accomplished than Updike. Writers of his talent and achievements do not need lectures, but perhaps a reminder is in order: pay no attention to unappreciative critics and stick to your interests. There is room in literature for all kinds.

riots and fires raging in more than 100 of our cities and towns in the wake of the Memphis assassination. So I am only vaguely shocked when a friend telephones to say that Eldridge Cleaver has just been shot, and a fellow Black Panther member killed while attempting to surrender to the Oakland police. If that doesn't put our young writer into the American mainstream, which is violence, I don't know what will.

First it must be said that *Soul On Ice* is beautifully written by a man with a formidably analytical mind. His talent might have gone undiscovered and undeveloped had he not been busted by The Man at an early age and thrust into prison society, which really is just American society in microcosm, stripped naked.

It is a rare university which can boast of a Chris Lovdijeff, a teacher at San Quentin whose Christ-like portrait Cleaver draws with love and bitter irony. "What did he teach? Everything. It is easier to say that he taught Lovdijeff and let it go at that." The teacher led his students through an incredible range of thinking, from Japanese, Eskimo and African through Jesus Christ, Moses and Muhammad to Marx, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung. I suspect that Lovdijeff was something of a quack, as are all great teachers who cast aside objectivity, that perennial academic hiding ground, in order to distill all learning into a fuel with which to fire contemporary living. "Jesus wept," writes Cleaver. "Lovdijeff would weep over a tragic event that had taken place ten thousand years ago in some forgotten byway in the Fertile Crescent."

Ultimately and inevitably—like Tom Wolfe and Maxwell Perkins—Cleaver and his "Christ" came to a parting of the

ways. One man was black and the other was white, and there was a limit to the distance they could travel together. It had to do with the black convict's rejection of the white teacher's concept of love. In an essay written for the class, Cleaver quoted Malcolm X: "How can I love a man who raped my mother, killed my father, enslaved my ancestors, dropped atomic bombs on Japan, killed off the Indians and keeps me cooped up in slums? I'd rather be tied in a sack and tossed in the Harlem River."

Lovdijeff wept and refused to grade the paper. That was the end of the friendship.

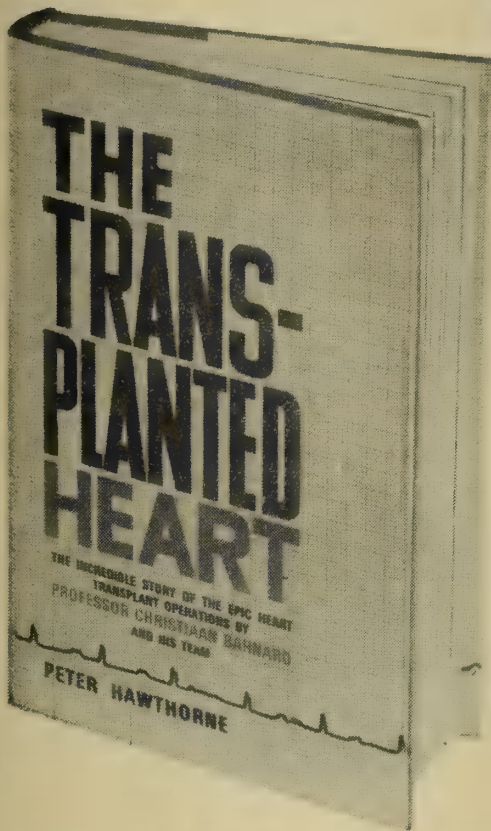
Eldridge Cleaver has also paid his religious dues before breaking free of that bag. I assume that like most black people he was born a good Protestant, but while in a Youth Authority institution he started going to the Catholic Church because that was where the blacks and the Mexicans went, and he wasn't foolish enough to try to integrate the Protestant Chapel. ("... one black face in a sea of white, and with guerrilla warfare going on between us, I might have ended up a Christian martyr—St. Eldridge the Stupe.") He was drawn into the Black Muslims, eventually becoming the leader of the San Quentin Mosque. It was Malcolm's defection from Mr. Muhammad that first caused him to question the tenets of the faith, and Malcolm's murder which led to the young convict's breaking away. Cleaver, as was Malcolm, is first a political man with a probing and sweeping intelligence that was bound eventually to burst out of the limitations of sect discipline.

(The author, like nearly everyone else on this side of the Atlantic, misinterpreted what happened to Malcolm while he was in Africa. I spent a good deal of time with him in both Cairo and Ghana, before and after his visit to Mecca, and he certainly never gave any indication that he had been converted to a love for whites. His understanding had broadened and he knew that the oppressed of the earth encompassed a wide range of colors, and that black parochial thinking would exclude revolutionaries like Fidel, Che Guevara, or the unlikely coming of another John Brown.)

Cleaver is at his very best, which is as good and as pertinent as anything I've read in years, when he dissects the real significance of the Muhammad Ali-Floyd Patterson drama, expressing what many black people felt at the time:

The "white hope" for a Patterson victory was, in essence, a counter-revolutionary desire to force the Negro, now in rebellion and personified by Ali, back into his "place." The black hope, on the contrary, was to see Lazarus [Patterson] crushed, to see Uncle Tom

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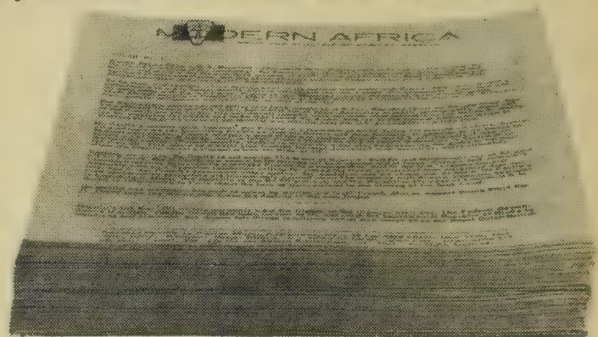
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defeated, to be given symbolic proof of the autonomous Negro over the subordinate Negro

. . . It was really Sonny Liston who marked the coming of the autonomous Negro to boxing. But he was non-ideological . . . when the ideological Negro seized the heavyweight crown, no front of cool could conceal the ferocious emotional eruption in white America and among the embarrassed Uncle Toms, who were also experiencing an identity crisis. Yes, even old faithful Uncle Tom has a self-image. All men must have one or they start seeing themselves as women, women start seeing them as women, then women lose their own self-image, and soon nobody knows what they are themselves or what anyone else is—that is to say, the world starts looking precisely as it looks today.

Eldridge Cleaver, like all engaged artists (LeRoi Jones, the early Kerouac, the early Mailer, the early Baldwin) makes you twist and flinch because he is no damned gentleman. He throws light on the dark areas that we wish he would leave alone. He is definitely not for everybody, and as much as I go for *Soul On Ice*, I realize that not all of him is for me. For example, I think that altogether too much space and soul-searching is devoted to the black male-white female hangup, a subject on which he can be maddening, but, I am sorry to say, terribly accurate. I doubt if many of his readers will care that he fell in love with

his lawyer (happily a woman and presumably white), and they will wonder why in heaven's name he wants us to read their love letters. I didn't.

James Baldwin admirers should avoid Cleaver's book. I once wrote in praise of Baldwin that he had no gods. Bursting upon the American scene, he issued a challenge to the Hemingway-Faulkner-Steinbeck triumvirate, took a mean knock at the beloved Langston Hughes, and launched a sustained attack on our major novelist, Richard Wright. I regretted the shedding of so much blood, but I regarded Baldwin's arrival as a healthy sign that black intellectuals had reached the point where we could wash some of our dirty linen in public.

That was little more than a decade ago. Baldwin is now in his 40s, comfortably well-off, and a literary god. And here comes young Mr. Cleaver, hungry, with his rapier drawn and blood in his eyes. Baldwin is his natural target, and he moves into the attack with a ruthless, virile prose: "Baldwin's essay on Richard Wright [in *Notes of a Native Son*] reveals he despised—not Richard Wright but his masculinity." He ranges over the whole of Baldwin's work and draws conclusions which the reader may not share but will certainly remember.

This brilliant book is only the first by Eldridge Cleaver. If he somehow survives the California cops for another year or two, God only knows what he will come up with next. Whatever it is, it won't put anybody to sleep.

An Economist at Play

THE TRIUMPH. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 239 pp. \$4.95.

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright is a screen writer and story editor for Bill Cosby.

Because the author regards this as a "non-novel," as real as absurd reality, it is tempting to review the book in relation to *The New Industrial State* and, more appositely, *Economics and the Art of Controversy*. In these works of sober probity, Galbraith is both the critic of U.S. capitalism's mistakes and of the politics, domestic and foreign, implementing these mistakes. Apogee of his distinguished wrath is his stinging rebuke of this country's involvement in Southeast Asia.

In *The Triumph*, Galbraith has added satire to scholarship. The novel has two targets: the State Department and its pompous apologies for Latin American police states; and the military dictator-

ships themselves, which are preposterous indeed but essentially brutal, greasy—and outdated.

Communication between Washington and a minor Central American "republic" of "Puerto Santos" (Guatemala?) is dim and confused by static. A lard-assed corrupt dictator, impressed by the medals he has given himself, has been "suppressing communism" for thirty years—with *yanqui* aid, which he has generously divided among his top generals and his numbered accounts in Swiss banks. It's all very cosy and normal until a small group of intellectuals, sparked by a radical or two, take the Alliance for Progress seriously—and are backed by a small band of peasants with antiquated guns. A few shots are fired, at nobody in particular; a few windows are broken, alongside other windows previously and nonpolitically broken.

Yet it is enough menace to cause the *caudillo* to waddle to the Paraguayan Embassy for sanctuary. The young liberal leader, Miro, takes power.

Opéra bouffe now shifts to the Potomac, no longer a sleepy stream. Communism is again on the rampage south of the border! Sound the alarm! Another threat to the Canal from Moscow! Miro is another Castro!

Panicked, although grave, State and the CIA act. Miro is deposed and in his place is inducted a more attractive *new* dictator, the son of Obeso, now living in Portugal.

The hoped-for *Führer* proves to be a progressive from the University of Michigan, indoctrinated by a campus Laski. He begins his reign with some genuine reforms, to American horror.

Galbraith's climax and denouement are sophisticated kidding, of course. The spinster fantasies a man under the bed, and a man materializes under the bed. It *could* happen, but the result would be an undefended Bay of Pigs, and the correction of the error with another more reliable martinet.

What is the truth behind Galbraith's cutting satire? In Guatemala, for example, Arbenz Guzmán was no more of a threat to the historically perverted Monroe Doctrine than FDR. He was an accommodating social democrat who knew that a mono-economics meant nothing but misery—and eventual revolution. The best insurance against upheaval out of hand was token land reform and industrialization, leading to slightly increased standards of living, using U.S. dollars in "non-exploitative" terms. It was a shrewdly cynical pattern set by Mexico, Judas ram for the Latin sheep.

The plan was on the drawing board. Standard of Ohio, having scientific geologic knowledge of vast oil resources under the jungles, was prepared to dig for it in exchange for favorable leases . . . when United Fruit, with its coolie labor empire, knowing the consequences of industrialization, acted swiftly through Secretary of State Dulles (Sullivan and Cromwell) and the CIA. The clock was set back to the 19th century with Castillo Armas and his successors. A negative feudalism prevailed over a positive capitalism.

The Guatemalan debacle presents an interesting challenge to the Wright Mills thesis about the solidarity of the power elite; yet a substantiation of the Leninist analysis of the contradictions within finance capital structure. What, indeed, is the capitalist point of view?

Maybe Galbraith and the ADA have a viable answer to the complexities of colonialism, and the throaty feverish challenge of the peoples pushed around. Certainly Pooh-bah Rusk hasn't.

Sonorities apart, Professor Galbraith has written, in *The Triumph*, a most unprofessional camp, laced with growling wit.

The Same the World Over

CHARLES BOOTH'S LONDON. Edited by Albert Fried and Richard M. Elman. Pantheon Books, 342 pp. \$7.95.

CHARLES BOOTH ON THE CITY: Physical Pattern and Social Structure. Edited by Harold W. Pfautz. University of Chicago Press, 314 pp. \$12.50.

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of *De Tocqueville (Hillary House)*.

In his preface to Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, Jean-Paul Sartre wrote: "It is enough today for two French people to meet together for there to be a dead man between them. One dead man did I say? In other days France was the name of a country. We should take care that in 1961 it does not become the name of a nervous disease." In 1968, America is the name of a disease.

The Mayor of Chicago demands of his police superintendent, "that an order be issued under his signature to shoot to kill any arsonist or anyone with a Molotov cocktail, and to shoot anyone looting stores in our city." In Washington a government lawyer assigned to our new "humanitarian" riot control is proud that following the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., only thirty-nine were killed whereas forty-nine were killed in Detroit last year. Ranking officers of the Army have already visited "in mufti" the cities they will command during the forthcoming riots, to familiarize themselves "with the terrain, the social and economic problems of potential riot areas, and the police with whom they would work. . . ." How fit and proper that a world choking with sociologists, economists, moralists, lawyers and Senators should finally play it straight and leave social and economic problems to the generals.

Our new humanitarians who prefer gas and Mace to ideology can consult with some profit the two recent selections from Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People in London*. Such a reading will remind them that the poor—even when white Anglo-Saxon Christians—have always been the alcoholics, prostitutes, unwed mothers, herded into our center cities, starved, chronically ill, vile smelling, vermin covered, indolent, dirty, easily killed, immune to the ministrations of priests, vulgar, despised, desperate. They should especially welcome the tone of Booth's great work for it is a cool professional account of the wretched of London at the turn of the century.

Charles Booth who founded a successful shipping firm was not, however, ■

man without feeling, and during his lifetime suffered a number of breakdowns that may be considered the honest response of a sane man to an insane world. A positivist who became president of the Royal Statistical Society, Booth projected in 1886 a precise exhaustive record of London's working-class population. Using the case notebooks of the School Board Visitors, who contacted every home with school-age children, Booth in the course of seventeen years produced seventeen volumes. He did not attempt a work of theory or of synthesis but concentrated on a street-by-street, house-by-house, room-by-room record of London's poor. He did draw one fundamental conclusion from his data which enabled him to identify a "poverty line" below which were to be found the truly destitute. He also skillfully divided the population and the city into five basic classes: the most miserable, identified as occasional laborers, loafers, semi-criminals; the very poor, living a hand-to-mouth existence; those underemployed and poorly paid; those having regular employment and sufficient regular incomes; and the lower and upper middle class. The two selections from Booth's classical inquiry accurately reflect Booth's emphasis on those below the poverty line.

Harold W. Pfautz contributes as an introduction to his selection a solid monograph discussing Booth's life, his method, his picture of London's physical and social structure. His final assessment of Booth's achievement is, however, a painfully dull academic exercise. The best he can say is that Booth deserves the titles, "husband, father, businessman, public servant, and sociologist!" Surely, if the poor did not exist they would have to be invented for the scientific needs of this academic discipline.

The brief introduction of Albert Fried and Richard M. Elman is, on the contrary, academically imaginative, lively in style, relevant. They approve of Booth's freedom from any approach to the poor that is like "the lyricism of James Agee or the rhetorical indignation of James Baldwin," and they properly admire his ear for common speech, his faultless sense of the detail that is significant. Fried and Elman's selection reflects their own intelligence and compassion and perfectly presents Booth's London; the streets, the houses, the rooms, the drink, the sweating occupations, the Jewish community, the religious exploitation of the poor are all graphically illustrated.

Booth suppressed all theory and moralizing in favor of the concrete im-

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pact of his evidence. He often arranged his material, however, in an unintentionally ironic commentary on the social history of his society. In a cruel counter example to *Burke's Peerage*, Booth recorded the genealogy of the Rooney family. Martin Rooney, aged 86, and his wife Ellen King, are duly inscribed as firmly founding a family "prolific in paupers." The members of this ignoble family experienced constant sickness, drunkenness, desertion, prison, syphilis, prostitution, illegitimacy, death in public asylums, burial from public funds. The readers of London's illustrated weekly press were accustomed to engaging accounts of the homes of the aristocracy. Booth invited them to picture the private lives of the inhabitants of a single room at number 18 Shelton Street: "The room here was full of rubbish—all in it would not fetch 10s.; the dirty walls covered with little pictures never taken down; vermin abounded and the stench was awful. These people had seven children, but about eight years ago two of them, aged nine and eleven, going to school in the morning, have never been heard of since."

Charles Booth trusted completely in the workings of the free enterprise system and was equally firm in his conviction that those who invested their capital in industrial operations were the salvation of mankind. He had nothing but contempt for those who babbled that the blood of Jesus would save this race, but his own unsentimental solution to poverty was appalling. He proposed that the chronically unemployed and near starving be placed in work camps under strict state supervision guaranteeing capital, work, wages, discipline, productivity. This system of "limited Socialism" would then enable society to harry "out of existence" those who would never work. Yet Booth understood the limits of his analysis and in a concluding paragraph to his lengthy work he prayed: "May some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine, disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live, so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing with joy."

Fried and Elman in their excellent discussion of Booth's work have no suggestions for making our streets sing with joy. They propose, however, that this country will not equal England's contemporary welfare achievements until there occurs "a basic restructuring of society." This timidly stated need for revolutionary change seems certain to be unheard by a nation that accepts the idea that in a free society some will unfor-

tunately live in crushing poverty. A recent article in *Sports Illustrated* describes Yale's Olympic swimming star, Don Schollander, who owns a copy of Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, as modestly concerned to be faithful to idealism and lofty things. "I'm quite interested," he confides, "in doing extremely well financially in a relatively short time. I'm not money-hungry, but what I want to do is become financially secure so I can become more fully motivated to higher things in life—social good, humanitarian values. It is possible to help yourself and society at the same time. For example, there may be a way

of building really low-cost housing in ghettos, improving conditions, helping people and, at the same time, helping yourself. I want to be a true entrepreneur—but as a humanitarian, not a philanthropist. Unfortunately, I'm not *that* altruistic."

Schollander should greatly enjoy reading Booth's many examples of those who built lower-cost housing in London's ghettos. Booth will also be valuable reading for all Presidential candidates who plan on helping the poor with the aid of private enterprise. The streets of our Jerusalem may not sing with joy, but they will continue to be profitable.

Sting-a-Ling-a-Ling

BRENDAN BEHAN: Man and Showman. By Rae Jeffs. *The World Publishing Co.* 256 pp. \$4.95.

SEAN CROWIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Brendan Behan was a strange, turbulent, wayward genius who enjoyed a brief period of creativity as a writer but didn't make the most of it. He cast his talent to the wind after success, or notoriety, tapped him on the shoulder and in effect ceased to write though he continued talking into tapes, and publishers produced works which he never bothered to read. He made headlines for actions that had nothing to do with writing or nonwriting, such as being "drunk and disorderly," as the police phrase has it, in cities as diverse as Dublin, London, Paris, Toronto—though never New York, curiously enough, where he could make the press without the aid of a court appearance. And then he died in a great big splash of ink at the age of 41.

If anyone asked, "Will the real Brendan Behan please stand up?" there was no reply. The masks were there for everyone to see, but not what lay behind them. Clowning and spending he laid waste his years, a moralist might charge. How a man spends his time—or "does his bird" in English prison slang—is surely up to himself; but self-flagellation is a slow, hard way to die even if our world is a rack, which it surely is to men and women with the sensitivity of a Brendan Behan.

All the same he left behind a significant if small body of work: the autobiographical jail classic *Borstal Boy*; the tender short story "Confirmation Suit"; two plays, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*, which under the layers of coarse comedy have important things to say

about the tragedy of man and are pregnant with promise of greater dramas to come. He also wrote a couple of poems in Irish, a nearly secret language now that few in Ireland can speak or understand, but which has a literature going back 1,500 years at least: Behan's contribution is worthy enough to be included in an anthology of modern Gaelic poetry.

He may also be remembered some day as the creator of the most talked about, unproduced, and for the most part unwritten, play of the 1960s, *Richard's Cork Leg*. The opening scene is a cemetery that has the reputation of being "one of the healthiest graveyards in Dublin." I know the place well and the description is accurate for it sits on a hill with a splendid view of Dublin Bay. Behan reveled in that kind of irony: in the midst of death we are in life.

A novel called *the catacombs* (the lower-case title was intentional) kept haunting him for years. He would return to it between bouts of drinking, sickness and tape recordings of *Brendan Behan's Island*, *Brendan Behan's New York* and *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* (published posthumously), but it died with him. A string of newspaper pieces he wrote for the *Irish Press*, a Dublin daily, in the early 1950s were put together as *Hold Your Hour and Have Another*, a Behan all-purpose reply to anything; and a detective story serial he produced pseudonymously for the *Irish Times* (another Dublin daily) when he needed "the readies" (cash) for a holiday in the Aran islands was also put between hard covers as *The Scarperer*, prison slang for an escapee. Whatever faults they have, dullness isn't one of them.

The person who worked closest with Behan in his last years was an Englishwoman, Mrs. Rae Jeffs, one-time publicity manager for Hutchinson, a

London publishing house. She is the lady with the tape recorder who churned out the New York book (which is enhanced by Paul Hogarth's delightful drawings), the Ireland book and the "confessions." Her labor is astounding, but whether worth the effort is another matter.

This female Boswell of Behan's declining years now tells what it was like to work with an unpredictable and unwilling author who trod the shadow world of the alcoholic. I'm not quite sure he was that, but perhaps I'm being overtechnical; he was also a diabetic, which is forgotten, who shouldn't drink and couldn't stay away from it. Puritans don't understand pubs. In Dublin they are the friendliest and warmest places, where good talk flows faster than Jameson's whiskey or Guinness' stout, especially in the long nights of the damp northern winter when a bitter breeze blows across the bay. In Behan's city a man is judged by his pub as much as by the company he keeps. Friends of Behan say he needed no alcohol to make him high, and after four or five pints he was flying, which is another way of saying you have to probe deeper if you want to find his "problem." Mrs. Jeffs tells it the way she saw it, almost drink by drink, until one is overwhelmed by the sight, the sloppiness, the smell of it. Her rather pedestrian style helps and a lost character begins to take dim shape.

Behan loved an audience. He also loved to shock the conventional and the respectable. He outraged the Irish Establishment by his television appearances, his remarks to the press, his works. *Borstal Boy* was banned. Because there is no stage censorship, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage* escaped molestation. But the compassion of these pieces was lost in a rash of talk about "vulgarity." Some not unfriendly critics thought *The Hostage* insulted Ireland and Behan's own political past; perhaps a too literal interpretation of the plot could lead to such a conclusion. But, as the discerning Benedict Kiely has pointed out, there is more to the play than brothel scenes and jokes about Mother Ireland: "Monsewer [owner of the noble old house that is now a brothel], in fact, is one of Behan's visions of God, and as he parades, salutes, plays the pipes and sings of tea and toast and muffin rings, the old ladies with stern faces and the captains and the kings, he falls into line with images of the Divinity that appear elsewhere in the plays and prose."

A man cries across a void to the unknown, discards the lie and seeks truth which is found only in the midst of degradation. That is one way out of the dilemma of life and the pen can find it. But for Behan writing was never enough. He distrusted his talent; in his early years, in prison and after, he was pre-

pared to give writing the hard work and discipline it requires. In *Borstal Boy* he tells of the essay he rewrote five times to win the prize; the book itself obviously is well honed. But when he became a celebrity such close attention to craftsmanship grew impossible. It was then that he ceased writing and took to the tapes. Even that became difficult, as Mrs. Jeffs so patiently explains. It wasn't that he didn't want to write: he just couldn't. And so he fled: from pub to pub and from city to city.

But Mrs. Jeffs was tireless and indefatigable. She followed him—back and forth across the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. She succeeded in getting him to do some work. The bills had to be paid.

It is clear that he liked publicity rather in the manner of a small boy who draws the attention of adults by his deeds. It is also clear that he was exploited as a product. It occurs to the reader to ask why a very sick man had to go to all those literary luncheons, while the sponsors sat on the edges of their chairs waiting for the almost inevitable explosion. Why should he be nice to someone who writes for the *London Daily Mail*? Malcolm Muggeridge and the B.B.C., in their own spinsterish

ways, managed to hack a pound of flesh out of him too; not that Behan gave a damn.

Mrs. Jeffs was not among the exploiters, though she may have served them unwittingly. She is sympathetic to Behan as a man and as an artist. Her error was that she thought she could "save" him, although she never uses the word. She tried to get the tired brain to work, the weary wracked body to rest. Sometimes she succeeded. She draws a sketch of a man existing in such a state of misery that it is not right to call it living. And then suddenly he would recover and show extraordinary vitality, only to crumble again. He remained good copy to the end.

When Behan started sending stories out of prison to the Irish literary magazine, *The Bell*, which Sean O'Faolain and later Peadar O'Donnell edited, word spread around Dublin of "an Irish Jack London from the slums." The parallel is accurate enough in some ways. They both managed to live like lords for a time and have champagne for breakfast. And that's a triumph of sorts.

But Behan, I feel, was more like the roisterous Gaelic poets of the 18th century who wandered the roads, made love to the girls, read their verses and told

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their stories in taverns to peasant audiences, and drew down on their heads the wrath of priests, pietists and policemen—or the equivalent law-enforcing agency of the time. They mocked respectability, laughed at the follies of rulers, and sang sad songs about the misery around them. Life wins over death in the end, as Leslie, the young English soldier in *The Hostage*, tells us:

*The bells of hell
Go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
Oh death where is thy
Sting a-ling-a-ling
Or grave thy victory?*

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a freelance writer.

BODKIN. By Barton Midwood. Random House. 211 pp. \$4.95.

Bodkin is a night watchman in a house for wayward boys. He might as well be a "good" teacher in a large public school, or a white man whose best friend is a black man, or a benevolent political leader, even a father. For Barton Midwood's novel is about the vast and absolute distance between authority and love, between power, no matter how gently wielded, and those upon whom it gets wielded.

Bodkin is a good man, wise, human, lovable. A series of events in the home throws him into an intimate alliance with two of his charges, against a cruel but pitiful administration which functions as best it can (horribly) under an absurd system. Step by step, Bodkin wins the boys' reluctant confidence and guarantees himself as their protector until they invest their very lives in him. Then a wild convergence of circumstances forces a choice between the system and the boys. Locked into his role—his culture, his age, his power—he steps back. All this is accomplished in a series of quick and dramatic scenes, some of them funny, populated by a memorable group of instantly recognizable characters. Mr. Midwood never sacrifices either his characters or his plot to his moral, and his reader is never preached at, simply always moved, always troubled and always admiring. This is a very ambitious novel that really works.

LISTEN RUBEN FONTANEZ. By Jay Neugeboren. Houghton Mifflin Co. 216 pp. \$4.50.

The first-person narrator here is Harry Meyers, tired New York Jew, widower, schoolteacher and candidate for retirement from a life he feels finished with. The book's action—and there is a lot of it—centers upon his involvement with a group of his Puerto Rican students; subplots are all over the place, but what matters is Meyers' absolute authenticity. Mr. Neugeboren has managed to catch him in three dimensions as he moves on the brink of both culture and generation gap, and to make us care intensely about him as he grumbles through a series of wild, slightly mad adventures culminating in his decision to keep being alive. One of the highlights of his book is a quick and beautiful description of an old rabbi, which Mr. Neugeboren tosses off toward the beginning.

BLADE OF NIGHT. By Don Carpenter. Harcourt, Brace & World. 181 pp. \$4.50.

Like Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, this nightmare of a novel allows the reader no relief from the sheer intensity of its steady, almost humdrum barrage of brutal detail. A man named Semple, hideous and barely articulate, is released after eighteen years in a hospital for the criminally insane. The novel's center is the gradual revelation of the act that landed him there, and how, as he tries to resume some kind of life, its memory circles back to entrap him in a still deadlier act. Mr. Carpenter, who wrote *Hard Rain Falling*, is a camera; he can make his hero's consumption of a plate of spaghetti intensely absorbing experience. But it is his X-ray vision into the incredible emptiness and isolation of

his characters' lives that gives this novel its almost tangible quality of despair. Readers who are turned away by plot description (who needs another realistic novel about a tortured loser?) will miss a dazzling performance.

GRASSE 3/23/66. By Nicholas Delbanco. J. B. Lippincott Co. 139 pp. \$4.50.

The problem of Nicholas Delbanco's narrator is that his wife has left him; he is writing the monologue that comprises *Grasse 3/23/66* ("a fiction") as therapy. It goes like this: "Desist from the diseased deceased: from sheer tedium of this *te deum*. I am gone mad with words, with grief," and goes on in that way for most of its 139 pages. By the end of this unrelievedly clever Joycean and Dylanesque (Thomas, not Bob) hunk of alliteration, mythological allusion and literary punning, the reader's only impulse is to punch the grieved narrator in the nose and congratulate his wife on a wise decision. "What effulgence of indulgence sets me, still, to type?" Mr. Delbanco asks near the end. He's got me.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Office of Education have announced a joint project that will attempt to educate disadvantaged preschool children through daily hourlong television programs. One does not know whether to laugh or to cry.

It is not that the Children's Television Workshop lacks worthy ends or will not be in competent hands. Actually, the use of television to help youngsters instead of taking advantage of them is revolutionary in American television, which is predominantly commercial and exploitative. It is a noble endeavor and Mrs. Joan Ganz Cooney, executive director of the workshop, is imaginative, idealistic, able.

But certain aspects of the enterprise are bittersweet with irony. The need is for many such programs; one is proposed. The need is now, but the series will begin in the fall of 1969. It will be telecast in color, a far more expensive undertaking than black and white, even though the number of color TV sets in the slums and ghettos of our land is unknown.

Most serious, establishment of the workshop, which will be under the guidance and use of the facilities of the National Educational Television network, threatens to polarize children's television programming into two separate and un-

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equal worlds. While commercial stations and networks make fortunes by luring the young to outrageously offensive and frequent commercial interruptions with cheap programs addressed to the lowest common denominator of appeal (a mental and spiritual corruption of the innocent sanctioned by the Federal Communications Commission), one noncommercial program proposes to aid children at great private and public expense.

(I do not suggest that all commercial children's programs are meretricious, although most of them so strike this occasional viewer, but even the best—the lovingly conceived *Captain Kangaroo*, for example—are prostituted by insistent and insinuating commercials.)

Worthy as the workshop may be by itself, it is a stopgap approach to what should be a major national goal, the human use for human ends of a great communications instrument. It does not face—in fact it avoids facing, as did the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television—the central problem of television in the United States, which is the general repudiation of responsibility to the American public by commercial broadcasters.

Congress has in effect given over American television to commercial broadcasters. The fact that a proposal such as the workshop is necessary—as a noncommercial system for adults is also now necessary—is evidence enough that the commercial operators, while successful with advertisers, have failed the nation's children as they have the nation's adults. Theoretically, a rein on greed and a prod to public service could be provided by the FCC, but the agency is now best known for ineffectual promises.

I suppose that in this situation the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Office of Education considered their modest proposal a matter of practicality and realism. It is time, however, to ask whether the application of first aid is adequate medical treatment for chronic morbidity. Do we really want two general systems of children's programming—one that exploits the audience (and makes a profit) and another that attempts to nourish it (and requires huge nonreturnable financial investment)?

The workshop will cost its backers an estimated \$6 million to \$8 million for twenty-six weeks of programs. Perhaps this largess would have been better invested in Congressional and FCC lobbying. A change in quality of children's television programming can come almost overnight if commercial networks and stations are required to drop sponsorship of children's programs—making them public service like public schools—and to program that air time with fare meet-

AT A DANCE

*Knowing what I know
I wonder what they know
dancing as I have danced
and been unhappy
but made my legs move
quickly without pity
for myself or them,
for knowledge comes
like the theory of light
without an angry cry.
I am ending as the conclusion
to a book. It is being read
and will be laid down
by a reader unknown to me.
My body handles me
and it is a finger
tapping on the earth
for an answer.*

DAVID IGNATOW

ing the requirements of an advisory committee, like the workshop's, composed primarily of responsible psychologists and educators. Such a remedy is drastic. I don't propose it as anything more than the starting point for a full-scale re-examination of the goals of American television by the public and Congress. Especially a re-examination in the field of children's programs.

One program—too little and too late, tomorrow and not today—will not change the record of twenty years; it will not even stir the scales.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Russians have made a film of *War and Peace*, and to that the immediate response is why? One may conjecture. Tolstoy's passionate hatred of war pours from the novel, both in his own words and through the fates of his characters. He said that as evil men conspire for evil, good men may conspire for good, and the film employs that exhortation as its motto. The Russians undoubtedly feel that this is a good thing to say and that today they are in a particularly strong position to say it. They are right on both counts.

The picture also gave employment to large segments of the Russian army over a period of several years, is of a magnificence to fill the heart of the average Russian with pride, and may earn applause and revenues abroad. On this last point, though, I have misgivings. The picture is a monument of world cinema, but it is one that should have been

erected thirty years ago. No one makes pictures like this any more, for the reason that better uses have been found for the screen. I had not realized how complete the change has been until I sat through this stupendous collection of illustrations for an inconceivably de luxe edition of Tolstoy's masterpiece.

At least a generation ago, film ceased to be a window and became a language, with its own grammar, idioms, elisions, figures and rhetoric. Over the years, and almost without noticing, we have all become fluent in cinema, and it is vexing to be now thrown back upon our A,B,Cs, however sumptuous the primer. Much is made of the fact that *War and Peace* runs six and a half hours (omitting, inevitably, most of the real content of the book and never getting even to the end of the story), but time spent in the theatre is largely subjective and the fact is that the picture begins to seem interminable in the first forty-five minutes. It is ablaze with color and reeling with action, but it proceeds at a pace so meticulously explicit that one's back muscles ache from the strain of holding back. It is not *War and Peace*; it is a description of *War and Peace* by an enthusiast who has taken firm hold of your jacket. Tedium in a noble cause.

The film has two genuine virtues. The first of these is its eloquent tribute to the Russian land, a tribute which Americans will respond to the more easily because the beckoning vastness of this lovely countryside looks so much like home. It is only a small part of Russia, of course, as the Pennsylvania farmland or the Vermont hills are only parts of America, but we and they do have in common meadows, valleys, streams, woods and the awareness of horizon.

The other excellence of the picture is the physical rightness of the principal characters (also of the populace, but that is much easier). It is notoriously difficult to materialize characters as intimately known and deeply loved as the men and women of *War and Peace*; to my eye, the film never errs, and the feeling of satisfaction is extraordinary. At the same time, it must be said that the acting ability of this cast in no way matches its physical presence. The performance is wooden, superficial, explicit but unevocative. I doubt that anyone unfamiliar with the novel could understand what these people mean to one another or how their lives are meshed. There emerges about as much of human joy and sorrow, heroism and inadequacy as the scenario of a traditional ballet can provide. To weep at this film would be an exercise in sensibility.

I am not going to recite the list, but Pierre seems to the end an amiable boy of impulsive good intentions balked by awkwardness. Pierre Bezuhov reduced

to a great puppy—and he is played by Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the film! Natasha (Lyudmila Savelyeva) is a delight to observe, but again the pleasure is one of choreography, not of drama. The world of fiction is full of lovely girls who move like grain and weep as though their hearts would break. Natasha Rostova is one of the supreme creatures of literature. The dubbing is of course a wicked impediment; the worse, perhaps, because it is done so skillfully. It puts a stranger in an actor's mouth. However, the fault lies deeper than that: this cast

has been overwhelmed by its responsibility.

There remains the war. The battle scenes, in scale, in intricacy of movement and proliferation of detail, in versatility of camera technique, are probably unmatched in the history of the movies. They are also faithful to Tolstoy's basic point: that whatever generals and military historians may pretend, great battles are utterly without form or plan or indeed consequence; that they are mere adventitious slaughter and the victor is he who believes the more strongly that he has won. Undoubtedly that is true, and inevitably it produces footage that is mere blood and noise and confusion. It is impossible to become involved in such pandemonium, and I passed the time trying to make out whether anyone was really getting hurt, to see how the horses were hobbled into a semblance of death throes.

I believe the Russians intended to astonish and delight us; I am sorry that they failed. It may be that the only way *War and Peace* could be filmed was as a colossal spectacle; if so, the time for filming it had long passed. I am sorry also—because I sense ideology at work—that the makers of the picture caused the serfs to disappear from the story and did not carry the narrative to its conclusion, with the bourgeois world taking up its life again. Tolstoy's attitude toward the peasant was no doubt thought disagreeably ambivalent, and the producers apparently wanted to close on the high apocalyptic note of Moscow rising from the ashes of its salvation. I hardly blame them for dropping all reference to Masonry (the expository problem would have been appalling), but it does leave a great hole in the portrait of Pierre.

It was honorable of the Russians to try to give *War and Peace* to the world; unfortunately, we received this unparalleled gift long ago.

A way to film the meaning of war that is exactly opposite to that used by the Russians is demonstrated by Jean-Luc Godard in *Les Carabiniers* (screenplay by Roberto Rossellini, Jean Gruault and the director, from a play by Benjamin Joppolo; this is a Franco-Italian production). He deploys two men and two women, interpolates some old combat footage, and films the whole thing in the style of an underground movie made on the city dump.

The characters are named Michelangelo, Ulysses, Venus and Cleopatra—a kind of symbolism that annoys me because it means a great deal less than it says. These are shantytown types, and the men go off to battle readily enough when two *carabiniers* arrive at their shack with a letter of mobilization from "the king," and informal promises of unlimited con-

sumer goods to be liberated and unexcelled opportunities for the exercise of brutality.

The two send home scribbled notes detailing their global conquest (the field operations resemble the exploits of a posse that utterly lacks the power of concentration), and eventually they come back themselves with a satchel full of the fruits of conquest—picture postcards; neatly categorized and held with rubber bands, of every material value the world holds dear. *Q.E.D.*

It is not easy to find anything new to say about war, and Godard has chosen instead to say something in a (for him) new way. He will pretend to be an amateur movie maker, he will make believe that his resources are a hand-held camera, some friends with an itch to act, a couple of surplus rifles, some secondhand visored caps and a jeep to get around and shoot scenes in vacant property and on empty streets. But there is nothing harder for an expert than to pretend to be a novice. The real amateur tries to be as good as possible; he has freshness and enthusiasm working for him and may stumble upon an exciting invention. But a professional playing the novice game must continually hide what he knows, deliberately hamper himself, suppress any invention lest it spoil the masquerade. Godard is at a serious disadvantage among the "let's make a movie" crowd; his film is not really naive, but it is truly without zest.

Amateur movies are full of accidents and gaucheries which can bring the enterprise close to the audience—you see the thing being done and the people doing it. There are no mistakes in Godard's picture; it is a meticulous exercise in false incompetence. The effect is to carry mannerism to the point of estrangement. Indeed, estrangement may have been intended: an echo of Brecht hangs over this sardonic war preachment. But the estrangement is not what Brecht sought by creating some ambiguity between audience and stage. The viewer is not forced to see himself through the fractures of the illusion; instead, his attention is fixed by the assertiveness of a technical affectation imposed on a narrative invention.

And I think that as propaganda this narrative is not very pressing. It is perhaps not false, but it is certainly less than half true. War today is not made viable by the common soldier's lust for pillage and savagery. Once in it, he may discover such possibilities within himself, but that is an effect of war, not a cause. Soldiers today, when they are told anything more than where to report, are taught that they will bestow virtue on a wicked world. Godard's troopers might better have been seminarians than shanty toughs. We are surrounded by real moral quagmires, and it makes me uneasy when someone invents a swamp of wickedness that can be crossed with a good conscience.

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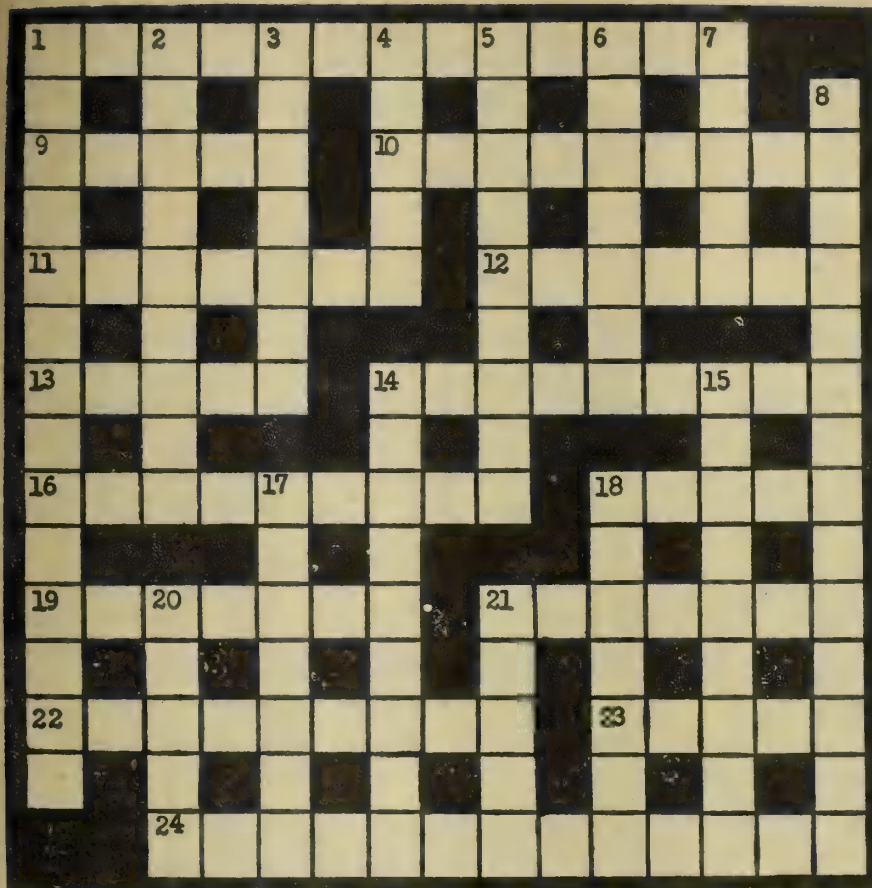
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1249

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Such people as Johnson? They might handle some of your security problems by design. (13)
- 9 Draws the line when it comes to regulations! (5)
- 10 Spreads it on thick, obviously. (7, 2)
- 11 City of New York, especially if South instead of West. (7)
- 12 Part of the capitol tour, and not well managed. (7)
- 13 Colors associated with St. Louis, possibly. (5)
- 14 He cashed a check for possible capital problems. (9)
- 16 A long time ago, or possibly just over 50 years? (6, 3)
- 18 A clever saying, conjecturally, by design? (5)
- 19 Run of the mine or clay pit, possibly.
- 21 English poet, good enough when young but ■ wonder at fifty! (7)
- 22 One way to change nacre into tin? (9)
- 23 Certainly not the 14 down part. (5)
- 24 20 are undue trouble when retired. (13)

DOWN:

- 1 See 8 down
- 2 Not necessarily speaking with ■ forked tongue. (9)
- 3 Cattleman didn't like such birds. (7)
- 4 Even the smartest set possibly includes

the underground types of London. (5)

- 5 Change is eternal at such change. (9)
- 6 Was she improved by her midnight habits? (7)
- 7 In short, is she to seek judgement? (5)
- 8 and 1 down Evidently a whisper is appropriate with the president's club. (5, 6, 3, 5, 1, 3, 5)
- 14 The queen of the maritime service? Bill might mention her first! (9)
- 15 The language of a feverish child, when about 10? (9)
- 17 Most of the class is in the pen, conceivably, so hold close! (7)
- 18 Obviously a piece by ■ French composer (7)
- 20 Shows signs of being almost worn out clothes! (5)
- 21 Less-than-bright part of the room, or only appearing so. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1248

ACROSS: 1 Astrid; 5 Resumed; 10 Preparing; 11 Tutor; 12 and 20 across Codling moths; 13 Tin-horn; 14 Sling; 16 Inceptive; 18 Impounded; 22 Curtail; 24 Mandate; 26 Tiara; 27 Tactician; 28 Sitters. DOWN: 2 and 3 Speed reading 4 Drip-grind; 5 and 29 Right-Minded; 6 Satanic; 7 Methodist; 8 Derange; 9 Spaces; 15 Important; 17 Vade mecum; 18 Incites; 19 Unaware; 20 Mention; 21 Steins; 23 Lotus; 25 Alike.

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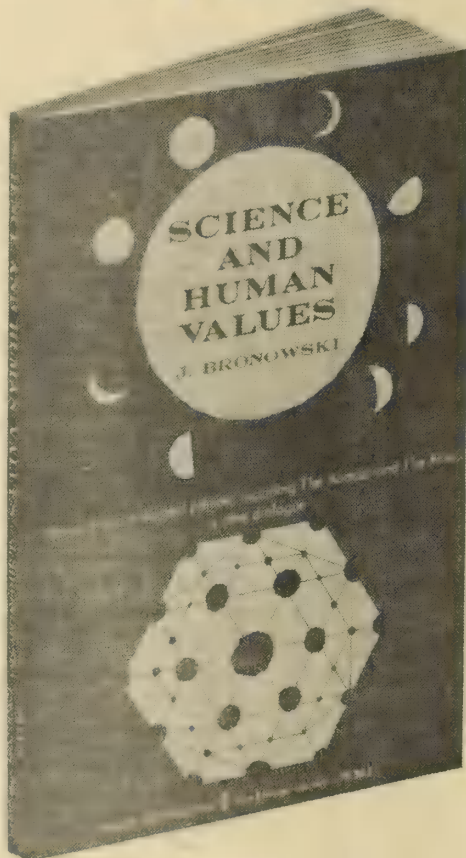
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LETTERS

ghost

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Thanks for the perfect timing of Robert Sherrill's piece on Hubert Humphrey ["Hubert Humphrey: Speaking in Tongues," *The Nation*, Apr. 29]. It greatly increased our amusement at his announcement speech. What I want to know is—did Mr. Sherrill write that speech for Hubert?

Lucy Haessler

epithets

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: You call Hubert Humphrey deceptively plain, soft and pliable almost to the point of womanliness, the weeping hawk, the friendly fat kid on the block, that pudgy huckster, glib, arrogant, a brain picker, shallow, an opportunist, wishy-washy, an unlighted hulk, just short of crackpot and unstable. I did not think that *The Nation* would ever resort to name-calling or mud-slinging.

John Edison

books and truncheons

New York City

DEAR SIR: A. M. Rosenthal's front-page story in *The New York Times* (May 1) quotes a policeman in President Kirk's office at Columbia as saying about the students, "The whole world is in these books . . . how could they do that?"

As a resident of a building that Columbia owns in Morningside Heights, I must question: how can I pay my rent to an administration that calls in police who beat, kick and assault students, faculty, reporters and bystanders? Those who may not have wanted to get involved in the dispute were ironically forced to do so by the truncheons.

Eve Merriam

Styron's Turner

Harrison, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: As one of William Styron's earliest mentors and supporters . . . I have watched his literary career with an increasing sense of disenchantment and despair.

I consider that *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, which marks the zenith of his commercial success and popular prestige, is in fact the nadir of his true literary talent. A product of the McCarthy period, Styron is now paying the price for his earlier lack of concern with history, society and politics.

Thus for him to describe Mr. Aptheker in the terms he has used ["Truth and Nat Turner: An Exchange," *The Nation*, Apr. 22] is simply outrageous. Everybody knows that Mr. Aptheker, whatever his political persuasion, is the standard authority on slave revolts and on Nat Turner in particular.

It does Mr. Styron no credit, moreover, to try to slither around his own statements in *The New York Times*—nor to invoke a Marxist critic in order to camouflage his own anti-Communist bias.

Maxwell Geismar

New York City

DEAR SIR: William Styron may believe he has found the ultimate defensive-offensive ploy—quoting the Communist Lukacs against the Communist Aptheker. To do so, however, he distorts Lukacs' intention and takes him out of context. In part this involves flagrantly misapplying Lukacs' remarks on feeling in the drama, to the novel. The worst of it, however, is Styron's effort to make us

(Continued on page 663)

EDITORIALS

Five Democrats

They are Kennedy, Branigin and McCarthy in Indiana; Gilligan and Lausche in Ohio. So far none of the commentators seems to have coupled the result in the Ohio Democratic primary with the result in Indiana. But there is a connection, as those who remember Gene I. Maeroff's piece, "Ohio: Politics After Johnson" (*The Nation*, April 22) will readily recognize.

First, Indiana. The *New York Daily News* headline expressed the result perfectly in prize-fight parlance: "Kennedy Decisions McCarthy." Kennedy won, but he didn't knock McCarthy out. McCarthy stayed in the running by at least 7 percentage points: he got 27 per cent, Branigin 31, Kennedy 42. Had McCarthy got 20 per cent, it still would not have eliminated him but it would have been a weak showing. As it is, running close to Branigin, the native son in the peculiarly isolationist Hoosier state, McCarthy did pretty well. His belief is plausible that if the contest had been between only the two foreigners, he would have attracted more of the Branigin vote than would Kennedy. And, as he points out, Kennedy did not get a majority, which would have shown real strength.

Branigin, whatever his pretensions, was a stand-in for Humphrey. Between them, McCarthy and Kennedy got 69 per cent of the vote. What this foreshadows is that if Kennedy and McCarthy do not kill each other off—if the one who loses nationally supports, as wholeheartedly as a losing politician can, the one who wins—Humphrey can be dumped.

Humphrey cannot shake Johnson, under whom he served and who, in the last analysis, dumped himself. Aside from this stigma, Humphrey is in the anomalous position now of having to rely largely on those Democrats such as the Wall Street director of directors, Sidney Weinberg (who would prefer to have things as little changed as possible), while still trading on his greatly exaggerated reputation as a liberal. In the current situation, a liberal cannot be authentic if he favors what Johnson has been doing in Vietnam, and promises to "fight communism" on the same premises elsewhere if the occasion arises.

Now, Ohio. Lausche was the Administration voice in that primary. In any realistic sense, for years he had not been a Democrat at all, but under that party designation he had been elected governor of Ohio five times before being sent to the Senate. As Maeroff pointed out, he flew with the highest of the hawks until (perhaps with a premonition that it was going to be unhealthy up there) he tried to mollify his critics last summer with a declaration that the United States should stop bombing North Vietnam and take the issue to the United Nations. His other motive was to show up Ho Chi Minh as a warmonger. Before President Johnson went to Canossa, Lausche had once again joined the hawks.

On the record, Gilligan could not compete with Lausche. He was a six-term Cincinnati councilman and a former teacher of modern literature and poetry at Xavier University, and he had served a single term in Congress.

But he had been a dove right along. What this imprecise term means in his case was that, not without some experience in war (he won the Silver Star at Okinawa), he dismissed U.S. military victory in Vietnam as an impossible objective. From the start, he opposed bombing North Vietnam. He said things like, "We had better start marking some limits and reduce the situation to reality, ending our Holy War against communism." Time was when that sentence alone would have insured his defeat, but on the basis of nearly complete returns he had 480,512 votes against Lausche's 379,921.

In short, the political world changes, with the old politics giving place to new. As William Shannon remarked in *The New York Times* on May 6, a quiet revolution is taking place, with the Johnsonian consensus as its first victim. In the improbable event that Humphrey can make it to the White House, he could not reassemble the remnants. As for Kennedy, he has said himself that it is still a long road to the convention, and he shows signs of not wearing well with the American people. McCarthy does stir the discerning, and if he can pick up enough support from the great mass of average, well-meaning but essentially apolitical voters, he may introduce us to a new, creative style in national politics.

The Real Issue

Last month, Britain began to look like a country as tainted with racism as the United States, and indeed it is altogether likely that race conflict will continue for a long time in these and other countries. Yet the basic issue, whether there or here, is not race at all. Race prejudice and hatred are only the conspicuous symptoms of a sickness that is essentially socio-economic; it cannot be cured except by massive injections of social justice.

Between 800,000 and 1 million "colored" (Indians, Pakistanis, black Africans and West Indians) live in Britain—not more than 2 per cent of the population. Yet when Enoch Powell, a right-wing Conservative, called for their "repatriation" and an end to further immigration (for which speech he was promptly fired from the Conservative shadow cabinet), a substantial section of the working class came to his support. It was not a pretty spectacle. Longshoremen struck in protest, sang *Bye-Bye Blackbird* outside Westminster Palace, and shouted, "Keep Britain white!" One member of a group that called on Ian Mikardo, the Labour member representing the east London dock area, screamed, "You'll get nothing out of him, he's a Jew." Mikardo called his assailant a "Fascist," whereupon the delegation emerged from his office protesting that he had applied the term to all of them.

Obviously an ugly situation is in the making, and in England, as among U.S. "ethnic" groups and rednecks, passion against nonwhites runs high. But it must not be overlooked that it is much easier for the educated and affluent to be "tolerant" than it is for Americans newly elevated to the lower middle class, or for British workingmen in the classical sense, whose fathers were workingmen and whose sons will be workingmen. They are the ones with whom the "colored" compete, and often in a

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 21

manner bound to breed resentment. Immigrant workers concentrated in industrial areas in far higher ratios than the overall 2 per cent, are usually cheaper to hire and, as the April 28 London *Observer* puts it, "will sometimes accept working conditions which, in the case of a white, would provoke union action." The *Observer* adds that there is "a degree of sweated labor in the Midlands and the North, where most of the factories that employ more coloreds than whites are found."

In short, the "coloreds" are sweated by the managerial class and hated by the less enlightened white workers, who do not raise a similar outcry against Cypriots, Maltese, New Zealanders, Canadians and Irish; of the last-named alone, 500,000 have come to England since 1945. The "colored" carry a badge of difference and can thus be singled out as targets. Race would be wholly irrelevant, or at least not a prime consideration (sex competition is also sometimes a factor), were it not for the fears and resentments aroused by the economic struggle.

Wherever circumstances stimulate or aggravate competition for status, power and income, this kind of scapegoating is a sure consequence; and the more precarious the situation of the adversaries, the more intense the reaction. The competition need not even be real, nor on a significant scale. The mere threat of a competitive situation can trigger the reaction, and it will then be fed by pre-existing frustrations and hostilities.

The issue cuts across class and party lines to a considerable extent. Not all Tories, by any means, support Enoch Powell—nor do all British workingmen, some of whom are among the most enlightened and class-conscious in the world. But one cannot blink the fact that Powell has strong worker support, as does George Wallace here.

What Britain needs is a further overhauling of its social structure, modernization of its industry (which calls for capital and stopping the "brain drain"—or, alternatively, democratic socialism) and independence of the United States, diplomatically and militarily. Sending every "colored" back to where he came from and barring further entries will not go one centimeter toward solving the complex problem.

Frozen Policy

On May 1, the State Department viewed with "interest and sympathy" recent developments in Czechoslovakia. At that time, Robert J. McCloskey, speaking for the Department, indicated a desire to discuss with the Czechs issues that stand in the way of cordial relations between the two countries. This marks a potentially productive change from the U.S. position that was criticized by *The Washington Post* two weeks earlier (April 14): "For years American officials have called on Communist states to liberalize internally and turn a more independent face to the West, but now that Czechoslovakia is doing this, officials find themselves unprepared to encourage or otherwise respond to the change."

And it is not merely that our State Department people have been unresponsive; the Czechs would have a good case if they accused them of bad faith. The United States

holds 18.4 tons of gold which the Nazis seized from the Czechs in World War II and which we seized from the Nazis. Czechoslovakia has been trying for fifteen years to get that gold back. In 1961, an agreement was reached whereby Czechoslovakia was to compensate the United States for \$12 million of American property it had nationalized, and unfreeze some accounts; in exchange, we would return the gold, worth at that time about \$20 million. The agreement was initialed by the negotiators but never honored by the State Department, which now values the assets nationalized by the Czechs at \$54 million.

Granted that there may be legislative and political difficulties, if the State Department and the President had the will, it is inconceivable that they could not find the way to settle this matter—which in terms of international finance is a trifle. The original agreement should be carried out without further procrastination. Then, as an affirmative, tactful gesture, we should extend a long-term credit to the liberalized Czech Government. They are starved for currency, but the trade possibilities are excellent. The Czechs are not mendicants. They manufacture excellent products that our people would buy, given the chance.

Not only should we do something of this sort immediately but we should do it without the slightest fanfare. The whole procedure should be quiet and unostentatious and not be hailed as a triumph for our diplomacy. Above all, it should not be made to seem an attempt to seduce Czechoslovakia from its alliance with the Soviet Union, for the fact is that the Russians are, and will remain, the predominant military power in that region. On the contrary, Western diplomacy and propaganda should be urging moderation on the Czech hotheads who dream of a necessarily self-defeating uprising against communism. The Czechs can make gains but they cannot turn Eastern Europe upside down. Europe wants no more of a 1956 Hungary, with the U.S. radio calling the "freedom fighters" to arms and then prudently standing aside while the Russian tanks roll over them.

There is a real opportunity here. If we do not grab it, the only possible conclusion is that on our side the interests that want the cold war to go on indefinitely still have the upper hand.

Pity Poor NASA

The inevitable campaign is on to restore to NASA its former prestige and appropriation-cadging ability. NASA has been accustomed to a yearly allotment of \$5 billion, but in the present state of the dollar—and of the country generally—this is being cut, and by all indications will be cut further in future years. There have been and will be no cuts in Apollo, the men-to-the-moon program, but post-Apollo is suffering.

The Nation is never opposed space exploration. Its stand has been, however, that there should be no cold-war race to the moon—that it does not matter whether Americans get there by midnight, December 31, 1969, or at some later date. NASA clings obstinately to the end-of-the-decade goal set by President Kennedy in 1961, an in-

sistence which may well entail some added risk for the astronauts who essay the first flight. As for Mars and Venus, the principal objectives of post-Apollo, it will be no calamity if they are explored by men or instruments a few years later than the NASA promoters would like.

NASA has been busy trying to take evasive action on the cuts in government spending which are in the offing, and several experts have offered more or less rational arguments for their side. It has remained for Wernher von Braun, the famed director of NASA's Marshall Space Center in Alabama, to link the perils of NASA with the perils, as he sees them, of the war on poverty. The other day he warned the Senate Space Committee that if it "bleeds" the space program it will be headed for the status of a "have-not nation" like Britain. "The British," he explained, "built up welfare programs in the '50s while ignoring the burgeoning aerospace technology. Now, they don't have enough money to pay for their welfare programs."

Dr. von Braun is the best man in the country on rocket propulsion, but what he doesn't know about the causes of Britain's economic troubles would fill volumes. He is equally ignorant about Japan. We should be wise, he argues, to emulate Japan, "which showed a deliberate disregard for social welfare programs in the '50s" and now is thriving in shipbuilding and electronics.

He neglects at least four facts: the prosperity of Japanese industry redounds to the advantage of the Japanese capitalists; the bulk of the Japanese people are profoundly dissatisfied with their living standard; Japan has no incipient Negro insurrection on its hands, and Japan has no space program worth mentioning. Dr. von Braun is entitled to do what he can for NASA, but he had better stick to his rockets and avoid forays into statesmanship.

Ecology: Getting Worse

In the last week in April, two newsworthy events took place in New York City. One was the student insurrection at Columbia University, which on April 26 pre-empted about a third of the front page of *The New York Times* and a full inside page. The other was a two-day conference, "Challenge for Survival," held in the elegant precincts of Rockefeller University and at the New York Botanical Garden, which needed and deserved far more public and private attention than it got.

Despite valiant public relations efforts and the attendance of some 300 experts on the conservation (and pollution) of land, air and water, supported by several big names in the scientific and literary worlds, the usually conscientious *Times* responded only with a delayed reaction in the Sunday, May 5, garden section. In contrast, in the May 5 first section the *Times* gave immediate, well-deserved coverage to a May 4 press conference of the National Association for Mental Health, calling attention to the fact that there is a great deal more illness—including mental illness—among the poor.

This illustrates one of the handicaps of ecology: superficially, the human-interest factor is not commensurate with the human importance of the field. But what should interest people more than whether they, and their children,

can survive in the now largely human-made environment? This is no exaggeration. Opening the second day's proceedings, Dr. William C. Steere, director of the Botanical Garden, said that what he had heard on the first day had "scared hell" out of him. At this point, only misuse of land and air had been discussed; water was still to come.

The generally gloomy bionomic picture is slightly relieved by two patches of light. One is that such a conference could have been held at all. Ten years ago, one participant remarked, it would have been inconceivable. Ecology was then a matter almost solely of academic concern, and expense alone would have been an obstacle; this time, however, the National Science Foundation provided supplementary support. The second ray of hope is the fact that industry is beginning to realize that operations which contribute to the degradation of the environment produce bad public relations now and may lead to worse consequences in the future.

Perhaps the greatest service of the symposium was in bringing out the cumulative abuse of the biosphere. The very first speaker quoted F. R. Fosberg on "The Preservation of Man's Environment": "It is entirely possible that man will not survive the changed environment that he is creating, either because of failure of resources, war over their dwindling supply, or failure of his nervous system to evolve as rapidly as the change in environment will require." But this is not a current statement. Fosberg was quoted from *Proceedings of the Ninth Pacific Science Conference*, 1957, and since then the spoliation of nature has gone on apace.

What threatens is not a new malignancy but one that is metastasizing with increasing speed. More than 300 years ago, before Watt invented his steam engine, London was already beset by smoke palls. But that was an exceptional situation; now it is far from exceptional and it gets a good deal of attention, though not nearly enough in proportion to the menace it presents.

The hazards are increased because of the insidious nature of some of the deleterious effects. G. M. Woodwell of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, accustomed to thinking of radioactive substances in terms of half-lives, pointed out that DDT persists with a half-life in excess of ten years, and in that period can have "catastrophic effects on animal populations all over the world."

Similarly, when air pollution reaches disaster levels (the Meuse Valley, Donora, London), it gets into the headlines, but only specialists pay much attention to the lesser concentrations that cause respiratory distress in the susceptible, with perhaps long-term harm to others.

Nor is much attention paid to the role of war in the ruination of the environment. Pierre Dansereau of the New York Botanical Garden said it was difficult for a practicing ecologist "to satisfy himself that some of the modifications of the landscape in Vietnam are not irreversible. . . . Clean agriculture, clean industry, clean urbanization, and clean war are about as clean as our conscience as scientists. . . ."

The New York Botanical Garden and Rockefeller University conference should be an annual event, and the press should feature it according to its actual importance—which is far greater than the public now realizes.

GERMAN STEEPLECHASE

C. AMERY

Bonn

The heavy National Democratic Party (NPD) percentage in the recent Baden-Württemberg state elections (9.8 per cent of the vote) came as no surprise to most German observers. In fact, pre-election polls had indicated that the ultra-right-wing vote might rise to 15 per cent. The most spectacular single cause, so it seemed, was the Easter rioting of the students—or, as it is more accurate to say, of the militant core of the extra-parliamentary opposition. (In true German style it has institutionalized itself by alphabetizing its title: APO for Ausserparlamentarische Opposition.) It is true, no doubt, that the dawn-age reporting and editorializing of the Springer press, pursued now for almost a year, created the atmosphere for the poor madman to shoot Rudi Dutschke; but, unfortunately, it is also true that the APO has compounded its misfortune by fulfilling Axel Springer's dearest wishes. Nothing could have been better for the Hamburg newspaper czar than the ensuing state of emergency whereby reluctant Socialist mayors were forced to defend their "property rights" against brickbatters and arsonists. While Springer is no NPD fan, it is certainly difficult for outside observers to see where the line is drawn. At the very least, an unsuspecting reader of his papers must have come to the conclusion that it was

high time to re-establish "law and order"—i.e., the rule of the night stick.

Closer scrutiny, however, makes one doubt the overall importance of the neo-Nazi backlash factor. Bitter spokesmen of the Social Democrats, who lost most heavily, almost 9 per cent, blamed the trade unions for their setback; and while this is certainly Monday morning quarterbacking, it reveals unease in the party of Willy Brandt and Herbert Wehner. Since it entered the Grand Coalition, the SPD has been losing the rank-and-file support of class-conscious older workers, as well as the allegiance of the turbulent young. But more important for election results, it has become uninteresting to the "old-style indignant," of David Riesman memory, who make up so large a percentage of Germany's population. Distrustful of the present order, haunted by ghosts of Wilhelmian "stability," and threatened in its identity by the emergence of a modern technocratic capitalism, this class (or morass of decaying classes) has produced a considerable oppositional floating vote ever since the founding of the Federal Republic. When the lure of respectability proved overwhelming and the SPD entered the government, it necessarily became part of that establishment which is still highly suspect to the social primitives of the German provinces. The only legitimate opposition party still remaining, the Free Democrats, were somewhat invigorated by the election results (they picked up 2 per cent), but their new style, preached by Rolf Dahrendorf, who is known abroad for his *Democracy and Society in Germany*, is an enlightened liberalism and obviously unacceptable to the authoritarian floaters. In other words, an NPD jump of almost 10 per cent was no more than normal under the circumstances.

Normalcy of that kind is shocking, of course, and Western observers of Germany were right to be shocked. The steady growth of the German neo-Nazis supports another contention of leftist opinion, both in Germany and abroad: that Adenauer's cold-war policies did not overcome but only masked an existing malaise of German consciousness, and that the showdown would come when the obvious need for a Russo-American deal—that is, the common responsibility to maintain the miserable kind of peace we all now endure—ended the artificial union of "solid" and "unsolid" right-wing forces in Germany. The violent spokesmen of the Right, in particular the *Nationalzeitung* und *Soldatenzeitung*, openly favor a complete switch of foreign policy. They advocate concerted pressure by Germany and Peking (!) on the United States and Russia, to "regain" the lost territories in the East and effect other changes dear to their hearts. Harebrained as this sounds, it reveals the deep unease that is fostered by the U.S.-USSR entente.

What, if any, remedies can be applied? It would seem to me that things must become worse before they can become better. Any government that remembers the not so distant past will have to make it clear to Germany that its international credit depends on its internal development; this, in turn, will strengthen the professional haters. But—



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

"Well, Mein Herr, Do You Believe in a N zi Danger in Germany?"

and this is important—those haters themselves depend on an obsolete social consciousness. Both foreign and domestic efforts will have to concentrate on creating the New Germany, a Germany that responds to its technological, social and political realities. All parties, including the Socialists, have dawdled too long, have nursed at least some of the amorphous resentments that lurk in the old corners, have played at least a few motifs of the old Wagnerian score. They have neglected a thorough reform of Germany's educational establishment; they have been content to put up with a system of pork-barreling which costs today almost one-third of the federal budget, and which keeps alive economic and social structures that are unable to advance, but unwilling to die. Ironically, the students who are denounced by Springer and company as the "matriculated mob," have the clearest and most concrete case against this establishment. All their considerable shortcomings—their romantic violence, their yearning for in-group warmth, their mistakes of method and goal of

attack—are sins which they share with their enemies: metahistorical and metapolitical thinking, excessive indulgence in "structural" thought, even a certain *mystique* of bloodshed.

Nevertheless, it is significant that the real violence did not come until the police "counterattacked": law and order has always had a strong advantage in Germany when it has been a question of squelching "rebellion." There remains one indisputable fact: Germany needs students, needs them desperately and fast. If this society does not propose to cut its own throat, it must come to terms with the new Ausserparlamentarische Opposition. It is possible, of course, that the neo-Nazis, who in the last analysis are bent on suicide, will clamor for the universities to be closed—as Franco did close some of them in Spain. But if the establishment has a few more years left to it (as it does), and is not completely blind to its own survival, the German steeplechase may still come up with a legitimate winner.

BATTLE OF CHICAGO

A STUDY IN LAW AND ORDER

JOSEPH L. SANDER

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Chicago

On April 27, a parade-demonstration was held in Chicago. An annual event of the Chicago Peace Council, it was prepared for by months of organization, applications for proper permits, and the eagerness of citizens to express peacefully their feelings about the three topics of deepest concern in the nation's life—peace, racism and poverty. But the city government fears for its image after the recent expression by black people of how they regard local conditions; and those who decide what shall be permitted in Chicago used the Peace Council's mobilization to serve indirect notice on the populace that between now and the Democratic National Convention in August demonstrations against the policies of government will not be tolerated. In a systematic betrayal of contract, permit, verbal agreement and constitutional guarantee, various city agencies made it impossible for more than 5,000 citizens to attain their peaceful objective, and much violence was deliberately provoked and then harshly put down.

Law and order came to mean not the fulfillment of a contract by the Chicago Park District to provide sound equipment so that the demonstrators might be informed of what was happening, but the illegal holding of pedestrians on city sidewalks at the arbitrary discretion of the police for as long as two hours. The duplicity involving the loss of promised sound equipment was not discovered until shortly before the meeting was to begin. Then a visit by the parade committee to the Park District office found

it staffed only by a janitor. Contact was made with the Park District's legal chief, a man named Kerwin, who informed the committee that the sound equipment operators had refused to operate the system, and that union officials at IBEW would not permit supervisory personnel to do so.

In the absence of loud-speakers, there was no way to advise the marchers of last-minute changes in plan brought about by revised rulings from city agencies. This set the stage for what was, to the eye of this reporter, a planned series of provocations that produced the anticipated result of blood on the civic center pavement.

Thus, the paraders started off in the general belief that they were legally entitled to parade the streets to the Civic Center Plaza where they would hear a speech by Alderman A. A. ("Sammy") Rayner of Chicago's Sixth ward. But though permits for the use of the center plaza had been sought, they were rejected on the ground that much needed repairs to the almost new plaza were scheduled for that date. (The repairs turned out to be sidewalk caulking, and the plaza that couldn't have stood a citizen's foot upon it on Saturday was the scene on the following morning of a Shriner's Motorcycle Contingent group exercise and picture posing around the Picasso statue.)

To assure a peaceful assembly and march, Alderman Rayner had secured use of a room in City Hall for the parade committee to meet well in advance with the various agencies who might be involved—the Chicago Park District, the Department of Streets and Sanitation, the Police Department and the Frank M. Whiston company, managers of the Civic Center Plaza (Mr. Whiston is also president of the Chicago Board of Education). But not one official representative of any of those departments re-

sponded to the invitation to plan a peaceful meeting, except the Police Department which sent a man to say, substantially, that the laws of the city would be enforced.

Thus put off in their first attempt to smooth the progress of the parade, the committee met with the Bureau of Streets and Sanitation, which is responsible for parade permits. The committee looked to the Loop area, but another parade had already been scheduled there, and a city ordinance prohibits a second parade in the Loop on the same day. So a compromise was worked out, as neither side wished to take the case to court, the city being concerned lest its parade statutes be declared unconstitutional, and the parade committee being afraid that delays might make it impossible to march at all.

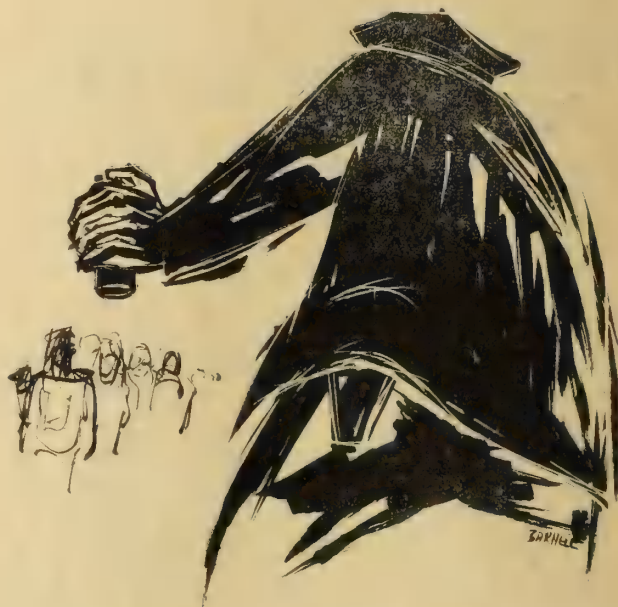
It was agreed that an 11-block parade permit would authorize the demonstration's march along Columbus Drive (in the park) north to Monroe Drive and east to Michigan Avenue. It was also agreed that the police would facilitate the further progress of the marchers, walking on the sidewalks, through the Loop to their destination at the Civic Center Plaza, if the parade committee was willing to accept an assigned route, which it did. For this passage, the paraders were to become pedestrians by legal definition and to require no permit.

No sooner had the first contingent of the paraders turned pedestrians crossed Michigan Avenue when the first arrest was made. Taken into custody was Joe Horton, regional traveler for SDS. The arrest was atypical, as most of those seized later turned out not to be organizational people. It was also interesting because the offender was not moving quickly enough when spoken to by a police officer. Two plain-clothes men grabbed Horton, shouting, "I've got him." In the apparent belief that he had been set upon by hostile onlookers, he twisted out of their grasp, whereupon he was forcibly "subdued" and hustled into a waiting police car.

Far from facilitating the paraders' progress across the Loop, the police held up marchers at stop lights, not just for the ordinary span of a red light, but for span after span, so that the crowd piled up in the streets behind. Then, of course, came the order to stay on the sidewalk. Then the order to make aisles so that cross-pedestrian traffic could get through. This brought confusion to the march, breaking the massive parade into tiny segments that it was hoped would not be so noticeable a blot on the serenity of the city.

After the first few hundred marchers had reached the Civic Center, the police held up further progress of demonstrators on a corner across from the plaza and refused to permit them to leave their ranks. The message was that, since the plaza itself could not be stepped on, no additional demonstrators would be permitted to cross until those already there had dispersed. The law indicated that pedestrians may rightfully continue walking around the plaza sidewalk, and this was the order given by the parade committee. Demonstrators, with a few individual exceptions, respected the polystyrene "ropes" that had been put up. Even after the ropes had parted, the demonstrators did not break their end of the bargain by moving onto the forbidden ground.

It must be borne in mind that the experience of most of the marchers was a continuous betrayal by city and police officials, and that anger and frustration were high by the time the Civic Center area had been reached. When about half of the marchers had made the perilous journey across the last street, the police held up the other half. There was no apparent reason, but they were kept waiting ten or fifteen minutes. This at length became too much to bear, as the police surely knew it must, and a great cry went up from those already at the plaza for the others to join them. Suddenly a rush of people took the police by surprise and broke across Dearborn Street for



the length almost of a city block. The police tried to give chase, but realized the futility and regained what was left of their dignity by continuing to hold back those who had missed the first rush.

One youth, identifiable because of his long hair, was spotted by a policeman whom he had earlier eluded and suddenly, though things had long since quieted down, the boy saw the policeman rushing at him. He began to run and the officer ran after him, beating him on the head with his night stick, and finally brought in his prey. A few people were arrested on the plaza and brought inside the building. One young man who couldn't obey a police order to move because of the crush of people behind him, was arrested and dragged away by two officers, to whom he offered no resistance, while a third sprayed him with Mace en route. Mace could be used even more wantonly, as those arrested discovered. The door of a locked paddy wagon would be opened and an arm would enter, spray Mace inside the wagon, withdraw, and then the door would be shut again on the unventilated space.

Wedge between two policemen near the fountain at the edge of the plaza, Mark DiSuvero, a sculptor who is working temporarily on a major project in Chicago, was wrestled off balance and thrown into the fountain, where he was beaten with clubs and sprayed with Mace before

being arrested. More than half of those arrested report that they were subjected to Mace *after* arrest. One person said that Mace was used on him as he lay strapped to a stretcher inside a Fire Department ambulance that was taking him to the hospital.

After some time, the police apparently felt that the period for the assembly had run out; they formed a wedge and began to push along the sidewalk and across the plaza, moving forward faster than people could reasonably move backward. Many fell and as fast as they did so were clubbed, kicked, and physically and verbally abused by police officers. Onlookers who protested the action soon became targets themselves.

After the immediate area had been cleared, the police hunted in posses through the Loop, beating and arresting many whose buttons identified them as march participants. Many officers removed their badges and name plates for this action. Newsmen and TV crews were frequently ordered to "get those cameras out of here!" Often, too, a uniformed police officer would step before the camera to prevent its recording the actual descent of a raised club. At one such post-demonstration encounter at the corner of Randolph and State Streets, an officer in a riot helmet, furious because the street was not cleared fast enough, ordered the driver of a halted station wagon to drive right into the crowd. The motorist started forward and knocked down two girls before regaining sanity. About ten arrests were made at this point, several from among onlookers who had not been involved until they saw how law and order was working to protect them. A photographer from the Chicago *Sun-Times* was beaten and had his clothes torn when he tried to take a picture of a woman who had been knocked to the sidewalk, and a reporter on assignment from the City News Bureau likewise suffered a policeman's night stick.

There were about sixty-three arrests, some fourteen of them women. Prisoners were held uniformly for almost seven hours before being permitted to make that important phone call. At no point after arrest or booking were their rights explained to them. No prisoner was brought before a judge to plead for release on his own recognizance, but a uniform bond of \$1,000 was set for each. Charges were either disorderly conduct or resisting arrest; a few included attacking a police officer. At no point after the arrests were any prisoners confronted by the arresting officer, and many of those taken up at State and Randolph were booked for resisting arrest at the Civic Center. A further abuse of civil rights was the locking of all outside doors of the Central Police Station, thus excluding for hours those who appeared with bail money. Despite the Chicago Police Department's much boasted automation of procedures, male prisoners began to be released on bail at about 3 A.M. the following day; none of the female prisoners had been seen by 4:30.

Those arriving with bail money were kept in a chairless vestibule that was small and crowded, although inside the booking area four times as much space was available. At intervals a belligerent sergeant would come out and shout that everyone would have to crowd against the walls to keep the aisle clear or he would have all wait outside in

the cold. Inasmuch as very few people entered or left the building, the order was regarded as malicious. Tired from waiting in this cheerless spot for five hours, one young man sat down, and the officer made a special trip out to make him stand and to ask him if he thought this was a hotel.

It was the feeling of at least one member of the parade committee that the city government is trying to get across the message that it will not tolerate peaceful demonstrations by local citizens and that any who try to make their grievances known to the public will be made to wish they hadn't. Clark Kissinger, staff co-ordinator of the April Parade Committee, observed that "by making a non-violent protest impossible, they make a violent one inevitable." He expressed the view that the citizens of Chicago have entered "a new period of a general suspension of constitutional guarantees."

Current city policy seems to have been made clear by both statement and action. Chicago will shoot to kill its arsonists, shoot to maim its looters, and beat into submission those who seek peaceful demonstration of their oppositional social or political feelings. The reality of law and order will not be permitted, but its form will be maintained and its letter enforced.

It may be that the city fathers now think this message has been driven home, or perhaps the reactions of Chicagoans who had been present or seen the brutality on TV suggested that the education in civic docility was being pressed too fast. In any case, a permit was issued for another peace demonstration at the Civic Center Plaza on the following Saturday.

The turnout was somewhat less for this hasty event, perhaps 3,000, but the spirit was jubilant and the change of police attitude was striking. Remembering the events of the previous week, it was almost comical to imagine what orders must have been issued to cause a police lieutenant to pick up a bullhorn and say: "Would you gentlemen please step off the street so a car doesn't hit you?" Or a patrolman at the busy corner where the marchers turned into the plaza to appeal to the applauding onlookers: "C'mon fellas, please move back."

Of course, the plaza was again covered with plain-clothes men, identifiable in Chicago—should you miss the bulge of the revolver over the right hip—by a small green button worn on (or under) the coat lapel. Much of the previous week's action was undertaken by these men, who now just stood together and talked, believing themselves unobtrusive.

Across from the plaza, the movie cameras of Chicago's "Red Squad" were trained on the crowd. Additional photos were taken by a plain-clothes man, dressed as a participant (except for the green button), who stood facing the marchers and got his shots head-on and up close. He was noticeably immune to all suggestions by the patrolmen that the crowd move back.

Summing up the entire two-stage event was a sign scrawled on a window shade and carried as a banner: "This is a lawful, orderly demonstration of Chicagoans." One still must wait to know whether this lesson or the lesson of Mace will prevail in Chicago.

On Maneuvers with the Red Army

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith spent eight months in Russia as writer-producer of Comrade Soldier, a one-hour portrait of the Russian GI, to be shown on the A.B.C. network early this summer. Mr. Smith and the television crew were the first Americans to live and work in Soviet Army camps since World War II.

I was on the training ground of the First Motorized Rifle Regiment, not far from the old Cossack town of Novocherkassk in southern Russia. In summertime the Don countryside, its fields filled with golden sunflowers, resembles a page torn from a Tolstoy romance. But we were surrounded by the grim business of battle training. Although it was a blistering 90 in the shade, the Levchenko platoon, AKM rifles slung across their shoulders, were charging the half-mile obstacle course as though their lives depended on it. After a bit, their platoon commander, 22-year-old Sascha Levchenko, gave them a rest. One of the draftees had brought along his guitar. In the warm shade of the poplar trees the young soldiers sprawled on the grass singing army songs and smoking *paperossi*, the peculiar-looking cardboard filter cigarettes favored by many Russians. Beyond the tree line was a collective farm, field after field filled with drooping sunflowers. As I walked its boundary with Levchenko I told him that his platoon's dash and *esprit* reminded me of our own elite First Cavalry. "We are not elite troops," said Levchenko, "but I think we are much better than your soldiers."

Pride and patriotism are characteristics of the modern Soviet Army, a professionally led citizen army which celebrated its 50th anniversary this spring. No accurate figures are available, but it is conservatively estimated that the Soviets spend more than one-third of their national budget on defense. The USSR literally bristles with military might. Behind the draft army of 2 million are millions of trained reserves which can be mobilized within forty-eight hours. The Soviets manage this by training every able-bodied man after his 18th birthday, and enlisting him after active duty in both the national reserve and the unique network of para-military "sports clubs" that are a basic feature of Soviet life.

From the shaky beginnings fifty years ago, when 38-year-old Leon Trotsky organized the Red Army of Workers and Peasants, to Marshal Andrei Grechko's present-day nuclear-armed Soviet army, the iron principle which has always motivated the ordinary Russian soldier is that the Soviet Army defends the people. Around the staff of the red banner that stands, glass encased, in the vestibule of Moscow's Frunze Military Academy are marble plaques. Each plaque recalls a campaign that Lenin's army has fought, and the sequence starts with Budenny's defeat of the White Army at Voronezh in October, 1919. The names graven on marble have a familiar ring: Stalingrad, Kharkov, Kursk, Moscow, Kiev. Such battles fought in defense of the soil of Mother Russia have given the army a place of special affection in the eyes of ordinary Soviet citizens.

Because of this heroic tradition, the army believes it

possesses a soul and that its essence is the spirit of the Soviet people. Sooner or later, a visitor who catches the extraordinary national pride of the army begins to wonder aloud: "What makes these young soldiers such fervent patriots?" When I asked Lieutenant Levchenko, he said: "All my men are, like myself, postwar babies. We grew up in the ruins left by the Hitlerites. We played in the rubble of war. When our parents spoke of the war, it was a war that took place in our streets and parks. It destroyed everything that our revolution had built." Levchenko continued: "Most of us feel an obligation to our parents' generation."

So it is not surprising that the Communist Party has encouraged army planners to maintain and strengthen the bonds forged in wartime between the people and the soldiers. Hardly a town in the Soviet Union is without an army-owned Park of Culture and Rest or an army community center. The Soviet Army does not (like the United States Army) expect the civilians to entertain them; it entertains the public with literally hundreds of army-led choirs, dance troupes and theatre companies. During last summer's 50th anniversary celebrations, Western military specialists were astonished to see—following the formidable rockets—an entire company of Soviet soldiers marching through the Red Square with *small children* on their shoulders carrying flowers.

Such extraordinary goings-on seem perfectly natural to a Russian. On a scale altogether novel in conventional military thought, the Soviet Army has been constructed around its many associations with ordinary people. Each unit in the Soviet Army is "twinned" to a particular factory or farm collective. I couldn't help noticing that Levchenko's platoon seemed especially fortunate. Their civilian partner was a Rostov-on-Don garment factory with a labor force of teen-age girls. Their barracks-room bulletin board was crowded with photographs and messages describing the "Socialist achievements" of Tania and Natasha and the rest of the girls.

The comradely attitude, the *local* view of things, is no artificial creation of the Soviet leadership; it arises realistically enough from the fact that the army's chief role is at home. The great preponderance of the Soviet Union's 140 army divisions are stationed inside its own borders. Moreover, they have been there since 1945. Soviet strategists, unlike our global-minded military thinkers, stick to an old-fashioned belief that the best way to defend your own country is to stay on its soil.

Logically, if only because it has the manpower and resources, the army is called upon from time to time to help out the civilian sector. Thus, when a shattering earthquake half destroyed Tashkent two years ago, the army restored essential services. And not only did army units rebuild the bridges; they also restored damaged roads and apartment houses. Army labor is used to help bring in the wheat harvest; and *Trud*, the labor newspaper, not long ago carried a glowing article on how a unit of army engineers broke up an ice jam by the simple

process of mortaring the obstruction. But the use of the army for economic functions undeniably creates a conflict between politics and professionalism. I mentioned this to a Soviet general one day, and he muttered in disgruntlement that *his* "first consideration is given to military affairs, techniques and specialist work."

Like the U.S. Army, the Soviet Army relies on the draft for its manpower needs. But in sharp contrast to our army, there are no "Re-up" signs in any Soviet barracks. The long-term soldier is a rarity and, except for rocket troops, re-enlistment is discouraged. The USSR is more rigid about its draft law than is the United States. Military service is the duty—the Soviet Constitution calls it the "sacred duty"—of every citizen. There are no grounds whatsoever for conscientious objection. A draft resister, if a person so declared himself, would be liable to criminal arrest, not by the local police but by the State Security Police. The details are spelled out in a formidable document known as the Draft Law of Universal Military Service. Military preparedness is the underlying theme of its 104 separate articles. When it comes to national security, the Soviets never confuse peace with pacifism. "The first precept of our policy, the first lesson," wrote Lenin nearly fifty years ago, "is to be on the alert, to remember that we are surrounded by people, classes, governments, who openly express the utmost hatred for us."

The 28-year-old draft law was revised last year. Among many changes, student deferments were tightened. Full-time military instructors were introduced into the nation's 36,000 high schools. The draft age was lowered from 19 to 18. About the only item of good news for Soviet youngsters was that the active duty requirement was cut from three years to two, reflecting the more intensive pre-service training requirements. A Soviet youth's military obligation is, in essence, a three-part contract: pre-service training, active duty and reserve duty until the age of 50. A Russian draftee will have done his "boot-camp" training in his spare time, and when he is called up he will be sent directly to his assigned military unit.

It is impossible to understand how the Russian Army runs without some knowledge of DOSAAF (Voluntary Defense Organization for the Soviet Army, Navy and Air

Force), the military-patriotic society in which a future Soviet draftee does his pre-service training. Put simply, DOSAAF is the mass defense organization of the nation, a kind of National Guard, Civil Air Patrol and Navy League, all rolled into one.

Parachute jumping, motorcycling, rifle shooting, rocket and flying clubs are entwined in the social fabric of every town and hamlet like an ivy vine; from the flourishing leaves of this vine, wherever one pulls, up pops DOSAAF. At least four cosmonauts began their careers in DOSAAF air clubs: Pavel Popovich, Valery Bykovsky, Yuri Gagarin and the world's only woman cosmonaut, Valentina Tereshkova. "My road to outer space," wrote Gagarin, "began at the Saratov Air Club where skilled instructors inspired me with a passion for flying and helped me find my vocation." DOSAAF's influence is multiplied in many ways: its membership organizes film festivals, book discussions on patriotic themes, visits to civil war and World War II battlefields. In a sense, DOSAAF merchandises national pride, and it does so with the vigor that Proctor & Gamble reserves for the marketing of Tide. To put it mildly, patriotism is encouraged in the Soviet Union. By the time a boy joins the army he is expected to have earned DOSAAF's "Defense of the Motherland" certificate, a parchment sheet emblazoned with red banners testifying to his successes in his military-patriotic education.

To get a feel of what life is like for a Soviet GI, consider the case of Pvt. Anatoly Sezoninko. A draftsman in the Dzerzhinsky Tractor Factory in Volgograd, Sezoninko was inducted last autumn. At the factory he earned between 90 and 100 rubles a month, and since he lived with his parents most of his pay went into his pocket. The two-year army hitch will make a big change in his spending habits. As the newest member of the Levchenko platoon, his pay is only 3 rubles a month, which is about 10c a day. From this, Sezoninko is expected to buy his own toiletries and sewing needs. Curiously, none of the draftees I talked with seemed upset by their low pay. Sezoninko asked me: "Why should we profit from doing our duty? After all, we are fully supported." What was the worst thing about army life? The soldiers laughed. "No vodka!" said one. Soviet soldiers are expected to be



teetotal during their army service, but one draftee confided to me, "We get plenty of 'milk' in parcels from home."

One misconception about the Soviet Army is that it is undisciplined. The privates do, of course, call their officers "comrade" but they are quick to add the officer's rank after the fraternal greeting. Soldiers are taught to salute not only their officers but also their NCOs. They are not allowed to answer simply *Da* or *Nyet*. Instead they must stand rigid and respond *Yest!* (So it is!) or *Nikak nyet!* (No, certainly!). The weekend pass is unknown; a soldier is allowed only one ten-day leave during his active duty, and this is a privilege, not a right, which can be revoked for poor behavior. For Sezoninko, a typical day in the Levchenko platoon begins at 6 A.M. and ends sixteen hours later at 10 P.M. It is a six-day workweek. Sunday is in theory a day of rest. More often than not, it is a sports day and if the platoon is not participating it is expected to provide "comradely" support for the boys on the field. The translated Russian word for this kind of thing is "voluntary-obligatory." If a soldier smokes, he pays nothing for his cigarettes. Nonsmokers get an increased ration of sugar or candy in lieu of tobacco. For married men, army life is tough. There are no allotments for those without children. Those with children get only a tiny allowance; mothers are expected to put their children in a day nursery and work. In his rare moments away from the barracks and the training field, a Soviet GI must keep in mind item 44 in the Red Book of Regulations: "The serviceman is obliged constantly to set an example of high culture, modesty and self-control, strictly to observe the requirement of Communist ethics and behave with dignity in public places and on the street." I began to understand, after reading through the Red Book, why Soviet soldiers will go to almost any lengths to get a bottle of "milk" from home. It is for the same reason that recruits at Fort Dix sneak off post to have a hamburger and listen to the juke box at the Paradise restaurant.

Red Star, for anyone who remembers *Stars & Stripes*, has to be read to be believed. This newspaper of the Soviet armed forces can be bought at any newsstand, and all army bases have at least one copy posted up in a glass-fronted case. In Novocherkassk I seldom saw anyone reading it. Indeed, it is hard to imagine the ideal reader of *Red Star*, except that he must possess a dogged perseverance. The KILLS WOMAN, BURNS BODY style of headline writing is not for *Red Star*. The one before me has for a main head: TRIUMPH OF THE IDEAS OF LENINISM, THE IDEAS OF OCTOBER. Below this as the lead story is the complete text of a long speech given by a party functionary in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. Embedded in the text like stones in a river are quotations from Lenin. Every so often the awful monotony is broken by the phrase "stormy applause." Elsewhere on page 1 is a fuzzy picture of soldiers harvesting grain under the caption: LET EVERY HECTARE BE GATHERED! No other reference is made to the topic. Page 2 is devoted to another speech, this one given by an artillery general. The rest of the paper is taken up with the "brilliant successes" of various military units, the power of positive thinking

reaching an apogee of sorts with NOVEMBER 19 IS HOLIDAY OF ROCKET TROOPS AND ARTILLERY: CONGRATULATIONS MASTERS OF FORMIDABLE WEAPONS! Close examination reveals that the amount of real news in *Red Star* is distributed in about the same proportion as gold in *Danziger goldwasser*, one part in 10,000. And this at a time when there is such ferment and vitality in Soviet literary life.

Though the army is run on the idea that it is a people's army, a visitor is struck more by the differences between officers and men than by the similarities. It is a draft army led by an almost wholly professional officer corps. In contrast to the other ranks, officers are well paid. Junior Lieutenant Levchenko's base pay of 160 rubles a month is *sixteen* times more than a master sergeant earns, *fifty-three* times more than Private Sezoninko earns. He too is "fully supported." In addition to his pay, he is clothed by the army, fed by a military cooperative, and enjoys the use of the army's sports facilities for his leisure. His medical and dental care cost him nothing, and he and his wife Tamara—like all Soviet citizens—get a month's paid vacation once a year. In their case, they take it at an army rest center. By comparison with civilian standards, Sascha Levchenko is already part of the nation's elite. As a junior grade officer he earns more than a doctor or a lawyer in, say, Rostov-on-Don. In return, he works hard, much harder than his American counterpart. It is not only that he must meet his day-to-day military responsibilities. As a candidate member of the Communist Party he must attend cell meetings, watch the political health of his platoon, participate in community and army social life and pursue his technical education. Levchenko was born in the Cossack town of Ordzenikidze in 1945. He entered the Moscow Military Officers School at 17. His father, a military lawyer, retired from the army not long ago. Levchenko told me his biggest ambition in life is eventually to enter the famed Frunze Academy in Moscow. To do that he will have to be very bright indeed.

The goal of Soviet officer training is to produce a commander who acts, thinks, and leads his troops on the basis of a Marxist-Leninist view of the world. "Without a scientific approach and Marxist methodology," wrote Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, "there can be no scientific leadership of troops in modern conditions. The graduate must understand well that his knowledge is worth little unless, in applying it in practice, he constantly shows himself to be a militant fighter for the application of Communist ideals." The whole stress is political motivation. No one who spends any time with the Soviet Army can fail to be impressed by the hours that soldiers and officers alike spend studying. The pedagogical tone is imposing.

Of the more than twenty full-time military universities in the Soviet Union, easily the best known is in Moscow—the Frunze Academy, named after Mikhail Frunze, the great military theorist of the Revolution. It is occasionally described as Russia's West Point, but that is a misnomer. To enter the prestigious Frunze Academy, an officer must have the rank of Company Commander (Captain) or



better. Order of the Day No. 47 of the Revolutionary Military Council published on October 7, 1918, stated that the academy had "to give not only a higher military and exhaustive special education but also, as far as possible, a broad general education to enable the persons finishing it to occupy staff and command post and interpret all questions pertaining to political, social and international life."

As the oldest Soviet military academy, it is generally acknowledged to be the single most influential educational force in the army, and its graduates—who are entitled to wear blue and white diamond-shaped badges on their tunics—have a special status all over the Soviet Union. It is attached directly to the General Staff through the Army Historical Section, a little-known "think tank" that specializes in the kind of advanced military thinking that Americans associate with the RAND Corporation and Herman Kahn.

A brisk seven-minute walk from the center of Moscow, the Frunze Academy is a fourteen-story dun-colored building that faces a quiet park not far from the Kremlin. In contrast to West Point, where anyone may wander around the open campus, getting into the Frunze is not simple. Passes are scrutinized closely, both entering and leaving. Inside, the beeswaxed corridors are lined with statues of czarist generals and oil paintings of World War II Soviet generals. I noticed that Marshal Zhukov had a place of honor, and a staff captain told me that "the old boy still comes to see us when he isn't too busy with his fishing." He told my friends and me that we were the first visitors from the United States since 1945. The assistant commandant of the Frunze, a one-star general, took us up several flights of red-carpeted marble stairs to his office. Over fresh fruit and Narzan water—Soviet hospitality is hard to avoid—he told us a little about the academy.

The Frunze has "around" 2,000 students; he wasn't prepared to give a precise figure. These are the elite among field grade officers and marked for higher command. Among them are a smattering of rising foreign officers from the Warsaw Pact countries. When I asked

what was the motto of the academy, his reply was quick: "We do not specialize in mottoes. If we had one, it would be Vladimir Ilich's [Lenin's] advice: 'Study, study, and study.'" Later he took us on a tour of the classrooms. We rode up to the ninth floor in an old-fashioned "pater-noster"; an open-faced dumb-waiter elevator that you step briskly in and out of as it goes up and down on an endless chain. What impressed me first about the classes was the stern, old-fashioned teacher-pupil relationship. There was certainly nothing Socratic about the teaching method. The students, most of them in their late and middle 30s, sat in stiff rows, elbow touching elbow, facing the teacher. He talked, they made notes. I noticed further the enormous preoccupation with World War II. The corridors are lined with maps, diagrams and photographs of the big battles—Stalingrad-Kursk, Volga-Don and the battle for Moscow. Predictably, the class in tactics that we sat through was discussing the final onslaught on Berlin, where as the colonel-instructor told the rapt audience, "fascism was crushed."

Two months spent with the Soviet Army provides plenty of surprises. I had never known that Soviet soldiers don't wear socks, that instead they bind their feet in cloth strips called *portyanki*; that Defense Minister Andrei Grechko earns a remarkable 4,000 rubles (\$4,400) a month salary; that Soviet Army mess halls have a "birthday table," where the mess sergeant provides a birthday cake and special lunch in honor of a soldier's birthday.

I was mildly surprised to see Soviet soldiers kneeling in prayer in Zagorsk Cathedral; I was startled to see them dancing a wild Gypsy dance, arm in arm in a Rostov-on-Don restaurant, and dumfounded to watch them give up their seats in the Moscow Metro when a group of NCOs boarded the train. In Soviet Army slang, mess-hall soup is "shrapnel," and, since he assigns work, the duty soldier is known as the "soup ladle." I knew that the Soviet Army was equipped with 500-seater "air buses"; I was amazed to hear that in the Soviet Far East the army continues to use camels for transportation. I



was aware that American troops fought side by side with Soviet troops in the battle for Berlin. I was astounded to learn that there is an American military cemetery in Siberia, a grim keepsake from the days when President Wilson sent an expeditionary force ("The Polar Bears") in a misguided attempt to stifle the Russian Revolution.

I still find it hard to believe that there is no mention in any Soviet Army textbook of the man who founded the Red Army—Leon Trotsky, a public relations ploy akin to striking George Washington out of the American Revolution.

I shall end on an optimistic note. Though they support the second largest army in the world, the Soviets have a genuine horror of war. Kremlinologists are generally agreed on one point: that a third world war, fought with nuclear weapons, has no role in Soviet national aims—any more than it has in those of the United States. The nuclear fact has stalemated both Washington and Moscow. Moreover, geography, long the Soviet Union's strategic ace in the hole, will be made meaningless by the orbital bomb. For the Americans and Russians alike,

death in any future war will come in a split second.

It has occurred to me that the presence of this huge home army is in itself an encouraging sign. The Soviets make it work for the state's goals in a dozen diverse ways—from ceremonial parades, to its mighty economic role, to its chief duties as a Communist training school for the manpower of the nation. Also it is a powerful morale booster. As I traveled about Russia last summer I kept noticing two billboards, always side by side. The first showed a mother holding a child and was captioned: "For Their Sake We Must Have Peace." The second depicted a steel-helmeted soldier with bayonet fixed: "Ready for the Defense of the Motherland." Almost mortally damaged in 1941, the progress of the revolution Lenin began is still unfinished business inside Russia. The Soviet leadership is showing signs of accommodating itself to the human dimensions of this goal. Meantime most Soviet citizens feel good when they pass a company of soldiers working on one of the dozens of building sites that nowadays ring Soviet cities. Why not? They strike an American visitor as an eminently sensible use of the military mind.

SERVICE FOR WHAT?

MILKING THE PENSION FUNDS

IRVING and JUDITH T. YOUNGER

Mr. and Mrs. Younger are lawyers, both on the faculty of New York University School of Law. Mr. Younger was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Private welfare and pension funds have reached a rich maturity. Their assets as of the end of 1966 stood at more than \$94 billion, and by 1981 will approach \$250 billion. With prosperity has come a certain roughness, disclosures of which have left Congress, like a loving but worried parent, wondering what to do next. For example:

On January 20, *The New York Times* reported that the National Maritime Union had assessed an annual "service charge" on retired members as a requirement for continued receipt of their pensions. "What services?" one must ask. The cost of pensions for retired NMU members, including all administrative expenses, is borne entirely by employers. Despite the vociferous complaints of dissident union members, the NLRB has held that such a charge is not an unfair labor practice, and the Department of Labor has opined that it does not violate existing statutes.

In 1966, the Senate Committee on Government Operations disclosed that George Barasch, an official of the Teamsters Union and other locals, had capitalized on apathetic union membership, unalert management co-trustees, and timely amendments to the trust deeds (dictated by himself) to transfer almost \$5 million from welfare funds to four membership corporations consisting of Barasch and selected friends and relatives.

Also in 1966, the same Senate committee described the capers of Jack McCarthy, formerly a union official and now secretary-treasurer of a labor relations consulting firm. McCarthy had set up dental and optical services purportedly for union members, the money coming from welfare funds. The hitch was that, instead of supplying dentistry and eyeglasses, McCarthy's services remitted the money to McCarthy, two doctors and five bookies (see "The Thumb in Labor's Soup," *The Nation*, January 22). In a softer moment, McCarthy lent welfare funds to a firm in which he was a partner, and used the funds to buy a building for his mother.

Hastily responding to the obvious need for some kind of action, Senators Javits, McClellan and Yarborough and Congressman Perkins have introduced several bills that would subject the administration of private welfare and pension funds to federal regulation by:

(1) Converting all such funds, whatever the form in which they were established, into trusts.

(2) Limiting the use of fund assets to benefit payments and reasonable administrative expenses.

(3) Decreeing that all persons who exercise any authority over fund assets are fiduciaries, and holding them to the standard of that favorite legal personality, the ordinarily prudent man.

(4) Prohibiting funds and fiduciaries from self-dealing.

(5) Making fiduciaries civilly liable for losses occurring through their failure to measure up to the required standard, and criminally liable for willful breaches.

(6) Appointing the federal courts as surrogates to super-

vise the administration of private welfare and pension funds.

Though commendable in purpose, these measures are unwise. They set up a prudent-man standard and open the federal courts to proceedings to enforce that standard. Yet the President's Committee on Corporate Pension Funds and Other Private Retirement and Welfare Programs "doubts whether a major problem is the lack of appropriate standards of prudence." These have long been established in law and in custom. The problem is rather one of securing their vigorous and certain enforcement. To place this burden on federal shoulders is not necessarily to solve it. A federal judge possesses no magical powers unknown to his brother on the state bench.

Federal courts have traditionally declined to act as surrogates and, in view of their already jammed calendars, are not likely to crow with delight at the prospect of riding herd on the administration of the nation's welfare and pension funds. Nor have the states defaulted on their duty to put an end to the abuses that have come to light. Despite the rulings of the NLRB and the Department of Labor, the New York State Insurance and Banking Department on March 1 persuaded the NMU to stop collecting the "service charge." The supreme court in New York County has sustained a challenge by dissident NMU members to the legality of the "service charge." And the New York State Insurance Department had started proceedings to recover the funds that were diverted by Jack McCarthy before the McCellan committee's investigation got under way.

All of which is not to say that Congress should do nothing. On the contrary, there is much for it to do in place of the trite and irrelevant measures at present pending before it. A single step would go far toward resolving the problems of conversion of fund assets—Congress should limit the choice of fund administrators to banks and insurance companies, already strictly regulated by law.

More fundamentally, Congress should take advantage of the enormous social possibilities asleep in the assets of private welfare and pension funds by passing legislation designed to foster community conscience in those responsible for the creation and management of the funds. Rich men without convictions are a menace, and the private welfare and pension funds are nothing if not rich. This stupendous wealth belongs, of course, to the millions of employees who must receive benefits out of it. But Congress can safeguard employees' interests while causing the wealth to be invested in ways that benefit society. Imagine what would happen if 50 per cent of the funds' assets were to be invested in job training for the hard-core unemployed, or in slum clearance or in urban renewal. About \$50 billion could be available at once, and \$110 billion by 1981. The means to bring this about are not unknown to Congress. The Housing Act of 1968, now under debate, provides for "federally guaranteed cash flow debentures" to encourage investment in new towns. Similarly, Congress might guarantee principal and a limited return on any investment by a welfare or pension fund in a socially desirable enterprise (such as job training, slum clearance, etc.), and deny tax benefits to any fund which did not invest,

say, 50 per cent of its assets in such enterprises. The cost to government would be negligible, any outlays pursuant to the guarantee probably being balanced by increased tax collections from noncomplying funds. Capital in staggering amounts would be released for investment in domestic reconstruction: capital in amounts that simply cannot otherwise be found—without, that is, tyrannical taxation or instant withdrawal from Vietnam.

With such an opportunity before it, Congressional imagination labors and brings forth the idea of turning federal judges into surrogates.

LETTERS (Continued from page 650)

believe that Lukacs encourages taking liberties with epochal and institutionally historical "facts" such as Dr. Aptheker finds confirmed in Nat Turner's experience. Lukacs encourages nothing of the kind; he brands as subjectivism efforts to deform or deny the typical patterns of relationships in an epoch.

Thus some researched facts may be incidental or untypical and, therefore, may actually interfere with the imaginative writer's task and achievement. Still other facts, due to their larger representativeness, may be vital to recreating a historical moment; and where facts of this order are not known, or are inappropriate to the deeply historical imagination, they should be invented. But are the recorded facts of Turner's source of education, his family relationships, or the absence of blacks fighting his forces, incidental? Or untypical? Unfortunately, Lukacs offers Styron no comfort when it comes to a distortive "imagination" of "facts" of this order. Lee Baxandall

juxtaposition

Forest Hills, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: At one point Grant McConnell ["New Politics of Conviction," *The Nation*, Apr. 8] writes: "If, for example, you are a black man and concerned with human dignity, the time may come when you are prepared to kill or be killed. Or if you are white and determined to protect the purity of your women from the vilest of threats, you may do the same."

In this unfortunate juxtaposition, McConnell tends to equate the legitimate aspiration of the black man for human dignity with the false, inflammatory battle cry of the arrant racists, lending as much credibility to the latter as to the former. It may be that McConnell meant the phrase about "vilest of threats" to refer only to a belief on the part of some people to that effect, but this objective statement, following an objective, contrasting statement, does not convey that meaning. James H. Durkin

not so in Greece

East Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Recent political and social developments in Czechoslovakia have been viewed with hope and renewed expectation by people in the United States. In contrast, it is lamentable that a year has gone by since a ruthless military dictatorship was established in Greece . . . This suppression of personal and collective freedoms has created widespread discontent among the Greek people, and reports of armed resistance have already appeared in the Western press. We therefore feel that the free world must act now if a new Vietnam, this time in Europe, is to be avoided.

John P. Henderson, Professor of Economics
Michigan State University

Church, State, and Money for Schools

WALLACE I. ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts is a reporter on the Providence Journal-Bulletin.

The last few months in Rhode Island education have been among the most lively since Roger Williams, after escaping officials with intolerant theological views in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, began his experiment in the complete separation of church and state. Soaring and often wasted educational budgets and the rising proportion of state revenues going to aid for local schools have produced in Rhode Island and five other states carefully coordinated campaigns to demand that public tax money be used to subsidize private and parochial schools. In Rhode Island and Michigan the fight is dead for the present, but the issue almost certainly will be resurrected next year. In Pennsylvania and Louisiana, the debate is now in progress, and in Ohio and New Hampshire, the groundwork is being laid for campaigns in the next few months.

The issue is hard cash, not bus rides, lunches, textbooks or some equally equivocal service which in the past has enabled supporters to skirt the church-state issue on the ground that the aid was legal for safety reasons or that it was aid which directly benefited the child, not the institution. The organization that has planned the six-state thrust is Citizens for Educational Freedom, a national organization with headquarters in Washington, where in the past it has lobbied against federal aid to education unless it contained, as did the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, provisions offering financial help to students in nonpublic schools.

CEF, claiming 250,000 members in all fifty states, contends that it is a nonpartisan, nonsectarian and nonprofit group of parents; but, if only because 91 per cent of the children in nonpublic schools attend Catholic parochial schools, the nonsectarian disclaimer is academic and has given rise to observations, by the Episcopal bishop of Rhode Island, among others, that the organization is a front for the Catholic Church.

Such statements injected a bit of anti-papist heat into the debates on CEF-sponsored legislation in Rhode Island and Michigan, where the states would be required to give parents of children in private and parochial schools money that could be spent only to pay tuitions. Legislators in both states have found the issue too hot to handle and have quietly buried the bills in committees. They also found the proposals expensive; the Rhode Island bill, which would have helped 47,000 children, had a first year cost estimate of \$6 million, and the Michigan bill would have cost an estimated \$25 million.

Although shelved in two states, CEF has a chance to get substantial aid from the Pennsylvania legislature because the CEF state chapter has become a potent force in local politics. The particular forms given the CEF bills in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania indicate that although the drive is national, it is geared to local situations. The Rhode Island CEF bill, unlike the one in Michigan and

those planned for Ohio and Louisiana, has no specific dollars-per-child limit. It is geared to the state's progressive, open-ended formula for public school aid. As the amount of money spent by the state for each child gradually increases with local school expenditures, the tuition aid would also rise and would always equal about half of the state per-pupil support.

The Pennsylvania bill, on the other hand, is not even a tuition aid proposal, but would set up a special state authority to provide an estimated \$25 million to "purchase services" for nonpublic schools, such as paying for instruction in secular subjects taught by state-certified teachers. The reason for this approach is that the authority device was upheld by local courts when it was used by a public school district to finance school construction.

All the CEF campaigns have been or promise to be highly organized, well financed from local sources, and unabashedly blunt in their politics. The state chapters use letter-writing campaigns and establish speaker services to drum up support. The Ohio drive is also planning to use the one successful tactic that emerged from CEF's failure last year to have the Blaine amendment prohibiting aid to nonpublic schools omitted from the New York State constitution. The Ohio CEF units plan in September to question all the candidates for November election to the legislature on their positions as to tuition aid bills. A similar poll of the candidates for the New York Constitutional Convention produced endorsement of the repeal from 75 per cent of the candidates.

Aside from the politics, the controversies over the CEF-sponsored legislation have raised some irrelevant non-issues and ignored some real problems facing both public and nonpublic education. For instance, the child-benefit theory which CEF uses to avoid the constitutional separation of church and state, is a legal fiction. The aid is going to the schools; the parents are only a funnel, and even CEF has acknowledged this in the preamble to the Rhode Island bill, which contains a long section describing the financial crisis of the state's private and public schools. CEF also argues that the church-state issue is not a constitutional problem but a "political" one, and that appears reasonable, except that it would seem to call for changing the Constitution by legitimate political processes rather than by subverting it.

Even more important, however, is that proponents of the bill maintain that private and parochial schools will be forced out of business if the bills are not passed, thus dumping hundreds of thousands of children into the already overburdened public school systems. Opponents contend that if the aid is given, it will mean the further deterioration of the public schools because people will pull their children out to send them with the state's help to parochial and private schools.

It would appear that the opponents of tuition aid have the better case. Part of the reason for the poor quality of public education in today's cities is that the Catholic parochial schools have drawn off a considerable number of

average and above-average white students, leaving behind, with the Negroes, the retarded, the emotionally disturbed, and those with discipline problems for the public schools to educate. The figures are not insignificant; one-third of the students in Philadelphia and Providence attend Catholic parochial schools. In view of the vast problems of urban education and the fact that some of its products are burning down the cities which failed to educate them, it would seem that, before the states think of easing the burden of white middle-class parents whose children are already in nonpublic schools, or encouraging others to make the switch, they should first pay the bills for the enormous costs piled up by their past failures.

The American public school system was a vital force in assimilating diverse groups of immigrants, and the Catholic parochial schools filled the vital need of defending the faith in the days when public schools were not only blatantly Protestant but in many cases openly hostile to Catholicism. But conditions have changed, and the institutions have not. The public schools have failed to bring the Negro into the middle class as they did the other groups, and Catholics no longer have to feel threatened by public education. Whether either system should be continued in its present form, especially in the cities, is a question that cannot be ignored and to which the obvious answer seems "no."

A LETTER TO THE CASTLE

HARRISENE SMALLS

The following letter was written to Dr. Leo Hamalian of the City College of New York by a young woman who is seeking, through his good offices, to find somewhere in the city's educational system an opportunity to train the mind she so obviously possesses. Following the letter there appears a note by Dr Hamalian.

Dear Dr. Hamalian:

Hello again, you wouldn't believe it but I've been penning this letter for weeks. I haven't any excuse but, for the most part, I've been dealing with my immediate problems at hand. My responsibility to my offspring and the daily struggle of life. And, yes, I've started a new job, a meat wrapper at a large store. Adding this job to many others. Forgive me, therefore, for keeping you waiting.

You asked me to write about myself and why I want to go to school. I'll try to squeeze twenty-six years into these few pages.

Why I Want To Go Back To School. Or should I say why I've got to go back to school.

I was born twenty-six years ago—February 10, 1941—in Morrisania Hospital, the Bronx, six minutes after my twin brother, called Harrison, Jr. I had to be named, what else, Harrisene. That was my beginning.

From what I'm told, my father and mother separated when I was 6 months old. I really don't know, I was too young. But, as we grew up my earliest memories were living on Prospect Avenue in the Bronx. I remember my mother raising my two older sisters and a set of twins. I do remember my father wasn't there. Mr. Welfare (ADC) was there: I remember that awful-tasting oatmeal, that was stamped, "Not to be Sold, Gov't Property, Welfare Recipients Only."

My mother, Catherine (Turner) Bailey was murdered soon after. At 26 years old her life was snuffed out. Perhaps it was best, I don't know, for they do say death is peace. I know she died for us, so that we might live but, after twenty years, I still miss her so.

We were taken to one of the children's shelters down

by Central Park. There we were to stay, a place so cold and impersonal. I was 6½ then.

Not knowing this would begin many years of disappointment and frustration. But somehow children hold on to something when tragedy strikes. Something deep-seeded in your soul. That something was and still is, hope. My mother left us this something. All she had to leave us, hope, and this came from within herself. And giving of oneself is priceless.

When I was 11½, my father came into our lives again, trying to piece his broken life and family together. We had a stepmother, fourteen years his junior. Somehow in his mind I feel he thought a younger wife could endure raising four children, whose minds were already formed. We had seen practically all of the cruel and seedy side of life, but living with her just added to the misery.

She turned out not to be a true mother; she was an alcoholic and was bisexed and went through my father's hard-earned money, buying liquor and anyone's favors, men, women, even little boys and girls.

One night when my father couldn't endure any more, and knew we could no longer endure starvation or degradation, with all of our worldly possessions wrapped in a spread, we left Nyack, N. Y., and came to Corona, Long Island.

We lived in one room—with use of the bathroom and kitchen. There were four other rooms occupied. This building was formerly a house of ill repute. It was supposed to have been cleaned out; it never was.

I attended Junior High School 16 in Corona. I graduated to Flushing High School but, because of the zoning laws, I had to forget about Flushing and attend Newtown High School in Elmhurst.

This made me very unhappy because I had so wanted to attend Flushing; its curriculum was so much like the school I attended in Nyack. Even though our bellies were empty when we lived in Nyack, the school kind of brought life into our lives. I was now 14. So, with that I went to Newtown. My attitude and my outlook on school were dim, most of all because of the one room, the drunks, the junkies and the apathy. Even the fact that

if we didn't work odd jobs—housework on weekends in other people's homes, baby sitting, hauling groceries at the A&P—we would never have had that nickel to go with our bus passes. Breakfast we didn't have and lunch was unheard.

I chose the right way, the hardest way, but in the long run I still had my self-respect. Thus, I worked. I continued school, continuing to survive. Trying to break out reaching up, hoping.

Thus, from the time I was a child I promised my unborn children that they would never hunger for the basic needs in life, which every parent owes their offspring—food, good shoes, books, knowledge and most of all understanding.

When I was 15 I met a boy of 20 years, his name was Robert. He lived down the block from our one room. Robert fed me and my family almost every day. His poor mother's food bill! She worked so hard in the garment district. Robert was attending Manhattan College then, contemplating dropping out. I use to say to him, "I wish I had a mother. I wish I could have gone to school." Knowing then somehow I wouldn't finish school.

I was grateful to Robert, perhaps he felt sorry for me, but anyway I became pregnant. I was 16. I didn't want to get married, so I went away. I worked in a laundry plant eight hours a day, six days a week at 80c an hour. This was 1957. I cleaned bungalows and rooms for my room and board. I saved every dime. I was sick; I had just gotten over a spinal operation, a scared kid. Rather than give up I continued to work. All I know is that I had to make it so my baby wouldn't be hungry. I worked until the summer was over, then when the resort closed, I returned home.

Robert still insisting on getting married. Thus, being ill, my spine still open, tired and very much afraid, I agreed. I had returned home September 5, we married September 8, 1957. Kimble Annette was born February 21, 1958; a year later Kendall Anthony was born, February 26, 1959.

Robert continued school. With a teen-age bride, a baby and another on the way, he finished a B-average

student. I worked pregnancies. I was to have completed school after helping Robert finish, and go into nursing, but it didn't work out that way.

Robert received his B.S. degree in psychology and his commission in the U.S. Air Force. Nine years later he is making it a career. I left Robert almost five years ago. We obtained a legal separation. I won't go into our marriage difficulties; it's a part of my life I would want to leave in back of me.

There I was 22 years old. Seven years of marriage; three children, ages 6 years to 18 months; ten years of schooling. Qualifications: experience in housekeeping, laundry clothes sorter, filing and baby sitting.

Baby sitters were hard to come by, so I had to stay home. I lived in a poverty-stricken area, paying \$130 a month for three rooms. It was a dump. I wasn't quite well enough to go to work, with surgery on recent hernial repairs and separation in my stomach muscles, but soon after I found a sitter. Twenty-six dollars a week. I took that out of their support of \$300 a month. With the rent, that took care of every cent. I worked as a maid in a motel, cleaning fifteen rooms a day and I worked nights in a real estate office canvassing on the telephone. I worked hard and saved and pinched, to move out of my poverty-stricken area.

The money I receive from their father is theirs. Let's call it the fruits of my labor. I didn't help their father through the hardest years of school to let my children live around apathy, welfare, eat pinto beans and that horrible oatmeal and live in the slums. To let them around dirt, junkies, would be giving them the same inheritance that I had. We owe our children something better.

How can a child think anything of himself if he grows up in a slum? Maybe, moving out of the slum is not the answer. I only know that my children see life different than I did. They do deserve better. I'm not paying the rent here, \$150 a month. I couldn't afford it. I couldn't afford it if I wasn't getting this support and I still can't afford it now.

It's funny the Germans, Irish and the Jewish and Italians were in the slums. And somehow my people are still there.



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Maybe, because it's easier to *accept*, than to continue to suffer and work hard like my family did and many more of my people to break out of the slums. Obtaining their goals by sacrifice and the sweat of their brows. And still keep their pride.

I've gone to Manpower to ask to be trained and helped to go to school. But one of the stiffest qualifications is to live in a poverty-stricken area. This is what you hear: "I'm sorry Mrs. Smalls, you can take the test, but, there's so little money around, and there's many immediate cases and after all you are getting \$300 a month." \$3,600 a year for a family of four, are they kidding?

Then on to operation Seek. "This is beautiful" I said. Hope again! My son's teacher told me about it, but again another closed door: Requirements high school equivalency and most of all you must live in a poverty-stricken area.

I've had nine jobs in the last four years. Struggling to produce three positive thinking individuals, who will become productive citizens and a credit to their country and their world. Not just to exist and become burdens on any society. But I need help. The Seek program could help me.

Dr. Hamalian, I've just resigned from Creedmore State Hospital, a mental institution. My position there was Grade 6, psychiatric attendant. I worked five days a week. Every weekend, no holidays. I was on the Medical Surgical Ward. Short of help always. Double workload. All aging and incontinent patients. Feedings, dressings, mopping floors with GI mops, lifting poor helpless people. Emptying garbage. Seven months of this slave labor and I cleared \$68 a week. Paid a sitter \$20 a week, sometimes \$25. Physically I'm in no condition, but, most of all cooking, always catching up with housework, the children's studies going down. I had to resign; someone has to be here.

Their father is in Vietnam. He'll be stationed in the Far East for three years. He never had much interest in them anyway. Thus, it is up to me, I am their tree, they are my branches. I must not fall or fail them.

These are some of the reasons why I've got to go back to school; in paving a future for myself it will be for them. I'm scared, not just afraid. I must be qualified. I must get a degree, in order to survive; otherwise I might just as well throw in the towel. Ten years from now I'll be 36. Have a daughter of 20, a son of 19 and a daughter of 15. I'll have so much to give them and to other children.

I'd like to be a teacher in any poverty-stricken area to help children and teach them and most of all give them hope.

If one only could obtain wisdom sooner, rather than take a lifetime. I know what I have to do, I need help, "no man is an island unto himself." If I could just get my toe in the door then I feel confident that I will make it.

I'm working part-time now, to make ends meet and keeping in mind, body and my soul that there is hope. Well, Dr. Hamalian, I've tried to squeeze twenty years into many pages. It wasn't all bleak, it wasn't all dark, life isn't so bad, if you remember to stop and look into the little children's smiling faces.

It could get worse, life I'm referring to, and it has been.

There was no room to take the equivalency test; I'm studying very hard. I haven't fallen asleep over school books in eleven years and it's a good sleep. I'm going to make a good mark on my test in March; when I get the results I'll send them to you.

If you can help me in any way to give me this chance to get back into school I can promise I will not disappoint you: I find that I can't afford the luxury to put my books down.

I'll close now. God bless you and your family.

I remain

Sincerely,

/s/ Harrisene Smalls

One night about two months ago, Harrisene Smalls, high school dropout, amateur actress, mother and main support of three children, started out from her home in Queens Village to seek advice from me about the possibility of attending The City College either as a non-matriculant or as a Pre-Bacc student (see Leonard Kriegel's "Headstart for College," *The Nation*, February 26). On her way to the college she was attacked in St. Nicholas Park by a knife-wielding hood. She now thinks that she may have saved herself from rape by refusing to "freeze up." Instead, she knocked her attacker off balance with a swift blow and fled for the safety of the college library up on Washington Heights.

When she had recovered her composure, she started out for my office. She was accosted a second time by the same assailant and once more managed to escape him ("Hard work keeps this mother in shape"). She reached my office only to find that through a misunderstanding we had missed connections. Had Harrisene Smalls decided at that moment that not even a degree from City College was worth repeating the experience she had just endured, no one could have blamed her.

But Harrisene Smalls is tough and she called to arrange another appointment. We met this time, and as I questioned her about her educational background, she told her story, calmly, even cheerfully. I asked her to put it down on paper so that I could pass it on to the proper authority for evaluation. I hardly expected her to do so and after I had read the account, I knew I would have to bring it to the attention of other readers as well.

Harrisene Smalls is not asking for much: merely the opportunity to give dignity and purpose to her life. In this land where people who wish to attend school are given a second, third, and sometimes fourth crack at college, she is requesting a first real chance to educate

herself up to her intellectual capacity. If she has the intelligence and motive to absorb higher education, then this request is neither idle nor arrogant.

Perhaps we have to establish immediately a unit in the City University or State University where there are no prerequisites of any kind, where adults long on intelligence but short on information will be afforded an

opportunity to apply that intelligence arduously. That a Harrisene Smalls is 26 years old means only that her powers of perception have been heightened by her suffering, her appreciations broadened by experience, and that they both are likely to be further sharpened by the discipline and direction of a rigorous education which she is now ready to accept with joy. LEO HAMALIAN

HARRY GOLDEN

POOOR whites in the rural area of North Carolina refuse to participate in any of the welfare programs. They deprive themselves of this much needed aid because the programs are integrated. As a result, the preponderance of welfare recipients are black, and the whites sullenly refer to "the nigger poverty program" and stay clear.

Since the Reconstruction, the black man in North Carolina has been the only poor man. White men chopped and tied tobacco for 25c a day, their children working away in the hot fields with them, but these white peons never believed they were poor in the way that Negroes were poor. White men had hope. The hope never led them any place, but still they believed it distinguished them from the black man. In rural areas poor white men did enjoy a certain social equality with the big plantation owners and the rich farmers. To apply now for aid from an integrated federal agency would forever erase that equality.

Almost seventy years ago, the hatred of Captain Dreyfus opened the doors of the aristocrats to the bourgeoisie. A butcher was more than a butcher, he was an anti-Dreyfusard just like the bank president. In Craven County, N.C., a man can say, "I ain't no 50c an hour cotton chopper, I'm a segregationist."

Reporter James K. Batten of the *Charlotte Observer* has just completed a survey of the poverty program in his state. North Carolina has more poor than any other state, 234,000 families, and 66 per cent of these families are white, according to the 1960 census. Yet only a tiny fraction join any poverty program. Negroes are quick to take advantage of whatever help they can get. But as the white segregationist will remark, "Niggers ain't got a hell of a lot of pride to swallow."

In Craven County, there are 5,132 poor families—families who live in tar-paper shacks, who are functionally or wholly illiterate. Of these families, 2,722 are white and 2,360 are Negro. James Godwin, the director of Craven's Operation Progress, believes the whites simply refuse to acknowledge their plight. "Yet some of them are so darn poor," he says, "it is pathetic." How to reach them baffles Godwin as it baffled his predecessor.

Compounding the problem are the local booster clubs who never tire of singing the praises of these poverty-ridden cities. The establishment is quickly annoyed when a poverty agency moves into a city or town—it spoils the



magnolia illusion. They disparage the efforts of the social workers and their hostile influence in many matters is decisive.

Reporter Batten did find some whites who participated. One of them, a 58-year-old mother, told him her daughter was a member of the Neighborhood Youth Corps. The girl earned \$12.50 a week doing odd jobs at the nearby Farm Life High School. The money enabled her to stay in high school. (A high school diploma is the only ticket out of dreary Craven County.) When Batten asked the mother what the neighbors thought, she said, "They hain't throwed off on me. I've always treated colored people right, but I've always been taught to go with my color. But if you're poor you can't help it."

These poor whites are victimizing themselves because federal money is dispersed only through integrated agencies and they will not queue up with Negroes. But the Negro is making progress, more than he ever made before, and this confuses and enrages the whites. Into this vacuum steps the Ku Klux Klan. Probably North Carolina has the most active Klan in the United States. It no longer wears nightshirts and hoods but sun-tan khaki and helmet liners. It marches through these rural towns every Sunday. James Robert Jones, the Grand Dragon of North Carolina, warms up his meetings with the question: "The Jews got the B'nai B'rith; the Catholics got the Knights of Columbus, the niggers got the NAACP; what in hell has the poor white man got but the Ku Klux Klan?"

Social progress doesn't always banish problems. I remember a taxi driver in Charlotte condemning Roosevelt intemperately. When I asked him why he was so mad at FDR, he told me he had just had a colored preacher in his cab. "He paid me with a \$5 bill," the driver said. "Now when did you ever see a nigger with a \$5 bill before Roosevelt?"

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Philby: Virtuoso Lying and Spying

MY SILENT WAR. By Kim Philby. Grove Press. 262 pp. \$5.95.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Not being addicted to detective stories and spy thrillers, I could not work up any inordinate interest in the story of Kim Philby ("the best spy the Russians ever had," according to CIA Chief Allen Dulles); but even if I were such an addict, I am not sure that I'd be wildly excited by this story as "told by himself." For the answer to the *really* important question is just not there. What actually *did* Philby do for the Russians between 1933, when he became a Soviet agent, and 1963, when he realized that the game was up, and slipped over the border into Russia? Philby tells us what is already known—that he engineered the escape to Moscow of Burgess and Maclean when they were on the point of being arrested; but whether they were of any further use to the Russians *after* that is more than doubtful. After the Burgess-Maclean defection, Philby became suspect. Bedell Smith told the British that he would not have him back in Washington; the British Intelligence people questioned him for hours, took away his passport, and continued to treat him as a dubious character for years. But nothing could definitely be proved against him and, in the end, Harold Macmillan had to admit in the House of Commons that "there was no evidence that he had betrayed the interests of the country." After that he worked in the Middle East as *Observer* and *Economist* correspondent and continued to work as a British Intelligence (SIS) agent—though, apparently, in only some minor capacity. As he here admits, his real job was to collect information for the Russians.

Since 1933 when, at the age of 21 and while still at Cambridge, he became a Soviet agent, the nature of his work required him to be a liar of extraordinary skill and virtuosity (without this skill, he would never have got away with the Burgess-Maclean affair). Since this lying had become second nature with him, it is almost impossible to say what in this book is true or untrue. Moreover, it was written in Moscow, and was checked out by the Russians; the last thing to expect from it is any kind of revelation of the workings of the Soviet Intelligence Services. One of the few things he admits is that his first trip to Franco Spain dur-

ing the Spanish Civil War was on the Russians' behalf; the second time, he went as the London *Times* correspondent. This, and expeditions to Nazi Germany, when he masqueraded as a British pro-Nazi, helped him to win the confidence of the British Secret Services, and made him particularly eligible, once the war was over, for heading various British and joint Anglo-American anti-Soviet and anti-Communist Intelligence operations.

What he did for the Russians before the war during his hobnobbing with General Franco and the Nazis is not quite clear; neither did his work in various Intelligence agencies during the war seem to have much connection with the Russians. He was chiefly concerned with Spain, Portugal and North Africa. In retrospect he explains, however, that:

My connection with the Secret Intelligence Service must be seen against my prior total commitment to the Soviet Union which I regarded then, as I do now, the inner fortress of the world movement.

He also explains why Stalinism, even at its worst, did not deter him; there was much he did not like about Stalinism but, on balance, it was still better than anything else:

And [today] it is a sobering thought that, but for the power of the Soviet Union . . . the Old World, if not the whole world, would now be ruled by Hitler and Hirohito.

He seems to have been unenthusiastic about the war against Germany before the Russians entered it:

It often appeared that the British wanted a simple return to the *status quo* before Hitler, to a Europe comfortably dominated by Britain and France through the medium of reactionary governments just strong enough to keep their own people in order and uphold the *cordon sanitaire* against the Soviet Union.

Hence the failure of the SOE, the Secret Operations Executive, to stir up any revolutionary uprisings against the Nazi occupation; the real Resistance movements did not get going until the Russians infused some life into them. In the minds of the European masses, according to Philby, British Intelligence was too closely associated with the same type of men who had betrayed Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia. That "all

these people" had no idea of Russia is illustrated in Philby's story by prophecies among British Intelligence chiefs that the Russians would be defeated in 1941 in "three weeks, or three months at most."

Philby became particularly useful to the Russians in 1945 when he was appointed head of a new SIS section "in charge of anti-Communist and anti-Soviet counter-intelligence," and especially in 1949 when he was at last allowed to enter "the Lion's Den" as SIS representative in Washington—as "the top British secret service officer working in liaison with the CIA and the FBI." He speaks with supreme irony of the comic-opera attempts to set up a "democratic" government in Albania, and of the rivalry between the British and Americans in trying to infiltrate their agents into potentially disloyal parts of the Soviet Union, such as Georgia and the Ukraine. None of these attempts produced the slightest results. The old Menshevik leader, Jordania, was proven to have had as little following in Georgia as the Ukrainian Nazi, Stepan Bandera, was shown to have had in the Ukraine. In 1956, Bandera (a great favorite of the British) was mysteriously assassinated in Munich; Philby suggests that the CIA killed him off—presumably to annoy his British patrons. Could not, in reality, Soviet agents have done it, too?

There is also, in Philby's story, a comic passage on the NTS, the Munich-based *émigré* organization which was at first subsidized by the British; but whether because these had no money or, more probably, because the NTS proved completely useless, the Americans, with money to burn, took it over. They keep spending several millions of dollars a year on it still. There is little to show, however, that any of the money goes much beyond Munich, except for the unfortunate Gerald Brooks, who is still in a Soviet jail for having agreed to smuggle some leaflets into Russia, provided the NTS paid his hotel bills!

To American readers, the chapters on Washington will be of particular interest. Philby seems to have, professionally, a considerable respect for Bedell Smith, then head of the CIA who was, apparently, the first to have smelled a rat in the case of Philby himself. On the other hand, J. Edgar Hoover is to him a constant object of professional contempt and personal ridicule, "a prima donna." Maybe the FBI is all right for checking

crime in the United States, but "its counter-espionage is conspicuous for failure. . . ." Philby writes:

Hoover did not catch Maclean or Burgess; he did not catch Fuchs, and he would not have caught the rest if the British had not caught Fuchs and worked brilliantly on his tangled emotions; he did not catch Lonsdale; he did not catch Abel for years . . . He did not even catch me. If there was a bubble reputation, it is Hoover's.

Altogether, Hoover's blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are "the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence." But, according to Philby, Hoover has a superb filing system:

The overt record shows that a distressing number of Congressmen have pasts that do not bear minute scrutiny. As for the covert record held by Hoover, the mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

What a pity Philby should tell us only about the secret services in America and England, and nothing—strictly nothing—

about the NKVD and the Soviet Secret Services for whom he devoted the thirty best years of his life, and with whose machinery he may be even more familiar than he is with Mr. Hoover's card indexes!

Why did Philby, a member of the British ruling class, become a Soviet spy? Two dates stick out: 1933, when he enlisted as a spy, was also the year Hitler set up his dictatorship in Germany; and 1949, when Philby reached the top of the espionage ladder, was the peak year of the cold war. Philby was never rich. He seems, indeed, to have done it all out of conviction, not for money. However, the impression this book leaves is that greater even than Philby's devotion to communism was his hatred of the Baldwins and Chamberlains before the war, and of the Trumans and Bevins after the war. And all the SOE and MI-5 and MI-6 characters he describes are made to look a pretty phony lot. Though not well written, the book still has some amusing satirical touches. Philby's story tells us much about other people, but unfortunately too little about himself.

dier attempting to rape your sister?" "I should try," Strachey answered with wicked ambiguity, "and interpose my own body." Atheistic, diseased, loveless as he was, he avoided the profundities of pessimism, preferring the shallower water of a witty skeptic. As a result, he made himself a burden to no one. Not even death could intimidate him. "If this is dying," he announced from his death-bed, "then I don't think much of it."

It was fame that he lived for, and at length he won it, with *Eminent Victorians*—first published in 1918, when Strachey was 38. Then followed *Queen Victoria* (in 1921) and several lesser achievements. Strachey, as is well known, transformed biography, giving it a "becoming brevity," dramatic unity and gusto, and the force and freedom of a "cynical point of view." Turning his skepticism against the Victorians, ". . . he struck the note of ridicule," Cyril Connolly said, "which the whole war-weary generation wanted to hear. . . ." Yet it was not long before his reputation fell under a shadow—his methods were "questionable," he caricatured, he set an example (though this his detractors could scarcely admit) too brilliant to follow. But now it would seem that the shadow is passing; and here, as if to celebrate the new day, is a 1200-page biography of the great biographer himself.

Michael Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey*, however, is only another cloud. As a biography, it is soggy with detail, heavy with observation, pallid and unshapely; and as an assessment of Strachey's art, it is indefinite and noncommittal.

Needless to say, Holroyd does not preserve a becoming brevity; yet what makes his book so tiresome is not simply its length but its prose and an unseemly eagerness to pass judgment. Time and again one is brought to a halt by the sheer awfulness of the writing: "Now, buried alive in the towering edifice of Lancaster Gate, a vague and universal feeling of unhappiness preserved him dimly, like a dried-up flower on a pad of blotting paper"—this from a writer who condescends to Strachey's prose. Everything is said at maximum length and with maximum limpness. As for Holroyd's eagerness to judge, let Strachey show an opinion of Bertrand Russell or Blake or George Moore or Prince Albert and immediately Holroyd steps in to tell us exactly where Strachey was wrong and just what we should think about these figures. And meanwhile Strachey himself can hardly be said to come into focus; he is, as it were, diffused like a blur through Holroyd's book.

Even with what he thinks of as the help of his "hitherto . . . unknown portrait," Holroyd manages to be obtuse about Strachey's work. He speaks, for

Strachey Diffused and Blurred

LYTTON STRACHEY: Vol. I, *The Unknown Years* (1880-1910), 475 pp. Vol. II, *The Years of Achievement* (1910-1932), 754 pp. By Michael Holroyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$21.95 the set.

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

Lytton Strachey, rejecting the "two fat volumes" of biographical tradition, wrote thin and now famous biographies of Queen Victoria and other "eminent" Victorians; and thinness, it might be said, was his destiny. He struck all who met him as preternaturally long and narrow, like a caricature encountered in an illustrated Dickens. There was insufficient room in his torso (so a doctor informed him) for his "lungs, liver and lights"; and, collapsing frequently, he dragged his long length about England and Europe, searching for health. Moreover, "his atmosphere," said a certain sexual rival, "is as thin as his body—he is merely learned and scholarly but fundamentally empty. . . ." Thin and empty he was, in relation to women; but in men, especially those of a heroic cast, he sometimes found, for an hour or a week, a release and an expansion: "To be able," he once said longingly, "to melt into a body literally twice as big as one's own."

Even as a lover Strachey was forced

to subsist on the thin fare of hope and disappointment. He loved a Cambridge undergraduate named Duckworth: Duckworth, however, fell in love with Maynard Keynes. Strachey then fell in love with Duncan Grant; but Duncan Grant soon fell in love with—Duckworth. Then, just as it seemed that Duncan might come round to Strachey again, Duncan fell in love with—Maynard Keynes. And so it went, Strachey almost always on the side lines, looking on, like an amorous mantis, at loves and lives fuller than his own.

Yet, in spite of all of this, there was strength and buoyancy in Strachey—courage, integrity, wit, a campy light-heartedness. To give his thinness style, he affected a sombrero and cape, and wore golden earrings. He was given to startling bursts of shrill laughter. We have a glimpse of him tottering about in Lady Ottoline Morrell's high-heeled shoes—"with feet," she said, "looking so absurdly small . . . both of us . . . getting more fantastic and gay." And there was steel beneath the silliness. During World War I, Strachey was a conscientious objector: "I am convinced," he said, "that the whole system by which it is sought to settle international disputes by force is profoundly evil. . . ." "Then tell me, Mr. Strachey," demanded a military officer during certain formal proceedings, "what would you do if you saw a German sol-

instance, of "Lytton's inability to convey pathos"; but unlike Holroyd's own biography, Strachey's books often grip and give a twist to the heart.

And, beyond these matters, is *Eminent Victorians* properly described as a "prolonged onslaught upon . . . evangelicalism"? Where it has any real uniformity, it is, rather, an exposure of the alloy of egoism in religious or altruistic lives. Nor is anyone likely to rest content with Holroyd's faint conclusion that *Eminent Victorians* occupies some undefined "anomalous position in modern literature." Let us ignore, for the moment, the vague vastnesses of "modern literature"; let us judge Strachey simply as a biographer. In that category he is something better than anomalous; he is triumphant—and in his portraits of Cardinal Manning, Florence

Nightingale and Queen Victoria, he is even more, he is supreme. What a delight he is; and how he brings the dead alive again. True, he lacked detachment; he asserted his own peculiar sense of the facts. Yet despite all his minor falsifications, Strachey never misleads, for—the preface to *Eminent Victorians* aside—he never pretends to scientific detachment. What he always presents is obviously his own very plausible and illuminating view.

Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey* is biography of a different kind; for Holroyd may indeed lay claim to scientific detachment. But the result is a very lifeless portrait. Undoubtedly, his book purveys much valuable information—but gracelessly, without defined interest or point. It is not the biography that Lytton Strachey deserves.

another Victorian schoolmaster, was a pederast, do we need a thumbnail biography of each and every one of his obscure lovers (with photos where available)—and indeed of *their* lovers in turn? And how fair is it to treat anybody's sex life, whether straight or queer, in such unrelenting isolation from the rest of his existence—as Croft-Cooke insists upon doing? It is especially at this point that something like a question of professional discretion arises. Doubtless a biographer who meant to do a thorough job would have to let us know at some point that Lewis Carroll was (alas!) a dirty old man. But has Croft-Cooke any right to recall the man's habits simply to fill us in on who the little girls were and what Carroll did with them up in his photographic studio—only that and nothing more?

Indeed, at times Croft-Cooke betrays an almost suspicious passion for sifting the historical rubble heap down to its most trivial transgressors. Was it really necessary for anyone to drag poor Edward Cracroft Lefroy (who . . . ?) out of merciful and well-deserved obscurity (and to quote his sonnets yet!; surely the most god-awful verse ever written in our language) so that it might be documented that the old man was a homosexual?

In fields as well-plowed and as thickly

Late Victorian Eroticism

FEASTING WITH PANTHERS: A New Consideration of Some Late Victorian Writers. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 308 pp. \$6.50.

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak, an associate professor of history, is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College, Hayward. He edited and contributed to *The Dissenting Academy* (Pantheon).

that poor Swinburne, like many another Victorian schoolboy, was cursed with *le vice Anglais*, do we really gain anything more by sorting through every last algalogian fantasy he bestowed upon the whipping block at Eton? After we have learned that J. A. Symonds, like many

Is there a point at which historical research laps over into unredeemed gossip? Or is the scholarly nose privileged to poke itself into anybody's business which happens to have gotten itself enmeshed in a surviving document or two? If Rupert Croft-Cooke's sexological survey of that sickly sweet generation of English aesthetes that runs from Swinburne to Wilde just barely avoids the charge of fortuitous scandal-mongering, it is only because the personalities with which he is dealing went to a deal of trouble to obtrude their bizarre style of eroticism upon the public consciousness, and often with an arrogance that hinted intimidat-ingly of superior sensibility. Perhaps then they deserve the good irreverent drubbing Croft-Cooke is out to give them. He is at pains to tell us that this "bevy of catamites . . . needs cutting down to size." But do the likes of J. A. Symonds or Walter Pater or Ernest Dowson any longer bulk that large? Even the current rage among the Bohemian hip for Aubrey Beardsley's sirupy cartooning is a tongue-in-cheek infatuation with the quaintly camp, and hardly a matter of deep and considered taste.

Yet does the muck that Croft-Cooke has so assiduously collected require so fine-toothed a raking? Once we know

Photo by Marvin E. Newman

Chandler Brossard



is "a writer with a fine eye, a fine ear—and heart—Mr. Brossard has caught much of the best in Spain, and much, much more of the worst.... He converses at great length with angry young students, angry young workers, angry young priests, and angry Basques.... His slices of Spanish life, like slices from a good, pungent *chorizo* sausage, are delectable.... A hot, angry exposé of what's wrong in Spain."

—BENJAMIN WELLES, *Saturday Review* \$4.00

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documented as modern English (and American) history, the temptation to husband every last shred of evidence is bound to be strong. And Croft-Cooke is not alone in yielding to it. If there are reasons why we must violate historical privacies, surely the task can be done with some professional tact. I am willing to agree that there is some merit in Croft-Cooke's effort to show up the sheer

giddiness that lay behind the voluptuary attitudinizing of his eminent Victorians; it is sadly instructive to see how passion can work to soften the best minds.

It ought to serve as a warning to all the literati of our own day who would amaze or transport by virtue of their erotic pretensions. What will it all look like fifty years hence, beneath some cold-blooded biographer's clinical gaze?

venna, entranced like a woman in orgasm. Durrell echoes not only his poem of a Levantine tart and the Ravenna mosaic but the prose of Gibbon's story of the Empress, so full of half-disguised erotic excitement. Later, Durrell's handling of her as a cinema star is synthetic, but she dies convincingly enough.

The plot (an inventor is trapped by an immense, mysterious corporation whose minions act much more like Kabul moneychangers than modern detergent-soaked executives) is worthy of an early Fritz Lang picture and would have been great for Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt, Emil Jannings and Pola Negri.

A Steady Note of Mockery

TUNC. By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 360 pp. \$6.95.

KENNETH REXROTH

Mr. Rexroth, a frequent Nation contributor, is the author most recently of *The Heart's Garden/The Garden's Heart* (Pym-Randall Press).

Lawrence Durrell has not received enough credit as the founder of a fashion, the revival among intellectuals of the plots and local color of Sax Rohmer and Talbot Mundy, the pseudo-Oriental romance.

There is a difference. Nobody imagines that Fu Manchu ever existed, or even that Robbe-Grillet's recent Hong Kong collapsible fantasy bore any relation to reality. The tales of *The Alexandria Quartet*, and *Tunc*, "the first volume of a double decker," as Durrell calls it, are supposed to be for real. Life is supposed to be like that in the mysterious East. Is it? Has Talbot Mundy come true?

Durrell's is a special, comic vision of the universe, a bitterly satirical one, too—which is not the same thing. All this leprous lechery and Levantine plotting and overcolored prose is a form of self-satire. The irony is consummate; no one, least of all the author, can ever be sure what is to be taken seriously and what not—a dangerous proceeding that sometimes no longer skirts the edges, but tumbles over into pure corn. Night scenes for instance seem to get the best of Durrell—he becomes careless and speaks of the young moon rising late (*sic!*, as they say) and "the river which mirrored the opal-studded floors of the dark heaven powdered by stardust" (*sic 'em!*, as they say).

Tunc pushes harder against the adult reader's "wilful suspension of disbelief" than even the most overrich parts of *The Alexandria Quartet*.

Justine, with her name from Sade and Swinburne, and her face from Beardsley, is a simple Gretchen beside this new crop of girls, ladies straight out of Klimt and Scheele, with the manners and morals of the radioactive bikini-clothed heroines of

spicy science fiction. Durrell's heroine may be a schizophrenic billionaire with twelve toes and weak with nameless diseases, but she can ride all a summer's day at falconry in the Turkish hills, or ride all a winter's day through deep snow in the English countryside, and then screw all night in a sleeping bag.

The best of the girls is the little Greek whore who becomes a great movie star. Durrell's description of her young days when she was just an innocent prostitute recalls Durrell's beautiful poem, "Theodora"—which certainly is convincingly real—as well as, quite deliberately, the Empress Theodora herself, her exothalamic face staring out of the mosaic at Ra-

What does it all mean? The innocent will take it seriously, at face value, human relationships out of Ouida by *Evergreen Review*, the artistic prose out of Edgar Saltus and Arthur Machen, the passages of deep thought out of Henry Miller. They will miss the steady note of mockery—of reader, characters and author. It is irony that distinguishes Durrell from Robbe-Grillet, who has none whatever. *Le Maison des Rendezvous* is trash: *Tunc* is comedy.

Who are these people really? Durrell in a final note points to hidden echoes of his first novel—*The Black Book*. They are the lumpen Bohemians of his London youth and the hungry tarts of prewar

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And, moreover, of course it is actually happening. Miller and Durrell are rich and candidates for the Nobel Prize, a tart or two have become movie stars, a

few pawnbrokers are now bankers. Although high finance is not run as in *Tunc* even in the Levant, Madison Avenue is. The world is being Bohemianized. And furthermore—the precise world Durrell describes has come to life in Athens and Istanbul. It is called the CIA.

The Way To Get at Spain

THE SPANISH SCENE. By Chandler Brossard. The Viking Press. 113 pp. \$4.

DANIEL TALBOT

Mr. Talbot, owner of the New Yorker Theatre, and producer of the film, *Point of Order*, has spent considerable time in Spain. He has reviewed for a number of publications.

Claude Levi-Strauss opens his book *Tristes Tropiques* with this line: "Travel and travellers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am, all set to tell the story of my expeditions." The compulsion ("and yet here I am") to describe a foreign culture can serve as a sentimental

way of manufacturing affection for one's native country (as in Mark Twain) or, as in the case of Chandler Brossard's *The Spanish Scene*, it can be an apocalyptic mode of understanding one's disgust with America today. As such, *The Spanish Scene* is not so much a book about the Spanish scene as a gifted novelist's predicament in explaining why he is so bugged by life in his own country.

Spain is of course a tourist's dream. Its dramatic landscapes, benign weather, cheap prices, seductive populace, its *differentness* from all other Western societies while being a Western country—all these things will do as a magnet. The tragedy of this mass tourism is a cliché that makes

Pop art out of truth, at the same time that it tends to turn Spaniards into Pop art. English, French, Germans, Americans, Swedes, by now Russians, are visiting by the millions, and what on earth is a poor Spaniard to make of all this? Consider the prospect of an Andalusian farmer watching a Bentley tearing toward Fuen-girola, his eyes moving like tracking shots. Or a cultivated Madrileño with \$40 to his name in a smartly tailored suit talking T.S. Eliot in the Café Gijón with an American professor who makes \$15,000 a year. Or twenty Germans, with Zeissess slung around their chubby necks clicking away at cracked pastel plastered walls in Mojacar, while a kid walks his donkey home. It becomes apparent that perhaps it might be more interesting to make demonic interpretations of the tourist and forget the Spaniard who, by now, would seem to be not so much a Spaniard as a bewildered onlooker caught up in a new, bizarre interpersonal situation. One thinks of Ortega y Gasset's having endlessly nagged his countrymen to join modern Europe, and the irony of it is enough to make one weep. Since travel as a culturally expanding process has been virtually replaced by cold cash catting around we infer that it becomes at

SERENADE TO MY DERELICTS

Flaming pigeons
fall
through my bloodstream.
There is a dark night
inside me
and rain
scattering
like blackened seeds.
The pigeons
dive through
the weather,
seeking the shelter
of arches,
diameters
of doorways,
cramming
sudden passages
and congested corridors
of heart attack.
One falls,
his wings
sputter into darkness,
singeing the night
with a gathering
of ashes
in my throat.
Even if my tongue
is a burnt-out wick
there's light enough
from their flying.

But in the city
far below
someone is beating
on the doors,
shouting
with a muffled voice
to let him in,
and the pigeons
rise
like a combustion,
the red flames
of their feathers
fluttering shadows
through the tunnels
that are beating
with their flight
and the hidden dynamos
that pound
inside the walls.
Their only refuge
is my heart's
cathedral
with its carmine rugs,
and that is shaken
high above
by windy
organ pipes
and dynamos
so loud
the pigeons
only stay

a moment,
seeing the figure
beating on the altar
with his fists
before they circle
through
the city
once again,
avoiding rain
and darkness
with their fires.

They arrive
and depart:
pigeons
everywhere,
flaring through
the darkness
like a multitude
of torches
that flicker
through the city's
rusty streets,
disturbing
jellied nests
and mildew
and lost men
in pulled-down hats
who stammer
and lurch
against the rain.

MORTON MARCUS

least tricky to understand or explain the authentic values and sentiments of such heavily touristed countries as Spain. We can now classify George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* and Gerald Brenan's *South From Granada* as 19th-century commentaries.

The merit of Brossard's book is not so much what he reveals about Spanish ferment in 1967 as in the way he gets at it. An American journalist in Spain in 1967 with any kind of sensibility can be like an escaped convict daydreaming of his past prison life. In this short work Brossard talks to people from all walks of life. Each dialogue becomes a short set piece revolving about one or two ideas, the essence of which is captured by some sharp statement or observation. These pieces are alternated with paragraph-long "shots" of street scenes. The effect is somewhat like a Godard scenario in which the documentary scene approaches poetry while the "made-up stuff" looks like newsreel footage.

The Spanish Scene reminds me of two French documentaries seen here a few years ago—Chris Marker's *Le Joli Mai* and Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin's *Chronicles of a Summer*. Marker's film tries to capture the Parisian scene in the lovely Parisian month of May, 1962. The Algerian War has just ended and life seems more promising. Marker interviews people from all walks of life, captures them with "their defenses down." Rouch and Morin (who are both ethnologists by profession) interview a group of people in the course of a summer. Their theme is: what does life mean to you right now: what is it you want out of life? etc. In both instances, political anthropology approaches poetry. Similarly, Brossard asks people from all walks of 1967 Spanish life what their Spanishness means to them at such a critical moment in world history. The responses vary, but the net result is the same: malaise over thirty-one years of Franco's rule (and who wouldn't be tired of one man for thirty-one years, even if he were a good guy?), pride in their culture, scorn for the tourist hordes, empathy for the youthful revolts the world over.

A businessman says to Brossard:

It is possible to live better in Spain than anywhere else in Europe, better even than in America. Here it is possible to belong to oneself instead of to a system, as it is in England and America. Your power and prosperity are useless. You Americans and English are constantly checking in with the fantastic system that depersonalizes you. Not the Spaniard. He is truly a free man.

A government official tells the writer: "A Spaniard will give you everything he has, but not his identity. And that is what upsets foreigners the most." And a writer

in Madrid indicates: "I am not alienated from my culture. I am my culture . . . The Spaniard asks, Who am I? The American asks, Why am I me?" The prostitute deals with freedom in this way: "So here I am . . . But now I get paid. And I do not have to scrub floors or listen to a man complaining all the time." It comes as a revelation that there are 30,000 Communist Party members in Madrid and ten times that all over the country. Priests and students are in revolt. Does the bourgeois then become more bourgeois? Flaubert was the first to say that when a merchant closes his shop at night his brain goes blank. An underground priest tells Brossard: "What is encouraging is that some of the middle class, among them business people, sympathize with this social revolution and even contribute money to it, secretly of course. The bourgeois wants a new life, a free and dynamic life."

The linguistic problem implicit in this book stems from the modern vogue of revolutionary rhetoric, and a heartbreaking dilemma it is. As most men become politicized beyond the wildest expectations of George Orwell, the impulse to exegete the meaning of "freedom" becomes stronger. Structures indeed must change. How? A society reveals its ugliness by its acts. We speak, all over the world, of man having to alter his consciousness (and conscience), of the his-

torical necessity of violence (by which we understand the ultimate reification of man). Mass media moves in on this new rhetoric. Ortega y Gasset's "el señorito satisfecho" grows his hair longer, frugs, and admits that his work has been a fraud. The fact that his rhetoric may be rational and humane is beside the point. We are in the final stage of sin, language *qua* language. *The Spanish Scene* moves around this problem by poeticizing discourse. In this way Brossard captures real people below the surface of language. We enter the province of the novelist. And, as in most instances, the artistic impulse is more reliable than the journalistic one.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

SUPERWORM. By George Deaux. Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. \$5.50.

Maybe it's really not too late for a novel about a history professor who dyes his long underwear into a black uniform, adopts a racy side-kick, and sets out to, among other things, screw up the plumbing of a right-wing pizza factory. But *Superworm* is a superdrag because George Deaux is worried that his reader



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won't get the point; he keeps holding up little signs that say "outrageous!" or "humorously but touchingly futile." Mr. Deaux always has too much to say about too little, and the reader is often painfully aware that he's witnessing a waste of talent, as well as a hipsterism that's just a little out of date (why mention assigning Ginsberg and Burroughs to a history class unless you think it's way out?). It's as if five-year-old Feiffer political cartoons were being offered to a 1968 audience which is now embarrassed to remember that it laughed at them. *Superworm's* moral may be that the system can both withstand and smoothly absorb direct action even though it may totally destroy those who initiate action, but the novel boomerangs into a brief for the assertion that frustrated and ineffectual peace creeps, no matter how witty their fantasies, are pretty dull company.

FEEL FREE. By David Slavitt. Delacorte Press. 242 pp. \$4.95.

Feel Free is a Jewish soap opera with Malamudic ambitions. The situation is promising: Bernie Lazarus, husband and father, goes bankrupt in fabrics, and welcomes the event as a chance at a new life. He'll lower his standard of living, and plunge now into the freedom from materialism that he's always longed for. But Ruth (you know Ruth) doesn't want to give up the house; she's ashamed in front of her own millionaire family at Bernie's fall; she likes nice things. Bernie, intent on his dream, leaves her, and starts living with old girl friend Rose (she's left rich Charlie, always neglecting her, talking about deals). They get

an apartment on 14th Street, but things don't work out. Rose goes back to Charlie, but Ruth still likes nice things, can't see it Bernie's way even though he's proved he's somebody by tipping off her family to one of Charlie's big stock deals. (Rose told him about it in bed). A tragic and prophetic ending gets slapped on. There's a curious deadness about this novel. Mr. Slavitt strains for a style that doesn't come naturally; and it's hard to care about his characters, especially for Lazarus (get it?) himself, who just doesn't have the nobility with which the author keeps trying to harness him.

THE ARTIST TYPE. By Brian Glanville. Coward-McCann. 192 pp. \$4.50.

Brian Glanville's tenth novel is about what publishers persist in calling "the sex game" (is that anything like the marriage game, or the pervert game?). Set in London, it's about Geoff (a former actor, he is, reluctantly, in the ad game), who is torn between two women; dull, pretty, bourgeois Jane, who loves him, supports him and marries him, and rich, beautiful, sexy, cruel Audrey, who uses him. Naturally, he can't stop panting after Audrey. The book doesn't pretend to be any more serious than it is (medium), and, like a good Lelouche film, it has a verve, momentum and immediacy that are completely absorbing.

THE ARTIFICIAL TRAVELER. By Warren Fine. Coward-McCann. 255 pp. \$4.95.

It's by now old hat to book people that unless first novels are heavily promoted by their publishers, they get shockingly little review attention. If, in addition to this handicap, they contain material which challenges and confuses the reviewer or makes him at all uneasy about their content, they stand an excellent chance of being almost totally ignored. (It is delightful, in a sadistic way, to consider what would happen today if early review copies of, say, a *Ulysses*, by an unknown author, began arriving for the first time, unaccompanied either by explanatory flap copy or advance raves from literary types.) This combination of circumstances probably accounts for the ringing silence which has greeted the publication (in January) of *The Artificial Traveler*. Warren Fine's novel is about the godliness of some beautiful and possessed people in the Midwest. I found its Biblical allusions formidable, perplexing and a little pretentious, but Mr. Fine's prose style, and the intensity of his talent for character and narrative are so far superior to those of most first—or simply, most—novelists who get published today, that to miss reading his book would be a shame.

Public Speech

A CONTINUING JOURNEY. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Co. 374 pp. \$5.95.

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His most recent book is *Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time* (University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of *Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought* (Prentice-Hall).

The title of this new collection of Archibald MacLeish's essays and addresses fits exactly the occasion of this work and its themes. MacLeish's journey, for a long stretch of his life, has been, as he says, "continuous in its direction." It is appropriate, therefore, to record its most recent stage—the years from the end of World War II to the present—in a book that can be placed beside the earlier landmarks of *A Time To Speak* (1941) and *A Time To Act* (1943).

MacLeish's journey is over farther reaches of time than the contemporary era; it begins, historically, several centuries back in the collapse of old certainties, but it moves, as he sees it, in the inevitable direction of human life, ever forward toward "greater and greater individuality." The movement of mankind with which he allies himself and for which he speaks is toward "the fulfillment of consciousness," a fulfillment already achieved perhaps by his heroes Job and Prometheus, for it is "an individual, not a herd, achievement." Nothing collective, institutional, communitarian compromises this destiny, which is also spiritual, in the largest sense "our mysterious journey," and, in the more immediate example of the intrepid modern artist, a "far journey" into the interior world of self.

As occasions of this journey the essays and addresses have for background a grand and perilous landscape. Their themes, not unexpectedly, are invariably profound: the destiny of man and the destiny of the Republic, and the corruptions and failures of the "human heart" that, more than anything, according to MacLeish, jeopardize these high courses.

All of them testify to his choice of singleness and duty, to the moral need and imperative that he feels gives him his public mission: and all "address" us—address our lapse of moral courage and human faith, our flawed individualism—and speak hearteningly to us. The title of the initial group "The Idea of Man" comes from Valéry's remark that "all politics presuppose an idea of man," and this provides the way into the specifically political sections, "State of the Union"

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nd "The Second Civil War," and those actions no less political in import, "Writers in a Wrong Time," in which he presents again the issue of the writer's responsibility raised in *The Irresponsibles* (1940), and "Teaching and Harvard," in which he treats the necessary and remedial work to be done by literary studies in a time when the idea of man is diminished.

There is little here with which one wishes to take exception, for what is here belongs to the body of verities that comprise a noble human—and, as MacLeish insists, American—faith. Who would argue the tragic view of man given us by the Greeks and the equally wonderful view of his grandeur presented by Rilke in "*Archaischer Torso Apollos*"? (Rilke and Yeats are his supreme modern poets.) Who would argue the contemporary dissociation of sensibility and the uses of art and education in restoring man's wholeness? And since this human faith is inseparable from the American faith, who would argue, especially when MacLeish denies the sharp questioning of our history by Niebuhr and Lippmann, the American dream of man, the Jeffersonian declaration of his inalienable rights? Finally, now, in the crisis of our time, when MacLeish sees the erosion of that faith in the widespread willingness to forgo the hardships of freedom for the transitory security of authority, who would argue the fact that we have betrayed our past and shown that the foremost need of the Republic is "some renewal of belief in the spiritual possibilities of man"?

I LIFT A GLASS,

*in a sweeping movement
into the light.
My fingers are magnified
by the mass of water between them.
Light is broken,
the spectrum spreads
above the belly of my index finger
Shadows deepen in the joints
gripping the transparent substance,
fingertip faces staring into it
into me; I lie
inside the body
of my own hand, locked
in my own grip,
wrinkles of my own skin
flattened against my embryo
breathing without a sound
looking straight into the crotch
between my fingers my legs up there
a little soft concave shadow,
an opening?*

LENNART BRUCE

The essential liberalism of this secular faith (a liberalism well characterized by Richard Chase's "conservative impulse, radical idea") accounts for the most authentic moments of the record: MacLeish's early and forthright stand against the anti-Communist diplomacy of containment and his prophetic assessment of the moral damage a merely negative policy would do, and his equally courageous stand against McCarthyism. (In a farewell speech to his colleagues in the Department of English at Harvard, he recalls the unceremonious but splendid occasion in Sanders Theatre when the faculty commended "the courage of the University administration in standing, wholly alone and without measurable public support, against the most vicious menace to intellectual freedom in the history of Harvard. . . .")

Still, one is unhappy with this book and must take exception to its pervasive gentility, to the manner of its speech and the tone, which make addresses of almost all of these thirty-eight pieces and none of them satisfactory confrontations of our political troubles or essays that truly bear witness. *A Continuing Journey* may be "a private history" for its author, but for us, to borrow the title of the book of poems that announced his public role, it is "public speech." It is speech, moreover, little altered from that of his earlier addresses and sounding now, out of habit perhaps as much as ceremonial demand and certainly because the speech of a new generation powerfully countervails it, like an ancestral voice. Not a voice engaged enough to challenge us, for its occasions of commencement, dedication and tributes were not especially challenging, but stock occasions rather for crying us down in order to raise up and console us.

In these public pieces, MacLeish is serving a Republic that looms ever larger in his speech as it recedes from him—no wonder he speaks of "betrayal." He is trying to affirm what is hard to affirm and so increasingly turns to "the words of the founders and defenders." He calls us to move forward but his exhortation fails because he is himself looking backward and has little besides exhortation and comfort-making argument to give us—and the old faith will not do the work of practical proposals. What Hemingway (celebrated here) said about embarrassment over big words applies; after a while "America," as MacLeish wrote in another context in "American Letter," becomes neither place nor people but a "great word," a holy of holies before which to perform the rites of patriotism.

One misses in MacLeish the candor of full personal exposure; his public speech is the speech of matters already public.

He chooses the authority of the public rather than the private man; and he is not as convincing as those who choose the latter, Isaac Rosenfeld for example, a writer of this period in MacLeish's journey whose collected pieces in *An Age of Enormity* sound depths unacknowledged by him. His patriotism is unassailable, but it lacks the lively and certifying ring of the following passage from one of his equally ardent Jeffersonian compatriots, Paul Goodman: "I am walking briskly down 23rd Street after having finished *Growing Up Absurd*—I am carrying the last chapter to the publisher, 'The Missing Community'—and suddenly I find myself whistling *The Star-Spangled Banner*!, confidently fighting for my country against the system that is destroying her. . . . This book, and most of the rest of what I have bravely done this year . . . have sprung directly from reading Washington's Circular Letter. That did fire me and gave me something to do."

And most distressing in MacLeish's work is not the pretentiousness of profundity, the crisis-mode, or the salvation to be had by faith alone but the alienation of his own speech. The public voice of these addresses is curiously personal. Listen to the opening sentences of a piece on the fight to desegregate the University of Mississippi: "Most things, public

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things, happen and go by and you forget about them, but not the Mississippi riots. Not for me, anyway, and I don't suppose I'm alone." There is an echo here of the voice of E. B. White, one of the genuine voices of our time, but it has too much equanimity, too little inflection of personal concern. It misses what White always hits: the exact equivalence of fact and feeling. It stages a feeling, makes it an abstraction, which may be why the ceremonial occasion is so attractive to MacLeish. It seems insincere, is achieved by artfulness, by loosening the style. And it belies what it professes: it summons us to return to American Scripture, to read in the primer of the old-time faith, to ponder the profiles of courage and decency, but in itself is not their warrant, lacking the precious individuality and daring consciousness to make them good.

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THEATRE / Robert Hatch

Rolf Hochhuth's didactic purpose in life is to bring certain dominant figures of World War II to the dock of public esteem. Pope Pius (*The Deputy*) was cold to the fate of Europe's Jews; Winston Churchill (*Soldiers*, now playing at the Billy Rose) was indifferent to the lives of the citizens of Hamburg and Dresden, and capable (whether or not culpable) of assenting to the murder of General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister in Exile. An examination of FDR is in progress.

Hochhuth, it will be seen, does not waste his energies (and in research he is prodigious) on obvious villains. He is disturbed, rather, by the good man's compromise with evil under the pressure of war. Or, perhaps, he traces war to the fact that men called good are capable of such compromises. In any case, he has an instinct for the inconvenient thesis, and his plays move toward the stage in a storm of controversy that guarantees maximum attention for their pronouncements and minimum examination of their form. (The British censors, with the folly of their peculiar vocation, banned *Soldiers* and made it an object of national curiosity.)

It is not to be presumed that Hochhuth has plotted this road to theatrical fame, but it may well have been the only one open to him. His gifts are almost entirely polemical. He appears to understand the theatre, not as a stage on which things happen but as a platform on which things are said. His characters are not created, they are summoned; they do not unfold, they are displayed.

Thus the three acts of *Soldiers* (I ignore the fact that it is a play within a play, since the surrounding envelope is no more than a tedious attempt to lend contemporary force to events whose continuing relevance is self-evident) take place aboard a warship in the North Sea, in Churchill's bedroom, presumably at 10 Downing Street, and in the garden at Chequers. But these locations, or the Prime Minister's appearance from scene to scene in a nautical jacket, boisterous pajamas and an RAF uniform, have no bearing on the playback of statements made (or judiciously assumed to have been made) by Churchill and certain of

his close associates in 1943. The purpose of locale and dress is visual variety, no dramatic movements.

The interest to be derived from this work is in historical detection and the significant juxtaposition of texts; it has nothing to do with drama, and is indeed so inappropriate to the stage that its content can be grasped only imperfectly under conditions of exhausting concentration. The only play offered here by Hochhuth is an affection that grows between Churchill's secretary and a young Polish officer, and is destroyed by the actions of their superiors; a playwright would of course have brought these two bit parts to the center of the work. Aside from this, the spectacle is a wax-works wired for sound—but sound that is innocent of any knowledge that if lines are to prevail on the stage they must be written for the stage.

The museum ghouliness of the piece is accentuated by the appearance of the principals, and particularly of Churchill. By use of very heavy (and perfectly apparent) make-up, John Colicos is made to look a good deal like Churchill (in some poses, disconcertingly like W. C. Fields). But no one who ever saw or heard Churchill could be fooled for a moment. The tone of voice, the attitudes, the stature are insufficient—I had to fight the (at least melodramatic) supposition that the real Churchill had been disposed of by the Gestapo. As for Lord Cherwell and General, Sir Alan Brooke, they are given the presence of junior masters at a boys' school. But suppose the impersonations had been faultless, suppose this was Churchill miraculously returned, what would that have to do with acting? It would be mere mimicry, a trick, a mechanical duplication at the pole opposite to creating a stage image.

The truth is that real playwrights do not put public figures of world renown at the center of their canvases, because to do so would be to frustrate the invention of character development and human relations that impels them to write plays. Shakespeare? But Henry V died in 1422, Richard III in 1485, and Shakespeare was born in 1564. Nor did those monarchs write memoirs, appear in newsreels, or record their speeches with the B.B.C. There is a great deal still to be said about Churchill—and, whether correct or not, Hochhuth has added his opinion to the conversation. But there is nothing to be done with him on the stage, and there won't be for 100 years.

Now, for the good of the theatre, if not of history, I trust that Hochhuth is not amassing evidence to demonstrate that Roosevelt planned Pearl Harbor. True or false, it won't play.

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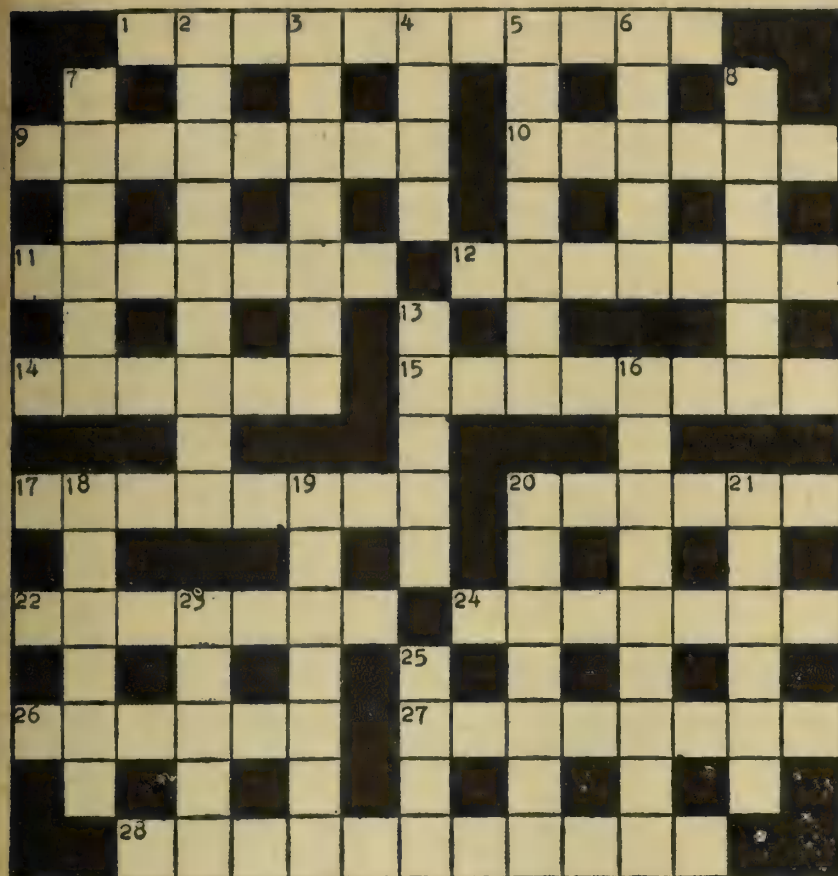
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1250

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Action of sub-transformation? It isn't quite clear! (11)
- 9 Pass a brief interlude in a state of exhaustion? (8)
- 10 One of these isn't left in the ring pre-rogatives. (6)
- 11 See 22 across
- 12 See 25 down
- 14 Little ways around are likely to produce impolite looks. (6)
- 15 Insomniacs are and do, probably. (8)
- 17 The players grow old, and they may go around hurt. (8)
- 20 One can't after being checked for fancy accommodations. (6)
- 22 and 11 across Such a game has force on only one side. (4,3,7)
- 24 Such things as jam the old ranches? (7)
- 26 Astringent in back, no longer in attendance. (6)
- 27 Had some young scattered about? (8)
- 28 Evidence of prosperity just around more than one corner? Such things don't make sense! (11)

DOWN:

- 2 Having the ability, in a way, to get fed up when it's hammered home too often? (9)
- 3 When they call a strike, the board may respond quickly. (7)
- 4 Bass or tenor, possibly. (4)

- 5 Proving the sailor is given something to shoot at. (7)

- 6 Should be tough to figure out! (5)
- 7 One of those Assyrian gleamers? (6)
- 8 Puts up with things put up for show? (6)
- 13 Is it crude to make such a profit? (5)
- 16 Cant a sort of villainous look portray the audience? (9)
- 18 Rings a series of strokes on the bell. (6)
- 19 Plant a clue for this agent in disguise. (7)
- 20 Money in Washington, for example? (7)
- 21 Such a deal is not for the men! (6)
- 23 A large number in an undetermined group battle with it. (5)
- 25, and 12 across Secret group of people set apart for a particular use. (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1249

ACROSS: 1 Cabinetmakers; 9 Rules; 10 Butters up; 11 Yonkers; 12 Rotunda; 13 Blues; 14 Headaches; 16 Golden Age; 18 Motif; 19 Typical; 21 Marvell; 22 Container; 23 Extra; 24 Superannuated. DOWN: 2 Bilingual; 3 Nesters; 4 Tubes; 5 Alternate; 6 Electra; 7 Susan; 8 and 1 down Speak softly and carry a big stick; 14 Headliner; 15 Hottentot; 17 Enclasp; 18 Morceau; 20 Pants; 21 Moron.

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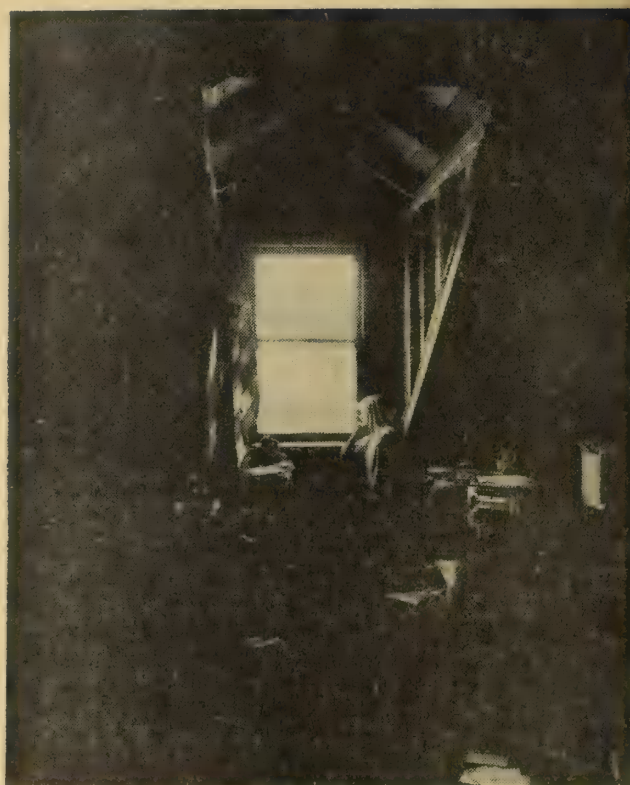
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LETTERS

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Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIR: On Apr. 15 you published my letter of objection to Mr. Brossard's comments on the education of children. In explanation you evade the question of Mr. Brossard's competence in the professional field of pedagogy. Teaching literature and social science in colleges does not make one an educator in the professional sense, and only a professional educator is entitled to make such derogatory statements (seemingly authoritative) about the quality and effect of elementary education in this country.

I repeat, Mr. Brossard is talking through his hat . . .

George I. Sánchez

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIR: Speaking as a schoolgirl of fourteen years' experience (not as many as Mr. Sánchez's but emphatically long enough), I must state that the atrocities of American education inflicted upon myself and many others to whom I've talked fully support Mr. Holt's and Mr. Brossard's position. Perhaps as a teacher and teacher of teachers, Mr. Sánchez has not been in the correct place to learn of what Mr. Brossard speaks . . . I don't know if teachers, administrators, school boards, or others are responsible, but I know I do not want any of my children to endure the enormous agony of American public education. I still get a frantic feeling when passing one of those repressive restrainers, an American school.

Lynne Botten
Reed College

'War and Peace'

New York City

DEAR SIR: Creative criticism in the performing arts is so rare that it demands responsible comment from those who are occupied with performances. Robert Hatch's review of the Soviet version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* [*The Nation*, May 13] was a masterpiece of clinical analysis. Not since the days of James Agee has a subject been so attacked in style, depth, historical and sociological analysis. The film cost \$100 million; in about 1,000 words, Mr. Hatch said all that need be said about a complex, indeed ■ baffling problem, of transliteration, novel to "epic"; casting and direction. Would that the dance had a single voice today as perspicacious and as sympathetically devastating.

Lincoln Kirstein

empty pedestal

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Alexander Werth ["Moscow's Wayward Satellites," *The Nation*, Apr. 22] has some illuminating comments on Czech "realism" but it is clear he hasn't been to Prague for a long, long time. When my wife visited Prague in 1962, she brought home slides which included some of the monster statue of Stalin overlooking the city from the high bank of the Vltava . . . Nothing was supposed to have happened between 1962 and 1963 in Czechoslovakia. Yet when I visited there in 1963, Stalin had quietly disappeared. No public toppling, no photos, no publicity. People weren't even sure exactly when he had vanished . . . some silent dark night. What remained was a huge stone pedestal with no occupant. Beneath the pedestal were plaques commemorating resistance heroes and martyrs, like Lidice and the writer Fuchs . . . Chalked in at various places were other names like Benes, Masaryk and names I do not remember or know.

(Continued on page 700)

EDITORIALS

The Road from Nebraska

Senator Kennedy's 51 per cent margin of victory in the Nebraska primary was definitely more impressive than his 42 per cent margin in Indiana; on the other hand Senator McCarthy, in Nebraska as in Indiana (see article p. 686) did rather better than we had expected. In both states he was unable to match, financially or organizationally, the resources available to Senator Kennedy, and neither state was favorable McCarthy terrain. From Nebraska the road leads westward to Oregon (see article p. 687) and from Oregon down the coast to California. These two primaries will have much greater national significance than those of Nebraska and Indiana, whose chief importance was to give a boost to the Kennedy candidacy which had been showing signs of wobble and distress.

With the Oregon (May 28) and California (June 4) primaries as the major political happenings before the Chicago convention, now is a good time to restate *The Nation's* endorsement of Senator McCarthy. Prior to McCarthy's announcement, the outlook for the 1968 Presidential election could hardly have been more discouraging. It then seemed as though voters might be offered a throat-slitting "choice" of Wallace, Johnson or Nixon. Now they have the possibility of indicating a preference for McCarthy, Kennedy, Humphrey, Nixon or Rockefeller—a refreshing enlargement of alternatives. For this distinct improvement in the political outlook McCarthy is, of course, largely responsible. It is our judgment that the North Vietnamese responded as quickly as they did to the President's message because he had decided to withdraw from the race—and for this, too, McCarthy was largely responsible. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is our view that all those who oppose the war and want to see a redirection of American power and a reordering of national priorities should continue to support Senator McCarthy.

But there is reason for growing concern about the way the election is shaping up. While the outlook has improved, it could still end up with a "choice" of, say, Wallace, Humphrey and Nixon. Whether or not the President's withdrawal, coupled with the message to Hanoi, was calculated to rob his critics of the major issue of the campaign (or at least make it extremely difficult for them to exploit it), that has been the practical effect of his decision. Once again "images" and "personalities" are taking precedence over issues and alternative policies. *Business Week* (May 4) notes that Kennedy, Humphrey, Nixon and Rockefeller—McCarthy is placed in a different category—will each try in his own fashion "to define a new middle of the road in national politics." But what we need is a new politics, not a new middle of the road. A new bipartisan consensus in support of the cold-war policies of the last quarter of a century will not restore confidence and faith in the political process—it will further undermine it.

At the moment, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion that negotiations in Paris will follow the pattern

of the Korean negotiations and be interminable. But what if they take a different course? Suppose that an agreement—perhaps an interim agreement of some sort—is reached before the conventions. Humphrey and Nixon might then emerge as the nominees most likely to appeal to “the new middle.” This in turn would arouse even deeper distrust of the political process among the groups that are most seriously disaffected. Perhaps 30 per cent of the electorate has become estranged from governmental process by the performance of both parties and has been clamoring for a more significant politics.

The poor—long excluded from the consensus of middle-income groups—are only beginning to organize in a manner that would force attention on their urgent and legitimate needs. The formation of a new consensus of the middle, from which they would still be excluded, will only contribute to their disaffection and despair. Similarly, it would be a bitter anticlimax to confront young voters, who have come out in droves for McCarthy and Kennedy, with a “choice” of Wallace, Humphrey and Nixon. Under these circumstances, the prospect for a politics relevant to contemporary America and the world would be eclipsed almost as swiftly as it was revived.

A McCarthy victory is the best assurance that the new interest and confidence in the political process will not be extinguished. Both in style and substance, Senator McCarthy has shown a real awareness of the need for a new politics. He is well aware that the nature of national politics is changing. Value judgments on the direction that American policy should take are overshadowing specific group and sectional interests. New issues are cutting across the old groupings, alliances and coalitions. These new issues are bringing forth new national constituencies. McCarthy, “the man the people found,” has addressed these new constituencies with a candor and intelligence that has strengthened their confidence in the political process. Whether or not he succeeds in having himself nominated, McCarthy has ushered in the “new politics” of the next several decades.

Regardless of the political fortunes of Senators McCarthy and Kennedy—and of personal preferences—the point to keep in mind is that the opposition in the Democratic Party is strong enough, if consolidated, to dominate the Chicago convention. In the primaries thus far held, a majority of Democratic voters have shown that they want—as Senator Kennedy puts it—“a different course of action from that followed by the Johnson-Humphrey Administration.” But they are no more likely to get it if Humphrey and Nixon are nominated than they would be if the nominees were Americus Liberator, the retired cowboy, and Harold Stassen, who ran neck and neck with him in the Nebraska primary.

The paramount need at the moment is to see to it that the Oregon and California primaries are conducted in a manner that will not damage the prospects of uniting the McCarthy-Kennedy forces at Chicago. Should this effort fail, we may yet be engulfed in “happiness politics” and all that. At Chicago, if necessary, McCarthy and Kennedy can toss a coin to decide who should have the first place and who the second. There is no longer any need for, indeed there is a real danger in, perpetuating the nonsense

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 22

about "ticket balancing." Let the Democratic Party nominate the two best men. The fact that both are Catholics is beside the point; for a couple of centuries both parties have thought it perfectly proper to nominate two Protestants for the top offices.

Sobering Up

Individuals may go on weekend benders, but nations do things on a larger scale. Our very own Uncle Sam has been on a twenty-five-year spree and now, forced to face facts, he finds things pretty rough.

"This can't go on" is the national feeling, and when something has to give even Establishment Senators begin to think unthinkable thoughts—such as actually making cuts in the Department of Defense budget. For the first time there is a mood to question, to look sharply, to regard a billion as a billion and a million as a million. Oh, if we could only get back a fraction of the \$900 billion we have spent on "defense" and related programs since 1945! Oh, if we could just collect a little interest on the \$21.5 billion of wartime lending! But it is all gone, gone forever, and the sobering up will be difficult indeed.

In *Forbes* (May 1), Otto Eckstein, the Harvard economist who served on the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1964 to 1966 and is still a consultant, expounds the hard facts. Many businessmen (including the Committee for Economic Development) think that when the Vietnamese War ends—with its drain of \$30 billion yearly—\$20 billion, say, will become available for useful purposes. Professor Eckstein warns against such high hopes. The defense budget is now around \$83 billion. It had leveled off at around \$50 billion before Vietnam, but Eckstein assures us that we shall never see that level again. Maybe \$75 billion, he thinks. Another military pay rise is in the offing. Major equipment prices have risen. Expenditures on developing new strategic weapons have been deferred (it seems incredible, but that only shows how little we appreciate the size of the military appetite). We *must* have Minuteman III, it seems, at least as "thin" defense against Chinese ICBMs, and other such splendid hardware. Whatever is saved at the end of the war in Vietnam—whenever that comes—will be up for grabs by the military.

Nevertheless, even hawk Senators like Symington (he seemed to have had a period of reflection but his status now is uncertain) are apprehensive, and so is big business and its economic advisers. The idea is gaining currency that while "defense" spending benefits the big arms suppliers and the regions in which they are concentrated, for the country as a whole it is counter-productive. Eliot Janeway, in his new book, *The Economics of Crisis: War, Politics and the Dollar*, argues that in attempting to act as the world's policeman the United States is increasingly bogged down with its wars, losing economic opportunities that it could otherwise seize, and thus falling into a worsening economic crisis. The best—the only—way to stimulate the economy is to shift into peace spending; the Wall Street reaction shows that this is generally realized. So the military importuners must be resisted; their requests for

what they consider absolutely necessary must be shown for what they usually are: exaggerated, spendthrift estimates for future wars which will be as ruinous as the present one, and as unwinnable. Nor should organizations like the CIA be any more sacrosanct than the Department of Defense. No matter how much Congressional courage it may take to do so, these budgets must be cut ruthlessly. There is no other way to get money for the country's urgent needs, and if these needs are not met, then the trouble that lies ahead will far exceed the trouble we are in already.

Aghast

Reviewing *The Philby Conspiracy* for *The Washington Post*, Thomas W. Braden pronounced himself "aghast" at Philby's treachery. Almost bereft of his senses by horror, he was at length forced "to face an abasing truth: that it is possible for a man to accept from those with whom he walks all that they can give in affection, well-being, education, trust and honor, and in return lie to them, steal from them, betray them, even murder them."

All true, but who is Braden to point the finger? He may not himself have stooped to being a double agent, but he stooped plenty when he worked for the CIA. To vary the Biblical saying, he sees the beam in his neighbor's eye but not the (somewhat smaller) beam in his own. Without the slightest compunction, when he was working for the CIA Braden deceived the American people, in the matter of the foundations and other ostensibly worthy organizations which he covertly financed with CIA money. It was all in the name of national security, of course—which may cleanse Braden's conscience—but he can hardly hold himself up as a model of rectitude. It is hard to see why he gets so emotional about Philby, or about any other operator in the intelligence business, where some are sure to be found serving two masters or else serving one and deceiving the other.

By all the evidence at hand, the CIA is no more scrupulous than any other intelligence service in its operations. Remember Francis Gary Powers, the hillbilly who became a first-class flier and was downed in the Soviet Union while flying a U-2 photographic plane—thereby breaking up a scheduled Big Four Summit meeting and prolonging the cold war? The *Los Angeles Times* recently carried a story about him which leaves us aghast, though not as aghast as Tom Braden because we do not pretend to observe the world from so elevated a moral station. At 38, Powers is working as a test pilot for Lockheed, which was his ostensible employer when he was flying for the CIA. His mishap occurred on May 1, 1960, and the Soviets gave him a ten-year sentence after a show trial in which Powers confessed all. In 1962, however, he was exchanged for the Soviet spy Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. In 1963, he divorced his first wife and married an attractive CIA psychologist, with whom he lives (incognito, or at least not to be interviewed or even called on the telephone) in a \$40,000 home in the foothills of the Verdugo Mountains. But there is more to his story than that.

The U-2 in which Powers did his spying was equipped

with a special destruct mechanism which, when actuated, was designed to blow up the plane, after allowing the pilot seventy seconds to eject and get far enough away to survive. But there was some question about the length of the delay in the minds of some of the U-2 pilots, and that may have had something to do with the fact that Powers is alive and still flying, with the \$50,000 back pay he received and the medal which the CIA awarded him in 1965—very quietly.

The cover story which had been prepared in advance by the CIA did not assume a live pilot, or an unexploded aircraft. In his book, *The Real CIA*, the former executive director of the CIA, Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., recalled sitting in Allen Dulles' office and listening to Dick Bissell "explain how it would have been impossible for the pilot to have survived the crash and therefore that the United States should stick to the cover story . . ." (Italics added.) And in his memoirs, *Waging Peace*, General Eisenhower refers to the self-destructing mechanisms and says he was told by CIA and the Joint Chiefs that "in the event of mishap . . . it would be impossible . . . for the Soviets to come in possession of the equipment intact—or, unfortunately, of a live pilot."

Unfortunately—or fortunately? At any rate, Powers did not throw the destruct switch. He said that the forces exerted by the spinning plane were such that he could not reach the switch. He did not eject; he got the canopy open and climbed out. His story is that he then tried to reach the switch but couldn't. Suspicious persons (such as ourselves) might wonder whether the CIA had plotted to destroy plane and pilot in the one explosion. The author of the *Los Angeles Times* story wonders too. It is a fair surmise that the CIA did scheme to destroy one of its own agents in order to maintain its cover story. This type of "intelligence" is a dirty business all around. Even in reference to a character like Philby, moral indignation can seem out of place.

Common Courtesy

What we call corruption, an American official explains, the South Vietnamese call common courtesy. It was that way before we came—except that, since the country was not then flooded with American personnel, products and funds, there was less "courtesy" to go around. And the same is true of Thailand, and of every Asian land our troops enter, in the name of saving it from communism. President Johnson has consistently taken the problem of corruption in Vietnam quite lightly. Speaking in Texas not long ago, he observed that corruption is everywhere—in Boston, New York and Johnson City. "Somebody is stealing something in Beaumont right now," he said to his audience in Beaumont, Tex.

No doubt of it, but corruption in Beaumont does not have quite the same impact that American-financed corruption has in Southeast Asia, for reasons which Frances Starner points out in this issue (p. 696) and which Sen. Ernest Gruening, as chairman of the Subcommittee on Foreign Aid Expenditures, has pointed out in announcing hearings on the same subject. By furthering the corrup-

tion which is a way of life in most traditional Southeast Asian societies, we contribute to the conditions which Communists turn to their advantage. Corruption is not a minor issue in South Vietnam; it is, as Douglas Kirk points out in a dispatch to the *Washington Star*, "the key word in Vietnamese politics." Consider the story of the black-shirted Anti-Corruption League, with a membership of 32,000, which Vice President Ky organized in 1965. Recently he was mortified, so he said, to find it necessary to arrest Dang Van Thu, national chief of the organization; Le Van Kha, inspector general; and Le Van Thanh, a provincial leader. The three were charged with misappropriation of government funds and the sale of draft-exemption cards. An AP report indicates that the price of such cards ran as high as 75,000 piasters or \$635. The more certain American officials ponder the problem of "common courtesy" in South Vietnam, the more they are inclined to rethink the kind of role we actually play in South Vietnam and Thailand and Laos by contrast with the role we say we are playing "Whether attacking poverty or Communism," writes Robert Keatley in a dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal* from Thailand (May 15), "the U.S. sometimes aggravates problems it seeks to solve, or even creates new ones in the process." We hope Senator Gruening presses forward with his investigation; the findings will be of continuing relevance to American policy in Southeast Asia, quite apart from what happens in the Paris peace talks.

The Return Flow

The Peace and Freedom Party qualified for the ballot in California last year with 105,100 registrations, substantially more than the number required by the state election code. The new party, composed primarily of voters under 30, reflected a sharp alienation from consensus politics at a time when it appeared that the only alternative to President Johnson this year would be Richard Nixon—a prospect that dismayed millions of older voters as well as the young.

The Peace and Freedom registration has now dropped to 71,532, a loss of nearly one-third of its original strength. (We had anticipated that some such shift would in all probability take place: see our editorial "Thoughts in a Dry Season," February 19.) P.&F. leaders, allied ideologically to the militant Left, see little if any difference in the programs and prospects of Johnson, McCarthy, Kennedy and Humphrey, or in those of Rockefeller and Nixon; but 33,568 former members of their party disagree. Most of the credit for their decision to return to the main political stage must go to Senator McCarthy, who was the first political leader to sense the vulnerability of President Johnson.

The Peace and Freedom Party could still become a significant factor this year in California politics. If the August conventions nominate Nixon and Humphrey, the new party could gain as many as a half-million protest votes, mostly from the Democratic ranks, though the anti-Nixon Republicans would also be tempted to leave home in disgust.

DOWN THE PRIMARY STRETCH

From Indiana ...

KARL O'LESSKER

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A white backlash that didn't develop, a Republican cross-over that did: a huge Negro vote and a set of Democratic organization factional fights of almost impenetrable obscurity—this is the stuff out of which Sens. Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy put together their different kinds of "victory" in Indiana's primary.

There were few surprises, and those only of degree. Everyone knew Kennedy would do well among the Negroes; no one supposed he would get, as he did, 90 per cent of their vote. Everyone knew McCarthy would be helped by Republican cross-overs; no one supposed he would get, as he appears to have done, more than half of them.

But for the most part, the pollsters had done their job well. At least two weeks before the election they showed the correct order of finish among the three candidates (favorite son Gov. Roger Branigin was picked to come second, and did), and their principal sources of strength within the Democratic electorate. Most important, they indicated that no substantial backlash was developing against Kennedy among the "ethnics" of industrial northern Indiana, where his candidacy *could* have smashed beyond salvage.

As it turned out, Kennedy did better than he had dared hope, not only in the all-white working-class districts but also in the mixed white-black districts. In one predominantly Polish precinct of South Bend, for example, he took just over two-thirds of the almost 400 votes; and in a racially tense mixed precinct in the same city he won exactly half the vote. (McCarthy ran well ahead of Branigin in both.) And Kennedy ran up a substantial plurality in bitterly divided Lake County where four years earlier George Wallace had beaten a stand-in for President Johnson.

Some backlash does seem to have motivated the non-ethnic white working class of central and southern Indiana, a population drawn largely from Kentucky and rural Indiana. In an all-white working-class precinct in Columbus, Kennedy had to settle for a plurality (42 per cent) against Branigin's 34 per cent, a result which takes on significance when measured against the Senator's sweep in the industrial north. In that same Columbus district, and in others like it, McCarthy also fared markedly less well than he did among the "ethnics"; this suggests, if only faintly, some lingering traces of the religious issue which was so important in Indiana eight years ago.

In contrast to Kennedy, McCarthy showed greatest strength (as anticipated) in university and well-to-do sub-

urban districts. Monroe County, home of Indiana University, gave him one of his few substantial victories. He carried the entire county with a plurality of almost 46 per cent, beating Branigin by more than 2 to 1. And in a Purdue University precinct in West Lafayette, McCarthy received 150 votes to 91 for Kennedy and 92 for Branigin. In an upper-middle-class district in Evansville the Minnesotan took 85 of the 181 total; in a similar, though largely Jewish, precinct outside Indianapolis, he won a similar but still impressive plurality.

An important increment to the McCarthy total came from Republican cross-overs. Like Branigin, he had solicited them: and while earlier estimates indicated that the Governor, not the Senator, would be the main beneficiary of any party jumping, spot checks taken just before and during the balloting showed that McCarthy stood to gain at least half of them. If, as most observers now believe, some 10 per cent of the approximately 700,000 votes in the Democratic primary were cast by Republicans, and if McCarthy and Branigin divided them equally (Kennedy, it is agreed, got none), the boost to McCarthy would represent something like 17 per cent of his total vote.

Put another way, *without* cross-overs McCarthy would have received 25, Branigin 29 and Kennedy 47 per cent of the Democratic vote instead of the 28, 30 and 42 per cent which they did receive.

The main sources of Branigin strength are difficult to assess. To be sure, he had the support of his own once potent party organization, of most of Indiana's labor leaders, and of the big-circulation, ultra-conservative Indianapolis newspapers. But the organization has had its internal troubles of late, with a number of county chairmen only too willing to humiliate both the Governor and the party's state chairman. And in any case, as several long-time politician watchers in Indiana (including the senior U.S. Senator, Vance Hartke) commented in the aftermath, the "old style" politics just doesn't work as it once did: voters are too deeply concerned with issues and personalities to be much impressed by appeals to organization loyalty.

The labor leaders demonstrated once again their inability to carry the rank and file with them on electoral decisions. Their object, of course, was to hold the national convention delegation for Humphrey. Had the Vice President been on the ballot, or had he at least campaigned hard on behalf of his ostensible stand-in (Branigin denied being any such thing), the outcome might have been dramatically different. But union members saw and heard Kennedy and McCarthy present the issues and ask for their votes: the leadership offered them only a maneuver.

That Branigin received as much of the vote as he did is testimony to his personal popularity with large numbers of Hoosiers, especially in the rural and small-town areas.



He appears also to have scored points with his argument that an uncommitted delegation could best serve Indiana's interests in Chicago next August. And a degree of anti-Kennedy feeling, among voters for whom Eugene McCarthy was still too much of an unknown quantity, surely contributed to the Governor's poll. But by any accounting, and despite his second-place finish, Branigin was the one clear loser in Indiana's Presidential primary.

Who then was the winner? Robert Kennedy got more votes than anyone else on the Democratic ticket and exceeded the ten-point spread he had hoped for between himself and his nearest opponent. He demonstrated, what was vital, that he could win both the Negro vote *and* the prospective ethnic-white-backlash vote. And he ran extraordinarily well in certain rural counties, notably several in southern Indiana, where his name might have been supposed to be anathema (Scott County, for example, once the most racist in the entire state, gave him 1,300 votes to 900 for Branigin and 500 for McCarthy).

But he did not succeed altogether in allaying fears that a significant minority of Democrats are utterly opposed to his candidacy; perhaps no such demonstration was reasonably possible. In any case, Democratic politicians in Indiana remain unconvinced that Kennedy would be the party's strongest standard-bearer in this state next November. For it is victory in the Statehouse, not the White House, that most concerns them. To that extent Kennedy's triumph here was something less than decisive.

McCarthy and his staff argue with obvious conviction that their campaign hasn't been hurt at all by the third-place finish. McCarthy's vote, they say, exceeded their expectations. More important, they are convinced that practically all the Branigin voters would have gone to them had the Governor dropped out after Johnson's withdrawal, and

that in a head-to-head fight with Kennedy in Indiana McCarthy would have emerged a big winner.

This line of reasoning is by no means irresistible. At least among the party organization people one talks to, Kennedy and not McCarthy was a clear second choice to Governor Branigin. And in order to agree that the bulk of the Branigin vote would have transferred to McCarthy, you must assume a much greater depth of anti-Kennedy feeling than anything in this election demonstrates.

In sum, Indiana was a round of sparring; the combat will have to resume in other arenas. And when the knock-out does come, as it almost certainly will in the next few weeks, the victor will have to use every ounce of his remaining strength to keep another man from walking off with the prize.

... to Oregon

ANTHONY NETBOY

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Portland

Originally settled by New Englanders and Midwesterners of New England background, Oregon has retained their conservative outlook. The state is today preponderantly Protestant, with few minority groups, and none of great political importance. It is generally admitted that conservatism makes Oregon a morally healthy but not a forward-looking place in which to live. There is a saying that Oregonians build for yesterday.

As one would expect from this, the state's voting record has been predominantly Republican. In fact, until 1954, it had rarely sent a Democrat to Congress. In that year Richard L. Neuberger broke a forty-year tradition by winning a seat in the United States Senate, and Edith Green was elected to the House, the first Democrat since the early New Deal. The Congressional delegations are now split evenly.

There are no strong political machines in Oregon. In the sixteen years that I have lived here I have never heard of a political boss. The only votes a candidate for office can really count on are those of family and friends, and friends of friends. One of the candidates for attorney general this year is married to a woman who has fourteen brothers and sisters, and this is acknowledged to be a real asset.

The familiarity of a name counts for a great deal more in Oregon than it does in the East, and candidates without any political experience, or ability, are often elected to high office because their names are well known around the state. Thus the present Governor, Tom McCall, won office simply by having been for many years a newscaster. He had never held any public office. He plastered the state with signs reading "Vote for McCall," not bothering to mention his Republican affiliation or the office he was seeking.

One must view the Oregon primary (May 28), which can

be a boost or a blow for Presidential candidates, against this background. In the last fourteen Presidential primaries, Oregon Democrats picked the eventual candidate eleven times and Republicans eight. This record scarcely makes the state an infallible political barometer, but with the advent of television and the creation of what has been called the "mini-industry" of campaign news coverage, national attention is focused on the Oregon primary, probably out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, and yet with appreciable effect on candidate momentum. In 1964, Henry Cabot Lodge's aspirations died when he lost to Rockefeller in Oregon and the latter's prospects seemed to soar until, two weeks later, he lost to Goldwater in California.

This year, there are two active campaigners among the Democrats. Senators Kennedy and McCarthy, and the name of Lyndon B. Johnson is still on the ballot. Hubert Humphrey also appears on the ballot, but in the Vice Presidential slot. Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan appear on the Republican ticket, but the latter has not campaigned personally in the state.

The sudden elimination of LBJ threw most of the Democratic Party leaders into confusion. Senator Morse, though a dove, has refused to endorse either McCarthy or Kennedy, and in fact keeps reminding his constituency that he is a close friend of Johnson. On May 9, the AFL-CIO executive board in Oregon endorsed Humphrey, following pleas from George Meany that labor should support neither Kennedy nor McCarthy. George Brown, educational director of the Oregon AFL-CIO legislative

and political arm, declared that "most labor leaders here in Oregon, like those around the nation, still remember Kennedy's distasteful activities in the state as chief counsel to the anti-labor Rackets Committee in the 1950s. The Oregon probe was blown up completely out of proportion and Kennedy was going around calling us the 'crime capital of the nation.' Oregon leaders just can't trust the man."

Many adherents of LBJ, among them Norman Stoll, Democratic national committeeman, and state Sen. Ross Morgan, co-chairman of the Oregon Citizens for Humphrey Committee, are also actively campaigning against both McCarthy and Kennedy. Morgan, supposedly a liberal, says: "The most effective way to block the 'siren songs' of Sens. Eugene McCarthy and Robert F. Kennedy is to vote for the President, whose name remains on the ballot." A write-in for Humphrey in the Presidential box, he adds, would not be as effective, nor would a vote for McCarthy in the hope of stopping Kennedy. The word is out to party stalwarts that LBJ is determined at all costs to stop Kennedy.

Edith Green, who was an original booster of John Kennedy, is the most important Democrat to have joined Robert Kennedy's forces. Mrs. Green wields a certain amount of influence, and her friendship with politically generous Jewish businessmen guarantees ardent workers and effective financial support for Kennedy in the state. It does not necessarily promise many votes, since the Jewish community is small. No prominent Democrat has as yet endorsed McCarthy, but he is rapidly gaining adherents among intellectuals, educators and many liberal Republicans who, after Rockefeller dropped out the first time around, switched their registration to vote for the Senator.

Kennedy has been the most active campaigner in the state, using his now familiar technique: a two- or three-day blitz in concentrated areas, accompanied by a tremendous entourage of press agents, speech writers, photographers, relatives and other followers. Advance men make sure there will be crowds at the airports, shopping centers, factories and schools on the itinerary. Signs galore are carried by screeching high school and college students, and plenty of excitement is generated as the cavalcade moves from town to town. Kennedy, still looking like a college student himself, makes numerous speeches, mostly impromptu, and relies on such platitudes as "We must be used to seek peace with justice, to secure peace without fear"; "no government can sustain international law and order unless it can do so at home." He constantly repeats the slogan, "We must turn the country around."

Another Kennedy refrain is: "I enter this campaign because I believe the nation is divided. Young people are divided by older people; and black people by white people, and the nation is divided by war 10,000 miles away." And "The death or maiming of many a young man in the swamps of Vietnam—this is indecent. So is poverty . . . and unemployment." Sometimes he is more specific. In March he told Oregonians: "We must seek a more balanced and normal relationship with the Soviet Union. We



must recommit ourselves to the concept of the United Nations. We must do everything in our power to halt the arms race. We must reappraise the danger of China, accepting the need for that gigantic nation to take a more normal part in the international community." He has called for bringing the Vietcong into the government of South Vietnam, as has McCarthy.

The state is being deluged with Kennedy literature, and seemingly every registered voter is being reached by phone, if he has a phone. Kennedy admits spending more than \$600,000 in Indiana; he will probably exceed that figure in Oregon. He has gone out of his way to attract the Negroes in Portland, but on the whole his campaign seems to have interested mostly younger people.

Up to the middle of May, McCarthy had campaigned but little in the state. His method is in striking contrast to that of Kennedy. He travels without much of a company and keeps his family in the background, except for his daughter Mary. Tall, dignified, graying, he not only looks like a professor but talks like one, displaying a wit that Kennedy seems to lack. One feels that he is sound and stable, and he appeals to mature as well as younger Americans. To Oregonians he is practically a stranger, but they are becoming acquainted with him through the news media. Most of his campaign workers are college students.

McCarthy made a good impression on May 10 when he spoke before the City Club of Portland, probably the most important group he had addressed up to that time. Speaking on inflation and the force of the dollar in foreign affairs, he called for a re-evaluation of our foreign commitments and a coalition government in Vietnam. He advocated a less personalized approach to the Presidency, scolding LBJ for constantly speaking of "My Congress, my White House, and even my Vice President," and expressing polite contempt for Secretary Rusk. His impromptu wit appealed to this hardheaded audience. He has also spoken to labor and college audiences and seems to wear well.

Since Oregonians usually tend to vote more for the man than for his program, one feels that McCarthy would beat Kennedy in the primary if there were time enough for him to be properly introduced to the voters. Harold Hughes, the astute political writer for the *Portland Oregonian*, probably sized up the campaign accurately when he wrote: "A victory for McCarthy in Oregon could be the edge for victory in California, a success that would smash the Kennedy drive and make certain the nomination of Hubert Humphrey on the first ballot in Chicago. The opposite could happen, too. A Kennedy Oregon victory, if big, could set the cadence for California, maybe ending all serious talk of Eugene McCarthy." McCarthy seems confident of ultimate victory, and tells his audience he is the front runner. Kennedy, in contrast, iterates to every audience, "I need your help," meaning he will have a hard fight for the nomination.

Summing up the Democratic primary in mid-May, it seems that Kennedy is ahead and may well carry the state by a sizable margin; no polls have been published. LBJ's name on the ticket will certainly take votes from Kennedy and increase McCarthy's chances.

The Republican primary in Oregon is lacking in color



or interest since Rockefeller, who is very popular in the state, took his name off the ballot. Nixon has campaigned considerably in person and by paid TV commercials, and his organization is papering the state with literature and billboards, exclaiming "Nixon's the One." Reflecting the conservative trend of Oregon Republicanism in 1968, the Nixon camp is led by prominent Goldwaterites with a sprinkling of John Birchers. Former Secretary of State Howell Appling, Jr., is chairman of the campaign committee, assisted by a large group of state legislators, bankers, the rabid conservative industrialist Ernest Swigert, and the like.

The re-emergence of Rockefeller as an active candidate jolted Mr. Appling, who lost his aplomb and exclaimed: "Now that the entry date for all the primaries is for him conveniently past, I'm not sure whether his recent posture is that of a draft dodger, a conscientious objector or a plain 4F." Such nasty remarks are not designed to improve the image of the former Vice President. Were Rockefeller on the ballot, he would probably defeat Nixon.

Supporters of Governor Reagan saw the entry of Rockefeller as evidence that Nixon cannot win the nomination. Don Hodel, spokesman for the Reagan forces in Oregon, said: "Because Nixon's campaign nationally has failed to catch fire, apparently Rockefeller backers concluded that Nixon is slipping." This sentiment was echoed by Robert Hazen, chairman of the Reagan campaign, which incidentally is said to be financed to the tune of some \$300,000.

The effort of Wayne Morse to win a fifth term in the Senate almost eclipses the Presidential primary. Morse is not only an astute politician but an extremely lucky one. In his twenty-four years in the Senate he has been a Re-

publican, an Independent and, in recent years, a Democrat. The truth is that he is not a party man at all, but one who goes his own way, taking strong positions, and standing or falling by them. His enormous gifts as an orator and lawyer have not resulted in great statesmanship nor any impressive legislative achievements. A deep streak of egotism and vindictiveness, verging on pettiness, are flaws in his character which have alienated many Senatorial colleagues, and prevented the kind of teamwork which liberals like George Norris and the elder LaFollette employed to gain legislative ends. Morse's contributions have been mostly in raising issues like the immorality of the Vietnamese War and the unfairness of the Taft-Hartley Act. Morse is passionately hated, as by the *Portland Oregonian*, or passionately defended, as by many a plain citizen. It is doubtful that such an individualist could have been successful politically in any state but Oregon, where he has been able to rely upon a large bloc of independent voters.

Last year, when he began to campaign for re-election as a dove, Morse's chances were dimmed by the candidacy of former Rep. Robert Duncan, a hawkish follower of the Administration, who had almost defeated Mark Hatfield for the Senate in 1966. Duncan's chief support comes from certain labor unions who hate Morse and from Administration followers. Since the withdrawal of LBJ

from the race and the subsidence of the Administration's war fever, Duncan has changed his tune, and it is hard now to say how he differs from Morse on that crucial issue.

The main resentment against Morse is that he is something of a carpetbagger, living on a farm in Maryland and only nominally a resident of Oregon, his adopted state. His visits are infrequent until it is time to campaign again and then his followers see a great deal of him. He has been a failure as a sponsor of natural resource measures that would help Oregon, such as the Dunes National Seashore bill, a pet project of the Neubergeres, which passed the House and would have passed the Senate if Morse had not blocked it because he objected to the condemnation clause such bills always carry.

Starting out as an underdog in early 1968, Morse now has a comfortable lead alleged by Duncan to run into seven figures. Senate seniority would make him chairman of the Labor Committee if re-elected, and this has brought him much union money. He has put his record into a 135-page book that makes many Oregonians chuckle—the claims recall Paul Bunyan. Much to the dismay of the many Morse haters, he will probably win both the primary and the election with ease. As in his last three campaigns, he will run against a Republican straw man.

AMERICA REVISITED

THE LONELY FRONTIER OF REASON

MICHEL CROZIER

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America has changed. I almost do not recognize my old America. Of course, the successive generations of downtown skyscrapers are still there, and the shaded campuses and the marvelous choice of houses at \$15,000, \$20,000, \$50,000 and \$100,000. The friendly smile, good will and clear conscience still welcome you; indeed one is tempted to say that they are more evident than before and that they will continue to grow with the steady growth of the Gross National Product. But if the backdrop of buildings and faces, trees and smiles, remains the same, something more subtle, and perhaps deeper, must have changed. One cannot otherwise explain the uneasiness that assails the returning visitor, and the new excitement that this time affects the spirit, the way life is lived. It amounts to a meta-physical change.

One naturally thinks first of the political climate, of the moral fever agitating the youth and troubling the nation over the war in Vietnam, and one is struck by its familiar European character. A French visitor in particular, who

has lived through the Algerian War, is impressed by the extraordinary parallel; the postures assumed, the rationalizations, the arguments on both sides, the logic and even the tone are similar. Once again, one finds intellectuals, professors and students urging one another on, while the more conventional indict the eggheads. The same unexpected realignments occur in this new moment of truth, the same rapid disillusionment with the Establishment, the same lies, the same gap between public discussion and private conversation, the same demoralization, the same moral perturbation, the same refusal to face reality, even the same swift soul-searching, unexpected, in a youth considered apolitical, but which shows again the naive illusions in youth's sudden discovery of justice as a cause.

But if one dirty war resembles another, and if the interplay of politics and morality is so similar in America and in France, those who speak of the radicalization or the Europeanization of the United States tend to forget how temporary these manifestations may be. And we French should know how effectively and speedily a country can wipe out all trace of the conflicts that have torn it apart.

Of course, the Negro revolt is a permanent phenomenon. The movement grows and its momentum increases; an unprecedented violence erupts, and the international brotherhood of the victims of American power is tied in with it.

All this is true, but one must not draw hasty inferences: America has never experienced a successful revolution

(the rebels lost the Civil War, and the War of Independence is a revolution only in name) but it has always been a nation characterized by crisis and violence. Of all the Western nations, with the possible exception of Spain, it has had the most bloody past. Its many wars aside, riots of the unemployed, battles between strikers and police, witch hunts and anarchist attacks stand out in the history of a nation whose conformity has always remained on the surface.

The current explosions—a traditional form of protest—do not strike me as new in America; nor do the appearance of numerous militant groups, or the new romantic effort to relate the class struggle (in the European sense) to the oppressed people of the Third World. Such efforts are made, in vain, whenever America suffers a crisis. What does strike me as new is the revolt of the individual against the system. It is a revolt primarily psychological, found as much in the Negro uprising as in the struggle of the students and of the young in general, tangentially involved in political action but radically different. This personal war, expressed through drugs, the repudiation of the American way of life and the embrace of psychedelia and the occult, attracts and fascinates the entire intellectual world.

Although we have in Europe numerous equivalents and imitations of this movement, it assumes in the United States a special character of contentiousness, of total challenge, unprecedented in brutality and radicalism. Every era has had its Bohemians, but compared to this new American Bohemianism, the surrealism of the prewar years and the Saint-Germain-des-Prés attitudes of the postwar years seem like mere gatherings of earnest young people looking for new ways to sow their wild oats.

That suddenly this minority attitude, this marginal behavior, whose value of course derives from its marginality, should arouse the whole of American youth testifies to a profound change, in my opinion. This time, it is the system that is being challenged.

It may seem surprising that I minimize the great social movement of the Negro revolt and devote so much attention to the always transitory state of student agitation, so let me make my point clear. I do not expect the students to undertake revolution or even to threaten the established order. As I see it, their agitation does not even signify that the system is sick but rather that it is in the process of profound change. What one can perceive behind a temporary crisis such as Vietnam, and a chronic crisis like that of the emancipation of Negroes, is the reaction of the young to a mutation of society that affects them far more than it does their seniors who are protected by their positions in the vast and relatively static economic and social system.

If the system is under fire, it is not so much because new forces assault it as because changes already occurring in it disturb individuals and groups to the point that those most affected are stimulated to make the challenge.

But why America? Why should the American system change? At first sight the very idea may be strange, but aren't we in Europe far too ready to see the American system as permanent? Promised Land or air-conditioned

hell, America is always our principal standard of reference—to confirm our fears, or our hopes and expectations. For the security of our rationalizations we require that America should remain faithful to itself.

Contemporary America has in fact stagnated for some time, although it steadily produced more gadgets, and some people wondered whether quantitative accumulation would not eventually produce qualitative difference. But the climate of the Eisenhower era gave ample support to the judgment of European intellectuals like Sartre that America was definitively overburdened, dormant or sleepwalking amid prosperity. Such observers failed to understand why America marked time. Relations between the growth of an economy and the creative activity of a society are not the same when the economy is at an unprecedented peak of development as they are when a lag in the economy prompts the society to offer tangible models and new objectives.

It was natural for America to be conservative, to have lost confidence in its creative ability, to seek refuge in a ponderous moral complacency, showing beneath its hypocrisy an inferiority complex toward communism and even toward Europe. But such a period of suspension could only be temporary. The conditions necessary for a fresh start were present, but it has been delayed because the new growth could not follow the old path of simple accumulation, the linear development of material and moral investments. It required the transformation of the rules of the game, of methods of action, of objectives, a new industrial revolution—or rather, one should say with Daniel Bell, post-industrial revolution, since progress for some time now has not centered upon industrial production.

Contrary to the hasty opinions of Europeans—naïve materialists—this delay was to be fruitful. During the somnolent period of traditional prosperity, affluence permitted research and experimentation. Little by little, the machine that invents the future was put back into commission, and since then what most strikes the visitor is no longer the complacent and conservative prosperity of the United States but its aggressive confidence in human reason and in the capacity of America to solve all problems by its use.

There has perhaps never before been such arrogant pride in the powers of reason, but let us not be too quick with our ridicule. One can criticize the excesses of this self-assurance but it is justified by results. Never before has the world seen such an extraordinary capacity to mobilize resources and put them to work. In Europe, we often value this capacity rather lightly. We certainly fear the power of the great American corporations, but we do not appreciate the considerable intellectual capacity of these mastodons, which constitutes their essential superiority. Of course, a substantial majority of American businesses and institutions are still dominated by the traditional conformism of free enterprise and the false democracy of the friendly smile, but success has for a long time eluded these traditionalists. The successful manager of the sixties is even further removed from the great industrial organizers of the twenties than were the latter from the Vanderbilts, Carnegies or Rockefellers of the Gilded

Age. Their assets lie neither in their resources, nor in their financial contacts, nor in their abilities as leaders of men or of empires but in their rigorous capacity to calculate the adjustment of means to ends.

Some will ask what is new in the situation. Have not economists often so defined the role of the entrepreneur? But it used to be thought that the effective manipulation of means and ends was a simple matter, involving only problems of individual character. Modern America has discovered the extraordinary complexity of the problem, technological, psychological and ultimately organizational, and has created instruments to develop rationality of action at its focal points.

The practical successes of the science of decision making are by now conclusively proven. Upon them rests the new surge of American confidence, which on the political level has completely upset the relations between the United States and the Communist world. The consequences are many; one is that the business world is in flux. Of course, the giants continue to grow; they benefit from the progress they helped to develop. However, they no longer constitute the leading wing of economic thought. This role has been assumed by spectacularly effective new firms which directly or indirectly sell this decision-making capacity. Some specialize in the revamping of businesses that have lost their profit-making capacities. Others are pioneers in new relations of business with big science, with the government and with the universities, not only to earn their administrative fees but to exploit the advantages of the new kind of analysis in areas formerly unexplored. Government, education and health, areas hitherto paralyzed by bureaucratic inefficiency, will become more and more the preferred grounds of this new revolution.

Robert McNamara is absolutely characteristic of the new spirit. A man of action whose essential capacity is his intellectual ability, he was responsible for the reorganization of the Ford empire, succeeding in his undertaking without bothering to learn how cars are made or how a factory operates. His spectacular reorganization of the Department of Defense was the work of a civilian who will never grasp military doctrines, but who is able to measure the efficiency of systems within which the arbitrary demands of the generals must be accommodated. The Vietnam folly, into which the whole machine has been dragged, should not prevent us from seeing the value of the perfected instrument. The extension of the Planning Programming Budgeting System to all American Government agencies, ordered by the President last March, is an example of the speedy spread of McNamara's administrative methods.

This wave of rational decision making which linked the actions of intellectuals to those of administrators, all in step and proclaiming the same faith (sometimes aggressively, but usually modestly), this belief in the omnipotence of reason, is in sharp contrast to the existential anguish of the young hippies and the Negro revolt. But the two movements are the opposite faces of America's transformation, of its passage as it were, to a new form of society.

We Europeans have a poor understanding of this split

(when we notice it) because we are still blinded by the Marxist or para-Marxist schematic analysis. We have a picture of America being strangled, if not by big business then by large bureaucratic organizations, and paying for its comforts and material progress with an alienation in conformity; an America on the way toward a "brave new world" dominated by technocrats.

In this connection nothing could be more misleading than the opinions in William Whyte, Jr.'s book, *The Organization Man*, which reflects our European myths. The experience of the last decade has been convincing: never have men of action in America been less conformist. The intellectual climate of the team surrounding President Kennedy was a vivid example in the area of politics; but the world of science, the universities, intellectuals and a segment of the business world had already experienced this new surge. It is Europe that now seems overwhelmed by the burden of old loyalties and organizational mistrust. It is Europe that most suffers from the timidity of "Organization Men." Compared to these, America seems to be populated by irreverent and innovating Young Turks.

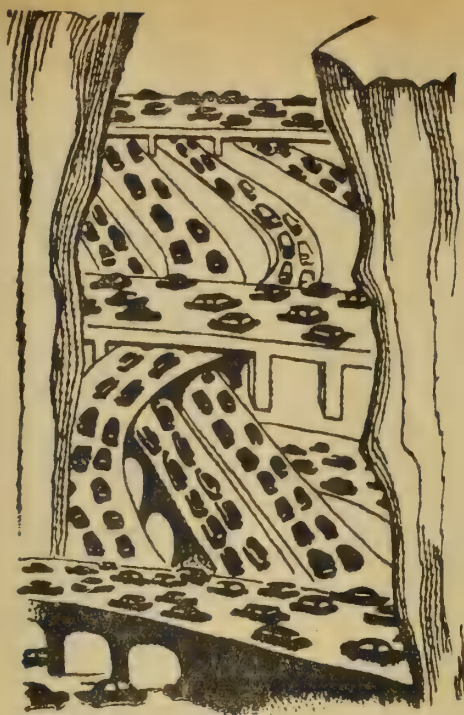
The image of America tomorrow, the America which attracts the hopes of new generations, is not that of tenacious and sententious administrators emerging from labyrinths of tests but of the young ultra-brilliant scientist capable of categorically opposing his superior and, if the latter refuses to give way, finding the next day the capital necessary to carry out his idea by founding a rival company. It is still a myth, of course, but a myth beginning to come true.

The real cost of rational progress, therefore, is not at all alienation through bureaucratic regimentation, the loss of individuality. It would seem to me quite the contrary. The cost has to be sought in the growth of individuality itself, in the ever-increasing burden that comes from freedom of choice.

The cross carried by the American male of the *nouvelle vague* is not his submission to the large organizations (the latter having become increasingly flexible and tolerant); it is his submission to rationalism itself, the manipulation of himself by himself to which he finds himself condemned if he wants to succeed. Under the burning sun of a cost-utility system, there is no more excuse for failure; there is no longer a bureaucratic alibi, no protective niche, no privilege or handicap that is convincing either to those who benefit from the system or to those who suffer from it.

Certainly, even the most progressive sectors in America are far from achieving such objectives, but the considerable advances being made in this direction are sufficient to create profound moral turmoil, to give rise to violent conflicts and to a challenge of the traditional balance in the American way of life.

Naturally, the field of education is most profoundly affected because the essential condition for survival in the new hyper-rationalist world, in preparation for which training is indispensable, will depend more and more on a capacity for abstract reasoning, and to that the schools hold the key. Herein lies one of the aspects of the Negro problem which is least understood in Europe. If violence and despair are so prevalent in the colored minority pre-



cisely at the moment when its political progress appears to be greatest, it is only an example of the well-known rule that the oppressed do not revolt when they are most exploited, but when the liberalism of the oppressors allows them to begin to assert themselves. Nor is it only a result of the contagion of the international revolutionary agitation in the Third World. The fact is that American Negroes find their gains to be valueless. The civil equality that permitted all the ethnic minorities to take their part in the game has proved to be of little value to the Negroes. The passport finally granted does not open the door because it is no longer possible to make good through mere numbers, through the vote or through manual labor, but only through the ability to play the game of modern calculation. And in that area the Negro is still fundamentally disadvantaged. The more rational the society becomes, the more he loses his foothold. His emancipation is of no use to him, because he is much less competitive in today's society than he was in the traditional industrial society. His relative situation tends to become worse and, in order for this to change, the Negro community would have to transform completely its mores and values. Only the extremist movements such as the Black Muslims have openly declared that goal, but the blind hostility of white society permits Negroes to assert themselves in no way but through terrorism, and automatically abandons thousands of young Northern Negroes to the chaos of delinquency, drugs and political blackmail.

Cultural advancement cannot be gained through blind violence, education cannot be won by threat; and, for lack of realistic objectives, the Negro revolt tends to become neurotic. Increasingly it can assert itself only in terms of pure protest, and by appeals to catastrophe. But its apocalyptic aura should not hide the basic facts; their problem stems from the intellectual change, not from a will to seize power.

At this point the existential anguish of the students, though quite different, resembles the Negro revolt. Both include an element, metaphysical in nature, of pure revolt. More than others in American society, students are fascinated by the system through which they expect to benefit, and which provides their best weapon against their elders, still caught in a less rational past. At the same time it frightens them, for it already weighs heavily on them and they sense that they will pay dearly for the inheritance. It is they who must be the rational men in the demystified world of tomorrow. And this rationalism, which they absorb directly or indirectly in those intellectual hot-houses that the great universities have become, offers them neither respite, nor any secret corner, nor even the possibility of recrimination or contempt (as in France).

Thus one understands the compelling attraction of anything that might play the role of an anti-system, in particular the lure of those marginal communities that now flourish in the great cities, communities dedicated to the cult of passivity and drugs, to living in happy abandon, to the refusal to shoulder the burden of calculation and responsibility. It is a life that ultimately rejects all decision making.

Surrounding these communities, and influenced by them, hippie fashions spread to all the campuses. The informal and unorganized, but very effective networks that have been formed make it possible to spread the great game of strikes, sit-downs and the derision of traditional institutions from one end of America to another. The struggle is public and profoundly affects an entire generation. Never before have young Americans so openly discussed the workings of their system. In order to appreciate the intensity of the debate, one should witness, as I did, the passionate confrontation between Timothy Leary, the prophet of LSD, and one of the better repre-



sentatives of the rationalist psychology. In France, one would expect that the anguish of being obliged to face an excessively clear world of rational decision making could be relieved through intellectual fashions, such as structuralism or the new novel. In America, it affects the self more deeply, and is expressed in the individual search for abandon, in the arrangement of one's life into an immense happening for which no one is responsible—a system of signals with no one pressing the controls.

Where is America going? It would be absurd to oppose the two tendencies and ask which of them will triumph. Decision makers and long-haired hippies do not confront each other on the same level, and their relations are as much interdependent as they are incompatible. The problem is better stated by asking what kind of balance and new dialectic America will evolve.

The extraordinary development of rational calculation appears irresistible, but it is limited by the tension it creates in the individual who feels himself incapable of directly coping with all the consequences of his own actions. The result is an ever-increasing number of pointless revolts and the development of new experiments in life styles of radical opposition. But these setbacks suffered by the proliferating system are somewhat ambiguous, for they also affect the old society, which used to constitute the best protection against the coming system. Moreover, the research and experiments undertaken in the cause of resistance to rationality can also be considered indirect, though by no means valueless, approaches to a rational exploration of human possibilities. Remember that LSD was first and still remains an instrument of scientific experimentation. The Herman Kahn school of futurists is already seriously discussing the possibility that man may completely control his emotions and his sense perception.

Nowhere can this ambiguity be more clearly seen than in the extraordinary success of the books of Marshall McLuhan, who has become in the past two years an intellectual hero of the modern age—first, for the wide

student public, and then for the public at large. Prophet of the electronic universe, of television and of the happening, McLuhan announces the development of a new, synthetic tribal culture, to which we have access through the mass media and modern science. At the same time he signals the doom of analytical man, that limited product of the printed word and the linear and sequential reasoning it imposes. McLuhan almost puts science itself on the side of the hippies, though McLuhan's science must still remain intellectual and therefore for all its inconsistencies still chained to rationality. Consisting of flashing intuitions and comparisons that are at once preposterous, irritating and redundant, this highly controversial approach, thanks to the admirable tolerance of the American university, is already invading the doctoral theses of the most serious students.

But such a success naturally remains more literary than scientific. Although the young American may dream with McLuhan of synthetic global communication, of short circuits which would permit him to escape the rational process, it is still a fact that he has never before read so many books or applied himself so thoroughly to the analytical disciplines. Through the study of systems, to be sure, he discovers further interlocking complexities, but he does not lose in them the identity that weighs him down. Furthermore, McLuhan's intuitions, if they prevail, will probably turn out to be new tools for integrating the logic of the new media into an all-powerful rationalism.

And yet the conflict remains, and will remain, between the rational and the spontaneous, the community and the individual, the desire for freedom and the fear of responsibility. There are no solutions to these dilemmas. An individual can join a marginal group, but there is no such thing as an artificial paradise where a society can take refuge. Perhaps, in order to carry the debate further, Americans will have to abandon this insoluble riddle and re-examine, through their institutions, the minimal degree of anarchy, confusion and inefficiency which must be tolerated if the participants are to withstand the rigors of the new rationality.

GHETTO SCHOOLS? CLOSE 'EM!

NEIL V. SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is superintendent of the Berkeley Unified School District. His previous experience as an educator includes re-opening the public schools of Prince Edward County, Va., under directions from then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, when they had been closed for several years to avoid integration.

Berkeley

What shall we do about the ghetto schools that lock our minority children into anger and despair? Close them, I say. Close them and make them over, from teachers to paint job. Shake them up, turn them inside out, change

the teachers, change the children. Then open them again as new institutions.

When I say this, almost everybody jumps. "You can't!" they say flatly. All but a few, so far, have responded like that. But one who responds positively is a top-flight teacher in a small city down the coast. She has been an elementary teacher, then a remedial reading specialist, and now heads a center where all tutoring and volunteer projects are concentrated. She has taught in city ghettos, in suburbs and small cities.

"That's it," she said to me over the phone, then came up to my office to talk about it. Now let me try this "close the ghetto schools" idea out on the broad public.

I am deadly serious. I know the ghetto schools. I attended them as the son of an Irish immigrant. As teacher and administrator and consultant, I've rubbed my nose in their squalor. I see them when I visit our inner cities—old, some of them going back 100 years and more: grimy and odorous; bleak, dank, dark and dismal; teachers more frustrated even than the children—teachers ashamed of their jobs and rushing out of the ghetto when the last bell rings; prisons that it would take Dickens to describe.

Close these prisons, I say. Close them right now and during this coming hot summer and bring them, their teachers and their children back to life and hope. Clean them, let in the light and air, paint the walls bright, make over the playgrounds, plant some trees—make them livable. Let's call it a transfusion, with 80 per cent new blood.

That is only the beginning. While they're closed, retrain the teachers and make *them* over. Or, let us say, bring them up to their potential, to being committed people and proud professionals. Send the "child haters," as my supportive teacher describes them, to the suburbs where they can't hurt anybody in those routine, well-financed, secure establishments. I would temper her description a bit and say, send out those teachers who don't want to join the venture, who don't want to emerge from their rigidity or prejudice, or for whom—whether they're young or old—the possibility of change comes too late.

Select a committed group who deeply *want* to stay or to come into the ghetto, who want to help children grow and change. Recruit others. Bend the credentials for those you know are good, as we did in Prince Edward County, Va., when we opened the Free Schools for Negro children deprived of education for three years by the whites' refusal to integrate.

Bring in all the best modern methods and materials. Train and retrain them for this immediate task by experts drawn not only from universities but also from business and industry, from the Job Corps. Let the "know-how" teachers train the others.

Now, as to the details. The program of human and equipment renovation will be set up on a twelve-month-a-year basis for teachers and children, with a few brief vacations at intervals. Teachers will be paid accordingly. Approximately half the children will attend at one time for one semester—first, kindergarten through 3, then grades 4 through 6. Enough plants to house them will, of course, stay open. Meanwhile, the closed buildings will be refurbished and humanized. All playgrounds, except those being enhanced by redesigning, renovated and enriched by equipment, will stay open. Retraining will be conducted in one building and with pilot groups of children.

Now here come the questions from the nonbelievers. First, they ask me, "What will the children do when they're not in school?" And, "What will their parents do with them?" The children will go on field trips, and don't laugh that off. These field trips will be intensively organized, financed, and conducted by professionals from

universities, public agencies ranging from the city recreation departments to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, business and industry. They will be manned by many volunteers, including parents. The children will meet at one of the schools left open.

Trips will range from the usual zoo or bird sanctuary to factories. They could include visits to the U.S. Congress or the state legislature. The children will be tourists "in depth." Some of the ghetto playgrounds will remain open, while others are remodeled, and trained volunteers will be in charge.

If we can't have a field trip every day, which I'm sure we could, the parents will be "stuck with" their kids a few days a week. They'll have a chance to get acquainted with them. If it happens that the kids are on the streets some of the time, the streets—at the moment—are better than the ghetto schools. For working mothers with pre-school children at home, we can provide baby sitters or better, child care centers. Parents would not be led into this program blindly. We would announce and discuss the carefully made plan. We would guide them to understanding, consensus and cooperation.

The children, after one semester out, will return not only to brightened-up teachers but to brightened-up classrooms and playgrounds. "Look what they did for us," they will exclaim. This alone will give them a fresh start.

Then comes the next question: "How will the kids catch up on what they've lost during the semester out?" Two answers: They have lost only academic learning. The "super" field trips will have given them another kind of education, out in the major world—a world many of them have never seen. The other answer: On their return, their learning will be accelerated through the kind of instruction the teachers will have been trained to give.

I offer as a model the Free Schools of Prince Edward County, which I organized and directed, where Negro children caught up—in one year—on subjects they hadn't touched or thought of for four years. I can also give as a model some of the methods we are using in Berkeley's Negro ghetto as we approach the end of the ghetto school through "Desegregation 1968." [See "The City That Went to School" by Ray and Betty Halpern, *The Nation*, May 13.] After use of the Columbus (School) Reading Program, recent tests found almost twice as many first graders achieving above-grade level in 1967 as did so the year before.

Next: "How *can* you close the schools within state and federal law?" Was it legal, I answer, for the white population of Prince Edward County to close the schools against the Negro children? Was it not legal for me to open them under the direction of then Attorney General Kennedy as he enforced the Supreme Court edict of 1954?

And finally, "Where will you get the money?" I can answer with President Johnson, "We are rich enough." I shall add to his quote, "We must be rich enough." I have no budget for my "close the ghetto schools" plan, but I know that a huge amount of funds would not be necessary. The cost of experts, some of which would be shouldered by universities, business and industry, the cost of

three months more on the teaching schedule, the cost of refurbishing, would be immeasurably less than the cost of remodeling a whole inner city which, of course, must be done but can't be done now and can't be done quickly; immeasurably less than the riots and holocausts of our hot summers. We can get the money—federal, state, business and industry, foundations.

I say we have no choice. Something must be done *now*, before it is too late. All who read know what is happening to our inner cities. To their current burgeoning population of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans, there is now being added a tremendous inpouring of Negro and white agricultural workers, always impoverished and now unemployed by mechanized farming. As the whites flee the inner city for the suburbs, these citizens pour in. What will we do for their children, along with all the others in the ghetto chaos?

Nothing short of a revolutionary effort must be made, and made at once. We should not heed the gun at our heads, but the gun *is* at our heads. I can never forget the Negro mothers in the Detroit ghetto who told me that their children, raised and schooled in that Northern city, are worse off, less educated, more entrapped, than they themselves had been as children in the rural South. Can we be satisfied with that condition?

Nor can I forget what Oscar Lewis said in a recent dialogue with Sen. Robert Kennedy, printed in *Redbook*. He said, regarding the Puerto Rican family he has studied for his book *La Vida*, that the family branch living on \$7,000 a year was as ghetto-bound as its relatives subsisting on \$3,000; that both had the same ghetto "bind"—the concept of being "non-people," "non-citizens," "non-accepted." (The quotes are mine.)

Finally, the doubters say to me: "But you're for integration. You're for busing kids into mixed schools.

You're for educational parks. Now you say rev up the ghetto schools."

That's all true. I'm for integration, as everybody in Berkeley, and wherever else I speak, knows well. I'm for busing children into desegregated schools. Berkeley, whose school population is 41 per cent Negro, will be busing approximately 4,000 Negro and white elementary children in September, 1968, and, with desegregation already in effect in our secondary schools, we shall then have total desegregation. But Desegregation 1968 has taken fourteen years to accomplish in Berkeley, population 120,000: ten years to bring about desegregation of the secondary schools, four more to achieve it at the elementary level. Any city the size of Berkeley can do the same, and we give the Berkeley plan as a model.

I want educational parks to be built, but I think it will take ten to twenty years and massive money to transform the blueprints into buildings.

America can't wait all those years; we must act now. We can desegregate children's minds, while we wait to desegregate and free them physically from the ghetto trap. There are two ways to get children out of the ghetto—one is physically the other psychologically. It is futile to think we can bring them physically out of the sprawling ghettos *now*. Psychologically, we can do so.

Through the revolutionized ghetto schools I have here envisioned, we can bring the children out of that ghetto "bind," the feeling that, no matter what, they can never belong to the major world.

We can change children. We can give them that better "self-image" we talk so much about. We can give them that "sense of control of their destiny" that will rid them of ghetto despair and alienation. Teachers can give them the tools of learning to break down the bars.

They will still go back to their ghetto homes but they will never truly go home again.

AID AND 'SQUEEZE' IN ASIA

FRANCES L. STARNER

Miss Starnier is the author of Magsaysay and the Philippine Peasantry and is completing a study of regional alignment in Southeast Asia. She is an associate professor of political science at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte.

A well-known correspondent in Southeast Asia tells of going, by appointment, to see the Prime Minister of Indonesia a few years ago and receiving a broad hint from the appointments secretary that he pay the latter to admit him. The correspondent refused and was not let in. Later, when he did get to see the Prime Minister, he protested about the earlier bribery attempt. The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders and said, "The man has to live."

An official of Singapore—a state which does not tolerate bureaucratic corruption—tells of his country's experience in opening an embassy in a neighboring country. A third country, willing to pay exorbitant sums to "expe-

dite" the process, had its telephone system installed promptly, but Singapore waited three or four months, because of its stand on graft.

A few years ago in the Philippines, Harry Stonehill became a millionaire many times over with equipment and raw materials either smuggled in with the connivance of customs officials or imported on licenses purchased with bribes. Stonehill reportedly boasted that there was no one in the Philippine Government he couldn't buy, but clearly he was either wrong or had overlooked an outstretched palm: one Sunday morning in March, 1962, he found himself in jail, with his bank accounts frozen and his files and records—literally truckloads of them—impounded by the Department of Justice. On the other hand, the key witness against him disappeared into the Sulu Seas a month or two later, apparently while fleeing the country. Shortly after that, Stonehill and his chief associates were abruptly expelled from the country.

Not all corruption in Southeast Asia involves officials that close to government. On a third-class train traversing central Java, a railroad policeman stops and probes the assorted bundles of a passenger. The man leaves his seat and returns with a number of bills which he hands over silently to the officer. Passengers nearby exchange knowing looks; the policeman moves on down the aisle. At Tan Son Nhut airport outside Saigon, a businessman from Okinawa hands his passport to a customs official with a couple of bills tucked inside, and his bags are passed without examination. Later he confides that Air Vietnam had insisted there was no space available on the plane to Bangkok until he paid the clerk an extra 1,200 piasters. Aboard the plane, approximately one-third of the seats are unoccupied.

A Western scholar in Kuala Lumpur—where today a new anti-corruption agency occupies an entire government building in the center of the city—argues that the pervasiveness of corruption can be gauged more accurately from the paltriness of “collections” than it can from the large sums sometimes involved. And he cites as an example a petty trader who delivers kerosene by pushcart to stall holders in the Malaysian capital and who pays off the policeman who comes around each week with 20c Malay, or the equivalent of 6.7c U.S.!

Every Westerner who has spent much time in Southeast Asia has a similar collection of stories of corruption, high and low. Taken together, they add up to a picture of an officialdom which subsists—and in a number of instances thrives—on payments it receives from citizens and from foreigners who are forced to do business, however peripherally, with government.

The subject of corruption in the developing countries has received much attention in recent years, both from Western officials and from the international press. The American interest derives, in large part, from the evidence that substantial amounts of foreign aid have been diverted to elevate the style of living of Asian officials, and have not served the objectives or reached the people intended.

American aid officials have reason, for example, to be sensitive about the case of Marshal Sarit Thanarat of Thailand. As a member of SEATO and the so-called Free World, Sarit's government was the recipient of very considerable assistance in the years from the time he came to power in 1958 until his death in 1963; but his mishandling of those funds—and indeed his personal conduct generally—were blandly ignored by all public sources during his lifetime. (A United Nations official in Bangkok comments that the Americans were willing to overlook Sarit's corruption “because he was a good anti-Communist.”) The regime of his successor, Thanom Kittikachorn, has not felt inhibited from scrutinizing Sarit's handling of public finance or from publicizing his personal behavior. In 1964, following a dispute among members of his family regarding the administration of his estate, the Thanom regime auditing it in an effort to reclaim public funds, estimated as high as \$100 million, which he had diverted from the public coffers. In mid-1967, it was announced that the Finance Ministry expected by November

to have recovered \$30 million. No estimate ever seems to have been made of the amount diverted but not recoverable. However, 100 wives, each set up in her own establishment, with the servants, automobiles, clothes, and so on befitting the wife of the ruling Field Marshal, would have been expensive.

If American officials in Thailand have continued to be embarrassed by the Sarit case, it is because they had refused to see during his lifetime what was general public knowledge: that the regime was literally held together by corruption. Yet it needs to be pointed out that no general purge followed Sarit's death and the succession of Thanom. The present government is made up in large part of officials who served with the Marshal; and if Thanom's personal integrity is unquestioned, the same cannot be said for many of those with whom he shares power. (It is, in fact, commonly recognized in Bangkok today that Thanom's power is more apparent than real.)

Official corruption and the misuse of aid funds in Laos has probably surpassed, on a per capita basis, anything that has happened in Thailand. This seems likely simply because the United States has, for a number of years, almost completely underwritten the expenses of the Laotian Government including, at times, its warring factions. According to a summary of foreign assistance prepared by USAID for the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Laos received \$473.4 million in economic aid from 1953 through 1966, and \$128.5 million in military aid through 1962. (Subsequent to the Geneva accord of 1962, Laos in 1963 became the only country in East Asia whose military assistance figures were “classified.”) Corruption in Laos, it should be pointed out, did not start with the advent of American aid and is not limited to AID transactions today, although the quantities of assistance which have been poured into this little landlocked state of 2 million to 3 million people have certainly produced some bizarre effects. Indeed, the foreign observer, once he is outside of Laos, is often tempted to dismiss the entire country as an illusion. Consider these facts, taken from official reports of the American Embassy in Vientiane:

(1) It is estimated that Laos exports approximately \$2 million worth of opium yearly, which, except for gold, would make opium the country's largest item of export. (For 1965, according to government statistics, the total of all other exports was less than \$500,000.) The United States and a number of international agencies operating in Laos are pledged to the eradication of the opium trade which, needless to say, could not flourish without the connivance of local public officials.

(2) Laos imported \$60 million worth of gold in 1966; in the first quarter of 1967, gold imports were \$27 million. This is apparently all quite legal but somewhat baffling, since Laos has a highly unfavorable balance of trade, even if one adds in the \$2 million worth of opium. (In 1965, for example, imports, excluding gold, amounted to \$15.8 million as opposed to exports of \$2.5 million.) For what purpose is this quantity of gold imported? Vientiane, after all, hardly merits the description of an international trade center or thoroughfare. It would appear that most of it ends up—as an illegal transaction and one which the United States has an interest in block-

ing—in South Vietnam. Some of it may reach North Vietnam and China. Again, this trade could hardly prosper without official connivance.

(3) The Laotian exchange situation deteriorated alarmingly a few years ago when Pathet Lao took over a considerable portion of the country and a series of attempted coups threatened stability in the balance. As a consequence, the United States first endeavored to underwrite an extensive import program at a preferred rate of exchange. A recent report of the AID establishment in Vientiane tells what happened:

On September 1, 1965, commodities authorized for importation under [the U.S. Importation Program] were substantially reduced in an effort to maximize the benefits of U.S. assistance to Laos. It was found that importers and dealers were making large profits out of USIP by falsifying invoices, re-exporting goods to Thailand, and pricing at the 500 exchange rate [kips to the dollar] goods imported at the 240 rate. Thus, only a few merchants, rather than the people, were benefitting from many of the USIP imports. Moreover, not all of the goods under USIP were essential to the living standard of the lower and middle income consumer and, therefore, did not justify the subsidy provided through sales at the official rate of exchange.

Rice, petroleum products, industrial machinery and utility vehicles can still be obtained at the special rate.

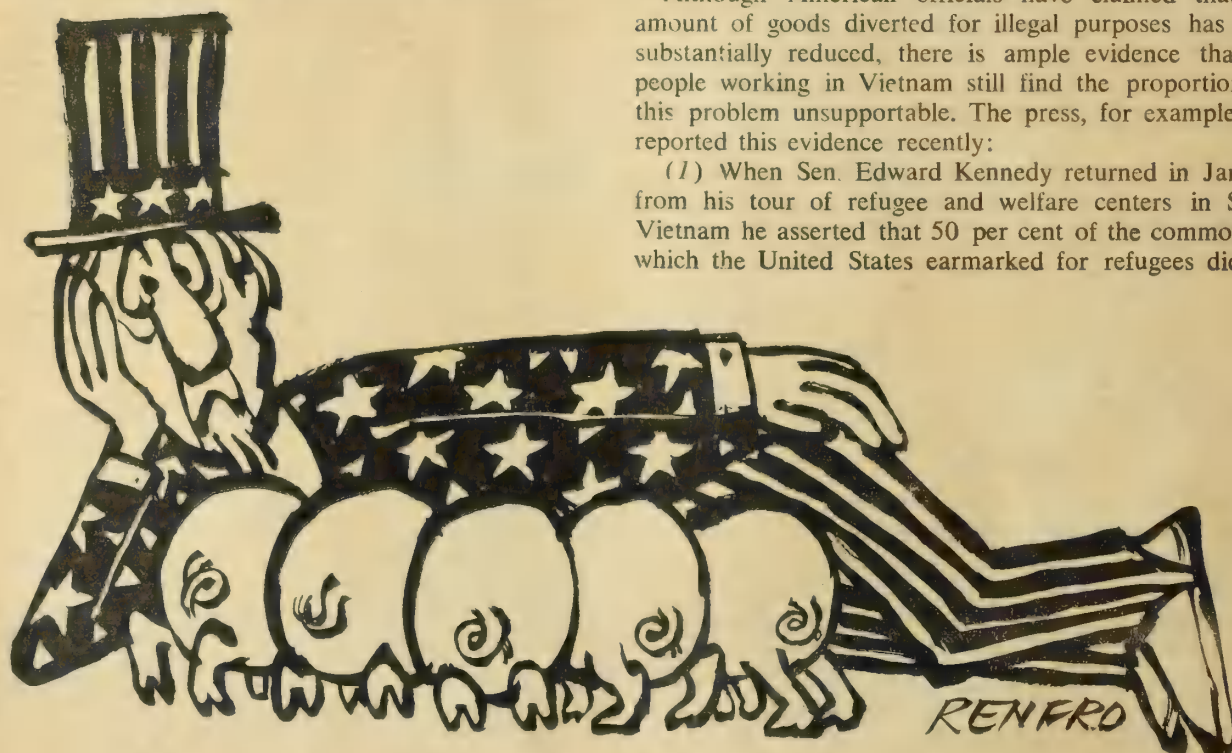
As this item indicates, American officials have at least tacitly admitted through the years that a substantial part of American aid to Laos has been diverted from its public purpose. They may even concede privately that they know who the corrupt officials are, since such evidence is not easy to hide in a country as small as Laos. But since political, economic and military power have all three been concentrated traditionally in the hands of single individuals—or more accurately, single families—and since these

are the people with whom the United States does business, aid officials have been understandably reluctant to force the ouster of corrupt officials in any but the most flagrant cases.

In Vietnam, of course, the problem of corruption is both more complex and more acute than elsewhere. The task of selling “democratic” government is not made easier by the example of corrupt officials who fatten themselves on funds supplied by the Americans—an example which the insurgents have gone to some lengths to point out to the villagers. In the Vietnamese countryside, the American dilemma is painful, for here the highly selective campaigns of terrorism carried out by the Vietcong make positions of leadership—“collaboration with the imperialist enemy and its Saigon puppets,” according to VC patriots—attractive from only one standpoint, access to power and to public, that is, American, funds. Area commanders and province chiefs, almost all of whom are military officers, have recently been singled out in the international press as a major source of corruption in Vietnam. But the documented cases range all the way from a cabinet officer involved in a major scandal involving kickbacks on medicinal drugs, through massive theft of military and relief supplies, down to the policemen on the beat who collect their small “gratuities” for fixing fines and for “protection.” (It should be pointed out that the Americans have not always been clean in this regard. Not long ago, a high-ranking U.S. Naval officer, known widely in Asia as the “Mayor of Saigon,” stood court-martial in San Francisco for his mishandling of Post Exchange funds. A major point in his defense was not that he was innocent but that war conditions always encourage activities such as he was charged with and that the military had always condoned them.)

Although American officials have claimed that the amount of goods diverted for illegal purposes has been substantially reduced, there is ample evidence that the people working in Vietnam still find the proportions of this problem unsupportable. The press, for example, has reported this evidence recently:

(1) When Sen. Edward Kennedy returned in January from his tour of refugee and welfare centers in South Vietnam he asserted that 50 per cent of the commodities which the United States earmarked for refugees did not



reach them (*The New York Times*, January 26). Moreover:

Each refugee is supposed to receive the equivalent of \$45 for resettlement. . . . It was estimated to me by a United States official advisory to the refugee program that 75 per cent of this amount is siphoned off before it reaches these people.

That is, 75 per cent of \$30 million for this particular program. Kennedy also noted that "the levels of corruption reach all the way up to if not including the ministerial level" (*The New York Times*, February 4).

(2) In December, when Vietnam's Roman Catholic bishops finally broke their prolonged silence and came out in favor of more positive steps toward peace, they shocked observers with the vehemence of their attack on high government officials. "How," they asked, "can there be peace when those in responsible places mask their false promises behind rhetoric? How can there be peace when laziness, hypocrisy and corruption prevail everywhere in society?" Since both President Thieu and the dominant bloc in the Senate belong to the Roman Catholic minority which makes up only 10 per cent of the population, this denunciation by the Church's prelates carries substantially more weight than would otherwise be the case.

(3) Partially overlooked in the January furor over the *Pueblo* incident in Korean waters was the announcement in Saigon of the resignation of Maj. Gen. Nguyen Duc Thang, the second ranking officer in the Vietnamese army and the one entrusted with the pacification and anti-corruption drives. Thang, who apparently enjoyed the full confidence of American advisers, was reportedly embittered by the failure of Thieu's government to support the war against corruption, and frustrated by the failure of the pacification program, which he had headed for more than two years.

(4) At about the same time that Thang was said to have finally quit the government, *The New York Times* reported that two South Vietnamese army officers who had been dismissed from appointive political positions a few months earlier on charges of corruption (one was province chief in Phuoc Tuy, the other the Mayor of Vung Tau), had been given "attractive army assignments." (The Americans cynically refer to this promotion system as "foul up and move up," and it is undoubtedly only one of the frustrations which led to Thang's resignation.)

The term "corruption" has been used here to denote the practice, widespread in Asia, whereby public employees add fringe benefits, variously called "grease," "tea money" or "squeeze," to the salary and emoluments to which they are legally entitled. Yet the term corruption has its disadvantages. One is that there is an opprobrium attached to the word which Asians have not traditionally attached to the practice. In addition, "corruption" confuses the issue of responsibility. Who is the corrupter and who the corrupted? The policeman who exacts payment from the hawker and the truck driver for not enforcing the laws too rigorously seems to be taking advantage of their vulnerability. Yet investigation would no doubt reveal that the people who pay him off prefer this to the alterna-

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tive of severe law enforcement; and, moreover, that his salary is so low that there is almost a presumption that he will supplement it in this fashion.

In Saigon, a high-ranking U.S. official confesses that no reform of the Vietnamese police is possible unless salaries are raised substantially; but that, if this were done, all other government salaries would require similar readjustment. In other words, the cost of government would probably increase several fold. Yet in this respect the situation in Vietnam is mild compared with that in Indonesia. There, in recent years, inflation unparalleled elsewhere in time of peace has far outrun salaries; as a consequence, the salaried class has been forced to develop considerable ingenuity to accumulate enough money to survive. From 1961 through 1966—when inflation reached 1,500 per cent in a single year—stories of corrupt public servants were not limited to tales of extortion by tax officials and police officers, and of demands for gratuities from civil servants. There were also reports of teachers whose wealthier pupils required private tutoring, and in fact almost any service which public employees were expected to perform as a part of their duties, Indonesian civil servants apparently performed only for a fee. In this case, who did the corrupting? There can be no doubt that a few high-ranking officials took advantage of their positions to acquire vast fortunes which they frequently deposited in Geneva banks; but for the vast majority it appears that the system was the corrupter and that the public and civil servants alike were victims.

There is another side to the story. To what extent is the businessman victimized and to what extent does he victimize the petty official? A substantial number of Western businessmen in Asia seem to take pride in their ability to work with the system even when they complain about the cost of doing business. On the other hand, many Southeast Asian Chinese, deprived by local laws of an opportunity to earn a living legitimately even in the countries in which they were born, have had to resort to devious means in order to survive.

Since the foreign businessman is there in order to make money, it is not surprising that he is frequently a party to corruption. And since the amount of money at his disposal is generally large by Asian standards, the demands on him may be high. Last summer, a story was going the rounds in Southeast Asia about the way in which a foreign businessman arrives at the cost of doing business in Bangkok. It seems he goes into the office of the official whose assistance he needs and surreptitiously drops a wallet. Picking it up, he exclaims, "Oh! You dropped your wallet—with 85,000 *baht* in it." And the official replies, "No. I dropped a wallet with 250,000

baht in it." Yet the fact remains that the businessman pays off only to the extent that it is profitable for him to do so and, therefore, a degree of collusion unquestionably exists between him and, for example, the customs official. (In fact, the willingness of the foreign businessman to charge pay-offs to overhead and forget them may make it more difficult for the local businessman to compete.)

The fact that corruption appears to be endemic in traditional societies, where government is frankly and openly personal, has led some scholars to suggest that it is a mistake to make an issue of it; that it should simply be accepted as part of the system. Some will even maintain that, in the long run, the interests of society are really being served by the official who uses his cut of the public treasury to build his own business empire and thereby assist his country in the modernization process. Even if one accepted this latter argument as valid, one would always be running up against the case of the official who, having diverted public funds to his own purse, decided his private interests were best served by depositing funds in hard currency in Switzerland.

But one cannot simply dismiss this general argument. What Americans call corruption because it violates their standard of the "rule of laws and not of men," is viewed somewhat differently in the developing societies. Both officialdom—the "mandarinate" of dynastic China—and the subjects or citizens of these societies seem to continue to prefer, because they understand, personal government; and payment for favors received from public officials is just one of its aspects. (Ironically, those who have the least to gain from this system—the have-nots—are generally the ones most attached to it.) It would be self-defeating for us to ignore the values that have inhered in these societies traditionally and the obstacles that stand in the way of their replacement.

On the other hand, the United States is surely not spending billions of dollars in foreign assistance to these countries simply to reinforce their tribal—or feudal—systems and enrich their potentates, old and new, beyond anything previously dreamed of. If our intent is merely to promote stability in these states, it would no doubt be better if we left them to their own devices—that is, if we did not try to foist off on them economic systems which accentuate the differences between those persons with access to power—and AID dollars—and those without. If the intent is to assist them to compete in the world, we can hardly hope to accomplish this by an aid system which rewards not efficiency but avarice. And if it is to promote democracy, we are certainly defeating our own ends by adding gross new inequalities to the ones which already existed.

Here, perhaps, the Marxists have an advantage in Southeast Asia over the United States and its allies. Their goals are avowedly revolutionary and they are not concerned with the niceties of tradition. However, where the use of public funds is concerned, their standards are puritanical. (That is one reason why Indonesia's army leaders, in charge of a substantial number of public corporations, were so hostile to the Communists in the time of Sukarno.) And the fact that an "imperialist" or "neo-

colonialist" power is spending billions of dollars every year to bolster, and in effect to enrich, feudal leaders is not lost on Asia's insurgents.

Some months ago I talked with the Governor of Sakhon Nakorn, a province in northeast Thailand, where insurgency has reportedly reached alarming proportions. Although the insurgents there are Thais, he said that the North Vietnamese living in the province were responsible for the unrest. When I asked why the Thais followed the lead of the North Vietnamese, the Governor misunderstood and replied, "Oh, we Thais hate the Vietnamese." I repeated the question and this time the answer was that the Vietnamese tell the people in the villages that the government in Bangkok "has sold the country to the Americans. The Thais who follow [the North Vietnamese] don't know what the government does for the villages."

In northeast Thailand it is understandable that the people don't know what the government has done for them, since the contribution isn't readily apparent. There is evidence everywhere of American "assistance," from military installations and personnel (which have caused prices in their vicinity to skyrocket) to four-lane highways (clearly not required to transport the area's scanty produce to market, but perhaps of assistance in moving armies). But according to the Governor, the annual per capita income in Sakhon Nakorn is only \$5. This figure may be abnormally low, since AID officials cite a figure of \$180, per family, for a neighboring and somewhat more prosperous province. However, neither figure provides a picture of an affluent peasantry or explains how Marshal Sarit was able to accumulate his huge estate.

Given ideal conditions, some of the villagers in the northeast should benefit in a few years from the AID dollars spent there for irrigation, agricultural experimentation and related programs. For the present, Thai officials are getting richer and the buying power of the peasantry is getting smaller. And relations between the United States and Thailand are getting noticeably cooler. In part, this is the result of the enlarged American presence there; in part, it stems from the fact that the Thai Government has met increasing criticism in the Western press, which it cannot control. Unhappily, the American Government, dependent on Thai support and Thai bases in the Vietnamese conflict, is even less able today than it was in Sarit's time to insure that American assistance is not misused.

LETTERS (Continued from page 682)

In 1963 it was clear changes had come to Czechoslovakia, but they were quiet and taken "realistically." Unlike the flashy display of Poland's freedom which blossomed after 1958, little has been made of Czechoslovakia's slow, but steady growth. But the basis was there in 1963 and it has since been seen at the Brussels and Montreal fairs, in the cinema and in the cultural and artistic development which these represent. Being based on a more consistent and solidly grounded foundation, a "realistic" foundation as Mr. Werth might say, it is more likely to have a lasting influence . . .

Harold L. Orbach

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Mailer on the Steps of the Pentagon

THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT: History as a Novel, The Novel as History. By Norman Mailer. New American Library. 288 pp. \$5.95.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

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Norman Mailer was described some years ago as a writer capable of seeing himself as a "battlefield of history." The image is remarkably apt. From *The Naked and the Dead*, published just twenty years ago, to his latest and equally important book, *The Armies of the Night*, Mailer has found his themes by brooding over his relations to the large events of modern history, the shifting currents of public feeling and ideology, and especially to war. Mailer has been somewhat lonely until recently as the most consistently radical among our major writers, and the public performances both in and out of books which have earned his notoriety as a "personality" may be taken in part as compensation for these political frustrations.

His experiments in style, his explorations of extreme forms of behavior (literary and personal) can be seen as a quest for relevance and for fulfillment of some high role in American life which he conceives, along with Whitman, to be the function of the writer.

The Armies of the Night is a product of that search: the discovery of a form expressive of his vision of himself as a significant battlefield. History and self become an inseparable continuum in this complex and stylistically sophisticated nonfiction novel (against which Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* appears as trivial virtuosity) dealing with the march on the Pentagon in October, 1967. Mailer makes that event into an elaborately conceived symbolic, in fact ritualistic, experience. The extraordinary achievement of this work is its demonstration of the process whereby history is invented in the chambers of consciousness—invented out of a fusion of the particularities of recorded fact and the necessities and bias of character. Only a writer steeped in American life, with all his wits about him, and with a genuinely compassionate social vision, could have produced a work so acute in its historical insights and so moving in its portraits of contemporaries. To put my judgment extremely, Mailer writes

as if the techniques and faculties of fiction were invented for just such a penetration of real life.

Mailer sees the novel as a great, supple instrument of collective knowledge, a vehicle for social vision. In *Cannibals and Christians* he argued for the novelist's "task of explaining America." But America moves in obscure ways. "The novel," Mailer wrote, "gave up any desire to be a creation equal to the phenomenon of the country itself; it settled for being a metaphor." "Who can swear," he asks, that "there has not been something catastrophic to America in the failure of her novelists? Maybe we are the last liberators in the land."

The Armies of the Night attempts an act of liberation; it attempts to free the mind and feelings from inarticulateness. This of course is the function of all art, but Mailer's act is noteworthy in its scale, its ambition to formulate the central meanings of contemporary American experience. The result is far from a tract—far as well from a simple realistic account of experience. The method of the book is an exacting kind of artfulness which calls for an equally exacting effort of reading.

The book's subtitles suggest one of its exactions upon the reader. The first part, Book One (the bulk of the work), is the nonfiction novel proper: it presents "history" in the guise of a novelistic account of Mailer's own firsthand experiences. Book Two, written "in the cloak of an historic style," serves as a stylistic counterpoint to Book One: based on secondhand sources, it presents a more "objective" account, particularly of events which Mailer himself did not witness. It is a "precis of a collective novel," something like a scenario for a Tolstoyan treatment of the several facets of the event: the role of particular personalities and their various political stances in the planning of the march, a military analysis of the logistics of the march, of the assault upon the mall, of the army troops and demonstrators on the "front line" during the long night after the march. The change in perspective upon the same total event thus insists upon the interaction of subjective and objective points of view in order to grasp the full reality.

The two sections effectively complement each other and produce a unified, encompassing point of view toward the march and its symbolic meaning.

Taken by itself, Book Two is not nearly so persuasive or compelling a piece of writing as the earlier part, from which it takes its aesthetic justification as counterpoint. It seems too much a muted coda, adding information but not really extending insight and feeling beyond Book One.

It is in Book One that Mailer does his real work. Here we experience a quality of self-awareness which contains the book's authentic meanings. Mailer puts himself at the center of the action as a character, and tells the story in the third person, from the point of view of a sympathetic observer, harsh judge, and confidant of the feelings and reveries of the character named "Mailer." What might be taken for shameless egotism is in this case a cunning and subtle literary device. In numerous heuristic asides Mailer the author comments on his own devices, insinuating upon the reader the feeling that the final subject of the book includes the problem of creation itself. Several of his comments make the point that a writer, like the new revolutionaries, learns about himself from his style rather than his abstract ideas: "the clue to discovery was not in the substance of one's ideas, but in what was learned from the style of one's attack." Just as the entire work examines the aesthetics of the march—"revolution by theatre and without a script"—in order to perceive its essential meaning, so Mailer brings himself into an equally sharp field of vision as a "style," or series of styles.

The tactic proves so entirely successful because of a brilliantly demonstrated coincidence between the objective event and the subjective experience. The occasion, the implausible assault upon the Pentagon by a shaky coalition of old and New Left and "respectable" peace groups, "marching not to capture it, but to wound it symbolically," becomes the perfect vehicle to bring Mailer's own inner experience into focus, and Mailer himself, "a comic hero," a "figure of monumental disproportions," becomes the perfect figure through which "to recapture the precise feel of the ambiguity of the event and its monumental disproportions." Much like Henry Adams in his *Education*, Mailer here discovers an aptness between his own posture in the world and the crazy configurations of the world itself. This discovery is implicit and immanent in the subtlest movements of his prose, his shift from style

to style and mood to mood—from a hilarity unmatched, I think, outside of Faulkner, to bemused nostalgia and seizures of terror. Mailer discovers himself as history's persona, if only for the moment—a point of conjunction of several vectors otherwise scattered and obscure in less coherent visions.

It is fitting, Mailer the author writes, that his "hero" should be "an egotist of the most startling misproportions, outrageously and often unhappily self-assertive, yet in command of a detachment classic in severity." He refers to this duality as a "two-headed" egotism, "thrusting itself forward the better to study itself." This image suggests an extreme version of the Romantic hunger for experience for the sake of art, and self-destructive overtones are indeed evident. But rarely, I think, has such a treacherous program for the interpenetration between art and life been so convincingly redeemed by the final artistic result.

His self-capture is all the more striking because one head of the ego performs such extremes of assertive behavior as the comic boozy harangue at the theatre, or the confrontation with the U.S. marshals and the murderous young Nazi in the police van—this recovery of the precise shape of experience requires a literary self-consciousness much like that cultivated by Henry James, and it is astonishing to find Mailer in possession of it. James himself assumes a similar point of view toward the figure of himself as a "restless analyst" of American life in *The American Scene*. In the case of both writers, extremities of style are directly in response to extremities and disproportions and incongruities in the social scene. The point may be that American experience itself drives writers to these stylistic resources. "Once history inhabits a crazy house," Mailer writes, "egotism may be the last tool left to history."

Other participants in the march may very well differ with Mailer regarding the meaning of the demonstration at the Pentagon. However, his commitment is that the reality of the event resides in the interplay between consciousness and event—not consciousness in the form of abstract analysis but, to borrow a phrase from Karl Marx, consciousness as "sensuous human activity." In part the book is a reproach to journalism as a form of historical writing (and as a major distortion of American life), and one of its methods is to include newspaper accounts in order to subvert them (Book One is framed by two such distortions in the press). The book insists that history is an artifact, a created version of reality. The novelist differs from the journalist precisely at the point where he confesses

that he is creating rather than copying.

The version of history manifest in *The Armies of the Night* has its syndrome in the idea of confrontation, in which differing and opposing styles, of dress and speech, of mind and feeling, face one another with varying degrees of incomprehension. With his novelist's eye for distinguishing gestures of class and character, and his radical's recognition of political forces, Mailer dramatizes a sense of aching splits in American life. His portrait of middle-class hippies and New Leftists up against the guns of the military, manned by the sons of the working class and the small towns, intimates a desperate historical tragedy in the making. The book contemplates awful divisions within America, and if its underlying feeling is apocalyptic, it is accompanied by sorrow mingled with anticipation.

Most remarkable perhaps is the feeling of deep personal complicity in the tragedy: "How much guilt lay on the back of a good writer?" Mailer ruminates out of his own experience about the "great wall of total miscomprehension . . . built over the years between a writer and the audience reached by a newspaper." He speaks of new responsibilities hoisted upon writers by the vast power of the media to educate the nation into humane sensibility and self-consciousness. Mailer's deepest fears are of a division beyond repair, especially beyond the repair of literature. Calling to mind Fitzgerald's *Crack-Up*, he writes:

Yes, how much of Fitzgerald's long dark night may have come from that fine winnowing sense in the very fine hair of his nose that the two halves of America were not coming together, and when they failed to touch, all of history might be lost in the divide. Yes, there was a dark night if you had the illusion you could do something about it, and the conviction that not enough had been done. Or was it simply impossible—had the two worlds of America drifted irretrievably apart?

In this light Mailer sees the march on the Pentagon as "the first major battle of a war which may go on for twenty years." War, as in the beginning of his career, provides him with ultimate metaphors for our collective life. He suggests that the battle begun on the mall may loom as large in our history as the Civil War (from which he draws many of his images in the text). It already appears that the lessons in courage won in Washington are leading to a widening of the tactics of resistance and calculated disruptions. Mailer's intimations may be prophetic. But regardless of the course the several struggles of our day may take, *The Armies of the Night* is a permanent contribution to our literature—a unique testimony to literary responsiveness and responsibility.

IN CUBA TODAY

Someone there told me the story about Roberto Henderson, one I was to hear often in Guatemala [the name given, after the revolution, to the former United Fruit Company sugar mill in Cuba]. Henderson was the chief engineer at the mill, a very fine man; he was the only one to answer the angry statement of the American administrator that the Cubans would be unable to make sugar without them. He told them the Americans had never made sugar: that had been the work of the Cubans. "He told that last administrator to his face and that man was bad amongst the bad!" Henderson was now in Havana; he had been important in the organization of Acopio, the distribution organization for food.

Someone smiled: Henderson first went to the United States with the other executives and then returned.

"It was his Cuban wife," Paco Ortego said. "She was the one who wanted to go Up North. He divorced her. He said, Well, we have been here three months, I am going back. But she finally rejoined him and they are now remarried and living in Havana."

This story about Roberto Henderson was told me so often, with embellishments to broaden it and speculation to give it depth, that Henderson became a myth to me. Until one day, looking through a weekly, I came across a story on Acopio and in a photograph of some of its officials saw a fair, thin, middle-aged man identified as he. But as soon as Henderson was mentioned again the story filled out Henderson, who had diminished on being a man in a picture, to his proper dimensions. That double view is the vision of all Cubans: their heroes walk about them as human beings and legends; and the street one lives on and the place where one works are the settings of lived history.

From *In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town*, by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon, \$5.95). A first-person, novelistic account, by a frequent *Nation* contributor, of the author's three-month stay in the town of Mayari in the spring of 1967, affording an intimate view of the profoundly altered lives of people at all levels of society in revolutionary Cuba.

No Pretense to Coherency

UNSPEAKABLE PRACTICES. UNNATURAL ACTS. By Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. \$4.95.

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta.

Copping out from meaning is the latest gambit, the latest fillip, and the latest refuge of the arts: and of writers none has been so relentlessly and entertainingly unmeaningful as Donald Barthelme. In his brief, bright, breezy, stories, as in his delightful novella, *Snow White*, there is not even that implicit appeal to sanity, to an instinct for survival, which is found in the black humorists. There is only (in words from this new volume) "a frightful illness of the mind, lightmindedness." And this invites nothing more than the complicity of whatever nausea is felt about "knowledgeableness" and "significance" in the world today.

Light-mindedness—judging from these stories—is the product of the contemporary glut of jargons, ideologies, processes, "studies," messages and media—the giddiness and the sense of unauthenticity that this weltering variety involves, like an overdose of oxygen to the brain. Dislocation, fragmentation, above all skepticism—these are the keynotes of Barthelme's work. The dislocation is both spatial and historical. Thus in the story called "Edward and Pia," Sweden, Amsterdam, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Berlin and France are, to all effects, simultaneously the location of the hero and heroine; and in "A Picture History of the War," the Battle of Waterloo and the American Civil War are coeval with a certain Kellerman, who, among other things, reads, while running, an essay by Paul Goodman in *Commentary*. The far is spliced with the near, the past with the present, like successive frames in a film. Comanches rain arrows into the city—any city—while the IRA helps to defend it. Overloaded, the contemporary mind fuses out. Now is every time; everywhere is here.

As for the fragmentation in Barthelme, it is both symptom and reaction. Wholeness and coherency are "too much"; reality is authentic only in its pieces.

"Fragments," says the narrator of "See the Moon?" "are the only forms I trust." Hence most of the stories add on rather than "up." They are fragmentary in their parts and fragmentary as wholes. In their constant dislocations of narrative, their continual surprise and inconsequence, their sudden drops and

sudden resumptions of subjects, they reflect the chaotic multiplicity of modern life—a subject of complaint since the 19th century—and, at the same time, exaggerate it in order to mock all surviving pretenses to coherency, whether of reason or of practice.

Since everything encroaches, everything has the same ambiguous importance. From "The President":

Our exhausted age wishes above everything to plunge into the heart of the problem, to be able to say, *Here is the difficulty*. And the new President, that tiny, strange, and brilliant man, seems cankered and difficult enough to take us there. In the meantime, people are fainting. My secretary fell in the middle of a sentence. Miss Kagle, I said. Are you all right? She was wearing an anklet of tiny silver circles. Each tiny silver circle held an initial: @@@@. . . Who is this person A? What is he in your life, Miss Kagle?

The tiny silver circles and the tiny President are of equal "significance"; "exhaustion" is shown in their equation. The mystery of "A" is as momentous, as minuscule, as "the heart of the prob-

lem"; the new President is as "strange" as the anklet, the fainting. Even as the passage expresses hope that the Leader will take us into the heart of the problem, it tells us that there is no heart, that there is only a shallow, cinematic flow of ambiguity—the result of the liquescence of any criteria that might have given a problem a "heart."

Barthelme's stories are thus unnatural acts. They are attempts—mocking attempts—at narrative in a time that is shapeless and that affords no principle of selection. Like William Burroughs, Barthelme creates a new kind of fiction by frustrating, spoofing or aggressively ignoring the expectations—of situation, development, denouement—raised by the old. He is light-minded with a vengeance; or, if light-mindedness is indeed an illness, militant mockery is its slightly feverish principle. Hence these stories, though so much like play, are not quite free. They mock contemporary life, they mock the art of fiction itself, not in simple exuberance, and certainly not in full comic gaiety but in a somewhat painful merriment, and with ever so slight a feeling of having to vomit.

In most of these stories, so dreadfully "knowing" of the "knowledgeable knowers" of today, the mockery is total, a machine gun of disbelief. Let anything

Cuba today

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PANTHEON



claim seriousness—sin or war, death or anxiety, Robert Kennedy or methodology—and Barthelme will let the air out of its bag. Or let anyone speak of purpose, milestones, responsibility, potential, solutions, analysis, functioning, or the “meaning,” say, of Barthelme’s fiction, and Barthelme will be lurking there, grinning and taking notes with a pen dipped in the immunity of an absolute unseriousness. “A grand word, meaningful,” he says. The man is filled to overflowing with distrust of “significance.” Who is not? What other age has talked so endlessly, so unconvincingly, of meaning, or of the meaning of meaning? The inevitable reaction has come—in Barthelme’s case, with a light-mindedness that is delectably ironic.

Perhaps in two of the stories, “Report” and “The Police Band,” Barthelme loses a little of his cool. In the first, for example, which ridicules “the war” as “a process”—the only “thing” that “seems to be functioning” (“Other

people’s things don’t seem to be working”)—he scores off against the automatism of “multi-disciplined problem-solving team” projects, doubting that “a moral sense” (“It is on punched cards, perhaps the most advanced and sensitive moral sense the world has ever known”) will prevent the rending, devouring, and crushing of the enemy. Yet as a “story” teller, of course, Barthelme is neither better nor worse for any betrayal of commitment. His success depends only on the gusto and perverse inspiration of his inventions—and to some extent on the transparency of their allusion to the world they mock. Five of these sixteen stories—“Alice,” “Game,” “The Indian Uprising,” “This Newspaper Here,” “Can We Talk”—are dull, willed creations. The rest—though not up to the dazzle of *Snow White*—are delightful. “There is enough aesthetic excitement here,” to quote from “The Indian Uprising,” “to satisfy anyone but a damned fool.”

amount of distortion, misinformation and just plain absurdity about Chaliapin and his life that is found in the book.

The attribution of authorship to Gorky, to begin with, can only be qualified as opportunistic. *Pages of My Life* was dictated by Chaliapin to Gorky’s stenographer and had the benefit of Gorky’s editorial assistance. None of the earlier foreign or Russian editions (including the version in the 1957 two-volume collection of Chaliapin materials published in the Soviet Union by the Soviet musicologist E. A. Grosheva, from which the present English version is purportedly translated) list Gorky as the author or even ghost writer. The closest Gorky himself came to claiming any share in the book was in the letter he wrote at the behest of the Soviet Government, to be presented as evidence in the French court where Chaliapin, by then a rabidly anti-Soviet *émigré*, was suing for damages for an unauthorized republication of the biography in the Soviet Union. The lawsuit ended the friendship of decades between the writer and the singer, but even in a document intended to discredit Chaliapin in every way, all Gorky lays claim to is editorial assistance and transcribing the stenographer’s notes. None of the complete editions of Gorky’s works in the USSR includes this book, although it has been announced for the forthcoming centenary edition as a work Gorky helped edit.

All the pertinent letters from Gorky on the origin of the book are reproduced in the current English edition of the autobiography, causing the “as told to” and the raves on the dust jacket about Gorky’s “brilliant handling” of his subject to ring a bit hollow. And, since the English text is a free rearrangement of the Russian original rather than a literal translation, a more accurate designation of the volume would have been: “Chaliapin’s Autobiography as edited by Gorky and retold by Nina Froud and James Hanley.”

In addition to the autobiography, the book contains a selection of Gorky-Chaliapin correspondence, portraits and

The Uses of Chaliapin

CHALIAPIN: An Autobiography As Told To Maxim Gorky. *With Supplementary Correspondence and Notes. Translated from the Russian, compiled and edited by Nina Froud and James Hanley.* Stein & Day. 320 pp. \$10.

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of *Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art* (University of California Press).

One of the earliest memories of the celebrated Russian basso, Feodor Chaliapin, as recorded in the first of his two autobiographies (*Pages of My Life*), was the folk legend he heard from his mother about the fall of Satan from grace and the elevation of Michael to the rank of archangel. In the version that Avdotya Chaliapina told her 5-year-old son, the Lord, angered by the rebellion of the archangel Satanael, decided to replace him with a strange, hairy, but meek supernatural creature named Micha, who just happened to be around in Heaven. “Well then, having driven away Satanael, God called Micha unto Him and said: ‘Although thou art not intelligent, it would still be better if I make thee the commander of Heavenly Hosts, an archangel. Thou wouldst not cause trouble in Heaven. And henceforth, thou shalt be not Micha, but Michael, while Satanael shall be simply Satan!’”

This the-last-shall-be-the-first story, so

very relevant to Chaliapin’s own subsequent myth, made an indelible impression on the little boy. In the current English version of this biography (an earlier American edition appeared in 1926 as *Pages from My Life*), the passage just quoted appears thus: “God sent for him and said: ‘Although you are not clever, I will take you as head of the Heavenly forces and as arch-strategist. You will start no trouble here, and henceforth you will be called, not Mikh, but Satan.’”

Such inability on the part of the editors and translators of this beautifully produced and illustrated volume to tell the difference between Satan and Michael, between archangel (*arkhi-stratig*) and arch-strategist, or to discern the significance of the little legend for the rest of the autobiography, goes a long way toward explaining the vast

TODAY DECIDED THE QUESTION

*I turn from your touch
From the mackerel in the window
From the frog pinned at the point of a knife.*

*I hate the hermit in the ford
The maid with her hands of pumice
The flower vendor and his gladiolas
I hate the wax eyes of my last whore.*

*I’ve jumped time to sit in yachts sucking gin
Wondering at the flavor of your new lover
Tasting the salt in the wind.*

ROGER APLON

other Chaliapiniana. The acknowledgments section and introductions tell of twelve years spent in preparing the volume, of trips to the Soviet Union, and of digging up rare materials in Soviet archives. Just why all this traveling and research were necessary is utterly puzzling because, with the exception of a few letters published elsewhere and an article culled from a popular Soviet magazine, all the material in the book, including the annotations, is taken from the 1957 two-volume Grosheva collection. So resolutely did the editors restrict themselves to this one source, that even the most important single Chaliapin publication, his second and far more detailed autobiography, *Mask and Soul* (English version, *Man and Mask*), published in France and in America in 1932, was read by them, as they admit, only in the bowdlerized selections included in the same Grosheva collection. The sections of *Mask and Soul* censored for Soviet publication (approximately one-third of the original text) are indispensable for understanding the biography, the attitudes and the politics of the singer. But these omitted passages and chapters would be too much at variance with the sentimentalized image of Chaliapin as the great democratic, nationalistic and realistic artist of the Russian people, whose officially encouraged cult has been a prominent feature of the post-Stalinist period in Soviet cultural life. And while an American volume dedicated to fostering this patently false and slanted image is at least ludicrous, viewed within its Soviet context the Chaliapin revival (of which the Grosheva collection and its American Gorky-credited avatar are symptoms) is of considerable interest, and provides us with valid insights into recent Soviet cultural policies.

The partial amnesty of the more daring and innovative 20th-century Russian art prohibited under Stalin is still proceeding cautiously and hesitantly. Much of the earlier work of Sergei Prokofiev is still under virtual ban. While the poetry of Andrei Belyi has been republished, his great experimental novels, *Petersburg* and *Kotik Letaeu*, are still unavailable and unmentionable. Meyerhold has been posthumously rehabilitated politically, but none of his magnificent productions has been revived, and his practices and theories are relegated to the past and are not permitted to have any impact on the current Soviet theatre. While these three innovators, who died as loyal Soviet citizens and members of Soviet artists' unions are allowed what may be called a partial recognition, three sworn enemies of the Soviet regime whose works were previously taboo—Chaliapin, the writer Ivan Bunin, and the composer Serge Rachmaninov—are now enthusiastically accepted and prop-

agandized by the Soviet cultural establishment. Such paradoxically selective rehabilitation makes sense only if seen as a triumph of the aesthetics of Socialist realism over politics or historical justice. Neither Bunin nor Chaliapin nor Rachmaninov was considered in any way progressive or revolutionary or even democratic when they made their respective artistic reputations in prerevolutionary Russia. But they were all close friends of Maxim Gorky (until they broke with him over political issues after they emigrated to the West), which is practically a *cachet de noblesse* for purposes of rehabilitation.

Unlike Gorky, these three had no tolerance or understanding for any of the 20th-century developments in the arts, remaining aristocratically aloof from the main trends in the Russian artistic revival of the first decades of the century. Chaliapin, in particular, was actively hostile to all methods of staging opera that deviated from the melodramatic Russian stagings of the 1890s, and he was opposed to all important 20th-century music (with the exception of Rachmaninov's). In his heyday, he was powerful enough to sabotage some of the newer music, preventing Russian productions of Richard Strauss and blocking Diaghilev's project of a joint instrumentation of Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* by Ravel and Stravinsky. As Stravinsky tells it: "Unfortunately, however, Diaghilev cared less about establishing a good instrumentation of the opera and rescuing it from Rimsky-Korsakov than about our version as a new vehicle for Chaliapin. That idiot from every nonvocal point of view, and from some of these, could not realize the value of such instrumentation. He declined to sing, and the project was abandoned, though we had already done considerable work." (Stravinsky and Craft, *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*.)

In current Soviet aesthetics, traditional and nationalistic late-19th-century art is still mechanically equated with such concepts as "progressive" and "realistic." It is their parochialism and their traditionalism that make the *émigrés* Bunin, Rachmaninov and Chaliapin so eminently acceptable to the post-Stalinist Soviet cultural authorities, rather than their artistic achievements, which are undeniable in the cases of the first two.

During his long musical career, Chaliapin was many things to many men. For Maxim Gorky, he was the very embodiment of the Russian nation. "Such men appear to remind us all how strong, handsome and talented the Russian people are," wrote Gorky. Nicholas II agreed (one of the few imaginable subjects on which the monarch and the

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writer could conceivably see eye to eye). He gave Chaliapin a gold watch and the title of His Majesty's Soloist (later Chaliapin demanded that the watch be exchanged for a showier one that would be more suitable for demonstrating the largess of the Russian Czar on trips abroad). Both Gorky and Nicholas II (as the whole Rasputin business well demonstrated) were susceptible to the peculiarly Russian *mystique* of the Divinely Inspired Peasant, as the Representative of the Masses.

This particular appeal was something on which Chaliapin, like his contemporary, Rasputin, never failed to capitalize. He was not merely a singer to be judged on his vocal or dramatic abilities but always the Archangel Michael who had to be loved and admired because he had once been the lowly and hairy Micha. His foreign audiences saw him primarily as an exotic and barbarous Russian, whose overwhelming voice and presence made them overlook his hammy acting and his monumental lack of the most elementary musical taste and culture. A singer with a narrowly provincial repertoire, he made an international name for himself almost solely in the operas by the Russian Five. Back in Russia, despite an occasional Don Basilio or Mefistofele his favorite roles were in such god-awful third-rate works as Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* and Serov's *Judith*. If we are told that the interpretations of *Boris Godunov* by Pinza, London or Christoff owe a lot to Chaliapin, it is only in the sense that Jeanne Moreau may owe some of her acting techniques to Theda Bara.

It is of course understandable that a charismatic crowd pleaser like Chaliapin should find his admirers both at home and abroad. His weepy, breast-beating *Boris*, his moaning and cooing renditions of Massenet's *Elégie* or Rubinstein's *Persian Love Song* are bound to be appreciated by the type of listener who is left cold by the far superior musicianship and vocal artistry of a Fischer-Dieskau, a Ghiaurov or a Donald Gramm.

During his emigration, Chaliapin lived in Paris where he became the rallying point for the most hidebound of the *émigrés* who now saw in him the embodiment of the vanished glories of Imperial Russia. For Vladimir Mayakovsky, who denounced him in a long poem and never tired of needling him in his articles and topical poetry, Chaliapin stood for the worst and the most antiquated in Russian theatre and music, and was a foreign imperialist flunky to boot. To encounter him now in an American-published book as a pro-Soviet pal of Gorky and Lenin is paradoxical, but on the whole, harmless. The official Soviet cult of Chaliapin, on the other hand, that can produce two 800-page volumes of materials dedicated to the proposition that Chaliapin's art was realistic and progressive, and that it represents the finest in early 20th-century music (while dismissing Igor Stravinsky in a contemptuous footnote as a "militant apologist for formalism in music"), can only be seen as ominous and profoundly reactionary in every conceivable meaning of that term.

the exclusion of reconstructed tableaux—say Schwitter's *Merzbau*, or the Cabaret Voltaire. Dali's 1938 taxi with snail-covered manikins was a bow in that theatrical direction, although not enough to satisfy those who deplore the absence of the Surrealist "spirit" from the Modern's halls. There were many, too, who were irritated more or less justifiably by director William Rubin's omission of such artists as Alechinski, Fahlstrom, Saul Steinberg, Balthus, the later work of the Abstract-Expressionists, Robert Morris, et al. This criticism is made inevitable by the untidy pervasiveness of Surrealism as a sensibility—a pervasiveness that no exhibition could register, except as a schematic chart that must lop off interesting stylistic tributaries and, worse, whole clauses from the endless poem. But the paradox of this "inclusionist" comment is that it hankered after less rather than more responsibility from the show's organizer—that it would have preferred a more wayward, unstable and imbalanced tally of the Surrealist achievement.

For the real objection was to the Museum's "centralist" position, and the pedagogical neatness of its display. Even though it was always acknowledged, this virtue was given little priority, except by critics of a formalist persuasion. For Nicolas Calas in *Arts* and John Ashbery in *Art News*, both of whom are devoted to and even shaped by the movement, Mr. Rubin's art historical penchant for viewing any work simultaneously as an object and an influence mars the perception of its real significance. The attempt to make sense of the Surrealist congeries of style led Rubin, in Calas' words, "to viewing the Surrealists as bastard heirs of Picasso and Matisse, and the post-Surrealists as bastard Surrealists. What a dismal heritage."

It is curious that the intercultural and iconographic disciplines needed to see continuities in such vast and unruly material should have been precisely those deplored by writers committed to imaginative cross-fertilization in Surrealism's name! Leaving aside *The Village Voice* and *The New York Free Press*, which judged such scholarship as mere pedantry, one sees the important thrust against the show in the notion that Surrealism has been "reduced" to a history of its types. It is a clash between two opposing visions of historicity: the one that detaches itself from earlier events in order to consider them from an overall and accurate, but still invented perspective; and the other that nostalgically, yet with much truth, upholds and identifies with, a past impulse that is undying.

Surely this quarrel would not have emerged had the subject of discussion

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ART

MAX KOZLOFF

The Dada, Surrealism and their Heritage show at the Museum of Modern Art has been the target, unlike most exhibitions of its large scale but innocent historical intentions, of a farrago of brickbats and kudos. I am not the appropriate writer, and this is not the place to report knowledgeably, on the scholarly contributions of this museological enterprise. But its press reception tells so much about the present state of art, the current tensions in taste, that I make bold to use this response as a roundabout socio-critical mirror of the aesthetic milieu of New York.

One of the immediate issues turns out to be the exhibition's thoroughness, an issue that can be broken down into two sections. The first, of lesser interest, concerns what could have been, as compared with what was, included at the museum. It is useless now to lament

For a conspiracy "there doesn't have to be a formal meeting; A MEETING OF THE MINDS IS ENOUGH, and which can be proved by circumstantial evidence."

John E. Wall, Asst. U.S. Attorney 4/18/68

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Have you ever THOUGHT

that the war in Vietnam is illegal, unjust or immoral?

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with those men who, in conscience, refuse to fight in such a war?

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The conspiracy trial in Boston has received much public attention. However little notice seems to be given to the hundreds of other cases which are now before the courts. These are the cases of conscientious young men, often standing alone in hostile or unsympathetic communities, facing the threat of up to five years in jail. Support MUST be obtained for these men, so that they may have the adequate legal defense which they, too, justly deserve, and which is their right.

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The Fund has already contributed not only to the defense of Coffin, Ferber, Goodman, Raskin and Spock, but to many others as well. Regardless of the outcome of the presidential campaign or the attempts to begin peace talks, these cases will continue to be prosecuted. For some young men the work of the Fund can mean the difference between liberty and five years in prison.

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been Cubism, say, or the Bauhaus. These movements do not generate today the same amount of emotion as Surrealism because in the case of the latter an extra-aesthetic presumption stubbornly nags not only the social, but the psychic conscience of its spectators. Formulated once again in terms of history, the debate pivots on whether you take seriously the idea that art issues primarily from art, or accept literally the Surrealist assumption that art can transcend itself (i.e., its historical moment and hermetic instincts) and permanently affect life in the same way as could an "action." For a contemporary art criticism that is obviously fatigued by the triviality of formal analysis, yet whose impulses are still primarily aesthetic, this is a crucial and disturbing question. And it is no less so for the quite justifiably estranged youth who do not wish to see the single most congenially anarchic movement in 20th-century art memorialized, as though in a cemetery.

The one prominent critic undisturbed by this predicament is Hilton Kramer of *The New York Times*, who sympathetically wrote that William Rubin "has exposed the harsh and unremitting way in which history itself has disclosed Dada and Surrealism to be, despite all hopes and protestations to the contrary, primarily movements of aesthetic thought and artistic accomplishment." That this was quite sufficient vindication of their treatment at the Modern was seconded by Barbara Rose in *Vogue* and Philip Leider, editor of *Artforum*. The latter, however, considers the Surrealist adventure to be "discredited," since it was a stopgap attempt of bad art to meet the challenge of Cubism by subject matter that, no matter how "convincing," had nothing to do with good painting. He cites with approval the opinion of another formalist writer, Michael Fried, that "the extent to which a painting is contaminated by the Surrealist sensibility is the extent of its failure." Those selections which he approves—and they include work by Miró, Matta and Giacometti—Leider praises for a finite and measurable "goodness" that somehow escaped relative "contamination," or at least proves it to be a secondary issue. Miró becomes the whipping boy here, the Miró whose undoubted brilliance as a painter is as recognized as the inextricable depth of his engagement with Surrealism is despised. Evidently, there are "good" Surrealists, in much the same fashion that some people speak of "good" Jews.

The great peculiarity of this rather soreheaded controversy in New York is that the two sides take stances exactly the opposite of what would have been

expected of them. The one group, not caring for this artistic tradition and conceiving it as a kind of dropout, nevertheless applauds its installation at the Museum. The other party, partisan toward Dada and Surrealism, rejects the most ambitious and comprehensive presentation of it that we have yet seen. The only plausible interpretation of this reversal I can think of is that we are witnessing a squabble over proprietorship (particularly evident in the hassle about the Heritage section of the exhibition). This occurs at a moment when Cubism has long ago shown itself to have played out its most vital implications, and Dada and Surrealism are still being absorbed confusingly within the most disparate artistic frontiers.

If successful, a large exhibition might provoke certain fruitful areas of thinking. Inevitably, one of these levels of thought is the scholastic, and one can already imagine some of the future collations of the less familiar objects—the Bellmers, the Marcel Jancos, etc.—with the established corpus of the Surrealist imagination; or one can now more confidently relate "peinture-poesie" to some of its variants today. No less suggestive is the enhanced picture of the relation between Giacometti and American sculpture of the thirties and forties, or Miró's and Ernst's effect on our painting during the same time. Other, larger questions present themselves, too: what manner of artistic impulse is it that not merely survives most recent shifts in style but is implicit in those shifts, and can still explicitly affect their outcomes? (Or conversely, what in the nature of modern styles permits this kind of infiltration?) If it could not have explored such issues, the journalism I have described might at least have indicated them. Instead, with characteristic impatience, it refused to treat the show as a field day for connecting new circuits in the Dada-Surrealist switchboard, and indulged its primitive though obviously legitimate lust for talking about value.

It becomes hard for me to resist any longer adding my voice to the dialogue. Though I have no stake, and do not aspire to create a stake in Dada and Surrealism, I can still be as opinionated as anyone else. Mr. Rubin's admirable detachment, in his catalogue and his show, was necessary for him to clarify a record too long obscured and distorted. His efforts are unthickened by the coagulating passions of criticism. On the other hand, the most impressive and yet fluent critique of Surrealism I know is by Herbert Muller, in *New Directions*, 1940. He challenges the Surrealists' self-image of freedom on the ground of their dependence on the 19th-century absolutism of Freud, who

conceived of the unconscious as "true psychic reality," a mechanistically fixed and commanded cause, rather than a mere description, of phenomena inside or behind or beyond psychic events. It is Muller's special objection that commitment to this absolutism paradoxically induces a kind of chaotic license. "Conceive," he writes, "the Unconscious as a vast storehouse to which Imagination has direct access, and its contents still need to be evaluated; what comes up is often trivial or freakish. Conceive it as the matrix of all impulse and desire, and these still need to be governed; how behavior ends is always more important than where it begins. Conceive it altogether as a wider and deeper self from which 'saving experiences' may come, and it is still no self at all until it has become self-conscious."

Whenever the first elements in this series of propositions win out over the second in the tangible underpinning of the Dada or Surrealist work of art, then they seem to have humiliated the value I would accord the work. For self-consciousness is the only faculty that can perceive and require a set of values. The correlative of this is that art generally stems only from art—its particular form of self-consciousness, as traced in its lost and regained (hence constantly rediscovered) awareness of its own history. This history, however, can never solely be a succession of physical configurations or an exclusive series of equations of objects with an outer or inner reality. A visual work of art is, I think, a condensed and crystallized set of allusions to sentiments and appearances that are manifested by forms and images. If this be taken as true, then it is inconceivable to me that the literalist views of Dada and Surrealism pronounced so vehemently this last month, views that embrace the whole of the most pervasive tradition in 20th-century art, can be other than partial and misguided. They do not recognize allusions as sufficient credentials for works of art that are not more or less handsome objects, or more or less effective gestures. To assume such requirements for the pieces assembled at the Museum is, oddly enough, to be strait jacketed by one's own self-consciousness, or rather, super-ego. For, if artistic allusion is to be credible, there must be some relaxation, some flexibility and latitude, in the way we program our responses. Let them be responses to authentic stimuli, rather than prescriptive judgments of no more than aesthetic myths. It is a tribute to the vitality of Dada and Surrealism that they still elicit such partisan reaction. But it is a misfortune that the light the exhibition reflects on criticism still reveals the futility and obsolescence of its entrenched positions.

THEATRE & FILMS/ Robert Hatch

The socio-political high spirits that characterize so much of the news coming now from Czechoslovakia is to be found in full voice at the Public Theater, where Joseph Papp has staged *The Memorandum* by Vaclav Havel, a young Czech playwright and the literary manager of the Balustrade Theater in Prague. The Czechs today seem able to generate an impressive amount of reformist zeal without developing the self-righteousness and intolerance that customarily accompany such house cleaning. But distance makes this impression unreliable, and it is pleasant to have it supported by Mr. Havel's bureaucratic burlesque.

Not that *The Memorandum* is to be taken as a metaphoric reading of the readjustments now taking place within Czech Communist forces; indeed, it was written some time back and before the current positions had emerged. Rather, Mr. Havel entertains himself, and his audience, with some speculation as to what usually lies behind the more passionate ideological disputes. Chiefly, he finds, it is a matter of whose initials will validate a chit—a dominance too loosely guarded by those who enjoy it and hungered for with exaggerated appetite by those who do not.

In a true bureaucracy, any pretext will serve to test the nerves and resourcefulness of the reigning manager. In this case, the showdown comes over the adoption of Ptydepe as the official language for inter-office memoranda, the peculiar virtue of the tongue being that it can express with utter accuracy every nuance of every idea habitually transmitted in such communications (with the considerable side benefit that it is incapable of expressing other ideas in any form at all). The shocking fact is that the manager does not read Ptydepe, and his position is made no more tenable by the fact that neither does anyone else, with the exception of one very minor clerk who takes to the pigeon-hole pidgin with Bartleby-like assiduity. He would obviously "go far" if the revolution were to prevail.

Alas for him, Ptydepe is mere pretext, and when the rubber stamps have changed hands its hour of ascendancy is done. A chief clerk has been found wool-gathering, an assistant chief clerk has been rewarded for excellent generalship in the lunchroom—so empires topple and mutations of power spur the social evolution of the species.

All this is performed with excellent wit by a cast that Mr. Papp has schooled to crisp speech, elliptical gesture and rapid movement. (Their agility is both improved and enforced by the revolving

stage on which Douglas Schmidt has placed his office set. It spins, not only to change scenes but to place the hierarchic positions of the contestants in jeopardy—they must skip nimbly to stay in one place.) I do not know how much Mr. Papp has done to Americanize the atmosphere, but if his direction has been neutral in this regard, the universality of office types suggested by Havel's play is impressive. In addition to the expectable yea sayers and rule watchers, there is the stenographer who repeatedly prays leave to run out for light refreshments; the loud and bawdy administrative assistant, a sort of den mother to the young bachelors; the fat-tish boy who always knows what's on for lunch. The members of the cast who make the sharpest impression—if only because they have the best opportunities—are Paul Stevens, John Heffernan, Sudie Bond, William Duell and Olympia Dukakis. Brad Sullivan has a rewarding, if cramping, part as an official spy hidden in the ventilating system—a position he compromises by an inability to stifle outbursts of protest against breached protocol. The theatre of moral instruction is not often this much fun.

A Czech work about which I have more mixed feelings is the film by Zbynek Brynych, *The Fifth Horseman Is Fear*. It opens on a huge arrangement of chairs, chinaware, clocks and violins in profusion upon the walls. This might be an exhibition of exemplary objects in some modern museum, but it is a collecting point for confiscated Jewish property during the time of German conquest. Somehow the graphic appeal works against the implications.

The house in which lives the hero, Dr. Braun, and particularly his own room, are as rational as a Mondrian. Brynych works with beauty: a shower room in which Czech whores prepare for their night with the *Wehrmacht* takes on the delights of an Impressionist vision of bathers—and never mind the overtones that showers evoke in the history of the Third Reich.

I think I understand the intention: by making life so beautiful, down to the least significant clothes peg, the most fleeting female torso, the accidental montage of a peeling exterior wall, you screw up the horror of impending extermination. Even an insane asylum, staged as a dance, can heighten the desirability of existence. But though I could respect that response on the part of another viewer, it did not work so for me. Decor fenced me off from the abomination.

Or perhaps it is only that I was more

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aware of the conscious taste because the story failed to seize me. I believe it. I honor it, I have never seen it better done. But I have seen it done so often. The Jewish doctor, stripped of his profession, who nevertheless must heal; the frightened human being, whose compassion will not permit him to save his own life at the expense of another's pain. It is fine and it used to restore one's faith. But it has become a cliché and lost its restorative powers.

And one aspect of the picture I do not believe at all. The Czech police have come to the old Jew's room, where a wounded partisan lies hidden. The lieutenant (as clean-jawed and Marine-cropped as the hero of any Support Your Local Police TV serial) clearly knows the man is there and clearly spares the doctor. It is only the phone call of a neighbor crazed with fear that brings on

the denouement. I can't swallow quising cops who retain a soft spot for defiant Jews. Something of the same moral ambiguity struck me about *The Shop on Main Street*. There is a need, apparently, to admit that the contagion of nastiness infected every country that Hitler overran, and at the same time a reluctance to admit that it really happened. The time for breast-beating is now probably past; in any case, it does no good to beat your breast with padded fists.

ROBERT PASOLLI

While Robert Lowell writes "deep" plays which probably reward study, I don't think that *Endecott* and the *Red Cross* need be as hard to grasp on first encounter as it is in John Hancock's spectacular production at the American Place Theatre. Lowell engages serious issues by focusing on the personal affairs of public men, and makes his statements through a sequence of monologues and duologues. Thus his play narrows rather than expands your field of attention. Hancock, however, has mounted a wide-open production, multiplying discrete effects and actions until they accumulate into a panorama which is constantly flinging your attention out and away. The elements of play and production are counter-engrossing. You cannot close out one or the other. But, the senses being more available to stimulus than the intellect, the production does in the end win the day. While I could recount what happens in *Endecott* and the *Red Cross*, I could only speculate on the implications of what happens, particularly in the references which Lowell obviously intends his historical particulars to make to current affairs.

In one area, however, play and production work together: that is, in creating a rich and detailed historical atmosphere. The action takes place in 1630 at a royal plantation in New England. Salem, of which Endecott is Governor, is close by, and Indians are about.

In this setting a series of confrontations occurs between the Crown and the colonists, whose interests are already diverging. In the end, Endecott finds himself defiling the flag of England—at that time, a red cross on a white field—incarcerating the King's emissary and destroying the settlement. Lowell and Hancock have collaborated to create an imaginary garden with real Puritans in it—an atmosphere at once familiar, hence accessible, and particular, hence authoritative. Lowell's "historical" language is natural without being colloquial, and his characterizations are rooted in the modern psychology of the stage without calling attention

AGING WIFE

*I flick on the FM in the mornings,
and Vivaldi, cooking, listening for you
shields me from my self.
But when night creaks
in the floorboards,
and the great oars of sleep
dip into you, then like a blind woman
I lie in my starless mind
and wait for your luminous stillnesses
to water my body
and rinse out the dying inside.*

MARTHA FRIEDBERG

to the fact. His nerve never fails him, and his sense of proportion between then and now almost never.

Hancock has nothing if not nerve. He has had his talented designers trick out the garden with some fabulous topiary. Robert LaVigne, a costume designer capable of inspiration in several modes, has clothed the up-tight Puritans, the loose-living Royalists and the unreconstructed Indians with equal élan. His conception of the armored suits in which the Puritan soldiers walked around the forest is wicked, and his ribbon-belaced homespun for the eccentric royal colonists is as daft as their behavior. John Wulps's set paintings of foreshortened trees, looking like what Henri Rousseau would have painted if he had belonged to the Hudson River School, make an illusion of great depth of forest with Robert Morgan's lights behind them; it is a masterful effect.

Hancock has also drawn diverse performances from his major actors. Kenneth Haigh, who plays the title role, has wonderful presence, and since he does his soul-searching on a causeway jutting into the audience, he is very present indeed. He performs the Olivier bit extremely well—the eyes, don't move anything but the eyes—which always works, in spite of the touch of cynicism it incorporates. Jack Harkins is a pudding of a plantation keeper, all mealy-mouthed bluff, but with a mischievous sparkle in the eye. Nick Kepros does the King's emissary with elegance and a stunning calm; he is splendid in Oxford finery, and speaks the king's English, not to mention Lowell's, with precision and polish. Ralph Clanton, finally, plays a Puritan theocrat with an authoritative dignity which captures the human meaning of the type; that is, its meaning in its own milieu rather than in ours (Lowell takes care of the latter very nicely). These performances, being part of Hancock's mixed bag, are effective individually without a thought for ensemble. The whole, it seems, is exactly equal to the sum of its parts.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1251

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 15 across Only one of the things Lorenzo said we will let creep in our ears? (It's related to a family affair.) (3,5,2,5)
- 6 See 4 down
- 10 It certainly wouldn't be sensible to find it in jam, or on ice cream. (7)
- 11 Item one of 1 down? (7)
- 12 How those who have to pay come in the French game? (8)
- 13 Change your own chemise, if old enough! (5)
- 15 See 1 across
- 17 A natural source for the missile plant?
- 19 and 28 across Was Scott's a mere woman? (3,4,2,3,4)
- 21 Swift creature, but hardly graceful. (5)
- 23 See 1 down
- 24 How Morality expires, according to Pope. (8)
- 27 Hold the answer in position ■ places removed. (7)
- 28 See 19 across
- 29 Double-acting, but comparatively dead in expression. (4)
- 30 Sometimes established by the military to be ■ sort of big red chief afterwards. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 and 23 across You could make ■ sort of upset mug fit the original. (Get the speed of the little pests!) (4,5)
- 2 The lobes have ■ pearl's design. (7)

- 3 His is a possessive case. (5)
- 4 and 6 across Evidently one needs at bad! (9,4)
- 5 Nothing wise or brave? (5)
- 7 It's a strange feeling to make one move on green! (7)
- 8 Within which an action must be brought? You might have the letters to mail in it. (10)
- 9 Effect a method to keep you above water? (8)
- 14 Career opportunity for the forger? What a ham! (10)
- 16 See 24 down
- 18 Made a light 26. (9)
- 20 Acted like ■ demonstrator. (7)
- 22 Not a dessert associated with Plymouth—it's a bit outmoded in preparation.
- 24 and 16 down Senior, perhaps, but not necessarily one of the idle rich. (5,8)
- 25 Perhaps part of the wood labeled only middling? (5)
- 26 Knot a bow? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1250

ACROSS: 1 Obfuscation; 9 Collapse; 10 Rights; 14 Stares; 15 Restless; 17 Bandages; 20 Castle; 22 and 11 Cops and robbers; 24 Spreads; 26 Alumni; 27 Littered; 28 Meaningless. DOWN: 2 Belabored; 3 Umpires; 4 Clef; 5 Targets; 6 Ought; 7 Cohort; 8 Stands; 13 Gross; 16 Listeners; 18 Atolls; 19 Gentian; 20 Capital; 21 Ladies; 23 Somme; 25 and 12 across Clandestine.

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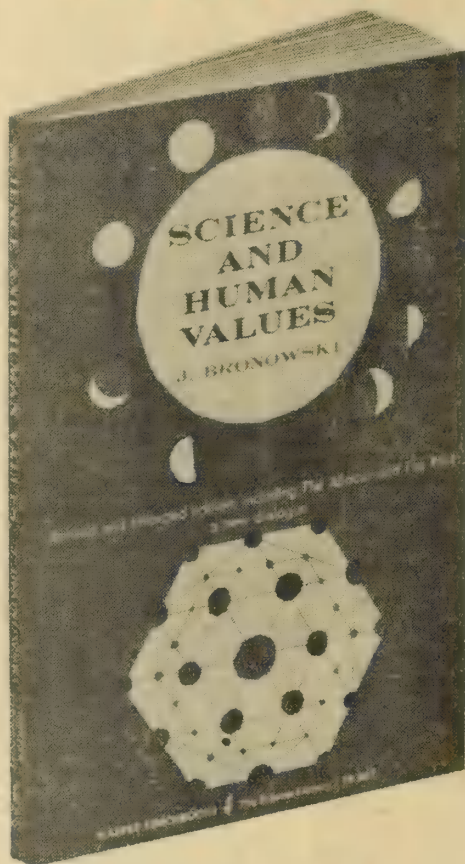
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LETTERS

Columbia

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: The tragic event at Columbia can have one fruitful outcome if it will draw public attention to the need for democratization of Columbia's Board of Trustees.

Presidents and provosts may come and go; they only execute policy that is set by this self-appointed, self-perpetuating group of trustees—responsible to no one but themselves. For the most part they achieved their positions by having been successful entrepreneurs in an acquisitive society, which is not only not a qualification for ruling a vast educational complex but is the kind of record that results in a self-sufficient mentality not unlike the traditional Bourbon outlook: they learn nothing, they forget nothing.

It is incidental and illustrative that in an institution located near Harlem and affecting so many Puerto Ricans by its real estate operations, there is neither a black man nor a Hispano-American on the board. . . .

Howard N. Meyer, Columbia '34

quality of dissent

Long Beach, Calif.

DEAR SIR: A few footnotes, cautionary and otherwise, might be added to Prof. Louis Levine's analysis of campus confrontations ["Why Students Seize Power," *The Nation*, May 13]. The real focus of the article is upon the why of the new, ideological student activism. But should we not also be concerned about the quality of such dissent . . . and about immediate and long-term results?

The militants at some institutions mobilize and deploy student power because they *can*, at the moment, while confrontation is still fashionable. And if the activists of X University have genuine grievances about significant issues, it is possible for the militants of Y University to apply the same highly effective tactics of disruption in disputes over matters of considerably less substance.

Professor Levine points out the typical reactions against the militant minority by the trustees, "jocks," "freddies" and faculty supporters of the "hard-line, law and order position." He does not comment on the equally Pavlovian behavior of the posturing sort of student (and faculty) activist, hell-bent on doing his thing regardless of the merits of a given case or the consequences to the academic community.

D. A. Drury

Berkeley schools

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Between the submission of our article on Berkeley's elementary school integration ("The City That Went to School," *The Nation*, May 13) and publication, a few errors came to our attention that inadvertently were not corrected. For one, Dr. Roy Nichols is minister of Salem—rather than St. Mark's—Methodist Church in Harlem. Another is that the recall election of October, 1964, concerned only two integrationist board members since the other three (of which Dr. Nichols was one) had already resigned.

One matter of interpretation should be mentioned. The Berkeley school people insist that the elementary schools are not tracked and therefore cannot be untracked. Granted that these schools draw from segregated neighborhoods and that many influential philosophical survivals of tracking remain in the system (which is the way we had hoped our corrected formulation to read), we would then concede the validity of the objection. . . . Ray and Betty Halpern

EDITORIALS

Out of the Blue

There are many kinds of revolution and for each kind one can find more than one theoretical explanation. But underlying the phenomenon in its major form there is always a radical shift or change in mass consciousness. Suddenly, it seems, people begin to perceive socio-economic situations in a new way. The perspective shifts, the shift is momentous, but it is not as abrupt as it appears on the surface. The change has been gestating over a period measured in years, not in weeks or days.

The happenings in Paris are a case in point. Without political leadership, without union leadership, events rose to a boil under the eyes of the unsuspecting Gaullist regime. But the Gaullists were no blinder than the Communists who, far from leading the revolution, hesitated, then jumped on the bandwagon. The revolution was triggered by students. The police made the blunders the police always make, whether in France or the United States, but in France, with its revolutionary traditions, the consequences were more serious. Yet, for all these blunders and all this inattention up on high, if the consciousness of the people had not changed the student revolt would have died away, having gained some changes in university administration and nothing more. The students, as one of them is quoted as saying in this issue (p. 719) simply had "achieved consciousness in advance of others. . . ."

The premonitory student conversion is not a purely French phenomenon, as Neal Ascherson shows in "Soviets on the Campus" (*The Observer*, May 19, 1968). In the United States the students have not torn up the cobblestones and modernized the barricades with overturned automobiles, and they lack political theory, although Ascherson sees an incipient Maoist kind of social analysis in Students for a Democratic Society. But this time American students were in the lead; it was the Sorbonne students that followed, fighting in their way, as Frenchmen fight when the revolutionary mood seizes them. The student grievances in the two countries (and leaders of other industrialized nations had better listen and learn) were and are much the same. University populations have multiplied out of proportion to the increase in facilities. The schools and colleges have largely become what H. L. Mencken called "rolling mills" of learning for the mass production of specialists to attend to the needs of a technological society. Students and junior faculties feel more and more out of touch with impersonal administrations. The teacher/pupil ratio has declined; many of the professors have little interest in anything but research or working for the government. All the elements of alienation, resentment and rebellion are present to a greater extent among the students than among the workers, but it is only a matter of degree.

In France the workers were in the same mood, without being aware of the extent to which as a mass group they shared sentiments with the students. The workers who seized the Sud-Aviation factory at Nantes (which makes Caravelle jets) and locked themselves in, were astonished

when the workers of other factories raised the red flag and followed their example. Within a few days France was in the grip of a near-general strike. If ever there was a grass-roots revolution, this was it. It was a wildcat strike on a national scale.

A rare phenomenon, surely, and new theories will have to be invented. It is a revolution less against the state as state, than against the current form of society, against the whole technological-bureaucratic pattern of civilization. Somewhat the same thing is happening in Prague as in Paris: we may be seeing a world-wide uprising against repressive institutions. The institutions are called on to respond, to mesh gears with what people want, feel, need as human beings. Of course there are also local grievances about dormitories and sex mores, about wages and hours, but if these are satisfied, the students and the people will still not be satisfied with the pre-existing institutions.

We should take timely warning from the events in France. The revolt there may peter out for the present, but the de Gaulle regime will never be the same again. Here, a party system that masquerades as a true democracy, but is nothing of the kind, cannot endure. It is a fraud; some of the people know it for a fraud now; others will find out; still others will resist any adaptive change in institutions. Our political system must be infused with the life and vitality it now lacks, or sharp civil strife lies ahead.

Nixon's 'New' Coalition

Everything about Richard Nixon is new, or at least looks new. His appearance on TV is much improved: now one might conceivably buy a used car from this man. His new character overflows with the milk of human kindness and spouts a dialogue that is as funny at times as a Lucille Ball script. If this contravenes all we have been told by the psychologists about people in their fifties, Dick may claim to be a shining exception. Most important, the fellow has a new coalition—and it's a humdinger.

Nixon has picked up where Barry Goldwater left off, and since Barry is clumsy while Dick is clever, it would be careless to dismiss the latter's chances. Geographically, the Goldwater coalition took in the South, the Mountain States and the Midwest, with the various political aspirations and grievances of these three regions. Though Goldwater is not himself a racist, there was a tinge of racism in many of his moves. The inclusion of the Old South—which had not yet shipped North a large proportion of its unneeded Negroes—reinforced the elements of racism in the Goldwater coalition, just at a time when civil rights were in the ascendancy. Another weakness was that the elements in the Goldwater line-up had no strong cohesion, and Goldwater's campaign blunders finished it off.

The Nixon coalition looks even more thinly stuck together; but in a year of confusion, and with Nixon's incomparable gall as a binder, it is not to be underestimated. Its components are liberals, Black Militants and the New South. The cement contains various ingredients—opposition to centralization of power, white anxiety to placate the rebellious Negroes (if it can be done without upsetting the *status quo*), a general uneasiness about America's

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NATION

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future and, as a corollary, a yearning to return to the tried and true, or a simulacrum thereof.

Nixon woos the Black Militants with the notion of Black Power in the form of black capitalism. White America, he says, has sought to buy off the Negro with welfare payments, when what is needed to make the ghetto a Great Society is "the economic power that comes from ownership, and the security and independence that come from economic power." Every Negro a capitalist! And of course no Black Militant, having somehow grown rich under President Nixon, will think of exploiting any other Negro—not only because the other Negro is a Soul Brother but because the other will be rich too.

This scheme has been taken apart before. What chance, in a post-industrial, high-technology society like ours, would ghetto small business have? It would anchor the Negro more firmly than ever in a segregated, underdeveloped society, somewhat like that of the struggling nations of Africa. It was debunked in Abram Harris' *The Negro as Capitalist*—in 1936. The average American Negro has too much sense to buy such a bill of goods, but unlike Goldwater, Nixon will not be alienating the Negro voters *en masse*.

Nixon's bid for "liberal" support falls under the heading of what the CIA would call a "cover story"; that is, it is designed to make him appear much more "modern," much less "extremist" than Barry Goldwater. By purporting to find a parallel between some of his views and those of Daniel Moynihan (and the parallel does exist), Nixon hopes to succeed in convincing the gullible that he is much less intransigent than Goldwater. And so he is, in the sense that he is an opportunist and Goldwater is not. In a word, Nixon is trying to borrow the cloak of liberalism from certain apostate "liberals," thus suggesting that his views are much more "reasonable" than were Goldwater's. But his basic strategy is much the same as that of Goldwater and he is appealing to essentially the same elements. When, for example, he asks for the support of the New South, he makes his simultaneous plea for the support of the Old South much less palpable than was Goldwater's wooing of that element. In brief, the talk about Black Capitalism, the New Liberals, and the New South is all by way of putting a gloss on the ideology of Goldwaterism and covering up the underlying presuppositions on which the Goldwater coalition was based.

The Nixon idea has a substratum of sense in it, as *The Nation* recognized in the 1964 campaign. (See "Goldwaterism: The New Ideology" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 24, 1964, p. 68, and "Goldwater Seeks ■ New Coalition" by Alan K. Campbell and Seymour Sacks, *The New York Times Magazine*, August 23, 1964.) The element of sense is that new centers of power have arisen outside New York, particularly in Texas, in the missile crescent from Cape Kennedy to Houston, and thence west to Southern California. In this great arc are the money and power of a *nouveau riche* element that likes to thumb its nose at New York and Boston, the power bases of the Rockefellers and Kennedys, and is especially alienated by a scholarly politician like Gene McCarthy.

There is really nothing new in the idea of a coalition which takes these basic facts into account. All Nixon has

done is to dress up the racial part of it by a phony appeal to Negroes gullible enough, or self-seeking enough, to swallow it. But for Nixon's purpose—which is, first, last and always, the snaring of votes—it is not to be dismissed as utter fantasy. To give Nixon his due, he is a practical man. And for nerve he has no peer in American politics, past or present.

Concentration Camps?

For the past several months, rumors have circulated—principally in Black Nationalist circles but also among anti-war demonstrators, and leftist groups of various shades—to the effect that the government is preparing concentration camps for rioters, arsonists, draft card burners and other types regarded by the Red hunters as high internal security risks.

In *Look* (May 28), William Hedgepeth, a senior editor, reveals that Martin Luther King, Jr., told him six days before his assassination: "I see a ghetto perhaps cordoned off into a concentration camp. I haven't said there was a move afoot, just that it is a possibility. The more there are riots, the more repression will take place, and the more we face the danger of a right-wing take-over, and eventually a Fascist society." The Black Nationalist groups, said Dr. King, believe the government is preparing concentration camps in various locations. "They are absolutely convinced of this," he assured Hedgepeth. "I don't think this is the spreading of a false rumor; it's something they really believe."

Responding to these rumors, Attorney General Ramsey Clark has said that there "have been and will be no concentration camps." But this assurance will not quiet the rumors to which Dr. King referred, for the possibility does in fact exist. Six so-called "detention centers" were set up in 1952 under Title II, Section 104(c) of the McCarran Act, which provides that persons "detained" under the Act may be confined "in such places of detention as may be prescribed by the Attorney General." They still exist today. Mr. Clark feels that Title II does not pose a threat: "It's all so academic because it's so remote."

What is "academic" today, however, may be quite real tomorrow. Senator McCarran himself described the Title II amendment as "a concentration camp measure, pure and simple," and Senator Mundt called it a program for "... establishing concentration camps into which people might be put without benefit of trial, but merely by executive fiat." And the Supreme Court upheld the legislation—as a wartime measure to be sure—under which the West Coast Japanese were "detained" during World War II.

A recent report issued by the House Committee on Un-American Activities suggests that the centers might be used to detain urban guerrilla fighters in case of major riots. And Senator Eastland's proposed "Internal Security Act of 1968" which the Senate is now considering (described by Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School as "the legal foundation for a police state") would, if enacted, greatly enlarge the categories of potential detainees.

Title II of the McCarran Act should, of course, be repealed, but that is not likely to happen, given the Attorney

General's nonchalant attitude. "In terms of priorities," he has said, "I'd rather have open-housing legislation." Perhaps; all the same, Title II should be repealed, and on his recommendation—that is, if he really has no intention of using it. Fortunately, the American Civil Liberties Union is preparing to file an action which would seek an injunction against enforcement of Title II on the ground that it is unconstitutional. What is important is not that detention centers exist—if they did not, the government could build them in a hurry—but the fact that as long as Title II is on the statute book and its enforcement has not been enjoined, rumors of the kind now afloat will add to the current tension and uneasiness.

Instructive Little Incident

On April 19 the Senate voted 31 to 28 to let a contract for the building of several FDLs—Fast Deployment Logistics ships. These are 40,000 tonners of approximately 900-foot length, designed to hold not troops but military rolling stock under controlled humidity conditions, so that the equipment will be ready for use at any time. Supposedly, they are to complement U.S. air-lift capacity—C-5 transports carrying about 500 troops apiece with light equipment.

This identical item had been cut out of the 1967 and 1968 budgets but was restored in the 1969 budget. It may be killed in the Appropriations Committee, but it shows how the military-industrial complex moves, not in a conspiratorial way but by sheer momentum. The military section cooks up new schemes for global involvement and lobbies for the necessary hardware in Congress. The industrial section is hungry for business. And unpredictable events follow in the Congressional committees that are supposed to evaluate these schemes before they get out on the floor, where scarcely any member is in a position to know what it is all about.

In this case the favored finalists were aerospace firms with shipbuilding facilities they had promised to modernize. Lockheed, General Dynamics and Litton Industries face cutbacks from the reduced appropriations in store for NASA, and it is logical to think that some *quid pro quo* was promised to the primary shipbuilding companies that were deprived of what would normally be their plum. Even so, the proposal would have had little chance if Sen. Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, had not happened to be ill. Russell was opposed to the project, but in his absence, Sen. John Stennis was able to elicit Senate approval.

An interesting sidelight is that this FDL business is of great interest to Ingalls Shipbuilding Co. of Pascagoula, Miss., a subsidiary of Litton. It may be purely coincidental, but Mr. Stennis is the Senator from Mississippi.

The New Insurgency

Tickets for Senator McCarthy's Madison Square Garden rally on May 19 were not cheap, but aside from the privilege of giving to a good cause, playwright Arthur Miller's talk—which the press ignored and from which the

following excerpts are taken—made the price seem modest:

From Moscow to Warsaw to Prague to Paris to Rio to Berkeley and New York, there is a deep and boiling rebellion against institutions and institutionalized feeling. Be it a government, a university, a moral code or a way of life, the institution as king is naked now. The mere fact that it exists is no longer proof of its value. In the past four years the war in Vietnam has become an institution, an institution with high private, sacred ceremonies of death and sacrifice, and all the sanctification of a holy crusade. Now, you can criticize an institution, you can suggest improvements and even point out its failings, but there is one thing you dare not do excepting at the risk of your public life, and that is to ask why it should exist at all . . .

The next President is going to face a revolutionary country and a world in revolution, and he will need a lot more than gallantry. He will need the habit of mind to perceive in the institutions he leads what is dead and inhuman and must be dismantled. The next President will not be able to lead by consensus, by the expert manipulation of opinion, or by calls for unity, however passionate. For our disunity has been institutionalized into this country and into this world by virtue of the rule of the contented over the desperate. A unity based on injustice cannot last and it ought not to last.

The next President will have to weigh every action not for what it will do for our prestige or our institutions but for what it will do to people. Everyone of the candidates in this campaign knew perfectly well what the Vietnam War was doing not only to the Vietnamese but the American people. Why did they not speak directly to this issue? Because the institution of war in Vietnam was sacrosanct, it was forbidden territory. Forbidden to all but one who dared to stand and face that frightful juggernaut while the others were on their knees thinking their private thoughts.

The Revolutionary Test

"Neither the agricultural nor the industrial problem has been resolved," said Mao Tse-tung to André Malraux in 1965. "Still less, the problem of the young . . . The young must be put to the test." The Frenchman, perhaps from the hindsight of 1967, sensed the formation of "a new revolutionary action comparable to the one which raised and then repressed 'The Hundred Flowers.'"

Since then, of course, the Red Guards have shaken the state "as a madman shakes a dead geranium," the students of Prague have turned out the Stalinist rascals and, rather than being tested, the followers of Dutschke, Savio, Carmichael and 500 other leaders at 500 other places have themselves put many a situation to many a test.

Are what a too quickly cynical Chicago professor called "the revolting young" unique to these times? In most ways, surely not. The University of Paris was shaken apart in Abélard's day; Cambridge was formed—like today's free universities—by rebellious Oxford students; even the young Harlan Fisk Stone (assisted, it is said, by the young Calvin Coolidge) led an Amherst "riot" that toppled a college president.

And there have been still deeper juvenile trenches. In the time of Louis XIV, the Camisards tore southern

France apart for years. They sprang from religious suppression and broken official promises. There were Paul Goodmans (Jurieu) and Che Guevaras (du Serre). Children, called "*petits prophètes*," went from village to village spouting quotations—not from Chairman Mao but from Revelations. The army commander, Cavalier, was a 17-year-old baker's boy, and such injunctions as the following were issued: "We demand that you throw out all the priests and missionaries within three days or be burned alive with them."

A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Opie showed in their *Language and Lore of Childhood* that a Davy Crockett rhyme thought up in Topeka could appear within a week in Brussels and Tasmania; now the politics of youthful action travel with as great speed. A 23-year-old German house painter (that fatal profession) is inspired by the assassination of Martin Luther King to shoot Rudi Dutschke, and within a month students are in the administrative fortresses of Columbia and Grenoble. Although the FBI and the Deuxième Bureau will find portraits of Chairman Mao stuck up in both places, they should not think it is the old type of conspiracy. The

"breath" is there, but it is that contagious classic breath of the revolting young.

Still, many of these young, not so young, and professional young are tuned in and set up for the glorious and immediate planetary revolution. Distributing leaflets on the greenswards of their seminaries, they might do well to think on Chairman Mao's revolutionary notions. Fifty years, he tells his French visitor, is a very short time. "Khrushchev seemed to think a revolution is done when a Communist party comes to power—as if it had something to do with national liberation. . . . Lenin knew the Revolution only began then. . . . You remember Kosygin at the 23rd Congress: 'Communism is the raising of the standard of living.' Oh yes! And swimming is a way of putting on a bathing suit! . . . Everything is yet to be done! The thought, the culture, the customs which led China where we found her must disappear. . . ."

No, it is not civil injustice, military brutality or bureaucratic stultification that concern the revolutionary. It is everything. "I bring not peace but a sword," said another whose revolution was quickly muddled by the old human slime.

RICHARD STERN

JOHN COLLIER'S VISION

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus.

John Collier, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, died on May 8 in the little Holy Cross Hospital at Taos, N.M., at the age of 84. His death silences one of the civilized voices of a savage age.

The fact that his long and productive life ended at Taos carries its own poignancy, for at Taos some forty-six years ago John Collier found his purpose. The Taos Indians who sang by his bedside at the end were acknowledging that discovery, thus completing the cycle.

As Commissioner during the years 1933-45, years of depression and war, Collier quite certainly rescued American Indians from the doom prepared for them by generations of stupidity and venality fostered by government policies and practices. Indians will thus have the most immediate sense of loss in Collier's passing. Less immediate and less apparent is the loss of a social critic of uncommon gifts.

For Collier, insight into Indian life gave access to "stupendous facts within tiny dimensions" about the condition of man in modern society. That was what first commanded his attention at Taos Pueblo in 1922, as he watched a ceremonial dance. Later he described how "a whole race of men, before my eyes, passed into ecstasy through a willed discipline, splendid and fierce, yet structural, an objectively impassioned discipline which was a thousand years old."

Watching the dancers, he realized: "These were un-

sentimental men who could neither read nor write, poor men who lived by hard work, men who were told every day in all kinds of unsympathetic ways that all they believed in and cared for had to die, and who never answered back. For these men were at one with their gods."

As he reflected on these and similar scenes in the years that carried him deeper into tribal affairs, it was borne in on Collier that Indians had retained something that had disappeared from the lives of industrialized Westerners. Urbanization had uprooted populations, destroyed neighborhoods, impoverished the relationship between generations, expanded enormously such escape devices as commercialized recreation, and favored the lowest common denominators in entertainment and mass communication. In all of this, urbanized man stood bewildered, confronting ultimate destruction.

That Indian societies could survive in an environment so hostile to simple folk values could only astonish a mind as sophisticated as his. In spite of oppression, contempt, appropriation of their wealth, even threats of extermination through wars and pestilence, they had remained viable, keeping their languages, their religions, their kinship systems and their self-views and world views. They had been adaptive and assimilative, yet faithful to the past. He observed: "Intensity of life, form in life, beauty in the human relationship, happiness and amplitude of personality are not dependent on complexity of material culture or on that 'security' which in the world today has come to be a controlling objective. . . . It is hard for us, citizens of an age of giant external power, to conceive that the human psychic and social values . . . were not created by ourselves."

Sustained by a strongly integrated personality, Collier never adulterated the intellectual content of his discourse. Whether writing letters to his field officers, addressing a meeting of DAR ladies, or preparing an editorial for the Bureau's house organ, *Indians at Work*, he wrote or talked in a prose style that often dazzled and confounded his audience. On one occasion, after he had spent several hours speaking eloquently on Indian values and world view before a Congressional committee, at the conclusion of which the committee members trooped out of the meeting room glassy-eyed, the clerk of the committee shook his head dejectedly. "What a pity," he remarked, "they didn't understand a word he said."

The Indians, however, seemed always to understand. Either the interpreters who worked with him were unusually good, or his style of speech translated readily into the richly imaged native vernaculars. Whatever the reason, one always sensed a quickening of responsiveness when Collier addressed an Indian gathering. His voice carried warmth, gentility and dignity, modulated by tenderness, which brought quick smiles of recognition and sometimes teasing answers. It was the kind of discourse which Indians could appreciate because their good speakers display similar manners.

Because he would not temper the quality of his conceptual grasp, Collier was sometimes dismissed as a visionary, an impractical intellectual. Because he expounded Indian worth, and more particularly, perhaps, because he insisted on extending religious and cultural freedom to Indian groups and proved to be politically astute in obtaining the enactment of such life-giving legis-

lation as the Indian Reorganization Act, he was accused of turning the clock back on Indian development and of trying to convert Indians into museum pieces. His detractors constituted a strange medley of unlikely associates—frustrated land grabbers, special-interest lobbyists, Indian "experts" of various shades of competence, overzealous Bible thumpers, and an occasional part-time Indian who had been discovered in some act of chicanery.

In spite of all the criticisms aimed at his administration, subsequent events demonstrated the soundness of the vision and the practicality of the action. With encouragement to act out their own lives and with the beginnings of financial assistance in restoring and developing their resource base (abruptly halted by war), Indian tribes all across the country seemed to renew their traditional tribalism, while at the same time participating increasingly in areas of interest in the general society. Identity with an Indian community, even an urban community of relocated tribesmen, provides the base from which adaptive and assimilative processes can draw new growth. Without such a base, there can be only a withering of social impulses.

Thus, Collier wrote: "Societies are living things, sources of the power and values of their members; to be and to function in a consciously living, aspiring, striving society is to be a personality fulfilled."

It may yet happen that fragmented, depersonalized urban man will give thanks that the Indians were not totally destroyed. And on that day, however far off, a special debt will be owed John Collier for having defined and explored the terms by which the Indian people could survive.

THE STUDENT VANGUARD

SIX DAYS IN PARIS

HARRY BRAVERMAN

Mr. Braverman, director of Monthly Review Press, was on a European publishing trip when the upheaval broke out in France.

On Thursday, May 9, late in the afternoon, Paris seemed peaceful. From the airport bus moving along the Avenue du Maine, I saw the usual crowds of shoppers and strollers; the cafés were starting to fill up. The taxi driver raced from the Aerogare to the hotel in Montparnasse with customary Paris dash; a book open on the wheel in front of him, he insisted on an English lesson as he shot through traffic.

But the newspapers report that the university buildings of Nanterre and the Sorbonne are closed, the Latin Quarter is occupied by massive police forces, and the students are continuing their protests of the past two weeks. The national unions of students and of university teachers are standing firm on their strike order, demanding evacuation of police from the Latin Quarter, the release of imprisoned demonstrators, and the reopening of the Sorbonne.

At the publishing house of François Maspero, next morning, things were a bit upset. The police had flung a gas grenade into the firm's bookstore off the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and several people were seriously injured. It was claimed that, along with the usual tear gas, the police were using a variety employed by the Americans in Vietnam that can inflict serious and permanent injury. Students, newspapers, Sorbonne professors expert in chemical warfare, and much of Paris seemed to believe the charge. Feeling against police brutality was running high, newspapers as staid as *Le Monde* carrying page-long accounts of unprovoked attacks against students and bystanders, including foreign tourists (who, someone remarked, were especially badly beaten because, unlike the student demonstrators, they didn't fight back).

In the Latin Quarter, police were everywhere, blocking off streets, gathered in menacing groups at squares and intersections. Everywhere also were the *paniers à salade*, the black Paris police wagons, in graduated sizes up to bus length. The Compagnies Republicaines de Sécurité (CRS), riot troops of the Ministry of the Interior, were

out in force: heavy, black-coated, steel-helmeted, with shields on their arms, big goggles over their eyes and submachine guns slung on their shoulders, they look particularly dangerous, even sinister. Most of the police and troops stared impassively, but some of their faces glowed with hatred.

That evening, from 6:30, there was a demonstration at the Place Denfert-Rochereau in Montparnasse. At starting time, the square was filled with students and sympathizers, probably 20,000 people. The speeches were hard to hear, the amplifiers being weak. Soon a march began down the Boulevard Arago, and the walls resounded with "*Liberez nos camarades!*" The demonstration headed for the Santé prison, but was turned away. It moved into the Latin Quarter, where, later that evening, police blocked passage into many streets and students milled. Some theatres were closing, some restaurants putting up their iron shutters.

In the smaller streets, the students began to build barricades. Cars were dragged from the curbs and lined up across the narrow ways. The heavy iron grilles that encircle the trees were taken up and thrown into the gaps, along with street signs and anything else loose; thousands of cobblestones were torn up and heaped on top. One barricade was almost 10 feet high. Meanwhile, car radios were turned on and groups huddled close to listen. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the most popular student leader, has proclaimed a peaceful occupation of the Latin Quarter. The students are to entrench themselves and remain until the police withdraw; meanwhile, student leaders are meeting with university officials, though taking the stand that they will not negotiate until their imprisoned comrades are free. By one o'clock, the students had made themselves as comfortable as they could for the night; it seemed time to leave.

But the next morning, Saturday, the 11th, all Paris was on its ear. Shortly after 2 A.M., the police had been ordered to demolish the barricades and drive the students out. Fighting went on all through the night. The police were better armed, of course, and used gas, fire hoses, truncheons and concussion grenades. These last are supposedly meant only to frighten, but one young student had his hand blown off. The students have the advantages usual to guerrillas and street fighters: the sympathy of the inhabitants, who sheltered them and showered the police with missiles from their windows; a better knowledge of the terrain; and a fighting spirit that, next day, had Paris excited with admiration.

The police operation was far from successful. The *International Herald Tribune* described the fighting this way:

Some 500 specially trained riot police moved up from around the flowering Luxembourg Gardens. Carrying shields in one hand and truncheons in the other, they quickly overran the outer barricades, sending the outpost defenders fleeing.

When they reached the Rue Gay-Lussac they ran into the stronghold, held by about 3,000 students, the ones who wanted to fight. The stronghold held out till dawn. It never really fell—it just got smaller. . . .

The police had first tried to weaken the resistance of the defenders by shelling them with rifle-launched tear

gas grenades. When the first line of riot police tried to take the first barricade they were driven back by their own tear gas—despite masks.

The students didn't have any masks but they stayed somehow in that inferno. Reporters who tried to get in were driven back coughing and crying, and the radio men had to switch off. But the students held out and even counterattacked.

The police set off flares and fired in their grenades. The students put up red flags. The police shot in concussion grenades. The students mounted the roofs and shelled them with paving stones. The police charged the barricades. The students replied with molotov cocktails. Before long most of the barricades were in flames.

It was warfare without bullets. By 3 a.m. the police had decided they could not take the stronghold because of the fires and retreated to near the Gare du Luxembourg to patiently continue the shelling. No one in the stronghold had fled. They cursed and they shouted and sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Internationale." It sounded like a war. . . .

Finally, the riot police shock troops were sent in. Flames burst out up and down the street. A water main was hit and flooded the streets with filth from the grenades. The tear gas was held down by low clouds. The students on the rooftops continued to shower the police with whatever they had left. Fire trucks got as close as they could to lay down water. By 5:30, in daylight, some 100 students were left. . . . Some were still on the rooftops much later yesterday morning, sleeping in the rain, silhouetted against the chimneys, waiting for the police to come.

The prefect of police quickly charged that the leaders were not students but "guerrillas" with a knowledge of barricade building and street fighting. The charge was greeted with hoots of laughter all over Paris, and Cohn-Bendit, "Dany, le Rouge," said: "What happened in the street is that all the young people were expressing themselves against a certain society." But one does have to marvel at these students with their barricades, their resourceful combat tactics, their motorcycle couriers, their whistle signals, their bullhorns, their fast surprise maneuvers. Against reason, one is forced to feel that the children of France imbibe all this with their mothers' milk.

Demonstrations had taken place all over France, sentiment was overwhelmingly with the students, and two powerful forces now felt moved to respond. The government announced withdrawal of the police from the Sorbonne and its reopening. On the other side, the big parties of the Left and the union federations decided to throw their great weight into the battle. The students greeted their new allies with mixed feelings. With elation—from then on the slogan heard everywhere was *Ouvriers et étudiants ensemble!* But also with wariness, because insofar as the students have any leadership it is made up of dissident radicals—Maoists, Guevarists, Trotskyists, anarchists—and also because almost up to this instant, the students had been contemptuously dismissed by the Communists as "adventurers," "bourgeois" and " *fils à papa.*" Naturally, they didn't like being called "papa's boys," an epithet that in any case seemed particularly inappropriate at the moment. And more deeply, the students regard the big Left parties as almost part of the Establishment, have little confidence that these parties can

ever change society, and are repelled by what they know of Communist rule in Russia and Eastern Europe. Dany Cohn-Bendit calls the Communists "Stalinist creeps."

But now, all over Paris, placards on the newspaper kiosks proclaimed a general strike and monster demonstration for Monday. Leaflets were passed out, a few skirmishes took place, the weekend passed in an atmosphere of expectancy. Paris was overwhelmingly sympathetic to the students; polls showed that they had the backing of four persons out of five. Not that the sentiment was by any means universal; in the bar of the Pont Royal, for instance, I overheard a haughty, well-dressed woman: "Yes, of course, they can go and burn our cars in the Latin Quarter. And what can we do to them in return? They don't even own anything we can destroy!"

But Monday morning showed how many there were who would not have applauded the indignant and militant lady. The Métro was running, but the ticket seller and ticket taker waved me through. Not as many trains as usual, but that day everyone rode free, courtesy of the subway workers of Paris. And at the Place de la République where the demonstration was to gather, it was almost impossible well before the appointed hour to force one's way to the center of the square, where a view from the top of a construction shanty showed a human sea, banners waving, red flags flying, and as far as the eye could see down three principal boulevards, masses of demonstrators trying to push forward into the huge square.

The march to the Left Bank began. At the Place du Châtelet, just before the Seine, the demonstration moved massively, forty abreast. It seemed that all of Paris had turned out, not just to watch but to cheer. At every square and along the line of march, the *Internationale* was sung—in assured accents by the heavy battalions of labor; more fumblingly by the masses of students, many grouped around bits of paper bearing the words. But before the day ended everyone knew the words.

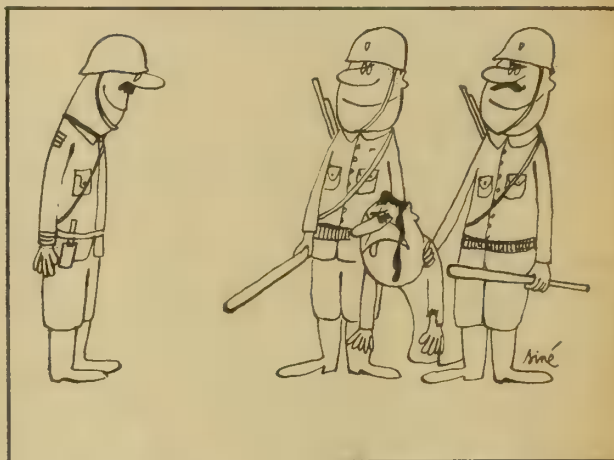
Slogans became increasingly radical; not just for the liberation of the imprisoned demonstrators, not just for unity of workers and students and for a free university, but now also for an end to the Fifth Republic. "Power is on the run; let it fall!" "Ten years, that's enough!" and, very rhythmically, "*La Cinquième au clou, La Sixième, c'est nous!*" The movement which began over educational issues now wanted to send the Fifth Republic to the hock shop and take its place as the Sixth. A lilting chant, "*Adieu, de Gaulle,*" sung by one contingent to the accompaniment of hundreds of waving handkerchiefs, was very popular with the crowds. Placards proclaimed that the Algerian disorders of May 13, 1958, had brought de Gaulle to power; but that the struggle of the students on the barricades, May 13, 1968, signaled his end. "*Bon anniversaire, mon Général,*" the marchers shouted. And a group of Left officials, proclaiming slogans for the march from a balcony, heard in reply from the marchers below: "*Bureaucrates, dans la rue!*"

There was in the air a spirit of rebellion that few had known existed. As one Parisian said to me, "I didn't realize that everyone else was feeling this way."

Coming off the Pont Saint-Michel, into the Place Saint-

Michel, the crowd watched enthralled while a youngster with a red flag tried to shinny up a flagpole. At first he made good progress with the aid of a traffic sign clamped to the pole, but beyond that point he would gain a few feet and then fall back to the accompaniment of cries and groans. At last his outstretched finger tips catch the tri-color, which he flings to the street. A roar goes up from the demonstration, and the man beside me says, "Treason!"—with a delighted grin.

I had an appointment at La Boule D'Or in the Place Saint-Michel, and waited at a table in front, with two elderly, well-dressed gentlemen, wondering what they



From the student magazine, *Action*
 "He Was Armed?" "Yes, Chief—with a Diploma."

thought. When the waiter arrives, it becomes clear that I am a foreigner, an American. A short silence, and then one of my table mates points to the square and bids me take a good look: "*La France, c'est ça!* No one can meddle with our liberties, not even de Gaulle." My own sympathies made clear, there are shouts of elation, many toasts to *liberté*, etc.

Further along Saint-Michel, the demonstrators quieted one another, and the march moved in dead silence past the Sorbonne. Soon the slogans and the singing began again. It was now almost eight o'clock and the march went on. At the Place Denfert-Rochereau where the demonstration was to terminate, there was some confusion. The marchers could not fit into the square—ten such squares would not have held them—and the loudspeakers of the CGT (the principal trade union federation, controlled by the Communists) were telling everyone to go home. Bands of students raced to the cars protesting vehemently, demanding the microphones, insisting that the demonstration continue, perhaps in the Champ de Mars, shouting that they had been betrayed: "Why did we come out into the streets, just to go home?"

That evening, the demonstration in the Champ de Mars was small, but with the police withdrawn from the Latin Quarter, the students moved in, and so began the Occupation of the Sorbonne. The scene was unforgettable. The statue of Auguste Comte wore a flowing red necktie, and in the inner court Zola and Pasteur brandished red flags. The walls of the court were lined with literature tables

stocked by all the radical groups, and the buildings were covered with placards, hundreds of them: slogans, manifestoes, poetry, announcements of meetings—one of them to take place “à salle Lenine.” A grand piano had been dragged out, and jazz alternated with Mozart and Chopin, one player succeeding another. The big courtyard was jammed, as were the nearby streets, squares, the university corridors, with people discussing in groups—and not just students, because the occupiers of the Sorbonne demonstratively threw open the doors to the workers, to the people from the neighborhood, and many came—to see the inside of the Sorbonne for the first time, to talk, to take part in the meetings.

In the corridors and meeting halls the “Smoking Forbidden” signs were scribbled over (everyone was smoking furiously): “It is Forbidden to Forbid.” The dim corridors and gloomy amphitheatres were adorned with bright water colors that clashed with the pompous neo-classical decor, but were nonetheless cheering to the eye. In one meeting hall, jammed to its limit with students and a sprinkling of professors, the discussion was impassioned, eloquent, but apparently fumbling and inconclusive, as the students tried to come to some decision on what to do about the year-end examinations. They were clearly in no state to sit for them, and besides they oppose the rigorous and arbitrary system of sudden-death examinations; but they were also trying to be conscientious and didn’t want to give an impression of shirking their academic duties. There seemed to be as many opinions as speakers, some getting a hand, some laughter, some groans. Everything was under the control of the students themselves; a student presidium at the head table conferred often on procedure, but just as often was swept into the debate. The professors listened with apparent sympathy and intervened little. In one meeting a Nobel laureate in biology was interrupted by a comrade student—unheard of!—but he listened, smiling and attentive.

Next day, there was time to stroll around Paris, and to browse in the bookstores, where the most prominently displayed volumes are those which, over the past few years, have surely had a great deal to do with the creation of the mood that burst out in the streets: Guevara, Castro and Camilo Torres; Jalée and Nizan; Trotsky and Mao; Marcuse and C. Wright Mills. And Marx everywhere, especially Marx, because it is also his anniversary, the 150th of his birth, and a colloquy organized by UNESCO is going on in Paris to mark the occasion. There is time also to read the two numbers of a special student paper, *Action*. The featured article of the second number is headed “Les Enfants de Marx and du 13 Mai,” and it ends: “The barricades of the Latin Quarter celebrate in a worthy manner the 150th anniversary of Marx and the tenth anniversary of May 13.” The paper contains news of the struggles, articles discussing educational changes desired by the students, and a piece by a graduate sociologist-urbanist about the kinds of jobs open to him: making door-to-door visits “like a salesman or a parson” in foolish surveys, or as an “industrial sociologist,” engaged to figure out how to keep the workers in line. “Every occupation is evidently in the end another way of

participating in repression. . . . A sociologist is no different from a *flic*.”

And on its back page *Le Journal de Dimanche* ran two fascinating interviews in which students tried to make clear what the revolt was all about. In the first, a student of law and sociology, his father a Métro engineer, tells how he was drawn into the revolt by the invasion of the Sorbonne by a police column on May 3, and explains student discontent as based on the limited number of professional opportunities for graduates. The future for students, he says, is dark; and he quotes from memory the opening words of Paul Nizan’s popular *Aden, Arabie*: “I was twenty. I will let no one say it is the best time of life.” The interviewer probes further, and the student readily broadens the issues: he is against the society of “consumers” and for a society of “participants,” he is against (and here he uses the title of one of Jalée’s books) “the pillage of the Third World.” “Both in the West and in the Soviet Union, we live in a class-dominated society,” and violence appears to be the sole means for effecting a radical change.”

The other student (of political science, the son of an official) also runs rapidly through the reforms he would like to see in the university, and then, asked to say what in general is wrong, answers flatly: “The political order. The Fifth Republic doesn’t satisfy us. Unhappily, at the moment, there is no political formation of the Left that seems to us capable of replacing this regime for the better. The students have achieved consciousness in advance of others. There is, within the university, an extraordinary flow of ideas which is developing amid a certain confusion but which is extremely important and useful But this movement should not be exclusively student. It should take its place within a revolutionary workers’ movement. Unhappily, the Western Communist parties and the unions have given up all idea of the class struggle.” What sort of society does he want? “Very simple, I am for a Socialist democracy,” free of bureaucratism of the kind instituted by Stalinism. “That’s why I think at the moment the Cuban regime and, lately, that of Czechoslovakia accord best with my ideas of the ideal society, which is not to say that they should be imitated in everything.”

I had a few more business visits. Jérôme Lindon of Les Editions de Minuit tells me that his house sold 1,000 copies of a Marcuse book *that morning*. I lunched with an intellectual of the independent Left, in the company of an Algerian student and a German student who was apparently reproaching himself for having left the barricades he helped build on Friday night before the fighting broke out. My host, pointing to me, tells him: “You see, he also thought nothing more was going to happen that night.”

On Wednesday morning, it was time to leave the children of Marx and of the 13th of May, who had filled the boulevards with such attractive energy, vivacity and intelligence. All the taxis were on strike, no English lesson in a speeding cab; instead I lugged my baggage to the Aero-gare. And the last thing I heard was that 2,000 workers had occupied the aircraft plant of Sud-Aviation at Nantes, had welded the gates shut, and were holding prisoner the manager and his executives.

THE INVISIBLE VETERANS

SANDY GOODMAN

Mr. Goodman, a television news producer and writer, was nominated for a 1967-68 Emmy Award for a TV version of some of the material in this article.

One night three weeks after his release from the army, where he'd served as a paratrooper in Vietnam, 23-year-old Ronald Jordan walked into a bar in Newark's black ghetto and started to move to the rear. Another patron was sitting in his way. Jordan asked the man to move.

"Walk around me," the other replied.

"I figured he's a man and I'm a man," recalls Jordan, a tough, wiry youth. "What business he got to tell me to walk around? So I just kept walking in the direction I was going."

There was a fight. The other man turned out to be an off-duty detective who was having a drink with his partner. They double-teamed Jordan, who ended up with one of his eyes puffed up like a balloon and his face looking like a piece of raw meat. The police hauled him down to the Fourth Precinct and booked him on a charge of assaulting an officer. Jordan insists that one of the detectives there—like all of those involved, a Negro—glowered at him and snapped: "You're just another bad nigger from Vietnam."

That much recognition, however dubious, is a lot more than most Vietnam veterans get from their countrymen. They're among the strangest products of the strangest conflict the United States has ever fought—veterans who don't act like veterans, of a war that isn't officially a war. The rest of us hardly noticed when they went away. And now we're even less aware that nearly half a million have already returned to civilian life, and that others are pouring out of the service at the rate of 30,000 a month, according to the Veterans Administration.

They aren't bothering to remind us, either. They are slipping back into civilian life as quickly and quietly as an army of invisible men. "Their reception is all but nonexistent," observes William Tackmann, an official of the New York City Division of Veterans Affairs, one of the oldest and largest local veterans' agencies in the United States.

The Vietvets' anonymity and their countrymen's indifference combine to produce results that are unfair and sometimes shocking. Jordan, without income for four months after he left the army, was not eligible for mustering-out pay to help tide him over. Had he served in World War II or Korea, he'd have gotten \$300. A former Navy lieutenant named Donald da Parma, now attending Columbia University Law School, gets \$5 less per academic year in GI Bill benefits than did veterans of World War II—despite skyrocketing educational costs in the last twenty-four years. A plucky police trainee named Jerry Simpson, whose lifelong ambition was to become

one of New York's Finest, was at first asked to resign from the Police Department when he returned from the battle front minus a leg. A place for him was eventually found, but it is hard to imagine a situation like that arising in any other war.

As a group, the Vietnam veterans resemble neither the noisy, assertive veterans of World War II, who clomped around as if they owned the country, nor the quiet, apathetic young men who shuffled aimlessly about after Korea, "staring nowhere," as one observer described them. Like the men of Korea, the Vietvets are relatively few in number and light in impact, but unlike the Korean veteran, the Vietvet has no glassy, faraway look in his eyes. He knows exactly what he wants: to throw off his identity as an ex-GI and become a civilian again as fast as possible.

He is doing just that. His readjustment is the smoothest in recent history, according to William Driver, the head of the Veterans Administration. Part of the reason for this, undoubtedly, is that the Vietvets are returning in a smaller, steadier stream. Part of it is because they weren't away as long. Nobody is in for the duration, as millions were in World War II. And so far enlistments haven't been extended, as they were during Korea. Today's Vietvet was like a man following a timetable: two years in the army, twelve months of it in Vietnam, then back home.

But perhaps the biggest reason why the Vietvet is—and wants to be—invisible is the nation's reaction to the war. World War II united the country in a kind of holy crusade. Many Americans weren't sure why we were in Korea, and it had the same frustrating, limited-war quality that annoys so many people about Vietnam. But at least everybody was agreed on the identity of the good guys and the bad guys. This time, there is no such agreement.

"This war is not like any other war," observes Tackmann. "There are no bands, no parades, no troops marching home." He continues: "I know of one instance where a boy returned to his neighborhood after being away for two years and they thought he'd been in jail."

"The business firms are not as anxious to hire them as they were after World War II when everybody wore his little 'ruptured duck' emblem in his lapel, and 'I am a veteran' meant something to the individual. Many of the boys' difficulties are due to the national dissent."

Ironically, about half the Vietvets—the overwhelming majority of whom are pro-war—are returning to college campuses, the hot centers of anti-war sentiment. One former sergeant, crippled in the terrible battle of the Ia Drang Valley and now attending college in New York City, hasn't even told any of his classmates that he's a veteran. "I don't want to start any arguments," he explains.

Another ex-serviceman learned to his chagrin that be-

ing a Vietvet even managed to get in the way of his sex life. "I met a coed in a bar," he recalls. "The wheels of seduction were turning full speed—until the subject got around to Vietnam. That ended it." Still a third, now at Harvard, has only half-jokingly been dubbed "the resident Fascist pig" of his dormitory.

Little wonder that Vietvets don't advertise their recent service by dressing distinctively in khaki pants and field jackets, as did the veterans of World War II. Nor do they cluster together.

The 26-year-old da Parma says he's not even sure how many other Vietvets there are in his class. "I don't pal around with veterans." No one has tried to form a veterans' group on the Columbia campus, he says, and no one wants to.

Da Parma got out of the Navy in May, 1967, after a tour in Vietnam as commanding officer of a tiny "swift boat"—one of the speedy, six-man craft that patrol coastal waters in search of smugglers and gunrunners. He's a Dartmouth graduate, alert and articulate, with a sense of humor that includes a fondness for understatement. Da Parma also has a knack for generalizing that makes you feel he's speaking for thousands of his fellows.

"Almost every veteran has an emotional bias in favor of the war," he reflects. "When you're in Vietnam, you can't sit around and wonder whether the Vietcong are right. They can't be right, they're trying to kill you. This," he continues with a smile, "tends to develop a certain antagonism in people. And that's something that sticks with you."

Despite this admitted bias, da Parma declines to label himself a hawk. Rather, he insists, he's a moderate. "When you've seen the war close up you begin to look at the question from so many sides that you're a little leery of the absolute answer." He sees the peace advocates as guilty of just that kind of absolutist thinking.

Unlike da Parma, who could afford to go to school with or without the GI Bill, many other Vietvets are as troubled trying to make ends meet on their educational benefits as they are about the attitudes of their classmates. Compared with earlier veterans, they are getting badly shortchanged. Under the first GI Bill, passed in 1944, a single veteran attending college full time got a \$75-a-month subsistence allowance, plus up to \$500 a year for tuition, books and supplies. For a nine-month academic year, that added up to \$1,175.

Under the latest bill, enacted only last August, a veteran in the same circumstances gets a flat \$130 a month, or a total of \$1,170.

Almost exactly the same amount of money, but in 1944 it often covered all college expenses; now it pays for only about half or a third, depending on whether the veteran is attending a public or private school. This penalizes the Vietvet whose family lacks money to help him make up the difference.

Veterans who pass up the ivory towers in favor of jobs are finding that in today's booming economy quite a few prospective employers stand ready to hire them. "There's not nearly as much of the patriotic ballyhoo about hiring a veteran as there was after World War II, though there

is more than after Korea," says Louis D. Kelsey, an official of the Labor Department's Office of Veterans Re-Employment Rights, stationed in New York. "The motives today are almost strictly economic. Veterans are draftproof."

Under federal law, a man who left a job to go into service is entitled to get it back—if it still exists when he comes home. If he can't perform that job because he's disabled, he's entitled to another with equal pay, status and seniority. That applies to federal jobs and those with private employers, but because of the doctrine of division of powers, Congress never made it binding on the state or local governments. "The way it works now," observes a federal official, "a man employed by a state or a city comes back, in effect, a second-class veteran. He may be denied his job back because he worked for the wrong employer."

This problem especially affects disabled veterans, as it did Jerry Simpson, the New York city police trainee whose left leg was accidentally blown off by American artillery near Chu Lai. While he was away, the Department stood foursquare behind Jerry Simpson—or so it seemed. When he was wounded, 800 policemen signed a get-well scroll and sent it to him in the hospital. And the *New York Post* quoted a police spokesman as saying: "Simpson's job will be waiting for him when he comes back."

But when Simpson came back, there was no job waiting for him—only sad-eyed Department officials who said that of course he couldn't qualify to be a patrolman. Simpson insisted there were all sorts of things a handicapped policeman could do, such as work in the crime laboratory or teach at the Police Academy. And he pointed out that the Department did have a special light-duty section for injured members of the force. But, replied the Department, that section had no amputees. And besides, it was confined to cops injured in the line of duty—and that didn't include Vietnam.

Little wonder that Simpson was angry at the attitude of many of his countrymen. "I don't think they appreciate any of the sacrifices we make," he said. "They look at the newspaper and say, 'what a shame, we ought to get out.' They really don't know what's going on over there, and most of them don't really care."

But then, Simpson's plight was revealed on the TV program *A.B.C. Scope*. Louis Kelsey, the federal re-employment official, saw that program, and Sid Davidoff, a top aide to Mayor John V. Lindsay, heard about it. They got together and brought the matter to the personal attention of the Mayor and Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary. An exception was made in the regulations, and Jerry Simpson became one of New York's Finest after all.

Neither the loss of his leg nor the frustrations over regaining his job have lessened Simpson's pride in serving his country. "That is the way I was brought up," he explains. "My country is my country. It doesn't matter if the war is right or wrong. If they say fight, you fight."

Was the war worth his own terrible personal sacrifice? Simpson answers slowly, searching his mind for the whole truth. "It was worth going there," he says. "I was doing

what I thought was right. I was doing what I wanted to do.

"But on the other hand," he adds sadly, "there are a lot of things I'll never be able to do again that make it not worth anything, really."

Aside from the disabled, the Vietvets with the most problems as a group are the Negroes. The Vietnamese conflict is the first in which U.S. forces have been completely integrated. Negro soldiers, Marines and airmen, fighting shoulder to shoulder with their white countrymen, have exploded the long-held myth of black inferiority in combat. They have also experienced far more integration and equality than any group of black Americans in history—military or civilian.

What will happen as the Negro veterans, filled with a new sense of pride and equality, and thoroughly trained in all the arts of killing and destruction, return to the ghettos to confront the same squalor, joblessness and prejudice that they knew when they left? Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive secretary of the National Urban League, warns that they just won't stand for it—that they may well turn to violence, becoming a major national threat, and making the expected long, hot summers even longer and hotter.

Others are more optimistic. Marshall C. Miller, assistant chief of the Labor Department's Veterans Employment Service, says if they are given the chance, the black veterans will be a major constructive influence in their community. So far, at least, the optimists are winning. The report of the President's riot commission didn't mention black veterans even once as a factor in last summer's widespread disorders. Nor was there any indication from news reports that they took part in the riots that followed Martin Luther King's assassination. "I can find you plenty of bitter Negroes," says the head of a black veterans' group in New York, "but they'll be guys who've never been in service. I'd have a hard time finding a veteran who's bitter."

Ronald Jordan of Newark, for example, insists he's not bitter, though he is angry at the treatment he says he has received at the hands of the police—especially since all the charges against him were later dropped. He doubts that Negro veterans, specifically, will turn to violence. But, like everybody else, he does expect more trouble from the black community as a whole.

Jordan is much better off than most of his ghetto neighbors. He lives with both parents in a neat, five-room apartment that contains a large color television set. His sister is away at college. His brother is a machinist. So is his father, who has worked for the same firm for twenty-four years. Jordan wants to be a machinist himself, but since he got out of the army last October, he has had trouble finding a job.

A VA counselor has persuaded Jordan to gain skills by enrolling in a thirteen-week course in tool-and-die making under the Manpower Development and Training Act. He gets a bigger weekly allowance under this program than he would have received under the training provisions of the GI Bill. The big question remains: can he get a job once he's properly prepared for one? Some counselors

insist that in these prosperous times almost anyone with a skill can find work; others say that for Negroes it isn't that easy.

"Some Negroes get out of service and take some of training," says Vincent Malveaux of the New York City Division of Veterans Affairs, "but then they re-enlist because they can't use that training to get a job." That helps explain why the all-service re-enlistment rate for Negroes is more than twice as high as for whites. In the army alone, the difference is even more striking: 66 per cent for Negroes to 20 per cent for whites.

Another decided minority group among the Vietvets is made up of those who are against the war. Probably the most famous of the doves is 38-year-old Donald Duncan of Oakland, Calif. He is well known by sight to browsers at bookstores and paperback stands. Nattily attired in his ribbon-festooned uniform, with his Green Beret set firmly on his head, the former master sergeant glares out at prospective readers from the jacket of *The New Legions*, looking exactly like what he was—a rough-and-ready member of the army's elite Special Forces.

But Duncan has come a long way since those days. After more than ten years in the service, the last eighteen months of it in Vietnam, he turned down a battlefield commission, resigned from the army, and returned late in 1965 to become a hard-hitting critic of U.S. policy and the military's growing influence on American life.

A talk with Duncan quickly dispels the book-jacket image of the gruff, burly six-striper. He is quiet voiced and scholarly sounding. His disillusionment with the war, Duncan says, began when he got to Vietnam. "I really believed, as most soldiers do, that we were fighting to save the world for democracy," he says, "but when I got over there, the contradictions became glaring. It became clear to me that the United States was violating its own doctrines by propping up a corrupt leadership that didn't have popular support. Here we were trying to build a brave new world—and using a garbage pit as our foundation."

Duncan says the United States will be worse off if it wins a military victory than if it loses. "If we win then we'll try the same thing in other places—especially Latin America—and isolate ourselves even further from the developing nations of the world."

Like most Vietvets, Duncan is not a joiner, and rarely takes part in demonstrations, but there is at least one peace organization made up exclusively of men who served in Vietnam. It is called Viet Nam Veterans Against The War, and it was founded in June, 1967. It has thirty-one chapters across the country. However, according to its national field secretary, a former Signal Corps sergeant named Francis Rocks, its nation-wide membership totals only about 200.

Rocks says he and other members have been alienated by the peace movement because of some of its tactics. "I got my head bashed in and was arrested during 'Stop The Draft Week' in New York last December," recalls Rocks, a high school dropout who works on and off as a truck driver.

"I believe in peaceful picketing," he says, "but a lot of

things that went on during that week were wrong—all that running through the streets. I don't believe in charging the Pentagon either. Things like that just alienate people, especially veterans."

Doves and hawks alike, the Vietvets are gradually—but inevitably—becoming more visible as their ranks continue to swell. Television stations have begun running public service announcements in which no less a personage than Ed Sullivan urges employers to give them jobs. And in recent months, the government, if not the rank and file of their fellow citizens, has started showing a growing awareness of their needs and is taking some steps to meet them.

Despite its glaring weaknesses in mustering-out pay and education, the latest GI Bill, passed in August, 1967, brings most benefits up to those of earlier laws. There have even been a few improvements. For example, a veteran who wants to complete high school today can, for the first time, draw full educational allowances without having them charged against his future college benefits.

And, for the first time in any war, the VA is even sending representatives to the battlefields, to speak with GIs about to come home and make sure they're aware of their benefits. More than 200,000 men have been reached in Vietnam to date.

Back home, when President Johnson asked Congress to raise the eighteen-year-old ceiling on government-guaranteed home loans from \$7,500 to \$10,000, the lawmakers responded by approving a \$12,500 limit.

The President has set in motion a host of brand new programs of assistance. He has ordered the U.S. Employment Service to try to reach every new veteran by phone or in person to help him find work if necessary; has set aside \$50 million in the budget for extra incentive payments to veterans willing to take on certain public service jobs, such as teaching poor children and manning understrength

police and fire departments and hospitals, and given veterans new priority in getting civil service jobs. The VA has widely expanded its counseling and guidance services. Since February, new veterans' advisory centers have opened in twenty major cities.

The Labor Department has even begun a small but heartening program to help black-sheep veterans—those who left the service with less than honorable discharges. If his pastor or another community leader will attest that such a man is making progress in rehabilitating himself, the Department will issue him a certificate that is intended to improve his prospects for a job. More than 2,000 men have already applied for such certificates.

The biggest, boldest new program, called Project Transition, could some day turn out to be as revolutionary in the job-training field as the GI Bill was in education.

Tried out experimentally at five bases last year, it is now being extended, by Presidential order, to all major troop installations in the United States. Its purpose is to teach GIs civilian skills during their last six months in service. Courses are offered four hours a day, five days a week in everything from automatic data processing to gasoline-station management. Business firms such as IBM, United Parcel Service and the Humble Oil & Refining Co. are providing some of the instructors and lesson plans—and hiring some of the students when they're discharged.

The program places special emphasis on helping disadvantaged GIs—among them many Negroes—but it is open to all interested. However, when facilities are limited, those thought to need help most get priority.

Project Transition's target for the next fiscal year, as set by the President, is to reach half a million servicemen—nearly 60 per cent of the total due for release. It and all the other new programs should help convince the Vietvets that although they may still be largely invisible, they have not been entirely forgotten.

SECOND YEAR OF THE JUNE WAR

STANLEY WOLPERT

Mr. Wolpert, professor of history at the University of California, is the author of Morley and India, 1906-1910 (University of California Press), The Expedition (Little, Brown), Nine Hours to Rama (Random House), and other books.

On June 5 it will be one full year since the outbreak of the Six Day War between Israel and Egypt-Jordan-Syria, yet the seventh day of peace has still not come to the tortured Holy Land. Last year at this time the world paused, and watched, holding its breath, as Nasser's army of nearly 1,000 tanks rolled across Sinai, while Egyptian guns closed the Strait of Tiran, and Arab broadcasts beamed to Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem, threatened to push "all Jews into the sea." The UN waited in loquacious impotence for the inevitable *jihad* of extermination. The "alliance" of Western maritime powers, which supposedly was being forged in the back rooms of Europe's admiralties, found-

ered before ever being launched. Israel looked for the hand of help which our State Department and President had promised in 1957 in return for the withdrawal from Sinai; but American forces were overextended elsewhere when that promissory note came due, and Mr. Johnson kept his own counsel while 5,000 graves were dug outside Tel Aviv and hotels atop Mount Carmel were converted into emergency hospitals.

That was a year ago, a war away—or was it but yesterday's third blast of battle in an unending twenty years' war of attrition? The eve of the anniversary is an appropriate time to reflect upon the June war, reconsidering its historic significance and, more important, considering what may be done in the days ahead to avert further rounds of violence in the Near East. Militarily, last June's victory of Israeli arms remains little less than a "miracle" of strategy, tactics and national spirit, an example to the world of what the union of science, intellect, faith and

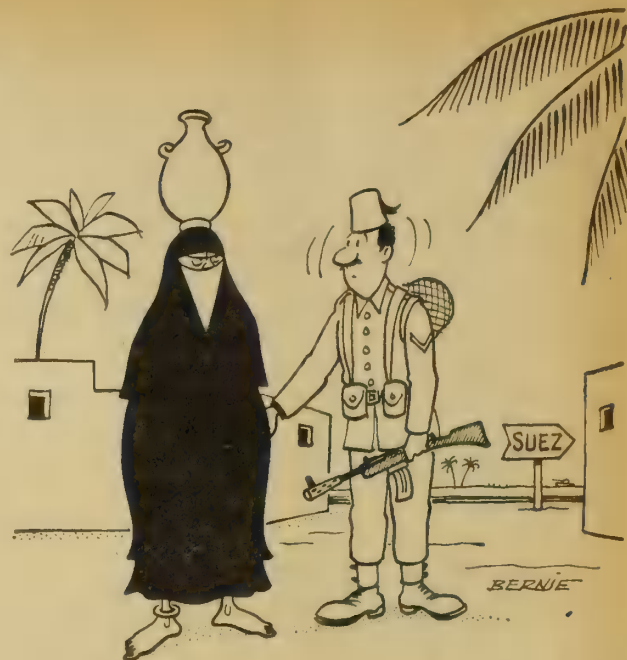
desperation may accomplish. Japan's victory over Russia in 1905 pales by comparison, for Israel not only defeated three enemy armies poised to attack it from as many directions but quadrupled its size and secured new borders that are strategically far superior to the former lines. The blockade of Eilat was lifted, Tel Aviv gained an additional ten minutes of precious warning time against air attack, and the capital of Jerusalem was reunited. [See "Today in Tel Aviv" by Stanley Wolpert, *The Nation*, July 3, 1967.]

Diplomatically, however, the war's aftermath has brought Israel an intensification of conflict, vigilance and tension, rather than an end to them. Last summer, Israelis hoped that the stunning blow would quickly bring Hussein at least, and Nasser perhaps, to a conference table at which captured territory could be traded for the promise of peace sanctified by solemn treaties of recognition. The West Bank and Sinai were spoken of as "levers" for prying an intransigent Egypt and its vacillating satellite Jordan loose from political positions that had proved as untenable as they were anachronistic and irrational. No one in Israel doubted that wounds of humiliation and broken dreams of glory would long stoke the hatred in Arab hearts, yet everyone hoped that time would soon begin to numb the rancor and peace would work its natural cure among neighbors left to resolve their own difficulties.

Israel and its Arab neighbors, however, were hardly left to cope with their conflicts alone. The charred fuselages of Russian jets were not all cleared from Egyptian airfields before replacements began to arrive, and within six months an estimated \$2 billion worth of fresh military hardware had been shipped from Moscow to Cairo. The Russians sought this time to insure their investment more prudently by sending many more "advisers" than ever before to the U.A.R.; today, approximately 3,000 Russian scientists, technicians and military officers are working with the Egyptian army, navy and air force. The guided-missile sinking of the Israeli destroyer *Eilat* last October proved dramatically the increased effectiveness of Russia's Near East mission, and Israel knows too well by now that future wars will not be announced by two weeks of bellicose threats from Cairo, Damascus or Amman. The "next round," if diplomacy fails to avert it, would start with the scream of missiles raining on Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

Israel, of course, is determined to prevent such a tragedy at whatever cost, and many Israelis insist that the only sure protection against Russo-Arab treachery tomorrow is the invasion and occupation of Cairo, Damascus and Amman today. Eshkol's newly United Labor Party has successfully resisted such extremist pressure, but the longer a permanent settlement is deferred the more difficult it becomes for the counsel of Israeli moderates to prevail. The March raid into Jordan, focused upon Karamah, was at once a warning of how short the fuse of patience has burned within Israel, and a reminder of the ultimate futility of violence as the exterminator of violence.

The most tragic reflection on the eve of this first anniversary is that hardly one day of total peace has passed since the cease-fire of June 10, 1967. Israeli soldiers have continued to provide living targets to gun batteries across



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

"Stop! I Am Colonel Popov of the Soviet Secret Service!"

the Nile and Jordan Rivers; Israeli civilians continue to follow their daily rounds of existence poised precariously over unseen land mines, which one day destroy a bus filled with school children and on the next blow up a jeep loaded with farmers.

The El-Fatah bands of terrorists grow larger and more daring, and have by now virtually been accepted as members of the Jordanian army. Israel's reprisal raids of March were followed by the opening of El-Fatah recruiting offices in Amman, and Hussein, far from disarming the terrorist bands in his country, hailed their patriotism and has offered them open support. Bitterness, hatred and tension have reached a new peak. Throughout the Arab world, from Damascus to Dakar, terrorists are eulogized as "national freedom fighters," or "commando heroes." The combination of Russian arms and the increasing popularity of terrorist action, therefore, has made the recurrence of major warfare between Israel and the surrounding Arab states more probable in the immediate future than it had been at any time during the decade preceding last June.

What of the prospects for international mediation? Since last November, when the United Nations Security Council, in an unprecedented show of unanimity concerning the Near East, passed the British resolution calling for "withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict," as well as the "termination of all claims or states of belligerency and respect for and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every state in the area . . ." Gunnar Jarring, mediator for the UN, has labored to breathe life into those formulas. His mission to date has made several significant forward strides, most important of which perhaps is that it continues—for where negotiations are as delicate and precarious as those across the

Nile and Jordan, the mere fact that they have not broken down entirely is encouraging. Syria, it is true, has refused to speak with Jarring, and will doubtless remain the most intransigent Arab state, though if Egypt and Jordan become reconciled to Israel's "sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence" it is hard to imagine that Syria would long resist alone.

The Israeli Egyptian prisoner exchange in January was the first act of positive peace making accomplished by Jarring's mission, and the initial steps taken to clear the Suez Canal seemed further evidence that the bellicose posture was softening; but since then Egyptian and Jordanian backs have restiffened, and Israeli trigger fingers have become more nervous. Yet surely both sides in this debilitating conflict must realize by now that it is to their own best interests to achieve a "permanent" peaceful settlement.

As the price of continuing nonrecognition of Israel, Nasser and Hussein have mortgaged their own nation's sovereignty to Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait. The irony of their irrational refusal to accept the obvious is that by pursuing this ostrich policy they have done more to undermine Arab power than anything Israel could have accomplished under normal conditions of regional diplomacy. Many Israelis freely admit, moreover, that Nasser's threats and hatred have proved to be Zionism's most effective recent source of recruitment and support. He has done for Israel what "Bull" Connor did for the civil rights movement. Not only did Nasser lose the last war but he appears as a result to have lost his health and spirit, and it may well be too late for him to negotiate anything other than his own retirement from public life. That would, of course, raise Hussein's stature in the Arab world and could possibly give him the chance he seems long to have awaited, of taking independent initiative to reach a *rapprochement* with Israel. What might the specific ingredients of such a settlement be?

Obviously, Israel will not redivide Jerusalem, but except for this and several strategic outposts, such as Latrun, all the other captured portions of the West Bank could probably either revert to Jordan or come under some condominium arrangement, as the reward of Hussein's recognition of Israel. Jordan could also receive free access to the ports of Haifa and Jaffa, and doubtless a substantial subsidy for the permanent resettlement of Palestinian refugees, who might well prefer to become productive farmers on the West Bank than to remain eternally at the mercy of some international dole. Israel's advanced atomic potential could then be put to peaceful

rather than militant use, and atomic-powered desalination plants could be built at the Mediterranean for fresh-water irrigation schemes designed to enrich the productivity of the entire West Bank.

Jordan and Israel would thus become partners in a long overdue program of bilateral economic development. The Hashemite Kingdom could set an example of progressive reform for the entire Arab world, and by real achievements pull ahead of its so-called Socialist neighbors, Syria and Egypt. Admittedly, the first step would require Hussein to show great courage, but the potential rewards to his people outweigh the risks involved, and if history can teach anyone anything, surely it instructs the Arab leadership that the path hitherto chosen by Nasser leads only to self-destruction.

Israel continues to insist that it will negotiate only "directly" with the Arab states confronting its borders, but Jarring has served the role of UN "intermediary" for almost half a year in his conversations with Eban and Eshkol, and there is no reason to assume that he could not function in New York as Ralph Bunche did in Rhodes during the armistice talks there twenty years ago. A noisy "Greater Israel" minority faction tends to see Israel's "manifest destiny" as that of completing the job of North African imperial conquest long abandoned by Britain and France. But such vainglorious dreams merely rival the fantasies of those Arabs who cling to the myth that Israel was born, has prospered and survived every test of time as the "cat's paw" of some international conspiracy. If Israel is to retain its unique character and national identity, at once so remarkably complex, so rich in cultural cross currents, yet unified in spirit, heritage and purpose, it is difficult to imagine why the Gaza Strip should be permanently incorporated into the state. Not that Egyptian forces would ever again be granted a base of operations so close to Tel Aviv, at least not by any Israeli Government that hoped to survive such an act; but a totally demilitarized Gaza, an internationally secure zone similar perhaps to the arrangement ultimately worked out for the West Bank, would probably meet with approval in Jerusalem.

As for Sinai and the Golan Heights, Israel sees both regions as martial "barometers"—presaging war when filled; peace, if empty. Yet could not precisely the same be said of the view from Cairo and Damascus? It is hardly reasonable to expect Syrians or Egyptians to feel any less anxious and hostile about Israeli tanks and artillery within range of their capitals than Israelis have always felt about the long guns atop Golan and the tanks in Gaza. The trust needed for continuing peace can hardly be generated within range of loaded muzzles, and Israel must be persuaded to withdraw its armed forces from north and south as well as west in return for guaranteed international patrolling of vacated areas. Finally, there must be solemn and dependable assurance that the Suez Canal and Gulf of Aqaba will remain open to all shipping and, if necessary, an international maritime task force should be kept ready to enforce that right of free passage against any unilateral seizure.

How "realistic" are the prospects that the present faint trickle of negotiations will become a stream to break

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down barriers of false pride? Hardly encouraging, no doubt, but what are the alternatives? The *status quo* must prove less tolerable for both sides with each passing day, each act of terror and counter-terror, leading inexorably toward another blaze of mass death and destruction, conceivably even to atomic holocaust. In May, 1967, there was no time to negotiate a "cooling-off" period, no time to arrange quiet meetings, no time to ward off the incendiary confrontation, which rolled toward its climax with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy once Nasser's demand for the withdrawal of the UN force met with

immediate acquiescence from U Thant. This year, while time remains, the United States should link its promise of military support for Hussein to the demand for peaceful negotiations and official Jordanian action to stop El-Fatah terrorism. It should, moreover, initiate a summit conference with the Soviet Union to deal with pacification of the Near East, most effective as part of a blueprint for global peace. Yet whatever the results of peace talks concerning Vietnam, we must not ignore the equally urgent and potentially greater source of world conflict in the Holy Land.

NEW HAVEN: RENEWAL AND RIOTS

DANE ARCHER

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New Haven

In 1953, Richard C. Lee became the mayor of New Haven, Connecticut's port city of 142,000. In the last fifteen years, his pioneering programs of urban renewal have rebuilt the city. With the single-mindedness of a visionary, he has transformed New Haven's inner city from an aging slum into a futuristic landscape of poured concrete and high steel. Now Richard Lee is in trouble.

In 1953, New Haven's critics were fond of calling the city "a big slum around a big school," but Lee has changed all that. Today, the streets around Yale hum with the sounds of prosperity. Under the Mayor's aggressive leadership, the city's decaying core has given way to bustling retail areas, striking commercial buildings, sweeping highway systems and matching high-rise apartments.

New Haven's massive programs of renewal have garnered national attention for the city and its Mayor. Since 1953, Lee has been the subject of a handful of books and of more than 200 magazine articles. Renewal has also been good politics. Last fall, Lee was returned to his eighth term in office by a comfortable margin. And much federal legislation—including, at least in part, the birth of the War on Poverty—has been influenced by his success. To federal authorities and to jealous mayors of other cities, New Haven is "The Model City."

But something is desperately wrong in New Haven. On Saturday, August 19, 1967, a white snack-bar owner shot a young Puerto Rican. That night, the city's black pockets erupted. Fires, looting and rage swept New Haven. Lee called upon state police and alerted National Guardsmen in an effort to contain the rioters. There were 550 arrests, 145 on felony charges. The violence lasted four days, and was longer and more destructive than the summer riots in any city of comparable size. Only the conflagrations of Detroit, Newark and Milwaukee were more costly.

New Haven officials were stunned. Despite its skyscraping pillars of glass and steel, the city which had prided it-

self as the high-water mark of America's urban renewal efforts had been found sadly no more secure from violence than the nation's most unredeveloped cities. The city fathers stumbled over one another in a flurry of self-justification.

One spokesman confided privately that "the riots came as a terrible surprise—especially after all Dick has tried to do for those people." New Haven's anti-poverty agency characterized the rioters as nothing more serious than "teen-age hooligans" with a thirst for revelry. According to the agency, "few if any of the incidents of the four days bespoke any widespread discontent."

Mayor Lee called the riots "those awful days last August," and said publicly: "I don't feel discouraged, nor dejected. . . . It won't deter me from continuing the programs we have and if possible intensifying them."

The Mayor is sincere, but his resolve is unfortunate. The resentment which crashed windows to the city's pavements last August is chronic, and not the warm-weather caprice of delinquents. As one ghetto black said, "In winter, the people have the same feelings—but they keep them indoors instead of on the streets."

Today, the city is polarized into racial camps. Last August's violence is never far from sight—it can be seen in the glass shards which litter the streets, and in the plywood panels behind which the ghetto's merchants nervously ply their trades. The city's high schools erupt in staccato bouts of chair throwing and window smashing. The police are nervous and quick to employ Mace in any of a hundred situations where they fear the mushrooming of mass violence.

The anger of blacks has become an inescapable fact of life in urban America, but that it should fan into violence in New Haven astonishes the liberal forces which propelled Lee into power. New Haven has a reputation for working tirelessly to mitigate the toll of being poor, shunned and powerless. This philanthropic image is misleading. The city talks a great deal about progress, but its performance is progress of a very special sort. In 1968, New Haven is much prettier than it was when Lee took office, but it is still a city of the prosperous and the tragically poor. Indeed, there is ample reason to believe that

the urban renewal program never really intended it to be anything else.

The story of New Haven's adventures in urban renewal is inseparable from the career of Mayor Lee. Born of mixed English, Scottish and Irish blood, Lee began work as a reporter for the city's *Journal-Courier*. In 1943, he became director of the Yale News Bureau where his talent for public relations landed A. Whitney Griswold, then president of Yale, on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*.

While working for Yale, Lee entered New Haven politics. In 1949 and 1951, he ran losing races for mayor, the second time by two votes. Then one evening in 1951, Lee visited a tenement on Oak Street, at that time the city's most notorious slum. Overcome by the wretched conditions inside, Lee burst from the building and was violently sick at the curb. The incident angered him and, according to his associates, lit within him a determination to purge New Haven of its slums.

In 1953, with liberal support for a new concept called "urban redevelopment," Lee became mayor. Suddenly, the city came alive. As one aide recalls, "Word spread that something new and big was about to happen in New Haven, and soon political idealists began drifting in from all over the country." Lee attracted city planners and "poverty" bureaucrats like Edward Logue, Mitchell Sviridoff, L. Thomas Appleby, Melvin Adams and others.

In the beginning, the Mayor's ambitious plans for a "slumless city" met opposition. New Haven's other elected officials, including the city's Board of Aldermen, were reluctant to commit the will and resources that massive urban renewal would require. Many of the city's financial leaders feared that Lee's schemes would bankrupt New Haven.

The Mayor was not deterred. Lee made almost no effort to capture the city's political machinery, building his own instead. With federal and private backing, he created a new high-powered bureaucracy called the Redevelopment Agency and, in 1962, a high-budget anti-poverty program. As critics like John Wilhelm have pointed out, Lee's hand-picked "private government" brought with it a vast pool of patronage and power that, financed by federal and foundation money, remained immune to the pressures that dependence on local taxes would have produced.

The bureaucracy of redevelopment is also politically autonomous. No part of the Mayor's machinery (except Lee himself) is elected by the people of New Haven. Despite this, Lee's private government has become the most far-reaching political force in the history of New Haven. His bureaucrats make the decisions which determine the physical shape of the city and, indirectly, the quality of its life.

To underwrite his ambitious plans for the "new" New Haven, Lee looked to Washington. He was the first mayor in America to recognize the cash value of Title One of the Federal Housing Act of 1949 which provided \$1 billion for redevelopment planning and property acquisition. Under the terms of the act, the costs of land purchase and clearance are borne two-thirds by the federal government and one-third by local sources. With federal



dollars, cities like New Haven were able to buy, level, and sell land to private developers at a loss.

The housing legislation of the federal government also introduced a greater use of the municipal powers of "eminent domain." As one public official said: "Before the 1949 Act, cities could only seize private properties for public use, like a highway or school. But now the properties can be taken for a public purpose—which in New Haven's case means the elimination of slums and blight."

Lee rapidly became expert at tapping federal coffers. In fifteen years, the city has been given, or has on reserve, urban renewal funds totaling \$130,665,844—or roughly \$915 for every person in New Haven. By comparison, New York City has attracted a modest \$37 of renewal money per person. William F. Buckley has calculated that if every American city were dealt with as generously as was New Haven, the federal budget for urban renewal alone would be roughly \$146 billion.

New Haven's war on blight began with ceremony in January, 1957, when the Mayor rode in the cab of a wrecker to send its huge steel ball crashing through the walls of an Oak Street tenement. The demolition crews cut a wide swath through the heart of New Haven, and the city's first renewal project was under way.

Today New Haven operates the most ambitious and thoroughgoing programs of redevelopment anywhere in America. More than 3,000 acres—almost one-third of the city's 22 square miles—have been rebuilt, cleared, or committed to renewal plans. More than \$237 million in construction has been completed. Business and industry have profited, the flight of upper-income families to the suburbs has been curbed, and municipal assessments in the redeveloped areas have swelled from \$15 million to more than \$38 million.

Robert Weaver, Federal Housing and Home Finance Administrator, has said: "I think New Haven is coming closest to our dream of a slumless city." In a sense, that is accurate: most of the city's slum areas are

being replaced by attractive new structures. But in terms of people's lives, renewal has meant nothing less than disaster. New Haven is being rebuilt as if it were Brasilia—a city started from scratch in unpopulated wasteland. Modern high-rise apartments are landscaped by vast open spaces of grass; eight-lane divided highways race through the middle of the city; gargantuan garages and parking lots sprawl over vast areas in the center city. But to make room for Lee's Brazilian vision, thousands of people have had to move. One black, an ex-resident who had been "relocated" to make way for the luxury housing on Oak Street, said: "Man, there used to be people—thousands of real, live people living on Oak Street. It wasn't the classiest place in town, but it was home. Today, you can't see a poor face on Oak Street, or a black face either."

In Lee's New Haven, urban renewal has been a euphemism for "Poor Removal" and, in particular, for "Poor Blacks Removal." To clear land for its flashy projects, the Redevelopment Agency makes extensive use of its power to seize private holdings. The natural victims are the city's poor, and most blacks are poor. Although less than 5 per cent of the city's whites have had to move for renewal, nearly 40 per cent of its blacks have been or are being bulldozed from their homes. Despite this, the nonwhite population of New Haven has more than tripled since 1953, and today blacks and Puerto Ricans make up from 25 to 35 per cent of the city. As renewal knocks down existing nonwhite housing, the residents and a growing stream of immigrants are packed into whatever buildings are left standing.

New Haven has compounded its abuse of the poor by its failure to replace the homes it has eagerly destroyed. Since the onset of urban renewal, the city has crumbled 6,776 households—about one-seventh of all the housing in New Haven. In the same period, the city has built less than 2,000 new units of housing, and eight out of ten of these have been for the city's wealthy or middle class. New Haven has completed about 400 low-rental units, but *all but twelve* have been for the elderly. In short, the city's poor have not been rehoused and New Haven's rich and Yale-related professionals now live on land that was once theirs. Perhaps for this reason, Courtland Wilson of the NAACP has called urban renewal "the raping and lynching of the black community—Northern style."

Behind the foggy rhetoric of "doing something for the poor," the city has used public funds to purchase and destroy their homes. In New Haven, it is the already thriving—and *not* the poor—who profit from renewal. But because the city continues to talk about helping its poor, there is some confusion over precisely what the aims of urban renewal have been and are. And the confusion has worked in the Mayor's favor. Lee is the "plastic man" of urban politics and he has carefully stretched himself to be all things to all men. To merchants, Lee is a mayor dedicated to revitalizing business and shopping areas in the city. To industry, he is a man who will flex municipal muscles to secure attractive factory sites. And to the liberals in New Haven and at Yale, Lee is a crusader whose paramount concerns have something to do with poverty and the creation of "a decent home for every New Haven family." In the past, Lee's versatility has created a co-

alition of support from the organized interests in New Haven.

But after fifteen years, the real nature of the Mayor's programs has become less ambiguous. Melvin Adams, the current Redevelopment Administrator, has said that those forced from their land have been dispersed to foster integration and prevent the creation of new slums. That is just not true—the poor are dispersed to already swollen slums simply because there is nowhere else for them to go. At any given time in New Haven, there are fewer than 1,500 vacancies. Many of these are high rent or too small for a large family, and, after last summer, only a handful of white home owners would rent vacant apartments to blacks or Puerto Ricans. One black on New Haven's Congress Avenue said bitterly: "Man, I've been moved four times in two years. I've tried to get a place where there aren't any bulldozers. But the ads in the paper just list the address and never the phone number, so you have to go in person. The minute they see the color of your face, the place is taken or else going for \$250 a month."

Lee's vague concern for poverty is sincere, even if his city's programs fail to reflect it. He is a man distressed by poverty, and his crusade to rid the city of its slums is in part well meant. To the Mayor slums represent "occasions of sin"—they are the breeding ground of vice and crime where children may be molested and where the young may begin lives outside the law.

But Lee's solution to slums has been regrettably simple: he has just knocked them down and seems to harbor the whimsical hope that the poor will be Pied Pipered off to Bridgeport or some other Connecticut city. But the poor do not evaporate, even when their homes are demolished.

In 1962, the city won \$2.5 million from the Ford Foundation for an anti-poverty agency intended to improve the quality of life among the city's poor. This agency, Community Progress, Inc. (CPI), has spent more than \$22 million in five years, but its dollars have done little more than fuel its own bureaucracy. The face of poverty, and particularly black poverty, has not changed. In 1966, the nonwhite unemployment rates were double those for whites. Whites paid a mean rent of \$84.18; blacks paid \$99.06. One white in eight lived in substandard housing, but one black in four was poorly housed. In CPI's own words, "All of the various indices of slum housing are present."

With federal backing, Lee has had at his disposal ample resources to mount an unprecedented attack on the causes and symptoms of poverty, but the city has demonstrated other priorities. Perhaps because of his special purposes, Lee has thought it best to by-pass federal guidelines which call for the participation of an informed public in renewal plans. Since the poor are unlikely to champion plans which call for their own removal, they are informed only after the city's designs have been worked out in secrecy. By that time, financing has been arranged and the city is "committed" to its blueprints. Through after-the-fact consultation of the public, Lee has successfully blunted the effectiveness of citizen criticism.

But Lee is a successful politician and, since redevelop-

ment is the most conspicuous feature of his administration, his supporters brandish the eight election victories as an open-ended mandate from the public. In fact, Lee's repeated terms in office prove only that the interests best served by renewal—business, the professions, middle- and upper-income families—are precisely those groups that go



to the polls. Those badly served by clearance and relocation—the city's black and white poor—are underregistered and do not vote.

Since last summer's riots, however, the illusory consensus behind Lee has begun to disintegrate. Riots are the products of many things, among them the simple contagion of a well-publicized idea. But in New Haven, they ushered in a fresh look at just what renewal has and has not done. The report of the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorder spoke of the "lesson" of both New Haven and Detroit, "where well-intentioned programs designed to respond to the needs of ghetto residents were not worked out and implemented sufficiently in cooperation with the intended beneficiaries."

One very good reason why New Haven's programs were not worked out in consultation with the poor is that the poor were never intended as the "beneficiaries" of renewal. The real goals of renewal, as Herbert Gans says of Boston's redevelopment in that city's West End in *The Urban Villagers*, involved "replacing low-yield areas with high-rent buildings that would bring in additional municipal income."

As the real purposes and quality of renewal have become apparent, a number of citizen groups have mobilized

to inform the public and to organize resistance. The American Independent Movement (AIM), a radical group made up largely of whites, has from almost the start scored the inequity and folly of Lee's brand of city reconstruction. Recently, perhaps because of the riots, people have begun listening to AIM's criticism and some small progress has been made toward limiting the nearly total power of the Redevelopment Agency. Last summer, before the riots, a black group called the Hill Parents' Association (HPA) was given shoestring support by the city to organize a number of black-run, self-help programs. Under the leadership of Fred Harris, HPA's programs—which included a day camp for ghetto children and an employment agency for the unemployed—sparked a small renaissance on the Hill, the city's sprawling ghetto. As one minor city official said, "HPA worked wonders. The kids were going to camp, men were going to work—the Hill was alive and humming for the first time."

But then came the violence and the city stopped playing ball with black leaders, especially those like Harris who feel that blacks should help choose and run the kinds of programs that are advertised as helping blacks. The city also began what could only be seen as a concerted program of harassment. Harris was arrested and charged with the possession of drugs and a stolen typewriter. Then in late December, New Haven police arrested six men—five of them nonwhite—who had allegedly conspired to blow several of the Mayor's new buildings out from under him. Two of the six had connections with community-run organizations on the Hill. To blacks, the city was clearly on a witch hunt to show that New Haven's riots were the work of anarchists and criminals and had nothing to do with redevelopment or the racial malice that divides New Haven.

The winds of change are in the air, and both public opinion and professional judgment are reappraising Lee's variety of renewal. Several aldermen are bucking municipal coercion in an effort to stop the most recent renewal folly: a six-lane "ring" highway which would isolate Yale and downtown New Haven from the rest of the city. And at least one important magazine, *Progressive Architecture*, has criticized the social failures of Lee's renewal programs.

With the end of America's war in Vietnam, what the riot commission called the "lesson" of New Haven will become increasingly valuable. Out of fear, guilt and some sense of justice, our society may be about to shift the gears of its priorities in the direction of its have-nots. As the nation's most redeveloped metropolis, New Haven could easily emerge as a model for whatever new spending is set aside to better America's cities. For just that reason, an accurate evaluation of the "miracle" in Model City has never been more necessary.

In the black areas of New Haven today, passing patrol cars are met with clenched fists. The city's blacks are angry and its whites are arming. Sometimes, as when a tenement vaporizes in the fiery night, the background rumbling of the ghetto is even audible downtown. But at City Hall, fingers crossed, the Mayor continues to apply old errors in efforts to solve the very problems they helped create.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

James T. Farrell: An Impossible Comeback

NEW YEAR'S EVE/1929. By James T. Farrell. The Smith with Horizon Press. 144 pp. \$4.50.

PETER CLECAK

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In a sense, the theme of my fiction is the American way of life.

—James T. Farrell, 1941

The literary career of James T. Farrell spans nearly four decades of American life. He published his first piece of short fiction in 1929; ten years later he had apparently achieved a permanent though modest place in American letters. But Farrell has gradually become a novelist without an audience even though he continues to write at a furious pace. His best work—the Studs Lonigan trilogy—remains locked in the remote world of the thirties, a decade which embarrasses the surviving literary intellectuals, while striking most younger readers as a historical curiosity. And his postwar efforts can be most charitably described as a series of pale fictions devoid of the intensity and driving energy which, as Alfred Kazin has remarked, gave his earlier novels “a kind of dreary grandeur.”

It is tempting to regard Farrell's disappearance from the American literary scene merely as the personal misfortune of a writer unable to recognize the loss of his most formidable resource—an intense will to comprehend and dominate his environment through fiction. The novelist who gave permanent form to the American way of life in the twenties and thirties thus appears as a minor champ whose decline follows from the same ambition and blindness which led him to early literary achievement. Although this general hypothesis takes us a long way toward explaining his decline, it tends to obscure the larger social and historical patterns which continued to define Farrell long after he lost his capacity to define them. If the early novels record his struggle to express and achieve “the American way of life,” his postwar fiction testifies to the anesthetizing and embittering consequences of personal success and subsequent failure.

Farrell's life illustrates the central theme of his fiction. It is a plausible variation of the Horatio Alger myth

which moves from the dreary South Side of Chicago to New York. Beginning as a poor Irish Catholic boy, a second-generation American, Farrell quickly experienced the imprisoning forces of the urban jungle—poverty, violence, ignorance and religious superstition. Through reading, however, he began to understand the possibilities of escape. He did not propose to escape into fiction but rather to escape through it. From the limited perspective of the ghetto, all forms of success required the gradual and painful creation of a thoroughly individualistic ideology, a total investment of physical energy, intelligence and will in the task of self-emancipation. But liberation under these terms also required an intimate knowledge of the imprisoning social context. Angered by the dehumanizing conditions which dissipated the energies of those around him, Farrell turned to writing and to left-wing politics in the late twenties. “When I first began to write I was full of indignation because of the sorrows of this world. I was indignant because of the exploitation of some men and women by others, because of the coldness with which some people manipulate others, because of dirt, poverty, ignorance, aggressiveness, and the other things which ruin and sadden human lives.”

But Farrell's attraction to the American Left did not endure the first rhetorical salvos of the cold war, for his Socialist vision finally expressed and concealed a deeper commitment to individual achievement. Farrell's personal success—which prefigured the movement of large segments of the American middle class to more affluent suburban surroundings—canceled the need for a rhetoric and politics of social salvation. For him literature was fundamentally the vehicle of a personal battle against stifling social forces, and only incidentally a weapon in the class war.

From the outset Farrell's novels reflect the progress of his own struggle for survival. The central characters in the three major series of novels—Studs Lonigan, Danny O'Neill and Bernard Carr—comprise a semi-autobiographical record of Farrell's successive efforts to transcend his surroundings. Studs tries to forge an ideology of self-interest, but lacks sufficient understanding and will to overcome the social forces which finally destroy him. Like Farrell, Danny O'Neill avoids the fate

of Studs by transforming the material of the slums into fiction. And Bernard represents the later Farrell, the successful New York writer who has largely recovered from the anger, frustration and rage which plagued Danny O'Neill in his parallel literary achievement.

If the movement from Studs to Bernard traces the pattern of Farrell's public success, it also suggests the primary basis of his decline as a novelist. Farrell's personal need to achieve “the American way of life” provided the substance and energy of his early work, enabling him to overcome drastic limitations as a novelist—simplistic patterns of thought, a somewhat barren imagination and a careless approach to form and style. Although his theoretical formulations of naturalism, individualism and Marxism could never bear intensive scrutiny, they did not paralyze his early fiction which embodied the felt tensions between individuals and their environment. The Studs trilogy survives primarily because Farrell can set his major characters in motion against the palpable social context which defines, limits, and frustrates them. Attempting to forge ideologies of individual survival within and against the dense (though frequently tedious and repetitious) social world of the novels, Farrell's best characters come to life.

The later fictions, however, do not survive their creator's personal success. Even critics who admire the *idea* of Bernard Carr find him unconvincing. Edgar Branch observes that the world Carr “moves in lacks the solidity . . . of that other rejected world in *Studs Lonigan*, and Bernard himself insufficiently represents the positive ideal made real.” But Branch fails to relate the patterns of Farrell's success and failure to the outer and inner worlds of his later fiction. Farrell cannot embody the “positive ideal” of free and self-sufficient characters because he remains essentially a prisoner of his original individualistic ideology. As the early obstacles to success faded into his memory, the strategies of individual survival appropriate to the ceaseless battle against the visible forces of the city began to lose their dynamic power. By the mid-fifties, Farrell's anger at social injustice had mellowed “into a stoical feeling,” and he had come to “see that pain and agony are part of the way it is in life.”

But if literary success permanently convinced him of the self-sufficiency of individuals, it did not prepare him for

the bitter loneliness and isolation which plague the atomized man. Farrell's questionable philosophic vision numbed him to the more subtle pressures of middle-class life, and to the possibilities of fiction as well. His rise from the Chicago South Side dissolved the tensions between character and context which energized his best work, and he lacked the imagination to construct a symbolic universe for his liberated heroes. Although Farrell has continued his aggressive and lonely battle against external realities, the definable enemies of poverty, violence and ignorance have melted into a series of imprecise abstractions—"life," "death," "entropy," "time." And the social settings have become merely the background for a cast of mechanical characters who must bear full responsibility for their achievements and failures.

Farrell's most recent novel, *New Year's Eve/1929*, sadly displays all of his limitations and few of his previous strengths. It is a mercifully brief account of the last days of Beatrice Burns, a trivial and wholly self-centered nurse suffering from incurable lung cancer. Alternately confronting and evading her extreme situation, Beatrice attempts to invest the last moments of her empty life with meaning. She begins her narrative in bed: "Was anything important?" she asks. And after 140 meandering pages she returns to her bed—still lonely, afraid and unenlightened—to offer a final pronouncement: she "opened her eyes, and looked at the bare, whitish-grayish ceiling. That, she told herself, was her life."

The primary action of the novel is a New Year's Eve party which mildly stirs and then predictably explodes her hopes for momentary happiness. From the opening scenes, however, Bea vaguely comprehends the futility of her gesture: "She pretended that there was no loneliness, no sadness in life, and she always tried to be gay and never sentimental, but it was all a game she played, an act she put on." Beatrice pathetically seeks attention, but is systematically rejected or ignored (except when knocked out by an aimless punch thrown by Sven Swanson, the inebriated Swede). Only as voyeur can she forget herself. She wanders about the party, savoring the dull dance of atoms, watching couples split up only to seek new partners. And she lives vicariously off the "tidbits" of trivial gossip which make her momentarily visible—and annoying—to those whom she threatens to expose.

Farrell populates the book with a cast of patronizing stereotypes dredged up from the twenties: Mr. Schmolsky, the Jewish landlord who shelters the Bohemian characters ("Artists, culture, but every month I pay my bills"); Sven

Swanson, the blond Swede who calls for "Visky," while smiling "genially but stupidly"; Pete, the lecher ("I'm not vulgar, I'm Greek"); Lily Arnstein, "that rich girl" who lures Danny O'Neill into the kitchen (or is it the bathroom?), and then refuses to "go the limit"; and even an anonymous "colored girl" who enters the room only to "move off" with one of Beatrice's potential playmates.

Farrell tries to animate this incredible collection of wooden figures in the meaningless world of "Mr. Schmolsky's Culture Center," the scene of the interminable party. All the characters are as narrow, alienated, petty and selfish as Beatrice. Hence, the novel is not only circular, ending where it begins; it never goes anywhere. There are no illuminating perspectives: like Bea's ceiling and her life, the fiction is "whitish-grayish." After exhibiting a series of mechanical manic-depressive responses to the spectacle of the party, Beatrice delivers the didactic message of the book: "Al had betrayed Joan. . . . Dan would have been unfaithful to Anna if he could have been. There was no trust and faithfulness and loyalty in love. She had been right in never marrying. She, too, would only have been betrayed." What begins as a biological tragedy gradually

becomes an oblique metaphor for the "human condition": the universe is an empty void in which petty, mean creatures float meaninglessly, unable to escape their isolation and self-pity.

But the thin fiction cannot bear such heavy philosophical freight, for the closed world of the novel lacks centrifugal energy. Although set in the early depression, *New Year's Eve/1929* conveys an indirect image of contemporary middle-class life. None of the characters has a history: they merely exhibit a narrow range of intrinsic (and suspiciously similar) qualities and attitudes. Having lost his perspective on the tensions between individuals and their historical context, Farrell cannot portray the social dimensions of psychic diseases. Instead of creating a parable of the human condition, then, he merely reflects the American condition in his inability to write the final act of the drama of individual "success." Ironically, his ideology of self-sufficiency makes the loss of his public identity intolerable, and Farrell emerges as a pathetic figure, forever preparing for an impossible comeback. Deprived of his vision, Farrell has ceased to be a novelist, though he remains the angry victim of forces which he can neither comprehend nor transcend.

Making Life Tougher

IDENTITY: Youth and Crisis. By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 336 pp. \$6.95.

CHANDLER BROSSARD

Mr. Brossard's current work is *The Spanish Scene* (Viking). He is an associate professor at the State University College, Old Westbury, N.Y.

Rhetoric—or a calculated stylized nonsense—has come at us from all sides, and usually from the mouths of people we have learned to perceive as hungry types: politicians, healers in carnivals, "educators," movie propagandists, religionists, to name a few. We know that such as these are up to no good and are to be ignored. Now it is in just this connection that we do ourselves harm: we tell ourselves that rhetoric is a device peculiar only to "hustlers." And this positions us to be damaged by the equally nonsensical utterances, and politics, of "high types" and serious investigators of the human condition. We are duped by those very people we have all along been assuming shared our own need for illumination and meaning. This can, of course, precipitate despair.

The rhetoric employed by many psychologists and sociologists these days is very rich, and that which characterizes

Erikson and his followers is indeed among the richest and most effectively delusory. A dimension or two needs to be added to the definition of rhetoric. For rhetoric represents not only a language style but a life style and a political commitment as well; that is, as it relates to one's power relationship with other humans. Erikson's work, in this volume, must be viewed in terms of its contemporary relevance rather than in the confines of clinical psychology (though that would be worth while too, since rhetoric must be a dubious clinical tool with which to cure the sick). Otherwise, it is outside our interests as ordinary human beings.

Erikson's work has influenced a great many other "serious" investigators who have then "understood" and manipulated human experience and data by means of it. In other words, they have been guilty of making life a lot tougher. Let me first quote a series of his statements:

"One may note with satisfaction (!) that the conceptualization of identity has led to a series of valid investigations which, if they do not make clearer what identity is, nevertheless have provided useful data in social psychology."

"I spoke of a loss of 'ego identity' . . . we have recognized the same central disturbance in severely conflicted young

people whose sense of confusion is due . . . to a war within themselves, and in confused rebels and destructive delinquents who war on their society."

"We have learned to ascribe a normative 'identity crisis' to the age of adolescence and young adulthood."

"... I would call a sense of identity . . . a subjective sense of an invigorating sameness and continuity."

The above selections are self-validating statements which defy and discourage any cognitive response. "Invigorating sameness and continuity . . ." is bad poetry and patently illogical. Sameness and continuity have never, in my existential experience, been invigorating. But I do not wish to niggle. What is more important than his bad logic, and Olympian disengagement from human reality, is his apparent unawareness of the profound difference between, and mortal conflict of, Identity and Being. And this reveals the totality of what I feel is his conservatism. That is, he regards as basic that which is superimposed, and the rejection or lack of this as, *ipso facto*, a sign of sickness. (This is equivalent, and I am not being funny, to Secretary Rusk saying that the peace demonstrators are injuring our organic political body and ought to be either straightened out or punished.) Further, it indicates Erikson's crucial flaw as a seriously engaged observer: he has no grasp of (or sympathy for) the political-power matrix of contemporary life. He seems to be looking at our society from a secluded upper-middle-class 19th-century country home. My thesis (and response to Erikson) is this: Identities are political superego forms placed upon a person in order for him not to experience his unique and nonmanipulative Being. Insofar as you have "successful identity," and survive the "identity crisis" (Erikson's most popular concept re today's youth), you have abandoned your *self* and become something else. This is the essence of To Be Or Not To Be, and what the social revolutions all over the world are about.

Erikson's peculiar naïveté (not really; it is the essence of his strategy, as I hope to show later) moves on. He is able, for example, to say this: "The responsible Negro writers continue to write and write strongly, for fiction even in acknowledging the depth of nothingness can contribute something akin to a collective recovery." This single statement is paradigmatic of the total Eriksonian way, or rhetoric, and can rewardingly engage our scrutiny. "Responsible" is a key word-view. In his middle-class *Umwelt* it can only mean "nice." He clearly suggests that there are some irresponsible Negro writers who cannot be taken into serious account, either as artists or members of an acceptable community. What I would like to know is,

who are they? What is the nature of their irresponsibility? Are they artists and not middle-class puppet propagandists? Would Céline or Miller or Joyce be considered responsible? He sounds like the white principal of a disorderly Harlem high school recruiting fink hall monitors. More. Does he really think that any kind of fiction—good, bad, responsible, irresponsible—is going to "contribute to (the Negro's) collective recovery"? Have the novels of Baldwin and Ellison and Richard Wright made the slightest dent (assuming, absurdly, that the Negro in the street has read them) in the average desperate Negro's life on the tenant farm and in the ghetto? Has it made him "recover" himself, whoever he may be? This borders on the preposterous and, as I have said, reveals an awesome lack of contact with the very reality that Erikson is presuming to generalize about.

"Youth" is something that engages Erikson (rhetorically, of course), and it is in that invented country of psychosocial academic ritual that he is a figure of prominence: that is, he is an expert. It is interesting to note the projective revelations of his style and tone: "Whereas twenty years ago we gingerly suggested that some young people might be suffering from a more or less unconscious identity conflict, a certain type today tells us in no uncertain terms, and with the dramatic outer display of *what we once considered to be inner secrets* [italics mine]; that, yes, indeed, they have an identity conflict—and they wear it on their sleeves, Edwardian or leather. Sexual identity confusion? Yes, indeed: sometimes when we see them walking down the street, it is impossible for us to tell, without indelicate scrutiny, who is a boy and who is a girl. Negative identity? Oh, yes; they seem to want to be everything which 'society' tells them not to be: in this, at least, they 'conform.'"

I do not know any young person (who has not been scared out of his intelligence and his right to react negatively to authoritarian figures such as Erikson) to whom this would not clearly be a hostile, contemptuous and irrelevant response to them and their personalized way of exploring themselves and their possible Being. Such "views," ritualized, rhetoricized, and proprietary, have degraded them for generations, in families, in schools, in institutions which decided whether they should be "included" and rewarded. It would be silly, therefore, to expect such authorities to even vaguely understand the contempt, and sometimes hatred, the young have for them (unfortunately too often expressed only in secret and among themselves in futile disenchantment).

One searches in vain throughout this book for any authentic relevance to the

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actuality of our time, for any views or concepts that understand or take into consideration such humanity molding features as loneliness, power, class struggle, boredom, credibility, conscience, good or bad faith (in Sartre's sense), the emergence of style to replace sensibility (a critical gesture of defeat among the mass population). Where is his acknowledgment of Fromm, Sullivan, Schachtel, Buher, Friedenberg, Camus, Marcuse, Laing? Where is his awareness of the new languages of intergroup communication? His strategy, or perhaps his anxious professionalism, deny these men and realities their validity and existence. But surely, without an awareness and an assimilation of their significance, no explorer into the world around and in us can be understood as having passionate substance, no matter how hallowed his image in the academy. He can only be regarded as a rhetorician. And the function of rhetoric is based upon the necessity for disengaging the audience from its simple street-corner intelligence so that it does not question a position of presumed *a priori* superiority—the very essence of ■ power structure.

Erikson's *status quo*-ism, and his operational co-optism, are stunningly expressed in this paragraph: "The possibility of a true polarization of the new specialized-technological identity and the universalist-humanist one must be allowed for the simple reason that such a polarization is the mark of the over-all identity of any period. A new generation growing up with and in technological and scientific progress as a matter of course will be prepared by the daily confrontation with radically new practical possibilities to entertain radically new modes of thought."

Technological and scientific progress, by their very nature, eliminate any kind of true polarization and any true dialogue. Just read the newspapers, daily, if proof is needed.

For Middle-Class Candidates

TOWARD A DEMOCRATIC LEFT: A Radical Program for a New Majority. By Michael Harrington. The Macmillan Co. 314 pp. \$5.95.

TOM CHRISTOFFEL

Mr. Christoffel is a lawyer who has served on the staffs of a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Attorney General in Wisconsin, and is currently a researcher at the Institute of Politics at Harvard. He is an associate editor of *Radical America*, and has worked as an SDS regional traveler in New England.

Michael Harrington's new book paints a telling picture of the "dynamics of misery" in American society and then issues a call to action: "America needs a majority party of the democratic Left." His call is not directed at today's energetic student radicals, who are anxious—and available—to change America. He is concerned, instead, with expanding the consciousness of a "new class" and with providing a minor manifesto for Left-liberals. As a catalogue of social ills the book should make interesting reading for the Candidates of the middle class. But as a program for action it is irrelevant to political reality.

Harrington's ultimate vision is of a Socialist reorganization of American society. But, as he explains at the outset, "the horizon of this book is set roughly twenty years in the distance and it is not, alas, realistic to expect that the American people will decide to transform capitalism during that period." *Toward a Democratic Left* presents a "transitional" program "which socialists and radicals can—and must—support but which appeals to the more traditional aspirations for reform as well."

Harrington assumes that the existing political system is open to significant re-

form, that "even in a society based on private economic power, the Government can be an agency of social, rather than corporate, purpose—if a vast popular mobilization forces it to do so." It is only with such a perspective that he can believe that a New Majority will be able to "build new institutions of democratic planning which can make the uneconomic, commercially wasteful and humane decisions about education and urban living this society so desperately needs."

Harrington's assumptions are a variation on the standard liberal view of the capitalist state: The American system is essentially good, but it is frustrated politically in realizing its promise by the strategically placed power of a conservative coalition in Congress. The liberal's role is to overpower the conservative coalition and guide the system toward a democratic fulfillment of its potential.

Harrington argues that the forces of humanitarian progress must work together to transform the system. This is to be done by overcoming the same forces which block reform: the conservative coalition (which Harrington calls the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition). For "as long as major party politics, with all their lack of principle, offer the best point of departure for basic change, that is where one must work." Thus, the main programmatic thrust of Harrington's argument is that "the best strategy for the democratic Left is to seek to win the Democratic Party in such a way as to exclude its Right wing permanently."

Harrington, in effect, is seeking to improve upon the Roosevelt New Deal coalition by both strengthening and liberalizing it. His New Majority is to include progressive Southerners, newly independent blacks, the middle class (or new class), labor and—of course—liberal intellectuals. This new alliance, however, is really not a new alliance at all. It is in effect the Roosevelt coalition—minus the city machines, plus the middle-class sons and daughters of the New Deal.

And it is offered at a time when this old coalition—as Joseph Kraft, Walter Lippmann, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and others understand—is falling apart before our very eyes. The trade unions and city machines are in decline, the blacks are increasingly wary of alliances and increasingly unpopular, the Southerners are beginning to realize that only an accident of history bound them to the Democratic Party in the first place, and the liberal intellectuals never have been even a minor voting bloc. Harrington himself admits that "practically every one of these groups is quarreling with

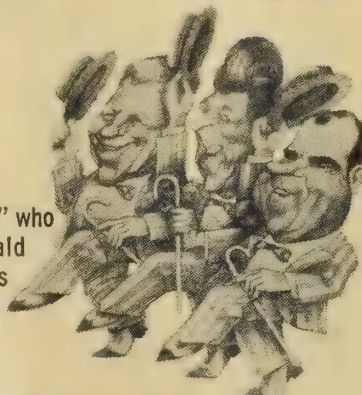
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every other as the Sixties come to an end." He insists that "they will either come together or else America has no hope." But in order to reassemble these fracturing elements, Harrington would have to offer them a new basis for coalition. And this he does not do.

His program is marred by an even more fatal flaw, for even if the Roosevelt coalition could be reassembled in a new, improved version, it would make little difference. All that such a New Majority could do would be to elect a liberal Democratic President. This, it should be remembered, is all the Roosevelt coalition has been able to do since 1938. FDR, HST, JFK and LBJ, once elected, was each continually frustrated by the blocking power of the House of Representatives. Reform programs could only get through in token form.

What Harrington really needs is not a Presidential New Majority but an assembly of little new majorities: a majority in each of a majority of Congressional districts. His book fails to deal with this reality of Congressional politics.

The Kerner commission told us that the nation is moving toward two societies—separate and unequal. Congressional politics is similarly polarized. Forming one pole are the suburbs—the largest and fastest-growing centers in the country. Here one finds, side by side, upper-class wealth, snugly mortgaged middle-class sons and daughters of the New Deal, and slightly affluent skilled trade union members—in a mixture that is 96 per cent white. Here, also, is a solid tax base and a strong disinclination to use it to "reward rioters." The suburbs tend to be politically heterogeneous—they've been called a "political mixed salad"—but by and large they elect Congressmen who show up in political science studies as anti-metro, anti-larger-federal-role, and—on the central issue of spending money in the ghetto—as simply conservative.

Scattered like tightly packed islands within this suburban sea are the main liberal-electing constituencies. The poor white and black ghetto areas of our central cities, because of their density and socio-economic homogeneity, usually provide lopsided electoral victories for their reform Representatives and thereby waste votes that the reform coalition badly needs.

This demographic polarization, and the racism that intensifies it, are the major factors underlying the crumbling of the old Roosevelt coalition. They are similarly the major factors undercutting Harrington's hope for a transformed Democratic Party.

Thus Harrington naively assumes that the machinery of the exploitative system which he opposes is politically neutral. "One of the most important

paradoxes of the time," according to Harrington, is "that bureaucracy is itself a weapon to be used against bureaucracy."

He might have argued, in the manner of the traditional Left, that the government apparatus can become a positive force after the political system itself is changed. Or, with the New Left, he could have argued that no fundamental change is immediately in sight, so we must look for ways of getting around the federal roadblock as we fight it (using what power the Left does have on a grass-roots level). But by trying to use the existing system against itself, Harrington becomes tangled in the political marshmallow of the system he opposes. Liberal programs are easily lost within this complexity of bureaucracy and politics. The intricate system of political trade-offs—among President and Congress, Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, and among individual members—institutionalizes the *status quo*. And when liberal legislation is passed, its enforcement can often be effectively blocked. If Harrington really wants to build a creative, leftist alliance of influential proportions (and he does), then he has to develop an alliance that directly challenges and eventually undermines the existing American state. This he does not propose to do.

Harrington presents a scenario, a "dark vision" of a future in which "trade-unionists, Negroes and the poor will struggle against one another for scarce resources, such as housing, jobs and adequate education The social fabric of the nation will, of course, be torn to shreds." He proposes to avoid this "social horror story" with his strategy of the democratic Left. He doesn't pull it off, probably because he is too optimistic about the short-run future.

In fact, this "dark vision" is a likely possibility in the next two decades, although one often exaggerated by those prone to apocalyptic visions. The real question is: Can this coming period be used to weld together a truly new coalition for truly radical change?

Harrington, however, looks at the future with a short-term, uncreative perspective, and he therefore ends up offering virtually nothing new on the programmatic level. Since he provides no basis for assembling a New Majority coalition, he is left with only a skeleton—the old politics.

Harrington devotes a major section of his book to an exposition of how easy it would be—in a technical sense—to solve the nation's problems. He talks of "the immediate possibilities of a Freedom Budget, tax reform and the progressive use of Government con-

tracts." It is all as politically practical (in terms of positive accomplishments) as the Full Employment Bill of 1945. Moreover, it is dangerous. For the effect of such discussion is to mislead those seriously concerned with the evils of our system into believing that slow reform and transformation along social-democratic lines is a real and practical alternative. It misleads them into a fruitless shadowboxing that leaves untouched the very evils Harrington has outlined.

Book Marks

HOWARD N. MEYER

Mr. Meyer is the author of Colonel of the Black Regiment (W. W. Norton).

EYEWITNESS: THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN HISTORY: By William Loren Katz. Pitman Publishers. Illustrated. 554 pp. \$9.75.

Mr. Katz began teaching secondary school history in 1952 and soon felt obliged to remedy omissions and distortions pertaining to the Negro in America in the textbooks he used in his New York
(Continued on page 739)

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BLACK MOUNTAIN, LOS ALTOS

*Clumps of ghostly buckeye
bleached bones
weirdly gray in the run-off
between ridges, the flats
in fog. Five deer grazing
on a far hill. The soft
cluck of mourning doves,
creeks running. I feel
furry as sage here
after an hour's walk
in the clear midmorning air.*

Only

*three species of tree in
all these hills: blue oak,
the buckeyes, and patches
of leafy, fragrant laurel.
In the old quiet the Indians
could have heard bells
at Mission Santa Clara
where the brown-cowled padres
taught the Sorrowful Mysteries
with a whip . . .
They manufacture napalm
in the fog where Redwood
City sprawls into the bay.
I think of the village
of Ben Hoa, the early spring
death in the buckeyes
and up the long valley
my eyes flash like another
knife, clean as malice.*

ROBERT HASS

SIX O'CLOCK NEWS

*For the Southeast Asian spot the deer
takes a trench and twists across the screen.
The tank thunders yet offstage.
The view, to avoid allegory,
is mostly posterior, but my son,
a craftless three, joys at such goings-on
and recites a favored nursery word.
For two years now he has named the animals,
has watched the creatures come and go through
the endless garden of his mind. He has
been spared, thus far, of knowing tanks, the aim
of that phallic snout. But I wonder if,
as a late poet somewhat said, the tanks will not
chase him out of grace and the meadows from his mind.*

JOHN OSTLING

A BODY BECOMES A FURROW: VIETNAM

*up the hill they haul the whole side of the first
building: a canteen already wired
for cold drink machines &
the smooth flush of the foreign
cereals one is forced to consume highly
seasoned. the small fields almost
upright on the hills shed the rain, sometimes
seize shallow pools where a body becomes
a furrow & the grain in the belly blossoms
through the clothes, blows stems
thin as eyelashes over the sightless pools*

DENNIS SCHMITZ

LA RUE SANS JOIE

(To the memory of Bernard B. Fall)

*Tired from the sounds
His own voice made
He turned at a corner.*

*His footsteps ceased.
He heard himself
Breathing the twilight.*

*What was the matter
With the gold air?
It caught in his throat.*

*He said to himself:
I am a garden
Harrowed for war.*

*The houses were walls;
The paving-stones
Were a barren ground.*

*Fluttering commenced.
Wings sifting down.
Leaflets. His breath.*

*Under his weight
The stones flowered
And the light branched;*

*The soldiers sprang
From the red earth
Into an escort.*

ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

AFTER THE MARCH TO THE
PENTAGON, OCTOBER 1, 1966

1

*The evening shadow slides
up the wall.*

*A long time ago
my mother throws a dead parrot
into the furnace and chases fish
around the bathroom with ■ toothbrush.*

*Raindrops still hang
on the window
like broken insects.*

2

*My body is
a darkening vessel
filled with black blood*

*cries of an icy hand
travelling down schoolhouse corridors.*

3

*Everywhere, women
standing like islands
pulling the black veins from their bodies
their husbands' heads
the size of an assembly plant
hover above them, like tame
predatory birds.*

4

*Even the inmates know—
the tidal wave is inevitable.*

*Crowds from as far as Bakersfield
gather on the beaches
as a giant teen-age girl
in a half-ton bikini
walks into the water,
with sailors and submarines
under her arms.*

GABOR KOVACSI

THE POWER TO MAKE WAR

*Built to swing like arbors in the wind,
Multicolored, iridescent as summer wings,
The feeding cones hang, but no birds come.
Here and elsewhere death stalks the hills,
Birds and men move furtively, without sound;
Sharp eyes probe each leaf and twig's turning,
For movement, antithesis of death, brings death.*

*Growing up in ■ village soaked in blood
By the wanton murder of ninety-six
Men, women, and children,
I early learned not to dig the mound
On which we lay to play our games;
A friend, turning soil with his bare hands,
Unearthed bone fragments scalloped by worms.*

*Here and elsewhere the power to make war
Unsettles minds; as if gun, napalm and bomb
Could restore the necessary dream.
Even as nature recoils
From the nightmare of their acts,
Mesmerized men, counseled by their kind,
Automate death, and shattered bodies bleed.*

PAUL HICKS

THE WAR: MARKING TIME

*It's early March, almost another season.
Wild birds blow from bough to bough
inside your human head.*

*The sun no longer sours in the belly of ■ bear.
There's even, almost, a clean bite to the air.*

*We who pretend to survive ourselves and more
must now discount the living from the dead
as the last snows clear.*

STANLEY PLUMLY

BOOK MARKS

(Continued from page 737)

classrooms. Unlike the nearsighted who generously offer "Negro History" to curricula for black children only ("give them a usable past, by all means"), he recognized that we had inherited an educational establishment geared to perpetuate racism among whites as well as to inculcate inferiority among blacks, an effect he describes as "grim cruelty." For the sake of insuring the credibility of what was not mentioned in, or contradicted by, the texts, he sought supplementary material and especially eyewitness accounts of episodes or events of interest, to furnish to his own students.

Over the years he gathered enough data for the development of a full-length treatment of the history of the Negro in America. This he has done by dividing the original or eyewitness materials into nineteen groups and prefacing each with a narrative that is self-contained as well as introductory to the documents and excerpts. The copious illustrations are attractive and instructive. The "Chapters" correspond with the "units" of a social studies curriculum (obviously no coincidence, for the publisher must be aiming at the school as well as the trade market). But we are a nation, for the most part, of culturally deprived ex-students; many whites are infected with varying degrees of racism and many

blacks with alienation due to belief in a myth-ridden past and a lack of the sense of community that comes with a shared heritage. To say that adults should read books like *Eyewitness* is easy: unfortunately, the greater the need, the less likely to read.

THE NEGRO AMERICAN: A Documentary History. By Leslie H. Fishel, Jr., and Benjamin Quarles. William Morrow & Co. Illustrated. 536 pp. \$6.95.

The purpose of the authors has been to gather, select and present documents, preferably those not readily available elsewhere, that will illustrate the role of the Negro in American history and inform

as to the Negro's own history in America. The documents offered range much more broadly than mere first-hand or factual accounts: there is a good deal of interpretive and illustrative material as well, such as legal documents, contemporary racial and political polemics and excerpts from earlier essayists, advocates, chroniclers and historians. One deficiency Fishel and Quarles share with Katz—not really to be explained by delay between date of completion and publication—is the omission of the outstanding characteristic of the Johnson-Humphrey era: the “Tragic Gap” (as the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., called it as long ago as its Spring, 1966, convocation) between civil rights law and its enforcement. The concept of “tokenism” is not mentioned in this work and appears in Katz only indirectly in a speech by Malcolm X. The discontent of the white know-nothing with new legislation, and the dissatisfaction of the oppressed with the insignificant changes in their plight produce a consensus of displeasure that dominates our day. There is nothing in the final twelfth of the Fishel/Quarles work—“The Last Mile to Freedom”—which reveals the existence of the gap, much less illumines the reason for it.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS: A History of the American Negro. Vol. I, 1619-1865. 195 pp. Vol. II, 1865-1916. 180

pp. Vol. III, 1916-1966. 212 pp. By Milton Meltzer. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$4.95 each.

Although they are listed for the so-called juvenile market, there is nothing that should deter any interested adult from reading or consulting any of the three volumes. The only feature that distinguishes them from the average “adult” book is the size of the type face and the generous leading. Volume I offers David Walker's *Appeal* and Nat Turner's *Confessions* (the genuine article); and Volume II presents such atrocities as the cold-blooded murder of Charles Caldwell, while Volume III concludes with an interview with Fannie Lou Hamer, indicating no inhibitions on the author's part about “telling it like it is.” The maturity of the content of the documents is matched by the candor and lack of condescension in the individual introductory paragraphs written for each excerpt. Insight and information are offered that cannot fail to be of interest to readers seeking to make a beginning of the inquiry so crucial to our epoch: “Who are we Americans and how did we get that way?”—the question posed by Lerone Bennett at a Negro History Week breakfast in New York in 1965. Meltzer weaves a narrative that informs as it entertains. The result is as impressive as Martin Duberman's *In White America* (a documentary drama) but more rewarding because so much more ground is covered. Each of the first two volumes deals with substantially the same periods as the two volumes of Herbert Aptheker's monumental *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States* (first published in 1951 and recently reissued in paperback) to which they seem somewhat indebted. The Aptheker work remains essential for any serious student of American history. Meltzer's third volume, contrary to its title, terminates in 1964, and actually does not contain much about events in the sixties; it could nevertheless make invaluable reading for both a white parent and teen-age child in offering the former information about the times in which he grew up that was never covered honestly by the media, and the latter some questions to ask his social studies teacher about what is missing from the textbooks.

THE BURDEN OF RACE. By Gilbert Osofsky. Harper & Row. 654 pp. \$7.95.

Subtitled “A Documentary History of Negro-White Relations in America.” Professor Osofsky's compilation is modestly described in its preface as offering his “personal and selective vision” of significant ideas that explain “America's racial past.” But every selection of docu-

ments—as indeed every history—is personal and selective. As recently as 1966, Daniel Boorstin published a 1,000-page, two-volume U.S. documentary history, elaborately annotated, without a single word from Frederick Douglass or any other Negro historical figure: not DuBois, not Martin Luther King, not Booker T. Washington. Osofsky's anthology is strongest where some of the other documentary compilations are weak, in the long “dark age” of the post-Reconstruction period, and in the modern urban era with which literature he became particularly familiar in compiling his history of Harlem. His understanding of the ghetto prompts him to present Garvey and Garveyism more compassionately than have others. He gives appropriate significance (as do none of the other works under review, although Meltzer gives the facts) to the Scottsboro cases. Those trials and appeals represent a significant watershed in the nation's, as well as the Supreme Court's turn from nullification of the Fourteenth Amendment's promise of equality and justice. While properly critical of the twists, the turns and the opportunism of the Communist Party's position, Osofsky is unique among non-Communist historians in observing with fairness and candor:

The Party's call for full racial equality and its attempts to devise methods of achieving it were rare in the history of American radicalism . . . Party workers in the South refused to acquiesce to Southern codes of racial etiquette when they worked with sharecroppers or the unemployed, and many paid the consequences of such heresy.

BLACK PROTEST: History, Documents, Analyses. 1619 To The Present. By Joanne Grant. Fawcett World Library. 512 pp. Paper 95c.

The inclusion in the title of the phrase “1619 to the present” may not have been Miss Grant's responsibility; but there is a disappointing lack of balance particularly in the incompleteness of the five sections that cover the pre-1955 period. Almost half of the material dates from the coming into being of SNCC, and as documentation of a decade of militancy, its dividends, its disillusionment and the beginnings of separatism—that is to say, the neo-separatism of our day—the book is an obvious bargain. There is a popular need for a documentation of the history of protest, as such, and this is an adequate treatment of the modern period, with one major exception: the continuing protest against racism in educational materials, racism in the media, both published and electronic, is not reflected here.

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2. That a symposium be convened in Washington, D.C., to plan the strategies for eradicating poverty in this country. This symposium should include, at full salary, anyone with constructive suggestions on how the job might be done.
3. That the 30 billion dollars budgeted annually for the war be reassigned toward implementing the programs formulated in the aforementioned manner.

As social workers, it is crucial that we pledge our minds and energies to help rebuild our society. A few small men with large egos and a great mass of apathetic Americans have permitted the evolvement of an increasingly alienated society.

We must change this direction and channel our energies into a system which considers its most fundamental obligations to be the eradication of poverty and the provision of a chance for all men to live in peace.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

A fail-safe device long popular with the science fictionist perplexed to terminate his galactic voyage is the time warp—a concept whereby, under conditions of extreme distance or speed, sequential experience is alleged to fracture and permit simultaneous existence in discontinuous segments of chronology. Thus a voyager somewhere beyond alpha Centauri may discover that he has become his own son or his own grandfather, as the case may be. Since this phenomenon, like the related anomaly of extra-dimensional space, is not only inexplicable but incomprehensible to the linear thought processes of contemporary man, it allows the novelist to exit in a display of pyrotechnic mysticism. But it is done at the cost of raising in the reader a suspicion that the narrative carpet has been snatched from under him; the most resourceful practitioners avoid it.

I was sorry, thus, that the sole surviving argonaut of the Stanley Kubrick-Arthur C. Clarke 2001 found himself at journey's end in a Directoire motel bedroom, hobnobbing with himself at several ages, including the yet unborn. This personal redundancy was preceded by passages of considerable length in which the lights of Broadway appeared to have been reduced to a jet stream by mirrors in parallel and the substance of the color film itself seemed to melt into spirals of fuming infinity. Neither effect is unknown to experimental film makers of the past twenty years.

The ambiguity of these closing scenes is the more disappointing because at least twice in its progress this most ambitious and often most thrilling of space films promises some energy of communication. First, a segment of the picture that precedes the planetary departure from the moon introduces some sardonic comment on the transfer of middle-class sentimentality, affluent comfort and the CIA mentality to orbit. Then, once deep space itself is invaded, it becomes apparent that a conflict is brewing between the two human astronauts and the computer that operates the ship and is known as Hal.

Here the picture shows signs of shifting over from social criticism to melodrama—the natural habitat of science fiction. Hal, we are told, may have had "feelings" programed into its circuits, the better to communicate with its flesh and blood lieutenants. It soon develops that the computer, which talks in a voice suggesting a too great attachment to its mother, is motivated primarily by feelings of paranoia. Disaster, of course, follows, but the plot does not. We are left to confuse ourselves with the semantic dilemma of whether or not a suf-

ficiently sophisticated "electronic brain" could develop an identity. Some independence of operation can be built into computers and man may thus in time condition himself to assume their autonomy, but if Hal was indeed a homicidal psychotic it was because someone back there had coded the mania into its transistor. Some promising suspects were to be seen tramping about the moon in their snappy space suits, but we shall never know—the threads are all lost in fog and the flouting of Aristotle and Euclid. I prefer that thrillers should unmask the villain.

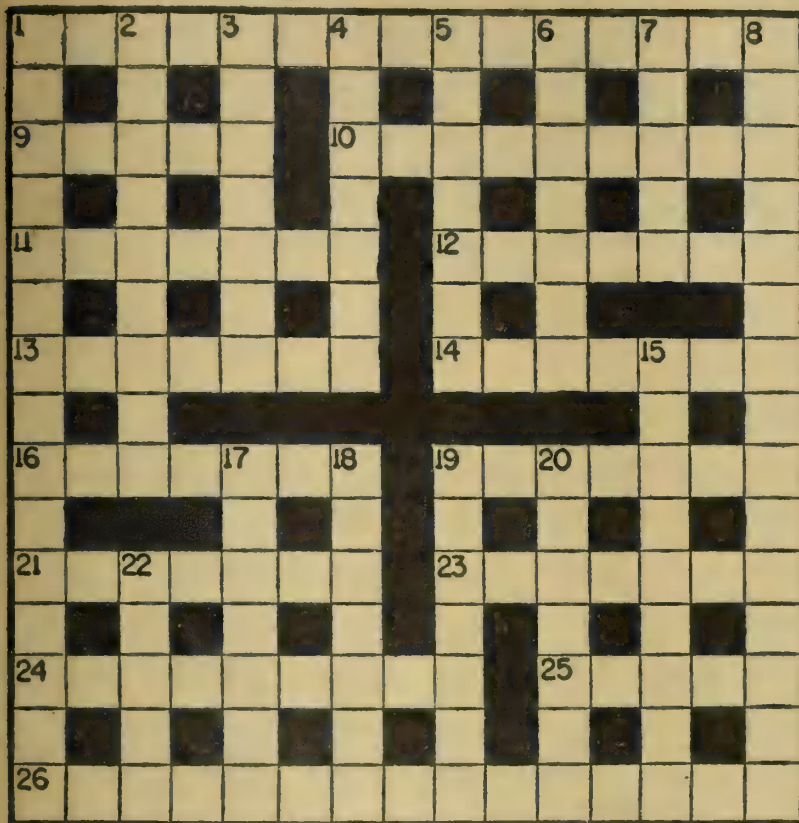
Finally, the mock-ups of astronomy and space technology are beautiful (the great rotating wheel of the way station between earth and moon is magnificent) and the expediences of weightlessness are amusing. A great deal of skill and ingenuity went into this amazing voyage to nowhere.

As evidence that I am not hostile to temporal anomaly per se, I recommend Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Trans-Europ-Express*. It seems that M. Robbe-Grillet, his daughter and a friend decide to devote the time of a trip from Paris to Antwerp to concocting a story about dope smuggling from Antwerp to Paris, using as their man with the false-bottomed suitcase, Jean-Louis Trintignant, whom they have spotted as a fellow passenger. With occasional pauses for consultation, Robbe-Grillet ad-libs the tale into a tape recorder held on his daughter's knees and Trintignant obliges as best he can by carrying out the tentative and not always consistent moves of the casual plot. It quickly becomes evident that Robbe-Grillet takes a somewhat tongue-in-cheek view of the high-camp, odd-sex chase films of recent acclaim. Trintignant is endowed with a taste for ropes and chains, and soon finds the girl to wear them. He is also bedeviled by a series of signals, passwords and rendezvous so pointlessly complicated that only a lively mind bored by travel could have invented them.

Robbe-Grillet is being arrogant for our entertainment. When one of his companions objects that the beset smuggler didn't have on him the key that was stolen from him, the author says: "We'll cut that in the editing." And when there is a question as to whether Trintignant would dispose of a package, he tosses it always a half dozen times and ends with it under his arm. *Trans-Europ-Express* is a picture about time wasting designed to waste time attractively. And Marie-France Pisier, playing the girl who accepts pseudo-sadism as business as usual, is most attractive.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1251

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Conduct a court as it should be, for a second spell of course! (8, 7)
- 9 It includes what the princess of "My Fair Lady" should have spoken. (5)
- 10 Self-proclaimed as timely and classy, but not rehearsed. (9)
- 11 The saucy state of Mexico! (7)
- 12 The real makeup of one Carolinian? (9)
- 13 What one does to fish for movie wrongdoing? (5, 2)
- 14 There's no landing in the middle of this flight. (7)
- 16 What one does at first with curtain calls? (5, 2)
- 19 Normal and fit, as the lesson shows. (7)
- 21 Medicine from the islands? (7)
- 23 What gives light support? (Naturally, it doesn't bend much!) (7)
- 24 Perhaps the range of 7, with Cain in trouble therein. (9)
- 25 Find out how to be skinny right inside (5)
- 26 Gay production originally—this after the German version. (5-5, 5)

DOWN:

- 1 Agent that makes the adder madder? (15)
- 2 Indian vegetables from the sea? (9)
- 3 Approaches the expenses of lighting, but not direct expenses. (7)

- 4 Thurber set one in the garden. (7)
- 5 Puts a lid on the supposedly healthy color sometimes going round in the navy. (7)
- 6 Scotch purse. (7)
- 7 Garden variety of fruit? (5)
- 8 Evidently one doesn't have a single illness with it. (6, 9)
- 15 Blew in with a tear shed around for nursery escapists? (9)
- 17 Its fuel is made from salt. (7)
- 18 Pirate stronghold giving up the last letter as an act of mortification. (7)
- 19 Father takes a firm position on what might be afoot. (7)
- 20 A shower of rain preceding an old treatment by Brahms and Tasso. (7)
- 22 Extra good, but dated! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1251

ACROSS: 1 and 15 The Sound of Music; 10 Moronic; 11 Anagram; 12 Lacrosse; 13 Shift; 17 Arrowroot; 19 and 28 The Lady of the Lake; 21 Yahoo; 24 Unawares; 27 Enclasp; 29 Dodo; 30 Bridgehead.
DOWN: 1 and 23 across Time flies; 2 Earlaps; 3 Owner; 4 and 6 across Necessary evil; 5 Osage; 7 Vertigo; 8 Limitation; 9 Causeway; 14 Smithfield; 18 Refracted; 20 Evined; 22 Hoecake; 24 and 16 Upper classman; 25 Abele; 26 Bend.

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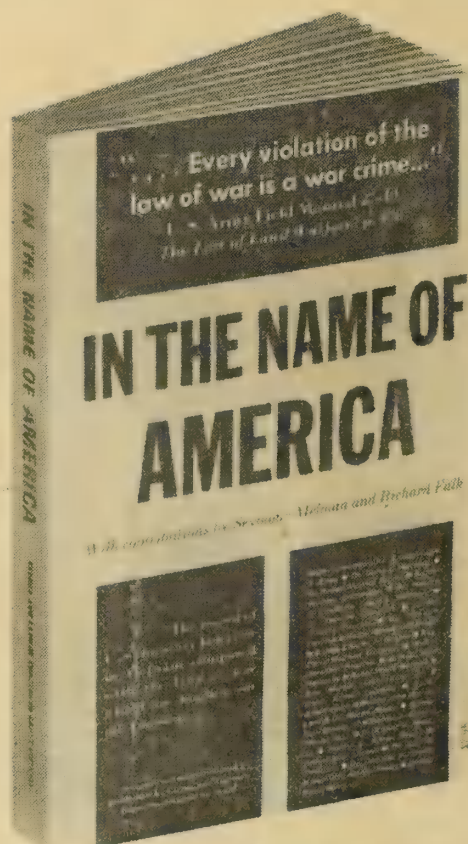
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flyiing with Hubert

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIRs: I have just read with interest Robert G. Sherrill's article, "Hubert Humphrey: Speaking in Tongues" [*The Nation*, Apr. 29]. As I read along, my eyes widened in horror as I gullibly soaked up the gospel according to Sherrill.

That is, until I got to the part where Sherrill uses the 1966 Minnesota gubernatorial campaign as the backdrop for one of his Humphrey stories. A conversation Sherrill says took place between Humphrey and DFL-endorsed gubernatorial candidate A. M. Keith (defeated in the primary) was during a "hedgehopping air trip" when "Humphrey returned to his home grounds to help the Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate." [The point of the story was Mr. Keith's surprise that Humphrey could present himself as belonging to whatever church the men speaking to him attended. *Editors*]

As a member of Lt. Gov. Sandy Keith's campaign staff, I know full well Hubert Humphrey never returned to his home state to actively campaign for *anybody* in that primary fight

Mrs. B. J. Pickett

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRs: I appreciate Mrs. Pickett's calling my attention to a careless error I have rechecked with my source and found that, as Mrs. Pickett correctly points out, Humphrey gave no further assistance to Keith after endorsing him at a press conference in Minneapolis on the day after the convention. The hedgehopping ride and the conversation I quoted occurred on an earlier date.

Robert G. Sherrill

justice to Chaliapin

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIRs: The review "The Uses of Chaliapin" by Simon Karlinsky [*The Nation*, May 27] demonstrates, at least to this reader, that Professor Karlinsky can have no ear either for vocal music or for the Russian language. Those of us who have heard Chaliapin in person, and to whom Russian is a native language, found his performances to be an unforgettable, and even shattering, experience Further, Chaliapin's role in helping to intersperse the endless succession of Italian and French operas with native Russian works, often of superior quality, was an important and progressive contribution.

In a sense, Chaliapin summed up musical and artistic life in pre-revolutionary Russia, and an exciting and creative period it was. Chaliapin's character had many flaws and his political views were primitive. But it will take a man of greater insight and less prejudice than Professor Karlinsky to do justice to this superb artist.

A. V. Brushkovitch, St. Louis University

Surrealism

New York City

DEAR SIRs: Since the idea that I can enjoy particular Surrealist works, while at the same time remaining indifferent, if not hostile to Surrealism as a sensibility, seems already too complicated a thought for Mr. Kozloff to grapple with [*The Nation*, May 27], I hesitate to join him in urging my colleagues to even greater complexity, for fear of blowing his mind altogether.

May I also point out that the line Mr. Kozloff gives as a quotation from Michael Fried is no such thing, but only a sample of my own poor dogmatic prose? . . .

Philip Leider

EDITORIALS

The New Constituency

In Oregon, Senator McCarthy found what he has been seeking. He has been raising the right issues all along; his problem, as he puts it, has been one of "finding our constituency." He did well in Nebraska and Indiana, but one does not seek new constituencies in those states. *The Nation* has felt from the start that McCarthy would be very effective in Oregon and California. States with weak party organizations and a record of independent voting, they both provide fine hunting grounds for new constituencies. And Oregon and California are exceptional only in the sense that their voting pattern tends to foreshadow national trends; they are pacesetters.

The new constituency that Senator McCarthy has sought cannot be defined in a few phrases; in fact, it cannot be precisely defined at all, for the reason that it is only now beginning to emerge. As a potentiality, this constituency has existed for some time. It has been clearly reflected in polls showing a high percentage of voters who are profoundly dissatisfied with the politics of the phony consensus. By the style and content of his campaign, McCarthy is tapping this potential, drawing it forth, giving it a chance to emerge as a new force in national politics.

Most commentators, most of the time, are deluded by the notion that the "new politics" is exclusively a matter of what Ray Bliss of the Republican National Committee refers to as "the nuts and bolts" of politics: techniques, polls, image making, manipulation, television, etc. Senator McCarthy is the only candidate in this election who understands that the new politics is really concerned with new issues and new constituencies. The old-style "brokerage" politics is being superseded by a new national concern with the issues of a post-industrial society.

The new issues cut across the old alliances and coalitions. They are concerned with foreign policy, environmental hazards, national priorities and the use of power, the control and proper use of technology, educational policy, civil liberties and civil rights, human dignity, the quality of social life and, above all, with goals and purposes, with aims and values. "We are in the beginning stages," as J. K. Galbraith points out, "of the questioning of the goals of the industrial system." McCarthy understands this substantive aspect of the new politics. For example, he does not appeal to slum residents in terms of inducing industry to build a few factories in ghetto areas. By insisting that now is no time to retreat from the ideal of integration, he is making the strongest possible appeal for and on behalf of Negroes. In brief, the new constituency begins to take form as voters respond to McCarthy and the issues he is raising.

But the "old politics" is still with us; it is being challenged but it has not been displaced. It has strong organizational and institutional roots. It permeates both parties. The President and Vice President are adroit practitioners of the politics of the phony consensus; so is Richard Nixon. In both parties, the "old politics" is strong in terms of delegate count, but in terms of enthusiasm, participa-

tion, new voters, and breadth and intensity of appeal, the "new politics" could be decisive in November—that is, if a new-style politician is pitted against a practitioner of the old.

The Oregon vote demonstrates that Nixon is running an effective campaign, and he will probably be the GOP nominee. He would make his strongest race against Humphrey, who likes to point out that he and Nixon are not too far apart in their views on the war (*U.S. News & World Report* May 27). With Humphrey and Nixon as the nominees, voters would once again be locked into a synthetic harmony on both foreign and domestic issues (for foreign policy clearly defines the parameters of domestic programs). With Nixon as the likely Republican nominee, the Democrats should nominate McCarthy if they want to win. He can unify the party. Humphrey cannot, nor can Kennedy. McCarthy has strong independent support. He also draws substantially from liberal-moderate Republicans who cannot abide Nixon. He has broad appeal; in Oregon, for example, he did remarkably well in high- and middle-income areas. He outpolls all other candidates in campus communities. The California primary will provide an even better test than Oregon of the potency of this constituency. For as Lord Bryce pointed out many years ago, "What America is to Europe, what Western America is to Eastern, that California is to the other Western States. It has more than any other the character of a great country."

The Institution

Writing in *Fortune* on "The New Arithmetic of Defense," Gilbert Burck and Alan Greenspan warn that Vietnam is going to cost more than the 1969 budget projects. Only the other day the President confirmed this prediction by casually asking Congress for a supplemental defense appropriation of \$3.9 billion. The press treated the request as routine—which in fact such fiscal escalations have become.

Fortune, which never fails in *sang-froid*, assures us that while the rise from \$24 billion to \$33 billion annually will compound some problems, it is really no great matter. While the increment will exacerbate inflation, increase budget deficits, and further disturb balance of payments, still it is only a small fraction of GNP; \$9 billion is not chicken feed, but "actually it would impose little strain on the nation's physical resources." Of course it won't—if shooting off physical resources on a Gargantuan scale is no strain. Ground and air ordnance output alone is running at the rate of more than \$5 billion a year. TNT stands for trinitrotoluene, and its ingredients are useful in other connections.

The human expenditure is also within the bounds of statistical tolerance. In two recent weeks the actual U.S. dead, as distinguished from the number reported initially (there is a time lag), were 550 and 640. From January 1, 1961, to May 23, 1968, U.S. casualties have been 23,500 killed and 143,678 wounded. Many of the wounded are permanently mutilated or crippled. These are our strong young men. Like the chemicals which go into ammunition,

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NATION

Volume 206

No. 24

better uses might be found for them. Still, it is no great strain on our human resources.

A devastating survey in *The New York Times* (May 27) shows 800,000 deteriorating apartments in New York City alone, but funds were available to build only 12,000 new apartments last year under publicly aided programs, and at least half of these were for middle-income families. Vast areas are in decay. On the previous day, the *Times* had discovered 800,000 poor people in the suburbs—where all is supposed to be affluence and the good life. Congress is growing more and more resentful of the Poor People's March in Washington, and the key issue in the Presidential campaign may well be *crime*. Nine billion dollars would go a long way toward alleviating these evils, but the war comes first.

With only a little hesitation, *Fortune* looks on the bright side. As Burck and Greenspan were writing, the Pentagon was sticking to its estimate that it would take 750,000 men "to finish the job." The good news is that the costs will build up at a considerably slower rate than will U.S. forces in Vietnam. At the end of 1967, with 485,000 in Vietnam, the direct cost of the war was running at about \$24 billion a year, or \$50,000 per man. With our force level built up to 750,000, the total cost will be \$33 billion a year—or only \$34,000 per man. In a sense, we are getting a bargain on these manpower additions.

Not only *Fortune* but almost all the media are complacent about this drainage of money and men into the illusion of Vietnam. It hasn't really figured distinctly in the campaign. Last week we quoted Arthur Miller's striking characterization of the present war as an *institution*. An institution is what it has become, and a most respectable one. In the United States, that is; elsewhere it's a different story. Even among our "allies" many people think we have gone crazy.

Magic Words

Mr. Byrd of Virginia rises in the Senate to quote, out of context and with an ax of his own to grind, from *The New York Times*. The subject is "decentralization" of schools. Mr. Byrd favors it. "I feel strongly," he intones, "that the closer we can keep the schools to the people, the more effective school system we will have. . . . I want the Federal Government to keep its hands off the operation of the schools in the various localities. . . . I want decentralization of the schools."

What he really wants is the system that prevailed in the South before racial segregation in public schools was ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1954. He wants educational apartheid. And, ironically, he attracts allies with whom he would not be found dead—nor they with him. It is a perfect instance of the use of a word as an incantation, to cover up the fact that you don't know how to solve the problem, or don't want to see it solved.

In this instance, the trouble arose in the City of New York but it is of national scope. In barest outline, and without trying to prejudge the merits of the case, it began in the course of an experiment in community control of the schools in a predominantly slum area of Brooklyn,

when the Negro administrator of the school district dismissed nineteen teachers and supervisors (as far as his jurisdiction was concerned) without the permission or approval of the city Board of Education. The result was a fracas involving the board, the school district, the children and their parents, the Mayor, the Governor, the state legislature, the state Commissioner of Education and Board of Regents, the United Federation of Teachers, the city police, and numerous other parties. There was some disorder—nothing very serious—but most of the children and many teachers stayed home and the schools had to be closed temporarily. Whatever the outcome may be, this was what happened at this particular stage, in this particular attempt to decentralize.

In New York and other large cities there are plenty of arguments for decentralization: the systems have become unwieldy. In this aspect, decentralization is an attempt to contend with entrenched bureaucracy, and of all bureaucracies the educational variety is probably the worst in its capacity to do harm, in both the present and the future. The New York Board of Education has not been able to alleviate the plight of the Negro and Puerto Rican children, who are not getting an education and whose parents are up in arms. The idea of community control not only has the support of the community but was put forward under the respectable auspices of the Ford Foundation and with its financial help. On the part of the Foundation, it was an attempt to solve the problem; on the part of the politicians involved it was mainly an attempt to take some of the heat out of the situation and saddle the complainants with responsibility—while giving them only limited and poorly defined authority.

Under such conditions, the danger is that for diverse reasons all kinds of groups will join in a hue and cry for "decentralized" schools: Right-wing elements like the idea—witness Senator Byrd. Some Black Nationalists like it. Those who are reluctant to spend what must be spent on the school system (centralized or decentralized) to make it work also like it. Those who have given up on integration may not like it but are inclined to accept it, *faute de mieux*.

With these forces in favor, and in the absence of strong countervailing sentiment, "decentralization" may emerge as a substitute for the pre-1954 type of segregation and the *de facto* segregation that followed, thus instituting a permanent pattern of segregation, the only redeeming feature being the fact that the segregated schools will be under the control of the segregated community.

This pattern can spread to other racial and ethnic groups, postponing indefinitely the realization of the ideal of a cohesive community indifferent to race. In addition, such a solution (if it can be called a solution) obscures this fact: Whatever the size of the district, or the extent of decentralization, success in education is impossible without massive infusion of public funds and improved facilities, services and programs. And the provision and application of this support must be worked out by experienced, dedicated administrators and teachers.

Which brings us back to the fiscal and social agony of the cities and all that is wrong with American civilization, which without flourishing cities is only a hollow shell. The

Brooklyn experience proves—if proof is needed—that words and phrases cannot solve a deep-seated difficulty. Used indiscriminately, they may even aggravate the trouble and preclude a humane solution.

Killing the Watchdog

Los Angeles

By any standard, the California Public Utilities Commission is the pre-eminent state regulatory agency in the nation, with a budget of \$11 million and a staff of more than 700. Deriving its authority from the state constitution, the commission is independent of legislative control, and its orders may not be reviewed by the lower courts; appeal starts at the state Supreme Court.

If the commission's resources and authority are great, they are needed to control the giant stockholder-owned utilities operating in California. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., an AT&T subsidiary, has assets of \$3.700 million, and the combined worth of the state's largest utilities (PT&T, Pacific Gas and Electric, Southern California Edison, Pacific Lighting Corp., and two smaller companies) is more than \$11 billion, a figure that does not include rail and highway carriers or airlines.

The influence of the CPUC is nation-wide. After the Federal Communications Commission announced its decision in an AT&T rate case in 1964, the California commission asked for a rehearing, on the ground that California, with 6 million telephone subscribers, had had no opportunity to be heard. When this petition was denied, the CPUC filed suit in the U.S. Court of Appeals, requesting a review of the FCC action. This also failed, but the insistent California commission, in effect, won its point. Shortly afterward, the FCC began an investigation of AT&T rates, covering all the issues raised by the CPUC. The "commission's concern for the consumer," acknowledged by *The Wall Street Journal*, is reflected in the cost of utility services. For example, 20 thermal units of gas, 50 kilowatt hours of electricity and a private telephone cost \$15.35 in San Francisco. The bill for the same service is \$30.72 in Boston and \$28.35 in New York.

The regulatory climate in California has now changed, thanks chiefly to the election of Gov. Ronald Reagan. A little more than a month after Reagan's inauguration, Pacific filed an application with the CPUC for the biggest rate increase the company had ever requested—\$181 million. PT&T's optimism was sound: Governor Reagan appointed two new commissioners to the five-member board, replacing men who had voted in 1965 for a \$40-million telephone rate decrease. One of the new commissioners, Fred P. Morrissey, one-time associate dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at the University of California, is a former paid consultant to PT&T; his appointment was recommended by the utilities. Governor Reagan's second appointee, also sympathetic to the utilities, is William Symonds, Jr., a former Republican state Senator.

During the eighty-two days of public hearings on PT&T's \$181-million rate hike, Governor Reagan openly attempted to influence the commission by publicly stating

that a telephone rate increase is "indicated" because of the company's need for capital expansion. And Lt. Gov. Robert H. Finch said at the annual convention of the Pacific Coast Gas Association that regulation of utilities only in the public interest is an outdated philosophy. The Lieutenant Governor's suggestion that investor and consumer are often one and the same person was greeted with enthusiasm.

However strong its newly protective attitude toward the utilities, the commission should not be under any compulsion to act quickly to save PT&T from bankruptcy. In 1967 PT&T's net income was \$163,465,000—more than \$10 million above earnings of the previous year—and so far in 1968 they are 25 per cent ahead of that.

The CPUC now has the \$181-million plea under consideration. Pacific Telephone probably will not get it all—public uproar would be too great—but it appears likely that the company will get as much as half the amount requested. William M. Bennett, the most experienced of the CPUC members, a consistent defender of consumer interests and a holdover appointee of Governor Brown, stated recently: "Regulation as we have known it [in California] is dead. . . . The California utilities now dominate this commission."

PHIL KERBY

The Bourgeois as Disciplinarian

Years ago, Joseph A. Schumpeter, one of the staunchest and most intelligent defenders of capitalism was ever blessed with, commented on "those short-term attempts at resistance by which bourgeois society proves itself so incompetent and occasionally so childish a disciplinarian."

In a time like the present, American judges are particularly prone to lose their heads when draft resisters appear before them. Last October, in a symbolic act of opposition to the draft and the Vietnamese War, the Rev. Philip F. Berrigan—a Catholic priest known the world over for his dedication and courage—joined with Thomas P. Lewis, an artist, David Eberhardt, a former teacher and conscientious objector, and the Rev. James Mengel, an unassigned minister of the United Church of Christ. The quartet poured a quantity of duck's blood on some draft-board records at the U.S. Customs House in Baltimore. A jury convicted them of destruction of government property and other offenses. On May 24, Federal District Judge Edward S. Northrop sentenced Eberhardt to serve three three-year sentences concurrently, while Berrigan and Lewis got six years apiece. Mengel's sentence was postponed while the Judge seeks "professional" (i.e., psychiatric) advice; in the meantime the defendant is under a technical sentence of eighteen years.

At about the same time, the black power militant Rap Brown, convicted in federal court in New Orleans on an obscure gun charge, got five years. Although Congress has refused to regulate the sale of rifles and shotguns, by mail order or otherwise, it is a federal crime for anyone under indictment to transport firearms across state lines. This was one of the facts of American jurisprudence that had escaped Brown's notice: accordingly he carried a .30 caliber carbine with him on a plane from New Orleans to

New York while he was under indictment in Maryland for arson.

Lately Brown has been on the downgrade: his term ■ SNCC's national chairman is nearly over, and SNCC's influence is not what it used to be. Now he achieves renewed prominence, as a martyr. "I knew he would get busted sooner or later," a middle-class Negro businessman remarked, more or less sympathetically.

One need not approve the style of protest in these instances to recognize that the sentences are out of relation to the offenses charged. Sentencing Berrigan, et al., the

judge verged on hysteria. "You deliberately set out to use violent means to destroy the very fabric of our society," he declared. "All of you hide behind words to accomplish your ends—to bring down this society."

Abroad, no one has ever heard of Judge Northrop, but millions know and admire Father Berrigan. With his vindictive sentences, Northrop has done more to bring down the society he treasures than Berrigan and his companions ever could (if such were their intention) by pouring blood on draft records. This act, however bizarre, has nothing whatever to do with overthrowing the government.

A GENERATION UP IN ARMS

Berkeley on the Tiber

GIANFRANCO CORSINI

Mr. Corsini, literary editor of Paese Sera (Rome), has published in Italy two books on American letters and society.

Rome

In the spring of 1967, Italians watching the government-controlled TV news were suddenly confronted with a scene that might have been familiar to an American audience, but was new here. Except for the neo-Roman architecture of the Fascist-built University of Rome, the sit-in taking place in the main square of this "citadel of culture" could easily have been mistaken for a scene filmed on the Berkeley campus. The students were mourning the death of Paolo Rossi, victim of a neo-Fascist assault on the militant dissenters at the university, and when the speeches to the silent crowd were over, the air was suddenly filled with the singing of *We Shall Overcome*—in English. In their time of crisis, the first protest song to come to the minds of thousands of Italian students was the anthem of the American civil rights movement. But in a sense this choice of song was appropriate, for the biggest student uprising ever to take place in this country started with borrowed tactics and borrowed slogans.

There is no doubt that the request for "student power," stressed by this unprecedented national movement, was originally motivated, to quote *Newsweek*, "by the desire to reform an archaic system of higher education" and to obtain "a voice in university administration." The emphasis was definitely on "power," and the working committees of the students who occupied main universities detailed their aims in a series of remarkable documents, now available in several books. The manifestoes of "participatory education" are obviously based on the specific needs of the outmoded Italian educational system. There has also been a symbolic banning of stuffy old books as ■ protest against the authoritarian notion of culture as "wealth possessed and distributed by the university institutions." It was accordingly suggested that the students be provided

with more topical counter-courses (lectures), which turned out to be on matters such as revolution in South America, black power, Wilhelm Reich and the sexual revolution, new trends in psychoanalysis, the doctrines of Herbert Marcuse. In the mimeographed documents one can find a bibliography of preliminary reading which includes Hal Draper's *The Berkeley Revolution*, Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*, Stokely Carmichael's *Black Power*, the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, and Marcuse's *One Dimensional Man*, all available in Italian translations.

The anti-textbooks of the new student elite in Italy, 1968, also include works by Guevara, Debray and Ho Chi Minh, but the massive presence of American authors is particularly instructive for anyone who would grasp the principal motivations of the Italian—and to a certain extent European—student movement. The "specter that haunts" the strongholds of European "culture" seems to speak mainly in English, with a strong American accent. The world-wide rejection of established values and institutions, which also animates the Italian student movement, springs from two parallel "ideological" sources that merge here in a new mixture. On the one hand it includes a revaluation of the Marxist "world view"; on the other, it responds to the more empirical suggestions of American "dissent."

Emphasis varies from country to country, but in Continental dimensions the movement can be interpreted as a protest against the existing society, a critique of the main features of its affluence, and the rejection of its accelerating process of Americanization. Thus America provides both villain and hero. At the very moment when Italian and French and German students join in a massive attack upon neo-capitalism, neo-colonialism and neo-imperialism (as represented by the American socio-economic structure, the American intervention in Vietnam and the American failure to give equal rights to its black citizens), they also borrow the intellectual weapons of their struggle from the arsenal of American "dissent." The

American "myth" that we have known in the past is dying out, and a new American myth is growing in its place.

The present student rebellion is making Europeans aware of a major change in the relation between Europe and the United States; and for the second time within twenty-five years this relation is totally reversed. The American myth of "freedom and opportunity" which inspired the young Italian dissenters struggling against fascism in the late thirties and early forties lost its persuasion in the McCarthy era, and gave way to final rejection in the fifties, as documented by the later works of Pavese or Vittorini. The "discovery" of American "culture" which had begun to shake the old foundations of the European humanistic tradition was followed too closely by the disillusion of the cold war. Intellectual Europe began to shrink back into the comfortable boundaries of its heritage.

But European society has been changing almost at the pace of American society, fast enough to become soon aware that isolation was impossible. Oddly enough, it was then the American "sociological imagination" of the late fifties and early sixties that awakened some European intellectuals to the alarming symptoms of their own advancing mass society. By that time Europe had begun to wonder where its "lonely crowds" were going, who was its "power elite," when the "other" Europe would be found, or why its "inner persuaders" were twisting reality to fit their aims.

At that point a new European generation, still unequipped for self-criticism (except through the conventional channels of the Communist Parties in France and Italy, but without even those in England and Germany), found some inspiration in the new American symbol of

the dissenter. The new American hero of a thousand faces looked like the Berkeley student or the SNCC activist, Allen Ginsberg or Malcolm X; Sergeant Yossarian or Noam Chomsky; Paul Goodman or Herbert Marcuse. Each one of them represented the "other America," as they call it here, and at the same time the "other man" that a whole generation was waiting to see emerge from the general mess. The strength of the new hero was that, though free of the sins of the Christian-colonial tradition, he was yet the unmistakable product of the technological age. Born into it, he proved the possibility of rejection from within. After all, he seemed to suggest that if there could be "another America" there could also be "another Europe"; hence his credibility in defiance of the simple, old-fashioned negations of dogmatic Marxism.

The new radicalism, then, developed where the old radicalism was still a strong component of political life; at the same time, in other areas (Germany or England) it aimed in a way to replace the old. This accounts for the ideological shadings to be found among the various European student movements. In Germany, where there is no strong left-wing opposition, the influence of the American radical students seems particularly close, whereas in France or in Italy the new radicalism still finds itself deeply rooted in the Marxist movement. Also significant in these two countries is the participation of radical Catholic groups which tend more and more to dissociate themselves from the orthodoxy of the Church and the established Catholic parties. One might ask, then, why there is this impulse to abandon traditional politics even in countries where the Communist Parties still represent the only



Horner, New Statesman

strong and organized opposition to the power structure? Why the interest in a new American style, just at the time when American prestige in Europe is at its lowest? A possible answer lies in the general crisis of European culture, which has proved incapable of coping effectively with the new problems of the advancing mass society. Emphasis here is always put on the so-called technological gap between Europe and the United States; not enough attention has been given so far to the cultural lag, in a time when the two societies are acquiring more and more the same features.

Some forty years ago, in the isolation of prison, where the Fascists tried to "stop his brain," the Italian Marxist Gramsci wrote some surprising notes on *Babbitt*, which still seem to throw light on the situation:

The existence of a literary current of realism in America which begins to be critical of its mores is a cultural fact of great importance: it means that a new American civilization is being born, conscious of its strengths and weaknesses. The European intellectuals have already lost this function to a large extent: they no longer represent cultural self-criticism, the self-criticism of the ruling class. They have either become direct agents of the ruling class or have separated into a little caste with no national roots. Babbitt is a philistine in a country in motion; the European petty bourgeoisie are philistines in conservative countries, rotting away in the swamps of a parochialism which preens itself on being a great culture.

Forty years later a new generation fully realizes, as Gramsci had suggested, that "the European Babbitt does not even fight against his philistinism; on the contrary he thrives on it." Therefore, this generation rejects its "great tradition" and sides with the dissenters born out of the culture of "self-criticism." In accepting the new American hero, however, today's European intellectual does not throw out the baby with the bath water; rather, he frequently reintegrates the Marxism in his outlook through, say, an American dimension of Marcuse's work. The latter's validity, then, must also be seen in perspective. The transcripts of a recent debate between the German-American philosopher and some Berlin students, published in *Das Ende der Utopie* (Berlin, 1967), show not only that Marcuse takes his lead from Marx but also that the students constantly try to bring him back to Marx. Many seem worried that the "end of utopia" might lead to another kind of utopia too far removed from contemporary reality. This is also strongly felt among many of the Italian students, whose documents suggest the need for "linking of the student movement with the political forces of the workers' movement through parties and unions. . . ."

The failures of European Social Democracy and the inflexibility shown by the old party-line Marxism have often in the past provoked a reassessment of the ideological foundations of the revolutionary movements and led to positions independent of the traditional parties of the Left; but these were designed to bring pressure on them from the outside, rather than to by-pass them. In this context one might say that in France and Italy there has been on the whole no open split between the student movement and the old Left, but that a tension was created by a justifiable difference in outlook while the need for possible

common action was emphasized. The fact that it was a student-worker First of May celebration which took place in Rome a few weeks ago emphasizes this point. Even Marcuse, answering a German student during his recent Berlin seminar, had to admit that "the tradition of the working class seems to be still very strong, at least in most European countries, while in America, where it previously existed, it is now extinguished." (*Das Ende der Utopie*.)

But it is striking that now for the first time the old European notion of the intellectual as the "conscience" of society has found for many its embodiment mainly on the other side of the ocean, and travels back to Europe in American dress. This adds to the responsibility of American intellectuals, who often appear unaware of the new burden that sits on their shoulders. Their victories and their failures will from now on affect us too.

If it is true that many young Europeans find inspiration in the moral upsurge of the American intelligentsia, they are not blind to the limitations exposed by J. P. Nettl in his recent *Nation* article ("Are Intellectuals Obsolete?" March 4), the attention he calls to a lack of "purpose and direction." The American "neo-intellectuals"—as Nettl calls them—might even find what was *creatively* borrowed from them by the European students (and used differently within the historical and social framework of each European nation) was a loan that could pay excellent interest if only they were willing to analyze what use was being made of it.

If the new American hero, who today replaces the old American clichés on the Continent, is content to be no more than a new "myth," his survival is problematic. This would be true also of those over here who might content themselves with accepting the new hero as a myth, instead of making him a living agent of change. The new hero would in such case become just another consumer product on the intellectual market. But if this discovery of the "other America" should develop into a two-way link between two new cultures, the achievement could very well be revolutionary. The anti-hero of dissent and rejection might then find his place among the purposeful agents of social change that C. Wright Mills so clearly identified in his later years. The new European generation has found in the American "dissenter" the missing link between the post-illuministic age and the post-technological era; but the problem now is to find an adequate setting for the new man yet to be born.

The European student movement should act as a warning to its American counterpart insofar as it shows the need to fill the ideological vacuum of the old Left with an organic construction of aims for the new "New Left." The revolutionary impact of American "dissent" on the European student movement needs to be emphasized, for its importance is great; on the other hand, it is also necessary to be clear about what distinguished the two. One need only refer to "Protest, Power and the Future of Politics" by Carey McWilliams (*The Nation*, January 15), where it was very plainly stated that the task of American radicalism is more than ever "to concentrate for a change on the political problems." European students know this full well, even if some of them, like their American friends, may think it possible or profitable to avoid the task.

SDS: Between Reform and Revolution

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Although the popular press has been concentrating recently on the hippie as the dominant manifestation of American youth culture, the student Left movement has not disappeared; in fact, it has become considerably larger and more powerful; recent events at Columbia and other campuses confirm this growth. Once a small group of social activists working for university reform, the New Left has become a permanent force in the political culture of the university. Liberal student body presidents and even administrators have found it prudent to mouth New Left rhetoric, since radical groups now set the tone of campus politics. In addition to the campus activity, a striking new development has been the growth in high schools of student groups that work on issues ranging from academic and social reforms to draft resistance.

Yet for all its growth and vigor, the student movement is not without problems, and these arise primarily from a transformation of its purpose. Starting as a series of local groups pressing for specific reforms, the New Left in the last two years has swung over to building a movement that will fundamentally change American society. This shift of perspective has produced new areas of activities and new difficulties. Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) is the major student radical organization and a study of its actions and problems offers reliable insight into the state of the movement.

Established almost six years ago, SDS was at first principally devoted to exposing the social problems of contemporary America. In large measure, the early members saw activism on the local level as the major tactic in dramatizing the issues of poverty and civil rights. Politically, SDS members supported liberal Congressional candidates and, much to the later embarrassment of the organization, even went "part of the way with LBJ" in 1964. SDS was untroubled by the dogmatic struggles that embittered the old Left, and was welcomed by many liberals and leftists as a happy recovery from the "apathetic" student generation of the fifties.

The student activists soon lost their enthusiasm for working within the established order. Although the plight of poor and black Americans was more than sufficiently documented in the early sixties, little attack was made on the causes of poverty and racism. SDS members came increasingly to distrust liberal voices in the Democratic Party who urged support for their meager actions by repeatedly envisioning a take-over by the radical Right if the Democrats should lose.

By 1965, moreover, the aggressive and expansionist nature of American foreign policy had begun to dominate the concerns of student radicals. On Vietnam the Republicans and the Democrats were as one, and the students sensed that something more deeply imbedded in American

society than political parties explained this consensus. Clearly, exposing obvious defects in the society and working for specific reforms were not enough to change America. These problems were rooted in the social and economic order of modern capitalism, which system must be overturned. Thus, SDS turned to organizing a radical movement that would seek to supplant existing institutions. Its 1966 National Convention made the new role explicit by calling for members to develop themselves as organizers of a mass movement for change. The Wobblies became an important symbol of the new SDS defiance of the established order.

If any such movement is to succeed, it must develop a long-range perspective that will aid in building a constituency. After six years, SDS still faces the problem of defining strategies and programs that will carry the radical movement beyond campus-based student protests. In part, the problem is organizational. Among the many criticisms of SDS, one that is valid is its almost total decentralization. A national office does exist and convention and national council meetings decide organizational policy, but almost no attempt is made to implement national programs. Campus chapters launch programs without consulting the national office, which has barely enough funds to pay staff salaries and print the SDS weekly paper, *New Left Notes*. Little effort has been made to alter this condition and at best, the policy proposals adopted at national meetings are broad enough to leave the chapters a good deal of room for "doing their thing."

Decentralization of the organization becomes an increasingly severe hazard as SDS membership grows. Since 1965, one older member puts it, "the organization has been literally swamped by thousands of new recruits from every part of the country, exhibiting an astonishing range of political viewpoints, aspirations and degrees of sophistication." Many of the new people were moved by an emotional reaction against the Vietnamese War; others were part of the young culture revolt against the society in general. Both groups critically needed deeper political understanding if they were to sustain any commitment over the long haul. Lacking long-range goals and frustrated by the inability of SDS to do anything about what they see as the major issues of the society (war in Vietnam, the draft), many of the new recruits simply "burn up" in the movement. Although SDS continues to grow, a great many people slip away from the organization into one of the varieties of nonpolitical life styles that now exist on most campuses.

More important is the political development of the organization itself. At odds with the existing society, SDS must be extremely careful that its actions will remain radical, yet relevant to the concerns of Americans. The moralistic attitude that characterized the early days of SDS has been supplemented by a strong focus upon "political perspectives": What sort of issues radicalize people? How should SDS handle these issues? Can SDS actions fit into the overall development of the radical movement in the

society? When political moves are discussed on the national level, SDS members divide broadly into two tendencies: theoretical activists and plain activists.

The theoretical activists are usually well read in Marxist analysis and concerned that SDS programs reflect certain ideological assumptions of socialism. They view immediate issues in a long perspective, seeing the remote implications of particular programs. Specifically, the theoretical activists are concerned that SDS members should not be co-opted by corporate liberals such as Kennedy and McCarthy. Although they all see themselves as revolutionary Socialists, the political differences among theoretical activists are immense (the sources of much of their thinking include Maoism, Third Camp socialism, varieties of Trotskyism and anarchism).

While the theoretical activists have been gaining ascendancy in recent years, the organizational tone and style is still more often set by the plain activists. These latter place less stock in theoretical perspectives and more in short-run strategies and tactics to radicalize people. Possessing a less cohesive critique of American society, the plain activists seek to create social dynamism on many levels. They are often unclear about the development of radical programs from action and thus tend to be less critical of their organizing projects. While most plain activists hold a revolutionary view toward change in the society, their perspective for the future development of the movement is very unclear.

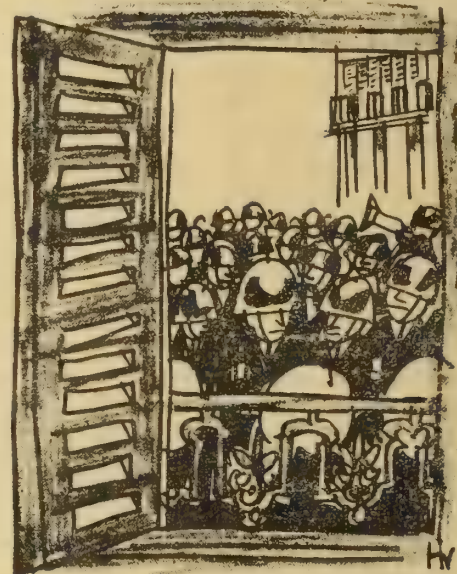
Within SDS there is no strong conflict between theoretical activists and plain activists. For the most part, the theoretical activists dominate discussions of international politics and of future programs, while the plain activists are more concerned with domestic issues and with immediate tactical and strategical plans. Both positions can be held in different contexts by one person and very often programs are so formulated that the interests of each group are satisfied.

The tension between the theoretical activists and the plain activists is most apparent when the question of SDS or New Left ideology is discussed. The theoretical activists argue for a strong Socialist perspective that will clearly define organizational goals and priorities. The plain activists agree vaguely that some form of socialism is the goal, but say that SDS needs more experience at organizing before any ideology can be adequately formulated. This disagreement between the theoretical activists and the plain activists makes it exceedingly difficult to formulate an SDS national perspective, except in the broadest generalities. Although outdated and unrepresentative of what SDS believes today, the Port Huron Statement, issued in 1962 as the movement's ideology, has never been revised. The lack of consensus puts off systematic discussion of ideology, and the organization usually debates issues on the basis of tactics and strategies, with little attempt being made to see questions at longer range.

A recognition that analysis and education were needed if issues and programs were to evolve a durable ideology led to the establishment of the Radical Education Project, and later when REP became independent of SDS, to the Radical Education Center. Yet, the fear of many SDS members that internal education meant boring and useless

intellectual discussion, when analysis should be arrived at through experience, has severely limited the effect of internal education programs. These projects offer empirical information and a variety of political perspectives, but have done little to provide ideological alternatives or develop new programs.

The inability to develop a more substantial ideology has often meant that the worst aspects of both theoretical and plain positions emerged in SDS actions. When the theorists predominate, SDS actions are apt to be couched in boring, often pretentious rhetoric which strait-jackets the organization in sectarianism. When the plain activists are ascendant, actions are superficially planned, their implications unclear; and they are not followed by critical evalua-



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tion of success or failure. SDS must reach some agreement between the theoretical activists and the plain activists if ideological consistency and national programs are to develop. Until it does, the organization will spend its efforts flip-flopping from issue to issue with no clear idea of what lies ahead.

Major style problems for both groups are the excessive reliance on rhetoric and the failure to back up demands with concrete programs. This happens in part because local chapters overestimate the present strength of the student Left power which they know is growing. They assume mass campus support when little is present and fail, therefore, to organize thoroughly. The use of rhetoric probably reached its height last fall during the demonstrations against war research and recruiting when provocative actions and simplistic analysis were frequently apparent. On review, it became clear to SDS chapters that their programs tended to isolate them from campus and ultimately hampered the organizing of students. While SDS chapters are responsive to the call to create "two, three, many Columbias" (and no doubt the Columbia experience will be duplicated elsewhere), few will act unless they feel that local situations will be improved by massive confrontations. SDS's apprehension about recent efforts

to plan huge demonstrations at the Democratic Party Convention this summer indicates a growing concern to avoid actions which are self-isolating.

While national SDS is beset by financial, organizational and ideological problems, the strength of the organization lies with the local chapters. These vary considerably in their activities and strength. The University of Michigan chapter won a number of victories during the academic year of 1966-67, but this spring lost a major referendum on the question of secret research on the campus. Through a series of actions on many issues, Princeton SDS has grown considerably during the past year, establishing a large following and influencing university policies. The University of Chicago SDS, which in 1966 held an important confrontation with the university over the ranking of students for draft purposes, has not reached that height of support on campus since. Chapters sometimes coordinate their activities, as last fall when campaigns were launched against university membership in the Institute for Defense Analysis. However, the allegation that Columbia was selected as a target for disruption by "an SDS meeting in Maryland" is nonsense. Anyone with the slightest experience of SDS chapters knows that all actions are planned by local chapters according to local conditions.

At the campus chapter level, the distinction between the theoretical activist and the plain activist loses meaning as all efforts are focused on the next demonstration, teach-in, rally, guerrilla theatre, seminar, or the varieties of other tactics used to dramatize and discuss issues. SDS chapters stress activism. Programs have been developed for student power over dormitory hours, judicial matters and other non-academic affairs. On many major campuses, a recent issue has been the presence of classified research and war-industry recruiters. In the past year the major noncampus issues have been the draft and the Vietnamese War, but many chapters are now beginning to develop programs around electoral politics and the Presidential campaign. Although most chapters attempt to base programs on specific issues, a good deal of their activity is launched in response to campus and world events as the chapter organizers seek the "right issue" to radicalize the campus.

Success is measured by the growth of the chapter and the impact it has upon the rest of the institution. Most chapters are sources of literature, speakers and films, often providing the only political perspectives on major domestic and international issues on campus. In some areas, particularly those not near a major urban center, the SDS chapter serves a social function, attracting many hippies and others whose life styles do not mesh with the campus stereotypes.

Normally a small group of committed people do the major organizational work, and they are instrumental in the establishment of chapter programs. The rest of the chapter has been described as the "shock troops." Although they endorse programs and provide the bodies for demonstrations and confrontations, a wide gulf usually separates them from the leadership. The shock troops often lack the political articulation of the leadership, and since they rarely participate in the informal formulation of programs they have little effect upon chapter actions. Almost

every SDS chapter goes through an annual attempt by chapter leadership to get the shock troops involved in positions of leadership.

A whole generation of activists is emerging from the experiences gained in local campus activity. Rather than possessing "apocalyptic fantasies" of being "nihilistic revolutionaries," as many critics have complained, SDS is developing a cadre of organizers comparable in skill to those who emerged from the CIO drive of the 1930s. They are articulate and politically aware. Moreover, they learn from their mistakes and are extremely conscious of the skill and power of their opponents.

Actions by local SDS chapters have a "spin-off" effect in the development of locally based radical projects. Usually focused on one specific issue, these local groups are staffed by people sympathetic to SDS. The establishment of draft resistance projects organized in working-class and ghetto neighborhoods has been partially motivated by SDS people. Another development has been the growing number of private community schools where children learn unhampered by boring, regimented classrooms and where parents can have a say in educational politics. Particularly successful schools now exist in Ann Arbor and San Francisco. Several SDS labor projects have made contact with workers by supporting strikes and rank-and-file insurgencies. The activities of women's liberation groups have involved many who would have been intimidated by the male-dominated SDS chapters. Finally, a whole series of publications, films and underground papers have sprung out of the protest culture. Centers like *Liberation Press Service*, *The Movement*, *The Guardian* and the *Newsreel* have given the New Left a substantial communications network. While these media simply report activities with little or no analysis, they reflect the present intelligence needs of the movement. The organizational chaos of national SDS stands in contrast to the strength and activity of local chapters and these independent groups. They are the backbone of the movement.

On both local and national levels two particularly pressing problems affect SDS members. The transformation of SDS into an organization for radical change has made most of the membership painfully aware of the isolation and limitation of the student movement. Another aspect of this problem is the need felt by the older members to develop roles for themselves after college.

Although a middle-class student organization, SDS has always been concerned with working with "agents for change" in the society. In 1963, this led to the formation of the Economic Research and Action Project (ERAP) which called for SDS members to leave their campuses and go to work organizing poor and black people in Northern ghettos. Today, most of the projects have folded, often because organizers were unclear about what issues to raise and were uncertain as to what constituted a radical perspective when working with the poor. Furthermore, as the war in Vietnam became the overriding issue, a good deal of enthusiasm drained away from the projects and many of them were terminated before they had time to try out their organizing ideas.

In contrast to the ERAP days, SDS now talks about or-

ganizing the working class or the lower-middle class. For a brief time in 1967 the idea of organizing the "new working class"—engineers, technicians, teachers and some skilled workers—enjoyed considerable vogue, but with few actual organizing efforts initiated, the idea dropped from view. SDS members recognize the privileged role of students in the society, and they sense that ordinary people can see issues in a very different light. As yet, however, this knowledge does not dampen the militancy of student protests, for most SDS members feel that working people will support their actions when they see "how bad things are."

A good deal of debate in SDS now centers on how to reach the majority of working people. Those possessing a traditional Socialist perspective emphasize organizing around the work place, particularly among workers in major industrial areas of the country. Yet going into the shops requires discipline, a strong sense of goals, and adjustment to boring, repetitive and often dangerous work. For these reasons the number of SDS members active in the shops is relatively small.

A more commonly accepted approach is organizing in the neighborhood. As part of the National Community Union, an organization growing out of an ERAP project located in Chicago, many SDS members will this summer be living in poor white and working-class neighborhoods, going to bars and simply "getting to know folks." It is hoped that after this experience some will remain in the neighborhoods for serious organizing, or commit themselves to organizing after college. In spite of this activity, organizing "in the heart of America"—in lower-middle-class and working-class communities—draws precious few SDS people off the campus.

The problem of isolation takes another form when SDS relates to the actions of blacks. Although SDS members support black attempts to achieve self-determination, essentially they remain spectators. At a recent SDS national meeting, Carl Oglesby, former president of the organization, called for support of black struggles rather than opposition to the Vietnamese War as the major SDS issue. His speech was enthusiastically received, but no programs for making SDS actions relevant to blacks have emerged. In part, this reflects the growing loss of contact between white radicals and the blacks.

Another hindrance has been the feeling by most SDS members that whites cannot and should not take part in black affairs. What white radicals should do is organize whites against racism. Ever since SNCC's first articulation of black power, SDS has proclaimed this goal. Yet it simply has not been done. For the most part SDS has stood aloof, while white racism has intensified.

What may pull SDS off the campus is that the early members of SDS must now find ways to remain active in the movement after completing college and graduate school. Since many SDS members are intellectually gifted, they often land either in the best graduate schools, or in professional training as doctors, architects, urban planners, etc. In most of these professions, SDS members, trained to identify with the peanut-butter-and-jelly life styles of the community organizer, find themselves falling into an

affluence that encourages them to sell out. The problem is also political, for those that are interested in organizing remain very isolated from the student movement.

Last year the question of "radicals in the professions" became critical for the older SDS members. The Radical Education Project has generated much discussion on the question. In general, it is widely agreed that radicals should be active organizers in their professional roles. University-trained people might see themselves as teaching not in the Ivy League or Big Ten schools but in a community college or a working-class high school where organized radical activity is at a minimum. For radical doctors, the goal might be to work in a ghetto area, teaching community people medical skills. For urban planners, it might be working on community planning with lower-income people. Whatever the means, the thrust of this approach is to break away from the elitist attitude inherent in many professions.

More ambitious plans call for professionally trained individuals to work with community organizing projects. For example, if a project were established in a working-class area, radicals might get jobs in the local high schools, social work agencies or hospitals. They would work closely with the organizing activity using their skills to set up community schools, medical co-ops, a community newspaper and other institutions that form part of any successful organizing project. While this sort of coordination has been discussed, little has been done. An exception is a community project based in a white middle-class section of Chicago where such programs as draft resistance, high school organizing, and establishment of day-care nurseries have proved successful in the development of a radical community organization.

Another approach emphasizes organizing on a professional basis. High school teachers work with the newly formed radical causes within the American Federation of Teachers. Doctors, architects and urban planners have established organizations which are devoted to shattering the conservative image of these professions. When a large number of radicals find themselves in the same occupation, it is at least feasible to form a nation-wide organization that is expressly political in its professional concerns. Such is the case with the recent establishment of a new organization, the New Universities Committee, of radical university faculty and graduate students. [See "New Universities Conference: The Dilemmas of Resistance" by Norman Birnbaum, *The Nation*, April 22.]

There are many problems. Certain professions place strong constraints on radical activity. Middle-class life is often just as isolating as the campus. Professional work is stimulating and many lose sight of their political functions while becoming good doctors, lawyers or teachers. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of enthusiasm, and many of the older radicals identify themselves and their activities directly with SDS (some name their local organizations Movement For A Democratic Society). There is even talk of creating an adult New Left organization that would serve the interests of the older SDS members.

What lies ahead for SDS? With the possibility of the war ending and the political thaw bringing forth a new liberalism, SDS probably will not continue to expand at the pres-

ent rate. This might be beneficial. An end to the fighting would eliminate many of the frantic Vietniks, Left sectarians, and others from SDS, whose identification with the organization is based more on personal problems than politics. A solution in Vietnam would also mean that attention could again be given to domestic issues, and particularly to socio-economic problems that have received little original thought from SDS in the past two years. They are the issues that concern the majority of America.

In the short run, the end of the war will probably make

the student movement smaller. But it may also allow it to develop more cohesive domestic programs and possibly to resolve some of its organizational problems. In addition, there seems a strong likelihood that in the next few years an adult New Left organization will be established. If it is to reach the goal of creating a radical political movement in the country, SDS will be forced to mature. In its future activities, SDS might borrow a phrase from the early days of union organizing in the auto industry: "Take it easy, but take it."

Big Bust on Morningside Heights

MARVIN HARRIS

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At 2:30 A.M., Tuesday, April 30, a thousand New York City policemen attacked an approximately equal number of students barricaded inside five Columbia University buildings. The action lasted three hours and injured at least 148 persons in varying degrees. Many students were thrown or dragged down stairways. Girls were pulled out by the hair; their arms were twisted; they were punched in the face. Faculty members were kicked in the groin, tossed through hedges, punched in the eye. Noses and cheekbones were broken. A diabetic student fell into a coma. One faculty member suffered a nervous collapse. Many students bled profusely from head wounds opened by handcuffs wielded as weapons. Dozens of moaning people lay about the grass unattended. At one point an estimated 2,000 spectators were set upon by the police and pinned against the gates. Outside the campus, mounted police chased screaming knots of people, young and old, up and down Broadway in a scene from *Planet of the Apes*. It took a line of paddy wagons stretching along Amsterdam Avenue from 118th to 110th Street to carry off the 720 persons who were arrested. They were driven away, unrepentant, beating on the bars, cursing the police, President Grayson Kirk and Vice President David Truman.

It would seem self-evident that an event so contrary to the routine and purpose of a great university compels all who were its victims and participants to speak out concerning what happened, to establish the sequence of events, and to contribute to the analysis of both remote and immediate causes. Yet there are many members of the administration and faculty who feel that the well-being of Columbia requires rapid termination of all such inquiries, and the development of an attitude of studied indifference to the questions of who and what were responsible for the disaster. There is much talk about the need for "binding up the wounds" and for forgetting in a spirit of constructive reconciliation acts and statements produced under stressful circumstances.

I do not impugn the motives of the majority of these hushers and forgetters, but I do challenge their assumptions about what it will take to secure the university's future. The attempt to discover and disseminate truth is at all times the proper function of professors and students, but we all know that the truth seldom proclaims itself in a simple blinding image, jointly experienced by all observers. Establishing the truth in human affairs is in part a political process in which theories and anti-theories are the symbols of conflicting wills and countervailing interests. The search for the truth at Columbia is thus an aspect of an unfolding political struggle. Under these circumstances, to remain quiet in the name of academic dignity is to take a highly defined political position.

The number of Columbia faculty who are perfectly aware that political acts manifest themselves in not doing or saying as well as in doing and saying is probably as great as at any university in the world. Columbia's faculty are linked by personal and commercial bonds to New York's intellectual establishment, and many enjoy in their own right the privilege of being literary or sociological muzzins. Yet in the present crisis this enlightened faculty has given little evidence that it comprehends how loudly dignified silence speaks for the *status quo*.

Most astonishing is the failure of the liberal Columbia establishment, hitherto identifiable by vanguard efforts in civil rights and the peace movement, collectively to take a principled and unambiguous position on a single important issue in the current dispute. While the buildings were occupied, the segment of the faculty from which an independent critique of the situation might have been expected consumed its energies in a futile attempt to mediate between the enraged students and the equally enraged administration. These mediation efforts were conducted by the steering committee of an informal, self-constituted group of concerned instructors and professors, who called themselves the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee. The good will and dedication of the majority of this group and of its steering committee are beyond dispute. Their analysis of what was happening, however, was inadequate. The actions and in-actions which they undertook, in conformity with certain false assumptions, resulted in a series of unintended disasters, culminating in the great bust.

By playing the role of mediator, this group actually

prevented the beginning of negotiations between the administration and the students. The Columbia administration has repeatedly asserted that "we ignored no opportunity for negotiations," and the news media have stressed the assertion that student intransigence during negotiations between the administration and the strikers left the administration with no alternative but to call in the police. Contrary to popular impression, there were few sessions during which members of the students' strike steering committee and members of the administration actually met to talk with each other. To communicate with the students in Hamilton Hall—"liberated" by black students and converted to Malcolm X University—the administration relied on a number of high-level mediators supplied by the Mayor's office and the black community. As far as the stu-



dents in the other four buildings were concerned, however, there appears to have been only one instance of what might be called a negotiating session. This took place early in the morning of Friday, April 26. Thereafter, for almost four days preceding the police action, there were no negotiations with the main body of the strikers. Instead, numerous delegated or self-appointed members of the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee rushed back and forth between the students and the administration, sounding out both sides with a series of proposals intended to serve as the basis for a start of negotiations. Some of these suggestions—as, for example, the so-called Galanter-Trilling-Hovde proposal for the creation of a tripartite disciplinary body—were actually voted on by the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee. But many other proposals that were dangled before the students were purely the result of the momentary fancy of the faculty mediators.

Even when a proposal had been voted on by the Ad Hoc Committee, the students were correct to view it with skepticism, since if they agreed to a particular point, there was no way for the Ad Hoc Committee to guarantee that the administration would endorse its side of the bargain. Several faculty mediators actually tried to split the strikers by deliberately proposing solutions which they knew would appeal to students in some of the buildings but not in others. It was common for faculty mediators to tell students that they had already won two of their main objectives—termination of the gymnasium project and severance of all ties with the Institute of Defense Analysis—and on this basis to appeal for the withdrawal of their other demands, especially the demand that the strikers not be punished. Yet the faculty mediators could not guarantee the ultimate decision of the administration on

either of these issues and, by the existing charter of the university, were completely at the mercy of the Board of Trustees in all such matters. The faculty mediators asked the strikers to trust them, pledging their professional integrity and moral influence, but the students became increasingly distrustful of the divisive solicitation carried out by representatives of a faculty group whose legitimacy from the point of view of the administration was as dubious as that of the strikers themselves, and who in the actual situation seemed even more powerless.

Contrary to official pronouncements and to the misrepresentations of the mass media, there is no evidence that the Columbia administration ever seriously intended to clear the occupied buildings (with the exception of Hamilton Hall) by means of negotiation. The chronology of events at Columbia has been so complex and rapid that even many participants have forgotten that the police were first officially asked to intervene on the second day of the strike—12:30 A.M., Friday, April 26—four days before the actual bust. The circumstances of this call and the reasons why it did not result in an attempt to clear the buildings must be given due consideration. On Wednesday, the 24th, at an official meeting of the faculty of Columbia College (presided over by President Kirk and Vice President Truman) a motion had been passed asking for the peaceful settlement of the dispute and trusting that police action would not be used. The sentiment against police action was further confirmed on Thursday when more than 200 members of the Ad Hoc Committee affixed their signatures to a document, point 4 of which stated: "Until this crisis is settled, we will stand before the occupied buildings to prevent forcible entry by police or others." In conformity with this resolution, shifts of faculty volunteers had been maintaining a twenty-four-hour-a-day vigil at the entrances to the struck buildings. By late Thursday evening, however, there were many rumors indicating that the police were about to be used. At midnight, a high-ranking member of the administration appeared before the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee to insist that the rumors were baseless and that the administration did not contemplate any such action. One half-hour later a hush fell over the group as Vice President Truman—in his final appearance before the Ad Hoc Committee—entered the room. "I know you are not going to like what I have to tell you, gentlemen, but five minutes ago President Kirk was on the phone asking the Mayor for permission to use the police to preserve peace and order."

This announcement, coming so close on the denial, elicited voluminous hissing and booing and an almost unanimous cry of "shame!" Most of the faculty rushed from the room to take up positions in front of the buildings; a handful remained to phone the Mayor's office to ask that the police be stopped. Some contingents of police actually did go into action. At about 1:15 A.M. twenty-five plainclothes men charged the entrance to Low Memorial Library and injured several faculty members who stood in their way. But the crowd around the building had grown to dangerous proportions. It included large numbers of faculty and students, some of them opposed to the strikers' demands but united in their opposition to the use of

the police. The administration wavered and called off the action (which it had probably intended as a means of clearing only Low Memorial Library, leaving the other buildings to be dealt with on a separate basis).

To the faculty who had interfered it was made clear that the administration was determined to pursue a hard line and that under no circumstances would it consider amnesty for the strikers. Influential representatives of the faculty accepted the rejection of amnesty as an ultimate and unmodifiable condition. They merely argued that it was too soon to resort to the police since there was still a possibility that some students could be split off and made to come out of the buildings by offering leniency rather than amnesty. The administration replied, in effect, that it would give the faculty a few more days to talk some sense into the strikers, and the sleepless faculty mediators hurried back to their task with a renewed sense of urgency.

But in accepting the administration's intransigence on the amnesty question, the faculty mediators ceased to be mediators and became instead the more or less unwitting accomplices of the administration's plans to use physical force to crush the strike and then to jail and expel the strike's leaders. When it gradually became clear to the students that the faculty mediators regarded the no-amnesty position as a requisite for negotiations, the strikers became increasingly hostile to and suspicious of the Ad Hoc Committee, and in some instances refused to speak further with its representatives.

The response of the faculty to the administration's threat to seek a bloody solution to its long-festering problems with radical students was either spineless or masochistic. This was an administration which could ill afford to give ultimatums to its professors. It was an administration which had foolishly risked the physical survival of the Morningside Heights campus by clinging to a disputed construction site in a public park overlooking what is perhaps the world's most volatile ghetto. Obviously, there are other ways to provide adequate gymnasium facilities. The university recently built a twelve-story school of business on top of the old gymnasium—Uris Hall, named after the family of one of the trustees—right in the center of the campus. A simple matter of dollars and cents prevented the remodeling of the old gymnasium under Uris or the construction of a new one in place of Uris. The park site, at \$3,000 a year for 2.1 acres, seemed a tempting deal. But a university is not a construction firm or a discount department store; it is a semi-public corporation whose budget must include social costs and social benefits.

As officers of the corporation, the faculty could well appreciate the efforts made by the administration to hold the line on expenses and to manage the endowment funds with proper sobriety. The benefits of such policies could at least be passed on in the form of lower tuition and higher salaries. The paradox here is that tuition at Columbia has risen faster than the cost of living, while faculty salaries have barely kept pace with the rate of inflation. The only reason why there has not been a mass faculty exodus to schools which offer \$4,000 to \$5,000 per annum above Columbia's salaries at the associate professor level is that the artistic, intellectual and commercial

fringe benefits of New York City subsidize the cost of keeping the faculty in place. On the other hand, the reason why the trustees have not been able to pay the faculty at the going market rate—according to a recent analysis of the fiscal condition of private universities carried out by the Ford Foundation—is that they have been unduly conservative in their investment policies. There has been too much concern with mortgages, not enough with common stocks. (The only institution with greater real estate holdings in Manhattan is the Catholic Church.) In other words they have been acquiring real estate—and thus making a mess of community relations—in the name of an investment policy which crippled the university's finances.

The trustees' capacity to subordinate social values to a false sense of economy is well illustrated in the case of the Strickman cigarette filter. In that instance the president of the university proposed to link increments in faculty salaries to the sale of carcinogens. On the basis of wholly inadequate research and testing, Dr. Kirk himself gave what amounted to a TV commercial in which the university urged the public to buy its filter because it produced less tar per puff. Kirk was later obliged to withdraw this claim under questioning by the U.S. Senate Commerce Committee, and subsequent tests carried out by qualified members of the university prompted the administration to abandon its plans for cashing in on the cancer business.

There are further indignities for which the faculty might have been expected to hold the administration accountable. Not the least of these consists of a series of misrepresentations concerning the extent of university involvement with CIA cold-war research, especially through Columbia's Regional Institutes and the School of International Affairs. More immediate to the present crisis, however, was the assurance given by the dean of the Graduate Faculties to several hundred people in Low Memorial Library on March 23, 1967, that "Columbia has no institutional connection with IDA" (the Institute for Defense Analysis). Subsequently, student activists forced the administration to acknowledge that its graduate dean had been mistaken and that Columbia had been an institutional member of IDA since 1960. On March 30, 1967, IDA's vice president, Norman L. Christeller, informed the student newspaper: "We consider Columbia to be one of the three or four primary university sponsors of the IDA."

The most remarkable aspect of this confrontation between suspicious students and a less than candid or ill-informed dean, is that Columbia's connection with IDA was a public arrangement, the conditions of which were available to anyone who was curious enough to ask for IDA's unclassified reports. With one or two exceptions, however, Columbia's large contingent of pro-McCarthy, anti-Vietnamese War liberals (not to mention the politically apathetic center that makes up the majority of the faculty) remained ignorant of the university's tie with IDA or failed to grasp its significance. In this instance at least, the student activists carried out a genuine educational task on a matter of paramount importance to the entire university community. They did indeed educate their professors, however unorthodox their teaching methods.

Columbia's affiliation with IDA was institutionalized through a contract which named Grayson Kirk as a mem-

ber of IDA's Board of Trustees. The chairman of the Board of Trustees of IDA is William A. M. Burden who, in addition to serving as a director of the Allied Chemical Corporation, American Metal Climax Corporation, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., Lockheed Aircraft Co., and the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., is also one of the trustees of Columbia University. In a brilliant example of the intellectual triviality of micro-focused political theory, Columbia's David Truman recently argued that Burden's additional affiliation with Columbia was a mere "accident." Other members of the administration have attempted to pooh-pooh the IDA tie on the ground that no substantial contracts have been established between IDA and Columbia for specific research purposes. (Kirk called IDA "a phony issue" on the C.B.S. program, *Face the Nation* May 5). Although it is true that direct contracts between IDA and Columbia have been negligible (one for \$18,950 is known), IDA's influence on campus has been substantial indeed.

Through Lawrence O'Neil, former associate dean of Columbia's School of Engineering, the university has been deeply involved in projects coordinated by IDA. One of IDA's most important divisions is known as Jason. It is to the Jason Division that the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency assigned the task of coordinating work on the theoretical analysis of "ballistic missile defense and exoatmospheric nuclear detonations" (*Science*, 17 May 1968, Vol. 160, p. 746). O'Neil has been a steady consultant to IDA. O'Neil is also the director of what used to be Columbia's Electronic Research Laboratory, now called the Riverside Research Institute. Under O'Neil, the Electronic Research Laboratory enjoyed a budget of \$5.5 million a year, much of it derived from classified research concerned with the development of radar systems for ballistic missile defense under contract with the above mentioned Advanced Research Projects Agency. No doubt this is another one of Dr. Truman's "accidents." Recently IDA has turned to research more directly associated with the Vietnamese War, concentrating on such projects as: Small Arms for Counter-Guerrilla Operations, Tactical Nuclear Weapons, Chemical Control of Vegetation, Night Vision for Counter-Insurgents, Interdiction of Trucks from the Air at Night, and Helicopter Aural Detection of Tactical Situations. The extent of the university's involvement in these projects is suggested by the fact that when adjunct professor of physics, Richard Garwin, a member of IDA's Jason Division, took a trip to the Far East early this year, he touched off a world-wide rumor that tactical nuclear weapons were to be used in Vietnam [see "The Secret Thinkers," by Michael Klare; *The Nation*, April 15].

In 1965 IDA noted that it "was proud to grace the pages of our report with scenes of the campuses of our Twelve Member Universities" (see *Science*, 17 May, 1968, p. 748). I invite my colleagues who have husbanded the political independence of their university, and who have scrupulously refrained from using Columbia's name in their off-campus activities, except for identification purposes, to reflect on the audacity of a unilateral administrative decision which committed the entire university to the support of developing weaponry systems for a military clique.

It was the students who pressed for the exposure of Columbia's contribution to IDA. Having collected 1,800 signatures on a petition requesting the end of the university's connection with IDA, 200 students entered Low Memorial Library to confront Grayson Kirk with their findings. They were told that they were in violation of a ban on indoor demonstrations, and five of their leaders were placed on disciplinary probation. To protest this action, the students called a rally. Attended by more than 500 sympathizers, the rally ended in an abortive attempt to enter Low Memorial Library. The students were deflected by the campus guards, veered off toward Morning-side Park, and pulled down the fence surrounding the gymnasium construction site. When one of the demonstrators was arrested by the police, the group returned to the campus. After some hesitation, they decided to invade Hamilton Hall, and to take a dean hostage in return, they said, for the student they had lost to the police. Thus the IDA issue met and fused with the gymnasium issue, leading directly to the strike and the big bust.

I share a feeling of repugnance with my liberal colleagues over the vulgarity and brashness of some of the actions of some of the students. A professor's sense of style is inevitably jarred by the crude slogans and tactics being used. From the students' point of view, however, there is, in turn, something seriously lacking in the faculty's style. From teaching too long, they apparently have forgotten how to be taught. They take their lessons very ungraciously and seem to want to make the students suffer for having achieved a superior understanding of the true nature of their university.

The failure of the administration to act quickly and seriously in response to various student charges concerning the university's complicity in the detested Vietnamese War contributed heavily to the breakdown of trust and communication between the student activists and their administrative counterparts. Columbia's destiny up to now has been under the control of a Board of Trustees consisting almost entirely of top-ranking businessmen—directors of more than sixty banks, insurance companies, utilities and manufacturing corporations including IBM, C.B.S., Con Ed, Ford, Equitable Life, Shell Oil, AT&T, Metropolitan Life, Irving Trust Co. and the Chase Manhattan Bank. Insofar as these men are leaders of bureaucratic empires which our best students associate with massive acts of social irresponsibility, evasion, hypocrisy and exploitation, their image is unsuited to attempts to establish cross-generational dialogues under the present circumstances. Nothing which the trustees of Columbia University have done during the past two years has indicated that the negative impression which they create on young minds thirsting for principled commitments to life and humanity is incorrect.

The disparity in class identity, and hence in social values, between the trustees and the majority of students, is clearly one of the fundamental causes of the strike and of the catastrophic bust. Contempt for the "establishment" has reached crisis proportions throughout wide segments of the youth of the developed nations. Too many people in the older generation have tended to ignore or

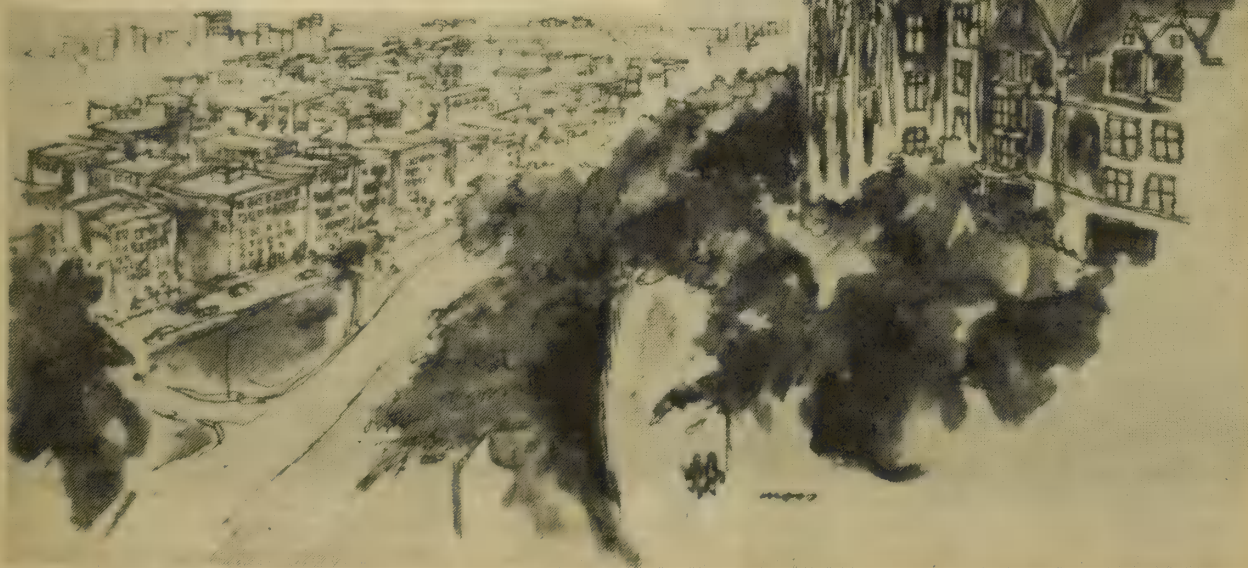
dismiss these manifestations of distrust and disillusionment as mere youthful aberration. Thus, the final indignity suffered by the faculty was that the administration had let its relations with the student body deteriorate to the point where five of the university's buildings were under siege, with the rest of the university virtually paralyzed. And then to solve the problem, the administration declared itself irrevocably determined to precipitate an even larger catastrophe by inviting the police to attack its own students and professors.

Why didn't the faculty step in and demand that the administration grant amnesty or, at the very least, indicate that it held the administration to be as much in need of amnesty as the students? Why didn't the faculty indicate its own unalterable determination to oppose a solution through force? Evidently, most of the faculty refused to accept the students' arguments on behalf of amnesty. These arguments rested on the following principle: The seizure of the buildings had been carried out in order to awaken the university community to the ethical blunders of the IDA affiliation and of the gymnasium site. Due to the authoritarian structure of the university, there were available no adequate democratic means of redress. Hence, amnesty rather than punishment was required, since people should not be punished for bringing about changes which, as among the faculty, were widely regarded as necessary and just. It should be noted, furthermore, that most of the faculty were convinced, even before the police action, that student interests were inadequately represented at the university. Indeed, after the bust, dozens of committees were formed at the departmental level to begin the work of making the university more democratic, thereby confirming the strikers' contention that the normal avenues of protest and communication had previously been inadequate.

Nevertheless, most of the faculty apparently accepted the administration's view. According to Kirk and Truman, the strikers had been duped by a small band of fanatical agitators who were bent upon achieving a confrontation with authority. If amnesty were granted, these agitators

would be back in the buildings every other week, and the university would be incapable of discharging its educational responsibilities. Although the administration admitted that the claims about the lack of democratic representation were in part true, it held that the students had violated the rule of law. According to Truman, law and morality are identical. Hence, the transgressors must be punished. In accepting these arguments, it must be supposed that the faculty were especially concerned about the rifling of Grayson Kirk's files by strikers who occupied the president's office in Low Memorial Library.

I believe that there is a connection between the mentality expressed in the Columbia administration's viewpoint and that which was responsible for driving this country deeper and deeper into the Vietnamese War. It is the domino theory, all over again. If we don't punish the revolutionaries for taking over the president's office, how are we going to stop them from taking over the entire university? The answer, as we have almost learned in Vietnam, is that if there are well-formed structural reasons for mass resentments against existing laws and authority, the dominoes have a good chance of falling no matter how many policemen are brought in to shore them up. The threat of radical political change cannot be met by strategies which are temporarily successful in the prevention of muggings or shop lifting. On Tuesday, April 23, there were only about 150 hard-core members of Students for a Democratic Society (and most of these were opposed to a confrontation). A week later, at the height of the strike, more than 6,000 students were actively ex-

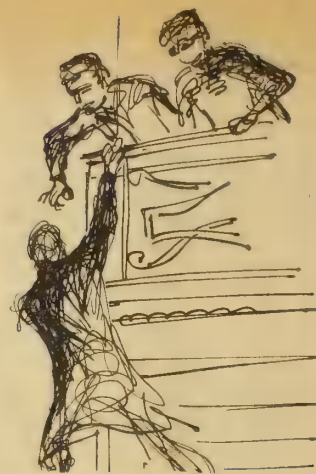


pressing their hostility to the Columbia administration. Was this the work of a handful of superstudents whose demagogic skills proved too much for the honest defenders of the university's good name? The proposition is as absurd as trying to blame the Third World's hostility toward America on agitators like Che Guevara or General Giap. On Thursday, April 25, a referendum at Columbia, carried out under independent student auspices, showed that students were in favor, 4,093 to 1,433, of ending construction of the gymnasium. The vote for ending ties with IDA was carried, 3,572 to 1,855. (In large part the strikers in the buildings did not vote.)

It is clear that the original handful of protesters had been able to convince 1,000 of their fellow students to join them in the occupation of the buildings at great personal risk because the issues involved in the strike were relevant to the deeply felt social needs of additional thousands of students. To propose that amnesty would have meant recurrent invasions of Low Memorial Library at the whim of irresponsible anarchists is to insult the intelligence and to demean the social conscience of many of the university's brightest and most responsible students. They were not in those buildings to protest a ban on panty raids, or to demand higher grades or better food in the dorms. The issues involved were of supreme importance: racial prejudice and *de facto* discrimination; complicity of the educational establishment in the slaughter of an innocent peasantry. As long as the university's policies remain ambiguous on these issues, it can expect periodic visitations from larger and more militant striking bodies. Calling in the police at Columbia or elsewhere will only make such confrontations bigger.

I regard it as regrettable that the strikers broke into President Kirk's files and copied documents out of his private correspondence. But breaking into official files (the strikers refused to acknowledge Kirk's right to have secrets about Columbia) was not the worst offense. The most serious act was the overnight detention of the acting dean of Columbia College and two of his assistants in Hamilton Hall. This was the only instance in which the strikers could be said to have committed crimes against persons as opposed to crimes against property. After 5:00 A.M., Thursday, April 25, all of the white strikers left Hamilton Hall and the hostages were held until 3:00 P.M. by black students. In addition to holding hostages, some of the blacks (allegedly nonstudents) were said to have been in possession of firearms. These same students threatened the administration with the specter of mobs summoned up from Harlem who would burn the campus to the ground. When Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael broke through the police barriers on Friday, April 26, to confer with the blacks inside Hamilton Hall, the very survival of the university hung in the balance.

Despite the violent nature of the threats which the blacks in Hamilton posed, the administration's strategy from the outset was to deal with the white students in the four other buildings on a separate and harsher basis. Mediators sent by the Mayor's office—William Booth, Theodore Kheel and Sid Davidoff—conferred with the blacks in Hamilton, but not with the whites in the other build-



ings. According to David Truman (as quoted in *Newsweek*, May 13), the blacks were immediately made "an offer of nothing more than disciplinary warning" (virtual amnesty). The reason for this special treatment, said Truman, was that the blacks were "a totally different cut as far as performance is concerned," as compared with the whites. "I must say I admire the way they conducted themselves." This novel form of racism appealed to others as well. At the Ad Hoc Committee, distinguished professors arose to plead for separate treatment of the blacks on the ground that they had behaved like gentlemen, while the whites in the other buildings were like wild beasts. Finally, late in the afternoon preceding the bust, when many members of the faculty knew that the police action was imminent, Prof. Lionel Trilling openly argued that the time had come for granting amnesty to the blacks and only to the blacks!

One of the consequences of this indulgent attitude toward black strikers was that none of the black students in Hamilton Hall was injured during the bust. They exited through underground tunnels under the watchful eyes of William Booth and Kenneth Clark. While Clark and Booth complimented the police on their exemplary handling of the black students, pandemonium reigned in front of and inside the other buildings. (Clark, however, later condemned the police action in the rest of the campus.) What was said to the black students in order to get them to walk quietly into the paddy wagons is a source of continuing speculation. The point here, however, is that many faculty members, who found the notion of amnesty abhorrent when applied to the white students, found themselves ready to forgive and forget when it came to the blacks—even though the blacks took hostages and constituted the gravest physical threat to the university.

It is clear that the harsher punishment recommended for the white students (and already received by them at the hands of the police) has nothing to do with principles of law and equity. There are plenty of precedents in the labor movement and in the civil rights movement in this country for granting amnesty to demonstrators who have committed trespass. Recently the Uniformed Sanitationmen's Association staged a strike in defiance of the laws of the state of New York. Their action resulted in the accumulation of refuse in the streets to the point of menac-

ing the health of 8 million people. When Mayor Lindsay put their leader in jail, the Governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller himself, granted him a pardon!

In the light of the recent history of Columbia's administration, it is difficult to accept Kirk and Truman's assurance that they took a hard line only because it slowly dawned on them that they were up against a completely cynical band of opportunists and demagogues. Everyone seems to have forgotten that an unprecedented shake-up in administrative personnel took place less than a year ago in which the provost and dean of faculties, the vice president and the dean of the graduate faculties, among others, abruptly resigned en masse. Truman, who was then dean of Columbia College, moved up to the specially created post of provost and vice president, leaving only an ineffectual acting dean behind him in the college. At the same time, the post of dean of graduate faculties was left unfilled. Thus during the month immediately preceding his fatal confrontation with the students, Truman was in virtually unqualified control of the statutory or *de facto* powers formerly possessed by two deans, the provost and the vice president!

Nor was this an "accident." The massive shake-up in question occurred shortly after the launching of Columbia's \$200 million fund drive, the largest ever undertaken by a "private" university. To explain the sudden departure of almost every top-ranking administrator except Kirk, the university issued a statement in which the success of fund-raising activities was said to depend upon the greater centralization of administrative authority. The significance of this explanation was lost upon the majority of the faculty and students. The main problem in reaching the \$200 million goal was not, as it then seemed, a question of lack of coordination and organizational diffuseness. Rather, the problem was that pressure from the neighborhood community and from the "radical" anti-draft and anti-war students threatened to blow the whole university sky-high. It is known, for example, that the former provost, Jacques Barzun, was unable or unwilling to control his contempt in the presence of neighborhood protesters. It was known also that former Vice President Lawrence Chamberlain was far too concerned about the disagreeable side effects which occur when unruly students are squashed down to size. His departure for a prolonged fishing trip in Colorado marked the end of ideology at Columbia. Truman took power precisely because he thought he knew how to keep the lid on, at least until the fund drive was completed: it was the hard line.

Almost exactly one year before the big bust, the pattern for disaster had been laid down in conformity with Truman's understanding of the science of campus politics. The SDS, in familiar possession of the university's jugular, was about to administer the *coup de grâce* to \$200 million. They were seeking to prevent the United States Marine Corps from recruiting on campus. There had already been an ugly brawl when a group of college athletes attempted to clear out several hundred protesters who were baiting the Marines about Vietnam. The Marines left the campus, but they were scheduled to return the next day. What to do? The crowds would be bigger and both sides would be

more eager for violence. Yet how could a needy American campus refuse to play host to those widely traveled, clean-cut patriots? The Marines came back, largely on Truman's assurance that he could maintain order. Two groups of opposing students, numbering perhaps 1,000 on each side, threatened each other throughout the day; but aside from a few minor fist fights, Truman's decision seemed to have been vindicated. Asked why he had chosen to risk the physical welfare of so many of his students on behalf of an organization which had nothing to contribute to campus life, and which did not lack for opportunities to get its message across to the nation's youth, Truman replied: "If we had given in, there would have been no end to their demands. We had to stand firm or they would eventually try to take over Low Library."

The students, outraged by the moral ambiguities of the administration's response to their substantive demands, escalated their own tactics to meet the challenge of Truman's campus *Realpolitik*. When the administration placed a ban on indoor demonstrations, they collected their 1,800 signatures and held a demonstration inside Low. Truman played the hard line again and tried to pick off the five most important leaders of SDS with disciplinary probations. Meanwhile, the fund drive was lagging and the pressures to keep the campus quiet were greater than ever. At some unknown point, well before the bust, it became clear to Truman that his career as an administrator was now wholly dependent on his ability to rid the campus of the band of agitators who refused to knuckle under to his textbook show of force. Similarly, the idea at some point got across to the students that only the most radical of measures stood a chance of deflecting Kirk and Truman from their determination to sanitize the campus and to ignore the justice of the students' substantive claims. I do not condone the student take-over of the university buildings, but I regard it as wholly undemonstrable that the administration was interested in providing the students with genuine alternatives.

After the bust, when Truman was asked at a press conference if he had any advice to give other college administrators, he replied without hesitation: "Don't wait. Call in the police." Apparently, he still believes that the only thing wrong with his hard line was that it wasn't hard enough (especially when he hesitated because a few faculty members had gotten in the way).

Four weeks after the bust the students were back in Hamilton Hall. In the "second battle of Columbia," another 170 students were arrested and an even more vicious and uncontrolled display of police brutality was unleashed across the campus. Flailing out on their own, with a premeditated disregard of constitutionally guaranteed rights of due process, the administration is moving toward the suspension or expulsion of perhaps as many as 500 of its students whom it has charged with criminal trespass. In this grim fashion political identities will be acquired by the various segments of the university. Members of the faculty, who have been so troubled to decide if they approve or disapprove of meeting the complaints of their students by wounding and expelling them, will have plenty of additional opportunities to make up their minds.

THE TIN EARS OF WAR

JACK ROBERTSON

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At 9:20 A.M. Tuesday, August 4, 1964 (Washington time), the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon got a "flash red" cable from Vietnam. The U.S.S. *Maddox*, Navy destroyer on a secret spy mission in the Gulf of Tonkin, reported enemy ships approaching. An attack appeared likely. Soon after came an intelligence report "from an unimpeachable source"—presumably from eavesdropping gear on the *Maddox* or her sister ship, the *Turner Joy*. North Vietnamese patrol boats had been ordered to attack.

By 11 A.M. wires were cascading into the war room. The *Maddox* said it had sighted what appeared to be the cockpit lights of patrol craft passing by in the ink-black night. The *Turner Joy* said two torpedoes had missed it. Intelligence reports, again probably from monitored enemy radio, said an attack was under way. Later intelligence overheard the enemy commander reporting that he had inflicted damage and shot down two U.S. planes.

The welter of messages now began to contradict one another. Former Defense Secretary McNamara testified that even now, three and a half years later, precise details of the August 4 incident are not fully certain.

Five hours after the first report, the war room got a most perplexing cable from no less than Task Force Commander J. J. Herrick: "Freak weather effects and overeager sonarmen may have accounted for many reports. No actual visual sightings by *Maddox*. Suggest complete evaluation before any further action." The Naval Commander in Chief in the Pacific phoned that he had no doubt an attack had taken place—but had doubts as to its nature and details.

Yet at 6:30 P.M.—four hours after the Pentagon was advised to go slow—the order went out to bomb North Vietnamese territory in retaliation. At 7:06 P.M. the Pacific Naval Command was still cabling the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* to confirm the attack on them. That night, in the first major escalation of the war, the United States flew sixty-four sorties against bases in North Vietnam, destroying a third of the country's fuel storage. Two days later the Pentagon finished sifting all the Tonkin messages and concluded that an attack had taken place.

The Pentagon leaders spent a seven-hour talkathon at Senate hearings trying to justify the Tonkin-incited air strike, but hardly a word in the 110-page record answers Sen. J. William Fulbright's prefacing question: are we doomed to repeat this crisis confusion? As a case study of Pentagon crisis reaction, Tonkin Gulf can scare you out of your wits. It was based on sonar reports of enemy torpedoes, radar sightings of patrol craft, inter-

cepted enemy messages, and the ships' own reports, former Secretary McNamara testified. All these factors could be present in any future confrontation.

Garbled sonar reports akin to those of the *Turner Joy* and *Maddox* are present continuously in U.S. military networks around the world. Few reach the brinkmanship level of Tonkin Gulf, but the confusion is just as great.

Some evidence now suggests the *Turner Joy* sonar may have picked up its own noisy engines at full speed. Or its own wake in the zigzag dodging to escape enemy boats. The Defense Department still does not explain what the "overeager sonarmen" actually saw. Comdr. Herbert Ogier, senior officer of the *Maddox* in 1964, now believes most of the echoes on his sonar scopes were from his own ship. Reached in Houston where he is NROTC commander, Ogier said the *Maddox* was making sharp turns to avoid the presumed enemy attack, and sonar picked up the ship's own rudder. However, the destroyer was not maneuvering when sonar detected what Commander Ogier believes were two torpedoes. As for Commander Herrick's caution on "overeager sonarmen," the former *Maddox* captain said: "There are sonarmen and there are sonarmen."

Sonar operators today face even tougher tasks. Nuclear submarines slink quietly through ocean depths, and sonar strains harder to detect faint echoes in the surprisingly noisy world of the sea. On top of this, the enemy has an arsenal of sound decoys and countermeasures to mask sub and torpedo noises. These sound "spooks" create false targets, blot out the sounds of the real threat. The Navy has developed electronic wizardry to sift this underseas bedlam, but it has not ended guesswork. The *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*, by their own reports, were hampered by no countermeasures. Even so, their sonar sightings were ambiguous.

Early-warning bomber and missile radars face the same perplexities. The Air Force operates radar networks so powerful that they could spot a grapefruit 1,000 miles in space. Not surprisingly, these giant antennae pick up thousands of mysterious blips—officially tagged Unidentified Target Data (UTD). Researchers at the University of Texas believe some of them to be insects.

Dramatic incidents may be isolated, and expert radar operators have learned to live with the myriad of smaller mystery targets. But in time of tension, could "overeager radarmen and freak weather effects" create another Tonkin Gulf? The builders of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) now laugh about the alert flashed shortly after the radars boosted power. The target? The full moon coming above the horizon. Radars were later adjusted to ignore the moon. Even "flying saucers" have shown up on radar screens. Allen Hynek, astronomer and chief Air Force investigator of Unidentified Flying Objects, confirms that U.S. jets once scrambled after a UFO sighting.

Department of Defense strategists are calling for even

more sensitive warning nets—over-the-horizon radars that could reach all the way to the Soviet Union or China. This makes detection even trickier. Over-the-horizon radars bounce their signals off the ionosphere and get target echoes back the same way—much like short-wave radio. Just as one struggles to tune in the fluctuating and fading short-wave signal, over-the-horizon radarmen sweat to pick up an echo a hundred times weaker.

If there is an all-out missile attack, early-warning radars will certainly spot the skyful of terror. But what if only one or two suspicious targets are picked up? The white phone rings in the National Military Command Center, as in the Tonkin crisis. But now the warning time is twenty minutes—three minutes if it is a Russian FOBS suborbital bomb. How do you decide whether or not it is a live missile?

The Communists continually test our warning reflexes. Recently four Soviet bombers penetrated warning nets to within 150 miles of U.S. air space. The Canadian Government later disclosed previous probing flights. Russian tracking ships regularly ply international waters just off the East Coast. The State Department has confirmed four 1964 Soviet spy-ship intrusions inside U.S. waters. At least twice Soviet spy trawlers have shadowed our ships so closely as to collide with them. This Soviet “playing-with-matches” policy adds to alert jitters. (And there is every reason to believe that we also play the game.)

The Tonkin crisis also raises the question of decisions based on intercepted enemy messages. On August 4, the Pentagon relied heavily on four Communist messages to confirm the attack: (1) a command ordering the attack; (2) reports from the vessels that they were preparing to attack; (3) that the attack was under way; (4) the enemy commander's report after the attack that damage had been inflicted and two U.S. planes shot down (none were).

How reliable is the enemy as an “unimpeachable source” on his actions? In the Tonkin affair, intercepted enemy messages were as confusing as our own. If we add the enemy's own contradictions to our radio frenzy, have we clarified anything?

Sen. Albert Gore questions just how much stock we can take in exaggerated enemy reports—at least whether we should go so far as to base a major retaliatory strike on them. The United States is certainly enthusiastic about intercepted spy messages. The Air Force runs more than 200 eavesdropping radio posts around the world. It flies twenty “big-ear” spy planes, each as large as a Boeing 707 and crammed with monitoring gear. Snooping satel-

lites fly over Russia and China to spy on radio communications. The Navy operates spy ships of the *Pueblo* and *Liberty* class and a flotilla of spy destroyers.

In any given crisis, the decision makers have a dossier of enemy messages. What's more, the enemy knows it. How then do we know when the enemy deliberately feeds us lies to mislead us in our eavesdropping? Electronic lying is an old ploy. World War II airmen at times falsified radio navigation signals to throw off the Japanese and German fighter planes and flak stations.

Today, electronic “spoofing” rivals Buck Rogers. Our radar bounces off an enemy target, but he changes the radar signal before sending it back to us. We get a completely fake target—and sometimes no target at all. Planes and missiles regularly fire decoys to throw off enemy radars and heat flares to confuse infrared-tracking missiles. There are even decoys for decoys—to cause a plane to exhaust its flares and radar chaff on a false target and become a sitting duck for attack. In such mayhem, can a future Tonkin Gulf separate bogus from real targets?

Time delays plagued the Pentagon in its Tonkin deliberations. Hours after the first alert, the war room was still trying to get reliable evidence of an attack. The nerve center has not improved greatly. In the more recent *Pueblo* spy-ship seizure by North Korea, the President was not notified until two and a half hours after the alert. By this time the *Pueblo* was already secured by the Communists and there was no chance for action. For the pickings, the Communist world got a first-hand inspection of the latest U.S. spy gear, throwing U.S. world-wide intelligence operations into a quandary.

The Defense Department is now setting up a world-secure “hot line” so that the war room, or the President, can talk directly to any commander in the field. Eventually this “white-phone” network may be extended to talk to the front-line soldier himself. Even so, the new million-dollar network may not solve the problem. If the President had been able to talk directly to the *Maddox* on that August 4, could he have learned any more about the contradictory reports?

The pitfalls possible in crisis decisions do concern the Defense Department. The Joint Chiefs of Staff compiles study on top of study of decision making. Even the Tonkin deliberations are the subject of a top-secret investigation, “Command and Control of the Tonkin Gulf Incident, 4-5 August, 1964.” Believed written by the high-level Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, the report should make interesting reading. Unfortunately, the Pentagon has dodged releasing it.

The Fulbright committee did release an anonymous letter from a Pentagon inner-circle worker. “One of the things your committee should really look into is the constant use of security regulations to conceal the blunders in the field of national security. . . . Right now the Joint Chiefs of Staff is refusing materials in their field wanted by people working on Vietnam for the Secretary of Defense, most obviously because they are fearful it would serve the Secretary of Defense's purposes, not theirs.” Pentagon leaders dismiss the charges as coming from “faceless accusers.” But other Americans besides the nameless defense employee may share the concern.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Through the Lens of Social Vision

LEWIS W. HINE AND THE AMERICAN SOCIAL CONSCIENCE. By Judith Mara Gutman. Walker & Co. 156 pp. \$12.50.

TOWARD A SOCIAL LANDSCAPE: Bruce Davidson, Lee Friedlander, Garry Winogrand, Danny Lyon, Duane Michals. Edited by Nathan Lyons. Horizon Press. 67 pp. \$4.95.

12 PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL LANDSCAPE. Rose Art Museum. Catalogue of a show. Brandeis University.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English and American studies at the Pennsylvania State University.

The meaning of the depression was created as much by the camera, in the work of Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange and the entire Farm Security Administration project, as by lists of statistics and political rhetoric. The images certainly have a superior staying power; history reaches us concretely, in postures of people and in palpableness of textures. It can be said that the camera is chiefly responsible for our point of view toward the depression. The intention of the FSA project was not polemical; it was a form of anthropology, undertaking a comprehensive photographic survey of American social life for the record. But the feeling which emerges from the thousands of prints made under its auspices is one of complete engagement between photographer and subject. The camera became an instrument in a self-conscious search for identification and for the meaning of a historical moment. This engagement, with its compassion for the poor, its regret for the assault of technological change upon rural society, its indignation at economic injustice, accounts for the prevailing idea of strength and resistance to social forces the pictures communicate. In mass they constitute a remarkable document of hope.

Lewis Hine's work, with its freely accepted rhetorical purpose of protest and reform, is an unmistakable precedent for the social photography of the 1930s—and just as unmistakably a stark contrast to the work of contemporary photographers of the "social landscape." The difference between Hine and Robert Frank, Bruce Davidson, Lee Friedlander, Garry Winogrand, and others represented in these monographs (both based

upon exhibitions) is in part a difference between the social scenes of 1910 and 1960. But more important is the dramatic difference in point of view toward the respective scenes, in commitment and in intention. Fundamentally it is a difference in social vision, and can thus serve as a revealing measure of intellectual and moral changes in American life.

Lewis Hine was a classical social documentist. He was driven by a hatred of injustice and a belief in good will as a means toward social change. His work serves as a form of historical memory, a record of formative experiences in American society early in this century. Immigration, urban poverty, agricultural and industrial working conditions—these were the general headings within which he produced his "photographic documents of social conditions, 1905-1939" (his title for a comprehensive collection now at the New York Public Library). For Hine the camera was an instrument of social analysis and the picture a means of persuasion. His images are icons of a social system. With the same quiet, unassuming impersonal persistence with which Atget explored Paris streets making *documents pour artistes* of stone façades, street types and shop windows, Hine traveled exhaustively, through New England, the South, the Middle West, recording his evidence of American life. In many cases his subjects were "given" in the nature of assignments from such groups as the National Child Labor Committee, the Red Cross, the TVA and the WPA. But the "historical record in pictures" (another of his titles) he produced derived more from his intuitive response to the revelatory images as they appeared on his ground glass than from any programmatic criticism of American society.

The task of assembling a collection of Hine's work, in order to represent him accurately as a major artist, is formidable. The condition of available prints and negatives is often poor; many of his negatives are lost, leaving only abominably printed pictures in books and magazines as the sole version of some of his finest work. Beaumont Newhall has pointed out that in true documentary photography not only is subject primary but the final print as an object for itself is very much secondary. Documentary photographs are meant to be seen and felt as widely as possible; they are meant for the mass media, not for gallery hangings. Hine did much of his

early work for charity and reform journals, for reports and bulletins (he began photographing in 1905, and had the first of three shows during his lifetime in 1920). In the past decade the several collections of his work have been mined for illustrations of poverty, of pre-World War I city scenes, and of working children, for magazines and books and advertisements. Many of these pictures, especially of wan and sallow girls operating spinning machines, have become standard public images of past conditions. As a figure, even as a name, Hine is far less known than several of his pictures—perhaps attaining thereby the status of authentic anonymous folk artist.

A thorough survey of available materials, biographical as well as photographic, is the first step toward preparing this figure for study. And this groundwork has been undertaken with talent and efficiency by Judith Mara Gutman. Her book is the result of impressive research, and her bibliography, especially of magazines and books in which Hine's pictures first appeared, is an excellent and generous contribution.

To rescue him from anonymity, Mrs. Gutman wants to present Hine within the context of American social and intellectual history, and at the same time to establish his importance as an artist on aesthetic grounds. A lengthy introduction, written with enthusiasm, places Hine in relation to "the American social conscience"—particularly in relation to the reform impulse in the progressive period. Mrs. Gutman conveys sympathy for Hine's personal struggles, especially against neglect of his work as a photographer. Also, the introduction suggests an approach to the pictures which takes into account the broad outlines of Hine's response to urban, industrial America, a response, Mrs. Gutman argues, rooted in rural, Midwestern values. An alternation between city and nature, between images of oppressive factory labor and satisfying handicraft labor, she points out, pervades Hine's work. The approach is thus quite helpful in reconstructing a pattern of interaction between artist and society, between art and social reality.

At its best all writing about photography seems redundant in the presence of the pictures. Mrs. Gutman quotes Hine himself saying in 1909, "the picture is a symbol that brings one immediately into close touch with reality In fact, it is often more effective than the reality would have been, because, in the

picture, the non-essential and conflicting interests have been eliminated." The author's own most important interpretation of Hine lies in her selection and arrangement of his symbols of reality. As a picture editor she makes certain choices one may question ("Long Leaf Pine," which shows that Hine had an eye, though not an extraordinary one, for nature, seems a curious print with which to open the section on immigrants); but all editorial selections are bound to raise questions. It would have been helpful if the editor had included somewhere a clear statement of her principles of selection; aesthetic and historical considerations seem often to vie with one another. But on the whole the group of pictures provides a valuable guide to the variety of subjects and treatments in Hine's canon: immigrants, working children, adults afflicted by industrialism, World War I refugees, the construction of the Empire State Building, and rural life in the 1930s.

The largest group of pictures is of children. These are Hine's most powerful and affecting photographs. Most of them were made as documents for charity and reform organizations; they are an epic assault on child labor, which is redefined in these images as child desertion, heartless and self-indicting. These

pictures are an equivalent to Blake's *Songs of Experience*, a vision of innocence debased and exploited by an inhumane social system. They serve the *coup de grâce* to the 19th-century American cult of the child, a rebuke to genteel idealizations. "There is such a thing, in the United States," wrote Henry James in 1907, "as the freedom to grow up to be blighted, and it may be the only freedom in store for the smaller fry of future generations." Hine provides the visual testimonials to what James in the same passage called "the weight of the new remorseless monopolies."

The image of innocence betrayed is also an image of innocence affirmed. Hine's pictures of blight imply a social conscience and the possibility of change by appeal to that conscience. The iconography of his pictures insists upon identifying a definite social reality for the sake of suggesting what needs to be changed. Characteristically, his pictures project social reality through perceived relationships: children to adults and to machines, to factory gates and closed doors. He rarely allows a figure to isolate itself from a setting.

Sometimes the relationship allows for an easy irony: a little newsboy in dirty shirt and worn boots strides manfully along on a street corner in Washington, heading right for the camera, a bundle

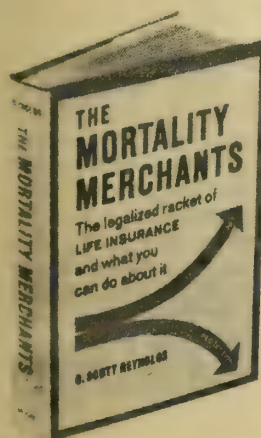
of papers, his man-sized "burden," under his arm; to the left, having just crossed his path, is a ludicrously bosomed society dame, her attention drawn momentarily toward the camera but not enough to stop her haughty gait—and surely she has hardly noticed the boy—the plumes of her hat, the shine of her boots, the leather of her gloves, all setting her in a social world alien to newsboys and indifferent toward them: in the background, the wide, clean avenue and the white stone of a government building in the baroque capital—high society and the state both ignoring the social realities spawned by their system (in 1909 Hine illustrated a book on Washington slums, *Neglected Neighbors in the National Capital*, in which he uses the dome of the Capitol building as the central ironic symbol in several pictures).

A less obvious commentary is made in a picture of a small newsboy sitting in a doorway, catching some sun and browsing, like an adult, through one of his papers. He is flanked by two well-dressed, derbied men, probably drummer types, each slouching on iron railings on either side of the doorway, sunning themselves, bemused by the passing scene. Nothing sinister at all—except that no one in the group is aware of any of the others. The commentary resides in the visual impact of such inner preoccupa-

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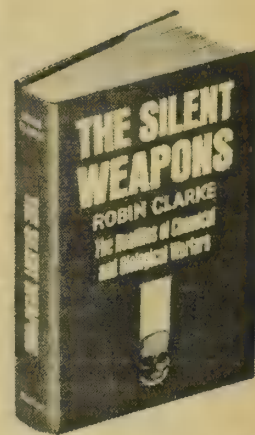
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The Silent Weapons

by Robin Clarke

In World War I, the use of poison gases scandalized the world. Now, in this book, a British science editor makes it chillingly clear that the major powers have today the know-how—and the secret lethal equipment—to contaminate the air we breathe and incapacitate or kill all who breathe it. *The Silent Weapons* shows that today's scientists are producing in test tubes an arsenal of weapons whose potential destructiveness rivals that of The Bomb. In addition to giving the facts, Mr. Clarke raises disturbing moral questions concerning the "silent weapons." \$4.95



DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC.
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tion which isolates each from the other, especially in the presence of the virtually deserted newsboy. The whole social system is implicated in that image.

As in the case of Atget and Paris, Hine's pictures are not merely records of city streets but of the artist confronting and interacting with the evidence. Hine's pallid girls, posing forlornly in corridors formed by dark metallic spinning machines, are pictures of his own responses to the scene. His signature, like Atget's, is a firmly maintained distance, a respect and a refusal to sentimentalize and exploit the children for the sake of self-congratulatory emotion. Hine knew his material so well—it was the kind of material which allowed for uncomplicated emotion—and came to know and master his camera as an instrument of his knowledge, that it was unnecessary to interfere with the process of seeing by adding "artistic" touches of studio lighting, fuzzy focusing or contrived poses. His aim was to allow the essential reality to express itself, as it

does in the dull eyes and hardened hands and mouth sores of his factory angels. You feel with Hine's best work as with Walker Evans' that the details of the picture from border to border fill out entirely and contain to the fullest the artist's intention; it is a feeling of an identification between the compassionate eye and its drastically selected object, complete and final and innocent.

And something else, more difficult to define: a sense of the picture retaining the quiet drama of the original confrontation between subject and artist, a confrontation in which the subject, perhaps for the first time in his blighted life, senses himself being taken seriously as a human being. As the child looks out at you from these haunting pictures, you feel that he is looking not at you but at himself, seeing himself as a consequence of being seen. This quality makes Hine's best photographs human documents in a very moving sense: they are human-making images.

Isolation, inner preoccupation and social dislocation also mark the contemporary work, but social causes are not nearly so clear to the eye. The typical relationships in the new social landscape seen by these young photographers are fragmented, disconnected, obscure: a television set playing to an empty bed, random reflections of faces superimposed on reflections of cars and furniture in store windows, empty interiors of laundrettes, subway cars, automobiles. The new images are often swift, taken on the run, of moving things from moving things. Perspective is rarely defined as a clear position, either physical or moral, outside the subject; they propose, with very rapid cameras, to present a view of the city from within. There is no effort to judge but instead to express. The snapshot or the passing glimpse seems the appropriate vehicle for a society which has lost a sense of whole relationships. It is also appropriate that many of the glimpses contained in these volumes show man-made but uninhabited landscapes: emptiness conveys the leading feeling of social desolation.

On the whole this is brilliant work, but deeply disturbing and disengaging. The irony is far more subtle, sophisticated and literary than Hine's rhetorical irony, which always points to an obvious discrepancy between norm and reality. An example is Lee Friedlander's magnificent picture of an American flag laid out in what appears to be a grocery store window, part of the display, flanked by tin cans; to the right, out of deep shadows, the foot of an old woman appears, shoe, ankle, part of calf, and nothing more. We are removed from her, even from knowledge of her, as the flag and its meaning is from the canned foods. The textures are all common-

place: dirty concrete pavement, tin, some kind of artificial composition at the base of the store window, creased leather, flesh and bone encased in heavy stocking. The meaning comes to us through the juxtaposition of these materials—the limp spread-out flag, the canned food, the foot. It is a juxtaposition utterly devoid of comprehension. We are not invited to inquire what it means, how it happened, or why, but only to accept it and experience it as disconcerting meaninglessness. There is no humor blacker than this.

In such a perceived landscape irony assumes a function much different from Hine's: it becomes self-protection, and thus the wit itself is an index to an underlying social point of view. These pictures contain no emblems of hope or even comprehension. More than specific landscapes or icons, they represent acts of seeing, a style of response in which the act itself contains the commentary: detached, high-speed, micro- and telescopic. The anatomy is exposed cold-heartedly. Apathy, loneliness, anomie, are not simply reflected but ingrained in the chrome and formica and plate-glass surfaces which carry their distortions to the eye. Many of these pictures can be read as illustrations to the themes of alienation and debasement of popular culture, discussion of which passed for our most serious social analysis until recently. For this reason the photography of the new social landscape runs a risk of triteness, of overstatement to the point of cliché. But many of these works seem, like Pop art, to embrace the cliché. They seem mordant celebrations of a plastic environment. In a deserted drive-in movie (it is daylight), the blank screen addresses little listening posts arranged neatly like so many soldiers. Prefab houses crowd the brow of a ridge above the screen. Not a soul in sight. Probably all inside watching TV. Glutted with artifacts, with artificialities, this social landscape suffocates. The word "social" itself becomes a bitter joke. Many of these pictures leave the feelings paralyzed, gripped in fear and mystification.

Although this inclusive account necessarily blurs the many distinctions among these dozen or so photographers, they all share a vision of a directionless affluence. Hine's children have been liberated from the mills, but the victory over poverty and exploitation seems hollow. This is, of course, the inner sense of these new pictures. Social landscapes shift in the eyes of the observers, and the outward scene, the reality created by photography, originates in part within. We can expect images of social landscape to reflect transformations in cultural value, in social desires. In this sense social documentary can serve as a guide to the inner landscapes of our time.

ON YOUNG RADICALS

However we judge the young radicals, to describe their search is to enumerate the problems of our changing, affluent, and violent society, a society that has barely begun to catch up with the dilemmas it has created. The new radicals are right when they argue that our problems lie deeper than a particular election result or a particular war in Southeast Asia. Ours are in fact the problems of a new kind of society trying to find its way in a new kind of world where cataclysm is only a button away. Few of us know how to live wisely and well in such a world: that fact is reflected in the deep malaise, violence, and inner divisions of America and the world. The new radicals are at least confronting the central issues of our time, and confronting them more directly than most of us can afford to. They are asking the basic questions, making the mistakes, and perhaps moving toward some of the answers we all desperately need.

From *Young Radicals: Notes on Committed Youth* by Kenneth Keniston (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95). A study of a group of young people, during the months of June to September, 1967, involved in Vietnam Summer, an organization opposing American policy in Southeast Asia. A section of this book appeared under the title "Young Radicals & the Fear of Power" in *The Nation*, March 18.

From Elegant to Hip

TELL ME HOW LONG THE TRAIN'S BEEN GONE. By James Baldwin. *The Dial Press*. 484 pp. \$5.95.

ROBERT EMMET LONG

Mr. Long will teach English at Queens College in September. He has written for *Commonweal* and *The North American Review*.

In *Advertisements For Myself* (1959), Norman Mailer patronized James Baldwin as "too charming a writer to be major." He called him too genteel and aerated to tell off his readers in four-letter words, and added that "one itches at times to take a hammer to his detachment, smash the perfumed dome of his ego, and reduce him to what must be one of the most tortured and magical nerves of our time." Two years later, in "The Black Boy Looks at the White Boy," Baldwin defended himself against Mailer's charges, declaring his right to his detachment, his commitment to be, simply, an artist. But Mailer's criticism was prophetic, and may even have been influential. For Baldwin has almost ceased to be an artist, and has indeed become a tortured nerve.

Notes of a Native Son and *Nobody Knows My Name* are works of rare distinction in contemporary American writing, expressing a passionate outrage at the social injustice, racial bigotry and ignorance that destroy both the oppressed and the oppressor. In these early essays, Baldwin's intelligence functions brilliantly, coolly, preserving always a sense of proportion—seen in the arrangement and progression of the essays that operate on different levels at once. There is first the personal anguish of the writer, "a confessional" role that is subordinated to the larger issue of all of black America, and its demand for human dignity. Then there is the question of America itself, and its search for identity in its past and present. Many of Baldwin's best insights illuminate our national psychology, and he is able to do this because his anger is held in poise by his desire to see clearly and to understand justly.

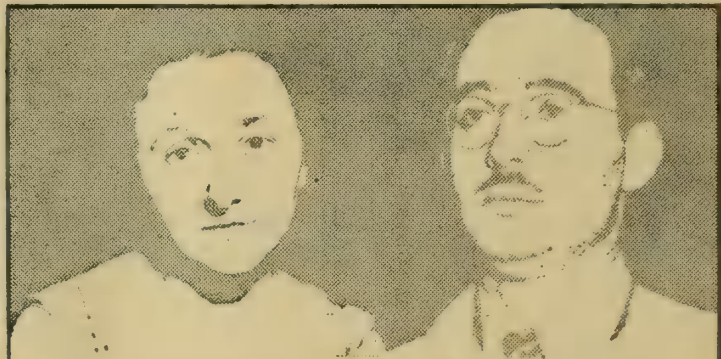
This was the early James Baldwin, the young man who wrote in polished sentences for *Partisan Review*, and although his audience was as yet limited, his promise seemed great. Baldwin's second novel, *Giovanni's Room* (1956), was part of this early period. His worldly characters (all of whom are white) and Parisian setting, his attempt to strike an "intelligent" and detached tone—indicate that Baldwin was allying himself with the novel of Henry James. *Giovanni's Room* was unsuccessful however;

and not because it was too intelligent, too raffiné but because it was not intelligent enough. At the core of the novel, there was a mawkish self-pity for the victim of society whom Baldwin had himself sent arbitrarily to the guillotine.

The Baldwin of *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* has abandoned his admiration for James, together with his earlier poise and detachment. Where he had once worked for a "civilized" tone, he now assumes a hipster stance, contemptuous of the "square" world, by which is meant everything that has to do

with the white man's assumptions. There is little aesthetic control in *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*; the novel sprawls (Baldwin had once practiced austere economy), its characters hardly created, and the flashback and flashback-within-flashback technique is handled awkwardly. His once polished prose now seems lusterless, and his diction fluctuates incongruously from the elegant to the obscene. His insights are unremarkable and blurred.

Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone is the life story of Leo Proudhammer, a 39-year-old Negro actor who suffers a heart attack as the novel opens. He has driven himself too hard estab-



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lishing his talent against the odds a Negro faces in the theatre. In a series of flashbacks, we review his early humiliations in his boyhood Harlem, his apprenticeship in a summer stock theatre in New Jersey, his Bohemian years in the Village, his first success that starts him to the top of his profession. The ending is bright with photographers' flash bulbs, as the great Leo Proudhammer is interviewed by the press, and receives the homage of a grateful nation. But Leo Proudhammer is not happy, although he has fame, power, wealth and love. Indeed, he can barely control the hatred he feels for the mental suffering he has endured at the hands of white America. He denounces Christianity as the white man's swindle of the Negro; the creature of his bosom is a young black nationalist who, at the end, goes off to buy guns.

If Baldwin's theme is the failure of love, American coldness and callousness that set up artificial barriers between human beings (it is the theme also of *Giovanni's Room* and *Another Country*), the counter-theme is love's redemptive power. Love's redemption is meant to be shown in a scene in which

little Leo and his older brother Caleb engage in an act of mutual masturbation; in a sense, this scene speaks for the immaturity of the whole book.

But *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* is more than a novel with an argument, as are Sinclair's *The Jungle* and Richard Wright's *Native Son*. For the novel takes much of its interest from, and is centered upon, the sex life of Leo Proudhammer, who is a virtuoso, bedding down alternately with females and males. A young white Southern heiress named Barbara King devotes her life to him, and many others—Negro and white, male and female—fall in love with him during the course of the novel. Since Leo bears a certain resemblance to Baldwin himself, one feels that psychological strategies and fantasies are being acted out in Leo's conquering prowess as a bisexual; that he is in fact passive; and that his fury and rage against whites is an inversion of self-hatred. If Baldwin has bared his ego in *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*, it turns out to be a very large one, haunted by bad dreams. In the end, ego reduces the novel to a work of self-indulgence.

Lure of the Polar Profits

THE POLAR PASSION: The Quest for the North Pole. By Farley Mowat. Little, Brown & Co. 302 pp. 210 illustrations and maps. \$15.

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

Mr. Gibbons has written on the subject of American Arctic exploration for the journals of the Stefansson Collection at Dartmouth College, the Department of Northern Affairs in Ottawa, and the Centre d'Etudes Arctiques in Paris.

If for no other reason, the fact that even the once isolated Thule Eskimos of northern Greenland now have the dubious distinction of joining the farmers of Palomares, Spain, in the category of having a "lost" hydrogen bomb in their neighborhood, Americans might be prompted to dig out a map of the North Polar regions.

If they do so, an examination of some of the most forbidding and remote parts of North America will reveal an assortment of many of the names identified with the robber baron era of American capitalism: Cape Thomas Hubbard, Morris Jesup Land, Cape (James) Colgate, etc.

This was no coincidence, of course. Explorers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries were not wholly visionary in their quest for Polar glory; they were

in many instances pragmatic enough to finance their journeys by pre-selling names of yet undiscovered landmarks to rich patrons. All of which is not just incidental intelligence in the thread which is woven through Farley Mowat's latest book, *The Polar Passion*.

Mowat has not become as well known as he perhaps should be outside of Canada. His *Westviking*, a tour de force on the Viking visitations to North America in pre-Columbian times, came out about the same time as the Vinland Map. But it was his earlier books, *People of the Deer* and *The Desperate People*, that established him as somewhat of a Rachel Carson of the North: his accounts of the sufferings among the Canadian Eskimos demonstrated that the United States did not hold a complete monopoly of Bourbonism and stupidity toward its first inhabitants, and the books were a significant factor in an official awakening toward the Eskimos' plight.

The Polar Passion is a very large collection of difficult to obtain accounts of explorers who sought what Mowat describes "as that peculiarly non-objective yet passionately desired Holy Grail of so many men—the North Pole," woven into a consistent and patterned narrative. Through them we gain some insight into the actual lure of the Pole.

It would be too simplistic to say that the same motivations that propelled Cortez, a bandit with a royal commission, toward the discovery and exploration of Middle America (greed) also motivated Americans, Britons and Scandinavians in the race for the Pole. There was, of course, the constant quest for the Northwest Passage and the addition of land to Empire, not to mention nationalistic pride. The story of Polar history which Mowat helps to relate is of particular worth because he develops for us the character, the morality and the values of people so often glossed over by uncritical contemporary biographers or journals.

The American Army expedition commanded by Lt. Adolphus Greely, for instance, was a fatal fiasco because Greely refused to seek any help from the Etah Eskimo tribe, less than 30 miles away from the camp where seventeen of his men died in 1884. Others saw the Eskimo as a source of money and exhibitionism. Robert E. Peary, a civil engineer attached to the U.S. Navy, who advanced his career through political intimates of both Democratic (McKinley) and Republican (Theodore Roosevelt) Presidents, took a meteorite from Cape York, Greenland, where it had for centuries been a source of Eskimo knives and arrowheads, as well as ancestral treasure, and transported it to New York. There it was sold to Morris K. Jesup, the philanthropist who established the American Museum of Natural History. Peary also brought back six of the "Arctic Highlanders" as they were called then. Two men, a woman and two children died within a year, but first they had been exhibited at Jesup's museum. The survivor, educated by a museum employee, related in later years that the skeleton of his father had been preserved in the museum.

The controversy over the discovery of the Pole has been distasteful to most geographers (one describes it as "the most dismal and undignified episode in the history of exploration"), and too many historians ignored it because of the Great War and Woodrow Wilson. Mowat makes a significant contribution by placing in fascinating perspective the background of the two claimants to prior Polar discovery, Brooklyn physician Frederick Albert Cook and Peary, the naval engineer. History, as most schoolboys know, records that Peary discovered the Pole in 1909; Cook, if he is mentioned at all, is dismissed at best as a charlatan, although he maintained to his death that he reached the Pole a full year ahead of Peary, in 1908.

(An interesting contemporary aside to Mr. Mowat's most controversial thesis occurred last April, when a St. Paul, Minn., insurance man and three hardy companions demonstrated that Washing-

ton's redoubtable National Geographic Society has no monopoly on commercialized geography. At a reported cost of \$250,000—and with the careful endorsement of companies that make everything from soup to flotation survival jackets—they literally drove to the North Pole in four snowmobiles, made sure that an Air Force weather plane spotted them at 90 degrees true north, and then took a charter plane back to civilization.)

Even biographers sympathetic to Peary's claims, have described him as domineering, arrogant and obsessed with a personal manifest destiny (upon his departure to the Arctic for his last Polar quest, he told benefactor Theodore Roosevelt that the exploration was "the work for which God Almighty intended me"). He was fully equipped for the savage dispute with Cook, his one-time shipmate and surgeon, who in an era of ruthless, aggressive goals was somewhat a babe in the woods. What outraged Peary and his supporters was Cook's reliance on his own resources and his faith in the Eskimos. The doctor had only \$3,000 and the experience of almost two decades in the Arctic, sub-arctic Alaska and the Antarctic. He reached the Pole across the Arctic Ocean ice pack with few provisions, two sleds, a canvas boat and two young Eskimo helpers. Mowat relates what this did to the national honor:

... for Cook to tackle the Pole in such a casual manner when Peary had demonstrated to the world that only the most determined mobilization of American resources could do the job was to mortally insult not only Peary and his supporters, but the United States. Yet this is what Cook, in his incurable innocence, chose to do... he (Cook) represented no great body of savants and no consortium of wealthy interests; his methods were insultingly simple; he represented the wrong set of values.

The same financial backers of the "Peary Arctic Club" had highly placed friends in the well-heeled and influential commercial enterprise called the National Geographic Society, as well as the government: that their verdict as to who discovered the Pole would be Robert Peary was no surprise: what is surprising is that some historians half a century later still accept it while the once discredited Dr. Cook continues to gain acknowledgment by both European authorities and modern Arctic travelers.

In Europe the American physician-explorer has won new converts to the contemporary explorers who supported him (Amundsen, Nordenskjold, Sverdrup and Mikkelsen among them) and the Polar historians who accepted his journey after the emotions of the controversy had abated (England's J. Gor-

don Hayes and Germany's H. H. Houben). For more than a decade, the director of the Geographical Polar Institute of Italy has advocated Cook's prior attainment, acknowledged in atlases, reference volumes and geographical journals of that country.

The late Bernard J. Hubbard of Santa Clara University, who spent more than twenty years in the Arctic, corroborated Cook's original descriptions of the moving ice at the top of the world in his many flights over the Pole in the late 1940s. Rear Adm. Charles W. Thomas, Byrd's ice navigator in the Antarctic, first postulated the argument of ice

island verification of Cook's claim, perhaps the strongest evidence in his favor and among the ex post facto findings which led a writer in the *Journal of the Arctic Institute of North America* to declare in 1966 that "Cook's own story of the polar journey is unassailable."

It remains as one of history's majestic ironies that Peary's reputation is inextricably bound up with that of his rival, Cook, for the ultimate judgment of their work will rest with their characters. Farley Mowat, in reconstructing their motivations, provides further evidence of Wilde's advice that the only duty we owe to history is to rewrite it.

Discrimination in Israel?

THE ARYANIZATION OF THE JEWISH STATE. By Michael Selzer. *Black Star*. 126 pp. \$5.

THE END OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE? By Georges Friedmann. Translated from the French by Eric Mosbacher. *Double-day & Co.* 307 pp. \$5.95.

RAPHAEL ROTHSTEIN

Mr. Rothstein is on the staff of the *New York Times News Service*, and has written for newspapers in Australia and Israel.

In an interview some months ago, Michael Selzer stated that *The Aryanization of the Jewish State* had received very little attention from the usual channels for reviewing and publicizing books. Mr. Selzer felt that his anti-Zionist book was suffering from the reluctance of book editors and radio and television commentators to be associated with criticism of Israel at a time when pro-Israel public sentiment is so strong. Selzer cited his experience with the *Allan Burke Show*, a TV talk program which features verbal parrying between Mr. Burke and guests holding eccentric or controversial views. After arranging with the author for a scheduled Saturday night appearance, the producers informed Selzer that he was being dropped from the program because the show preferred not to present a Jew critical of Israel. Reportedly, the producers would have no objection if Selzer had been an Arab, since anti-Israel Arabs are acceptable TV protagonists.

The argument of Selzer's book is that Zionism is anti-Semitic in origin, since it is a movement originally initiated by emancipated European Jews eager to create a de-Judaized state on the model of Western nations, without allowing for the cultural and social expression of Oriental Judaism. His thesis is not original; separatist movements in Israel have expressed variations of this theme, and

anti-Zionist writers often emphasize the unnatural relationship between Westernized Israel and its geographical setting.

Unfortunately, the sensational aspect of Selzer's work, implicit in the book's provocative title, obscures the perceptive and worth-while analysis of Israel's social and political life that appears amid some romanticizing of the Oriental way of life and unrealistic theorizing about the possibility of "Orientalization" of the Jewish state.

Selzer's conviction that Zionism dominates and controls the instruments of Jewish life and thought in the United States is probably one reason why he chose to offer his work to the public in such a deliberately defiant fashion. A more conventional approach, the author

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is likely to reason, would fail to obtain a forum for his ideas. Ironically, this is precisely what has happened despite Selzer's audacious attempt to link the behavior of Zionism with the crimes of Nazism.

Georges Friedmann, a French sociologist, has also pondered the unique character of modern Israel and wonders whether the native-born Israeli is really a Jew in the ways his brethren in other countries identify themselves as Jews. Like Michael Selzer, Mr. Friedmann sees the Jewish state as the culmination of Jewish historical aspiration, as well as a society strikingly different from the styles and attitudes of Jewish life practiced elsewhere in the world. This perception has led him to explore Israel as a means of formulating a projection of the future of the Jewish people.

His study is probably the best general work ever written about Israel. An admittedly assimilated Jew who first discovered the special meaning of Jewishness under the Vichy regime, Friedmann combines the rare talents of a disciplined scholar, an alert journalist and a cultivated and urbane commentator. He has also been fortunate in his translator, Eric Mosbacher.

Unlike many writers, both Jewish and non-Jewish, who are carried away with their "discovery" of Israel, Georges Friedmann maintains a finely balanced detachment tempered with sympathy and a growing identification. He is aware of the emotional challenge Israel poses and expresses this consciousness early in the book:

Visiting Israel is certainly a disturbing experience to any Jew, however peripheral or marginal a Jew he may be. It may rouse his enthusiasm or irritate him, but it will certainly shake him. If the most "assimilated" visitor stays there long enough . . . it will establish itself irrevocably in his heart and mind.

The author draws on studies by both foreign and Israeli sociologists and has amply supported his conclusions with footnotes indicating copious research. Friedmann's background in industrial sociology aids him in describing and analyzing the structure of organized labor and agricultural cooperatives. His chapters on the Histadrut Labor Federation and the kibbutz are lucid essays explaining the difficulties and contradictions confronting these important institutions, peculiar to Israel. I don't think any non-Israeli writer has ever described the Histadrut—a combination labor federation, capitalist developer and monopoly—so well.

Another significant contribution of *The End of the Jewish People?* is the discussion of the "second Israel"—the Oriental Jews of the Middle East and

North Africa who came to Israel after the establishment of the state and who lacking in education and industrial skills, have been relegated to the lower level of Israeli society. These Jews are often referred to collectively as "Sephardim," a Hebrew term used for Jews of Spanish and Portuguese descent, who follow the Sephardic rite in their synagogues. But the "Sephardim" in Israel include Jews from the Arab countries of the Middle East and North Africa, and from India and Kurdistan, as well as the Ladino-speaking Jews who fled Spain and Portugal in the 15th century and settled in lands under Ottoman dominion.

The Sepharo-Oriental Jews form the majority—60 per cent—of Israel's population, as opposed to the Ashkenazim or Yiddish-speaking Jews of Eastern and Central Europe. Selzer calls the Oriental Jews "the outcasts of Israel" and charges that the Ashkenazi leaders of the Zionist establishment are committing "cultural genocide" by imbuing the majority group with a sense of ethnic inferiority and alienation in a Western-oriented nation.

However exaggerated the use of the term "cultural genocide" may be, there is some truth to Selzer's allegations. Jews of the "second Israel" are divided by an ever-widening gap from the affluent, European-style existence of the Ashkenazim. In any town or city in Israel one can observe large numbers of able-bodied, unemployed, Oriental Jewish men passing their days in neighborhood cafés and on street corners, while their families depend on welfare and the scant earnings of their many children who rarely complete elementary school. Bewildered by the social mores of a foreign and puzzling atmosphere, they cannot but respond to modern Israel as frustrated aliens, withdrawn into the idle way of life they knew in Morocco or Iraq. And Friedmann recounts conversations with French-speaking North African Jews in Israel that reflect the bitterness of people who feel discriminated against and betrayed by the Promised Land.

Education in "the broadest possible sense of the term" is Friedmann's proposed solution to the problem of disadvantaged Oriental Jewish youth. He suggests headstart programs and more primary schools where children could spend the whole day "in order to remove them from a family environment and living conditions that are unfavorable to learning." But he cautions that care must be taken to avoid cutting them off from their environment, and he echoes Selzer's concern that Israel's school system was devised by Ashkenazim and is often an impediment in achieving the integration of the Orientals.

The optimistic view of many Israelis that the ethnic problems will pass with time is belied by the facts, Friedmann

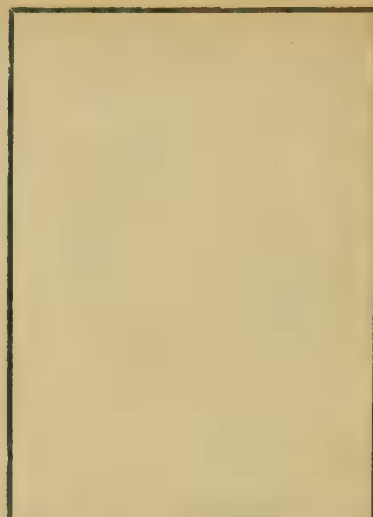
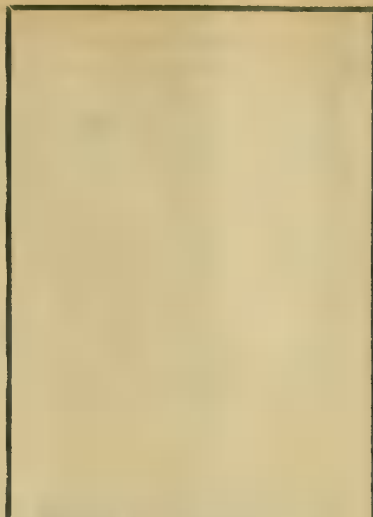
writes. And he warns us that "in the absence of carefully considered, concerted, large-scale action, the material and moral gap between the two communities in income, living conditions, qualifications and mentality can only deepen." Both books warn of the possibility that the greatest threat to Israel's well-being may not, after all, come from outside the country but from its inner, unsolved problems.

THEATRE

ROBERT PASOLLI

You get through "Collision Course," an off-Broadway program of eleven plays at the Café Au Go Go, by holding it at arm's length, as you do the real life in the streets which inspires its psychically punishing production style. As the show careens around the tiny playing area at the café, hard, shrill and headlong, you avoid emotional contact if you can, for contact means, precisely, collision. The show's effect is alienation, an awkward stance to have to assume toward an art work, even if it duplicates a fundamental response to modern life. It is one thing to find a show hard to like, another to find it hard to take.

Edward Parone, the director of the production, obviously felt that a bill of eleven short plays required a homogeneous production style. His approach reflects a phase the theatre is going through, and for good reason. Words having been made suspect by the preposterous illegitimate uses to which they have been put on political and societal levels, many theatre people have lately turned their attention to nonverbal expression. Exhuming the theories of Artaud, the *avant-garde* has been developing the capacity of the theatre for kinesthetic, pictorial and abstract statement, frequently in alliance with dancers, painters and sculptors (who invented the happening). Jerzy Grotowski's experiment in environmental theatre in Poland have inspired innovative work in many countries, including in America that of the Living Theatre, the Open Theatre, the La Mama Troupe and the Performance Group. But this work necessarily redefines the traditional roles and relationships of actors, directors and writers, and it has so far succeeded only where the author has created his play in company with a performing group, or where the author is so dead and his work so rich that a troupe could slash, edit and radically reinterpret to its heart's content. Neither of those circumstances prevails in "Collision Course," the scripts of which were written for conventional production. That is, they need the sen-



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is that the snow molds it into frozen
permanence at ■ height even the sun
can't reach. And like an ancient mammoth
stiff in the ice the mile-high beauty
stands everlasting.*

*Down below, where we live (do we exclude
Denver?), during the cold days,
weather-reported Mother Nature, too much
in a flurry to stay, snows to her doom
below ■ skyscraped skyline;
the melting flakes feed expectant
drainpipes, our own replacement
for a mountain stream.*

ROBERT ROHR

sitive articulation by a director and
actors of the authors' various intentions.
"Collision Course" is an example of ramp-
ant productionism applied to dramatic
texts rather than fused with theatrical
scenarios.

Some of the plays do submit to Pa-
rone's psychically and physically clamor-
ous approach, but without yielding up
their special qualities to it. In Lanford
Wilson's *Wandering*, for example, a
young man encounters the clichés which
motivate the adults who structure his ex-
perience—parents, teachers, draft exam-
iners, and so on. Parone takes the sche-
matic structure of the play as justification
for running it so fast and furiously that
it whistles past almost unperceived. An-
other example is Rosalyn Drexler's *Sky-
writing*, which depicts the arguing of a
married couple and demonstrates that
people close to one another argue for
emotional release rather than for sub-
stantiation of the issues. But the produc-
tion's ruthless emphasis on what the
characters say draws your attention quite
erroneously to the meaning of their
meaningless statements, and the psycho-
logical point is buried.

Robert Patrick's *Camera Obscura* is
best suited of all the plays to Parone's
production. Here a man and a woman
communicate over long distance via
closed-circuit television, their anxieties
compounded by the five-second lag be-
tween sight and sound. The progress they
go from confusion to awkwardness to
mastery to isolation (when their allotted
time elapses) is tense, funny and touch-
ing. Since Patrick clearly intends the
situation as a metaphor for the prevail-
ing lack of face-to-face communication,
the implications of technocracy is the
subject of the play; hence Parone's pro-
duction sets it off nicely.

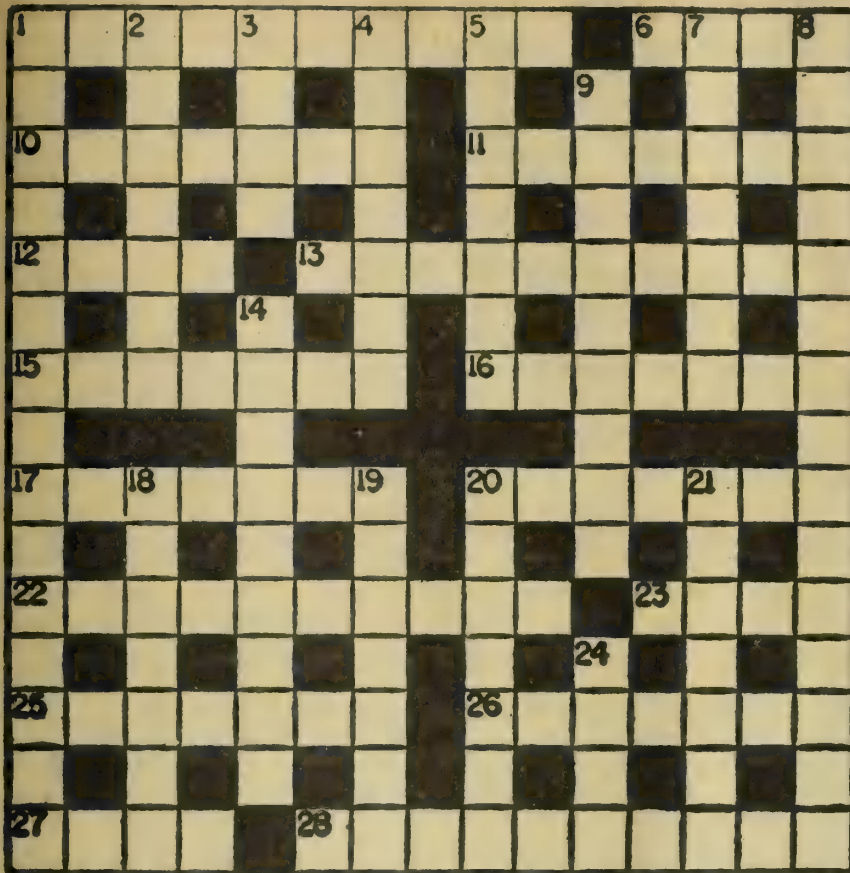
Tour by Terrence McNally is the only
play on the bill that is full and dense
enough to assert itself against Parone's
production. An American couple try

hard not to be "your average American
tourists" as they ride into the Italian
countryside in a hired car driven by ■
young native whom they mistrust. Mc-
Nally renders his fanciful situation with
humor and exact observation but, quite
wondrously, he alters his course halfway
through. The wife has been preoccupied
with her soldier son who is in Vietnam.
In her worry and misery she has been
easily frightened by anything unusual on
their trip. Gradually this affects her
husband's studied bounce, and soon irra-
tional fears have thoroughly unnerved
the two of them. They alight from the
car in order to pull themselves together
only to be set upon by a group of mendi-
cant monks, whom we do not see. Some-
how the monks are transformed by the
couple's misery and isolation into the
maimed and wounded citizens crying out
in Vietnam, and this forces the couple
into ■ confrontation with a horror for
which they know themselves to be re-
sponsible. As a frivolity, turning imper-
ceptibly into a horror show, *Tour* is a
virtuoso stroke.

Two light-weight and amusing plays
are *The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Ber-
nard Mergendeiler* by Jules Feiffer, in
which a promiscuous couple manage to
make love after she convinces him that
sex is meant to seem dirty; and *Chuck* by
Jack Larson, in which an epileptic mag-
azine salesman proves to a housewife
that reading magazines is better than
watching television. (He has a fit in her
doorway and then asks, "Wouldn't you
rather read about me than see me?")
Israel Horowitz's *Rats* is a tense confron-
tation between a kingpin rat and a young
rat out for his piece of the action.
The five other plays, which make little
discussable impression, are by Leonard
Melfi, Harvey Perr, Jean-Claude van
Itallie, in collaboration with Sharon Thie
and Martin Duberman. Among the cast
Sam Groom, Tom Rosqui and Susan
Browning excel in a variety of roles.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1253

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Get the picture here? Not very well, if in the position of the surrey top! (6, 4)
- 6 Shakespeare told the ladies to do it no more. (4)
- 10 Shoots holes into the things children like to ask. (7)
- 11 Indian, French or American animal. (7)
- 12 Some people take a lime mixture when given it. (4)
- 13 A body qualified to be charming? (10)
- 15 They're not very bright to suggest the Shakespearean players' tomb! (7)
- 16 Learns poorly, with nothing to supply the port. (7)
- 17 Implying an unknown article, rare and yellow. (7)
- 20 Improve one spot in the middle, when so threatened. (7)
- 22 and 24 down. Does it imply trouble for the scrub team? (10, 4)
- 23 Evidence of cold coming back, as the title shows. (4)
- 25 Once unrecognizable, born about the Tertiary period, in part. (7)
- 26 Not exactly equivalent to what a South American could give for thought. (7)
- 27 Afghanistan might be in the middle!
- 28 They're not likely to speak freely of anything. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 What one has to go through to call Paris! (It might involve settling ac-

counts with such as de Gaulle!) (7, 8)

- 2 A number found in red and indigo? (7)
- 3 Game where you might get beat up (4)
- 4 The ones below are of older design.
- 5 Cuts out certain duties, perhaps. (7)
- 7 A child's protection lies in a sort of 23, especially when one drinks like one. (7)
- 8 The Third Amendment says they can't make your this! (The British have them anyway!) (9, 6)
- 9 A good selection of baggage available on the railway? (9)
- 14 Made somewhat paler after taking off a little weight? (9)
- 18 One runs out of such cells. (7)
- 19 Next to having a good sound receiver in the home? (7)
- 20 Not much pertains to the power in the flower! (7)
- 21 Stack one against another, and arrive at about equal conclusions? (7)
- 24 See 22 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1252

ACROSS: 1 Coconut custard; 9 Ugric; 10 Impromptu; 11 Tabasco; 12 Tarheel; 13 Reels in; 14 Nonstop; 16 Rings up; 19 Parable; 21 Insulin; 23 Sunbeam; 24 Appliance; 25 Learn; 26 Three-Penny Opera.
DOWN: 1 Counterirritant; 2 Caribbean; 3 Accosts; 4 Unicorn; 5 Capstan; 6 Sporrán; 7 Apple; 8 Double pneumonia; 15 Tableware; 17 Sulfite; 18 Penance; 19 Pastern; 20 Rinaldo; 22 Super.

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3 Editorials



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NICHOLAS BIEL

LETTERS

shared humanity

New York City

DEAR SIR: Publishing Sandy Goodman's "Back from Vietnam: The Invisible Veterans" [*The Nation*, June 3] took a certain courage for any magazine that stands on the Left. The strident rhetoric of much of the Peace Movement—a good deal of it coming from people who as late as six months ago were sitting on their fences, trying, as a colleague of mine phrased it, "to get a better overall view of things"—made the publication of such an article a necessity, if for no other reason than to remind us that the soldiers doing our national "thing" in Vietnam are very much like the rest of us—battered and blistered by the rhetoric, still in love with what they learned in the first grade was "a true democracy," and striving, in however painful a manner, to match the conception against the reality. . . . In a time as mad as ours, one is grateful for any reminders of the humanity we share. *Leonard Kriegel*

terror in Greece

Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIR: After a year of military rule in Greece the junta has succeeded in alienating the proud Greek people by depriving them of such rights as freedom of speech, assembly and due process of law. Such oppression has resulted in growing unrest and recently accelerated underground resistance, notably in Salonika and Patras (*The New York Times*, Apr. 19) . . .

It appears only prudent that the nations of the free world step up their efforts to restore a true democratic order in Greece. The large-scale terror and intimidation . . . imposed on the Greek people seems hardly the makings of the type of stability compatible with the . . . long-range interests of the Western bloc. *John Kinney*

legal absurdity

New York City

DEAR SIR: On Monday, May 27, the Supreme Court held that Congress could constitutionally make it a crime for one to burn his draft card, whatever the reason for such action. The result of this holding is that a young man will now spend six years in jail.

Behind all the verbiage and legal niceties, behind all the issue making and word playing, behind the distinctions between speech and action upon which freedom is made to turn, does anybody, including the lawyers and the judges, realize that essentially what we are doing is putting someone in jail for six years for burning a worthless piece of paper? This is absurd. *Stephen Gillers*

splenetic

Reno, Nev.

DEAR SIR: I must protest Richard Eberhart's review of Conrad Aiken's *Thee* ["Thumb-Sucking," *The Nation*, Apr. 1]. I have reservations about the poem myself. (And still greater ones about the pertinence or fitness of the illustrations.) I feel that Mr. Aiken was undertaking the impossible, and that some less direct and abstract approach might have come closer to success.

But Mr. Aiken knew, I am sure, that he was undertaking the impossible, and knew also, I am even more certain, the dangers of his method. The undertaking was an act of high poetic courage, and emotionally, to my mind (and how else could it work?), it did succeed to a remarkable degree. To discard it as "Thumb-sucking" is splenetic (I don't know why) and sub-critical. *Walter Van Tilburg Clark*

EDITORIALS

Dogged by Fate

Long ago, the American Presidency became a dangerous office. No one attacked the persons of our first fifteen Presidents, but from Lincoln on four have died by the assassin's bullet and three others—Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman—have been shot at. In the past few years, killings at a lower political level have been numerous; witness the martyrs of the civil rights cause, with Martin Luther King, Jr., the latest victim and the greatest loss from the standpoint of a non-violent solution to the race problem. And now, Robert F. Kennedy, the most senseless killing of them all. It is tragic for the victim; tragic for the Kennedy family, so blessed with ability and wealth, so dogged by fate; tragic for a country which must seem to the world as lethal for all who aspire to give it leadership as is the Congo or Haiti. Two hours after Senator Kennedy was shot, the British Broadcasting Corporation offered its listeners a prayer: "We pray for the American people that they may come to their senses."

In essence, the single point in RFK's campaign—as in that of Eugene McCarthy—was that America must come to its senses. And in that lies a tragedy that goes deeper than the bullet. It involves the whole situation of the Kennedy clan, of which only one son of Joseph P. and Rose Kennedy now survives. Robert always lived under the shadow of his brother, and much of the acclaim which greeted him wherever he went, and a large part of the votes which would have been cast for him, were an inheritance from the late President. Robert never stood entirely on his own feet, never entirely freed his own abundant talent from the memory of what John F. Kennedy accomplished and might have accomplished had he been spared. And now, in grim turn, we shall never know what Robert might have accomplished.

This was not merely Robert's personal problem; it concerned his relations to the Democratic Party and to the country as a whole. JFK was, after all, responsible for Johnson, whom he chose for purely political reasons and without whom he would probably have lost in 1960. Thus the policy against which Robert rebelled—and, however long he delayed, he did rebel—was one which he and his brother had put in motion. Rusk, McNamara, Taylor, Lodge and other outstanding hawks, active or acquiescent, were initially Kennedy appointees. It was Kennedy who, in one way or another, gave Johnson the opportunity to involve the United States in a great war on the mainland of Asia and thus by necessity to ignore all the problems, domestic and foreign, that today beset the most powerful of nations. And it was this whole mindless, cruel drift that Robert Kennedy was determined to stop. He was moved by impulses of the most responsible patriotism but he was also moved by family: the Kennedys are proud. He would secure his brother's good name by defying, and if possible defeating, the evil consequences that had flowed from his brother's brutally interrupted administration. And now a bullet has put a stop to that.

A Memorial of Action

Robert Kennedy's bold stratagem need not die with him, but if it is to survive we must honor the dead man with action, not with repining. The political moratorium, inevitable at the moment of first shock, must be cut short—its continuance serves only the interests of Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, those spokesmen for the discredited machinery of political consensus that RFK was determined to break.

Robert Kennedy, like all the clan, was a fierce competitor. It is all the more impressive, therefore, that in the days leading up to California he drew attention not only to his own support but to the fact that his constituency, combined with that of McCarthy, simply overwhelmed the support for Humphrey running in Johnson's shoes. (As to the shoes in which Humphrey runs, see Robert G. Sherrill's article, page 783 in this issue.)

Defeat would have been bitter to Robert, but would he necessarily have seen defeat in a McCarthy victory? A few hours before he was shot, he said to a crowd: "It is less important what happens to me than what happens to the cause I have tried to represent." In all essentials that cause—a politics responsible to the people of the country and the peoples of the world—is also embraced by McCarthy. It is tragically remote from Humphrey's grasp.

But politics is not only principles; it is also manipulation and the flow of human loyalties. The Kennedy forces are for the moment leaderless; it is widely feared that they will disperse and that enough may be drawn into the Vice President's orbit to assure his victory in Chicago (with the predictable result that Richard Nixon would be the next President). There is, however, still a Senator Kennedy. Edward is less well known, but in a short term of service he has earned remarkable stature. His policies are sound, and—as he showed in his bitter reports from South Vietnam—his heart is stout.

Edward Kennedy should now assume, if not his brother's place, a large measure of his brother's responsibility. The dedicated men and women who were the sinews of Robert's astonishing campaign should put Edward at their head and should seek the confederation with McCarthy that his brother more than once hinted at as the next necessary step. It might be that he would accept the second position on the ticket, and in that case the tragedy of Los Angeles need not be unrelieved. Eugene McCarthy and Edward Kennedy could very probably beat Humphrey in August, and could almost certainly overwhelm Nixon in November. Failing some such gallant recovery from this current horror, the country will be faced again in 1968 with a choice that is no choice at all. That would be the unrelieved—perhaps the fatal—tragedy.

'For God's Sake'

If any example were needed of the corrupting monotone of voice and thought that Robert Kennedy was intent upon replacing, it was provided by Lyndon Johnson's television appearance on the night when the Senator was dying. He opened his brief talk with a perfunctory and platitudinous

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NATION

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expression of shock, dismay and sympathy for the Kennedys. On this score he is not to be much criticized. It is difficult for a public man to utter convincing words of condolence, and Johnson's task was the more difficult because he could not pretend to any love for the man.

But we have been told *ad nauseam* that LBJ, however ignorant his opinions and ill-considered his actions, truly loves his country. So he went before the country on that tragic, perilous night, and what did he say? He called for an end to violence in the streets and appointed a commission to investigate the causes thereof. Did he mention Vietnam, or poverty, or life in the ghetto, or the frustrated aspirations of every minority group in America? Did he refer to the waste of our resources, the contamination of our environment, the arrogance of our colossal stance on this earth? He cited none of these things: "My fellow citizens, we cannot, we must not, tolerate the sway of violent men among us." Was there nobody in his retinue to tell him that he indicted himself?

He appointed a commission to acquaint him with the causes of violence. If it were sincere, what could such a commission tell him except truths about his own Administration so bitter that he has long since proved himself unable or unwilling to accept them? But this commission will not attempt to drive home any such hard facts: it is itself made up overwhelmingly of men who have supported his policy in Vietnam, men who believe that we can kill without scruple in Southeast Asia and by moral uncton and police implacability suppress the consequences at home. No President who had read with seeing eyes the report of the Kerner Commission could possibly require the services of another such body, let alone that of the Milton Eisenhower Commission.

But Johnson does not see; his eyes are turned inward to ■ reality of his own invention, and he responds to events with programed jerks that are faithfully echoed in the articulated gestures of his platform delivery. That is what Robert Kennedy was fighting, and Eugene McCarthy is fighting. So, to borrow one of the President's favorite apostrophes, "let us, for God's sake," put an end to it. And let us remember that Humphrey is its heir and Nixon its only too loyal opposition.

Don't Underrate Nippon

As late as the interval between the two World Wars, the idea prevailed in the United States that the Japanese were mere copyists in engineering and the physical sciences. This was an exaggeration, compounded of race prejudice and the tensions that existed between the two countries. Actually, even before the turn of the century Japan had become a great military and industrial power, based, as under modern conditions it had to be, on a competent scientific and technological work force.

After World War II, Japan recovered rapidly from defeat and pushed ahead in electronics, shipbuilding and other fields, including railroads. In the last area, advances were especially noteworthy: while, with few exceptions, U.S. carriers were jettisoning their passenger service, the Japanese were improving theirs and attracting customers.

The extent to which we are beginning to copy Japanese rail techniques is one of the main topics discussed in the April, 1968 issue of *Proceedings of the IEEE* (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers) which is devoted to the latest U.S. and foreign advances in transportation by land, sea and air, and looks ahead to the year 2000.

Several of the papers are by Japanese engineers. One, by Matsutaro Fujii, describes the famous New Tokaido Line (NTL) which connects Tokyo and Osaka, 320 miles to the west. High-speed, luxurious passenger service began in 1964 after a five-year construction period. The double track, electrified line now carries an average of 150,000 passengers a day at a total revenue of around \$1 million. The trains make the run in three hours, at an average speed of 100 mph and a maximum of 130 mph. All trains are controlled from operations headquarters in Tokyo, with the dispatchers also in voice communication with the train drivers.

Plans and building are under way to extend NTL another 375 miles, and to build a similar railroad northward to the neighboring island of Hokkaido, with a length of 675 miles including an undersea tunnel some 20 miles long. All this indicates that for distances up to, say, 600 miles, modernized train service can more than hold its own with airline competition. That being so it could help to relieve the dangerous congestion at major U.S. airports.

In the field of urban transportation, everyone knows that the New York City subway, with 237 miles of track, carrying 1.3 billion passengers per year, is one of the busiest, if by no means one of the most comfortable, railroads in the world. The first section began operation in 1904. The Tokyo subway, which dates back to 1927, is now technologically in the lead and by present indications will remain so. In the rush hours, both railroads are indecently overcrowded, but the Tokyo system is automatically operated, frequency-modulated radio being used to control trains through receivers in head cars and wayside transmitters. The motorman is there for manual operation in the event of mechanical or electrical failure, but such failure cannot be total, and while he monitors the system when it is working properly, it will monitor him if he takes over. Plans call for completely centralized traffic control, as on the NTL, for a further increase in traffic density.

In an entirely different field, but likewise suggestive, is the "Pastures of the Sea" story in the April 30 *Japan Report*. Fishery products account for about 60 per cent of Japanese consumption of animal protein. Instead of just catching fish, the Japanese are projecting various schemes for growing and harvesting. Schools of fish gather around and inside a sunken ship; taking that habit as a clue, the Japanese are building "apartment houses" for fish, with large concrete blocks, generating artificial tides and currents favorable for marine life, using underwater lighting to attract fish to desired locations, etc. Instead of leaving it all to nature, with the inevitable fluctuations in supply, the Japanese would like to make their whole continental shelf available for fish culture.

Taking it all in all, the United States has a technological lead over the rest of the world, but it can still learn from the Japanese (and others) as they can learn from us.

Prodding the FCC

The past month has been an unsettling one for the broadcasting industry. First, Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.), chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, told the Federal Bar Association of his deep concern about rapid concentration of ownership of radio and TV stations, including CATV cable and microwave, which he described as "the pipe line for communication to the home in the future." He sharply attacked the Federal Communications Commission and the Justice Department for their apathy to the merger trend.

The Senator's facts came from several volumes of hearings on the "Failing Newspapers Act," a legislative effort by some newspaper interests to gain for themselves an antitrust exemption for mergers and joint working agreements. The bill provided the occasion which Senator Hart had been waiting for to undertake a thorough probe into media concentration, without ripping apart an uneasy truce with the Republican-Southern bloc on the subcommittee. He boiled down his findings in one sentence: "There are no scale economies, business necessities, or efficiencies which can justify this movement [toward greater concentration]. What is involved here is power—political and economic."

Following but not because of the Hart speech, part of the FCC woke up and produced a document that will jar the broadcasting industry and possibly set in motion forces that will end FCC passivity toward license renewals of radio and TV stations. Commissioners Kenneth Cox and Nicholas Johnson took the opportunity provided by a routine application for the renewal of the licenses of Oklahoma broadcasters to deliver a 308-page statement on the ills affecting broadcasting.

The two Commissioners concluded (1) that local stations are overwhelmingly transmitters of entertainment and news from national centers such as New York and Los Angeles; (2) that there is little, if any, relevant information available to local citizens about local radio and TV stations; (3) that "the control of the greatest share of the audience, profit, and political power lies in the hands of very few"; (4) that "the listening and viewing public is almost totally excluded from, and uninformed about its rights in, the station's program selection process"; (5) that the stations generally failed to provide their audiences with local news, entertainment, community dialogue and the airing of local controversial issues; and (6) that "the Commission is making virtually no use of the information it is now receiving from licensees in the renewal forms."

The Cox-Johnson statement placed major blame for this state of affairs on the FCC, calling the agency's purported review "ritual" a "sham," with no real point beyond being a "boon for the Washington, D.C., communications bar." These are strong words to describe one's own agency, but the evidence adduced in support is even stronger. The U.S. Government built the broadcasting industry on the assumption of "local service." The industry's nation-wide performance reflects the situation in Oklahoma, say the Commissioners, with stations providing almost literally no programming that can meaningfully be described as "local expression." The Oklahoma station that is best in this

respect devotes only two hours a week (out of 105 to 134 hours of programming) to programs which can be classified as "local public affairs." Six stations carry less than one hour; two stations carry none.

Cox and Johnson end their analysis with seven recommendations to guide the Commission in its review of renewal applications. They form a framework of inquiry which the Commissioners hope will stimulate public-spirited groups and citizens to participate actively in the agency's renewal procedures—something which is now done almost not at all. Three years ago, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit recognized the "legal standing" of listeners who wished to challenge renewal requests before the FCC. The availability of the Cox-Johnson statement indicates that the Commissioners want this right used on a national scale.

Unfair Comment vs. Fair Trial

After it became known that District Attorney Evelle J. Younger of Los Angeles would consent to a mistrial in a murder case, George Putnam, a Los Angeles television reporter and commentator (KTLA) addressed a series of questions to his audience: "Is it true that a deal is being discussed behind the scenes on this conviction? Is it true that a mistrial . . . is being sought? And is it true that such a declaration hinges on approval from the Los Angeles County District Attorney . . . ? A mistrial? What do you think, mother?"

The final question was calculated to wring the heart of every parent who heard the broadcast, because the convicted man had been found guilty of raping and strangling two young sisters, aged 6 and 7.

Younger subsequently did join in a request for a new trial. He disclosed that Thomas P. Finnerty, Jr., the deputy district attorney who prosecuted the man, had reported that the defense attorney was under the influence of liquor at the trial—an accusation the attorney denied. Finnerty himself signed an affidavit in support of a new trial. A Los Angeles newspaper was moved to comment: "In such a situation, no responsible district attorney could have acted otherwise. Yet . . . Younger . . . was maligned ignorantly and abusively."

Granting the motion, a superior court judge said: "Not only do I feel that the defendant did not receive adequate representation, he did not have adequate preparation and investigation of his case before trial." The defense had offered no evidence and—except for lynchings—the day-and-a-half proceedings may have been the shortest capital case on record.

The denouement came on April 9 when, after a second trial lasting five weeks, the man was found not guilty.

This episode is merely an incident in the career of the Los Angeles broadcaster, who specializes in inflammatory opinion. (After the capture of the *Pueblo*, he characteristically analyzed the situation: "Too many of our people have a yellow streak a foot wide down their backs.")

Such incidents point up the need to strengthen and extend the FCC's "fairness" doctrine—which, just now, is under renewed attack.

Walter Reuther Breaks His Chains

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States (Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.

The long expected public break between Walter Reuther and George Meany has at last taken place. The façade of the AFL-CIO is cracked, and its leaders can no longer claim to speak for organized labor. The Auto Workers and the Teamsters, America's largest and most decisive unions, are outside the Meany policy-making structure. Reuther heads a union of 1.6 million workers (1.4 million dues payers and 200,000 active retirees) and he has cultivated a live-and-let-live arrangement with James Hoffa, whose 1.9 million Teamsters union has not only survived but thrived since its expulsion from the AFL-CIO.

Indifference toward social movements and change will now become a more difficult position for the aging AFL-CIO hierarchs whose gradualism is increasingly unattractive to its own members, half of whom are younger than 40 and have less than five years of union experience. The politics of Meany are the politics of Lyndon B. Johnson, whose abdication was a greater shock to the AFL-CIO leaders than to anyone else in the Democratic Party machine. (When President Johnson was applauded eighty-one times during his speech to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in April, the assembled leaders and delegates apparently failed to realize that they were cheering statements of policy which most Americans had repudiated so strongly that their sponsor despaired of reelection.)

Even if the most optimistic hopes of the AFL-CIO leaders are realized and Hubert Humphrey wins the Democratic Party nomination and the November Presidential election, union as usual and politics as usual face stormy times. Perhaps the AFL-CIO bureaucracy, plus the Democratic Party regular machine, plus the Southern Democrats can deliver the nomination to Humphrey, but that will not at all erase the new ideas and forces set in motion by Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy. And the American electorate will still have to be convinced in November.

Since most politicians are now concentrating on the primaries and the national conventions, they overlook the increasing likelihood of a steel strike this fall. The opposition between millions of tons of steel inventories and the rising expectation of the Steelworkers will make collective bargaining as usual rather difficult. The Steelworkers can match the gains of the Auto Workers only by repudiating the "austerity" advice given them by the Johnson Administration. The failure of the steel negotiators to settle the many acute plant grievances already raised increases the probability of a steel strike. And the Johnson-Humphrey forces, including the AFL-CIO leaders, will not find it easy to side-step a crisis of that magnitude on the eve of a Presidential election.

Furthermore, no one can be certain how much of labor

will vote "wrong" from race prejudice. Recent municipal elections in Cleveland, Ohio, and Gary, Ind., offer no basis for optimism on this score. Nearly half of the members of unions live in suburbs—the white noose around the throat of the city ghettos—and the AFL-CIO's educational efforts over the years have been inept. A. H. Raskin of *The New York Times*, one of America's most astute labor journalists and himself a friend of many AFL-CIO leaders, wrote recently: "The typical worker—from construction craftsman to shoe clerk—has become probably the most reactionary political force in the country." This, to be sure, is an exaggeration. If the United States Commission on Civil Disorders is right that America is a "white racist society," the middle class has a larger claim to Raskin's characterization. Labor's record of support for civil rights legislation and the organization of at least 1.5 million Negroes into unions have been inadequate, but still the effort has been better than that of other social force in America, except the social movements of the Negroes themselves in recent times.

The question of labor's social position is critical, for perhaps the only real difference between Walter Reuther and George Meany is their understanding of the social crisis in America and their view of labor's role in it. For Reuther, the AFL-CIO is too fat, too complacent, too far out of touch with changing times. Reuther knows unions are richer, have better contracts, and have made some organizational gains, but to him these are tragically inadequate measures of success in a country wracked by social conflict, and tolerating poverty for millions in an otherwise affluent society.

For George Meany, "the American labor movement is in the best condition in its history," and to Reuther's appeals that the unions be revitalized, Meany replies: "We have some loud-mouth critics on our side who say we are not doing too well; that the AFL-CIO . . . has failed to display an adequate sense of social consciousness—whatever the hell that means." Reuther's eleven years of struggle within the framework of the AFL-CIO hierarchy failed utterly to educate Meany. The conflict is between a man raised in the struggles and social movement of the 1930s CIO and a man who has lived his entire life in the atmosphere of craft unions and the building trades. No one knows better than Walter Reuther that the dreams of the AFL-CIO merger in 1955 have become illusions.

When sanitation workers of Memphis struck, Reuther marched with them and gave \$50,000 to the strike fund, despite vigorous criticism by the anti-Negro elements in his own union. Meany sent a representative to Memphis. It was a repetition of Reuther's response to the 1963 March on Washington, which the AFL-CIO refused to endorse.

The idealism of Senator McCarthy's "Children's Crusade" reminds Reuther of the army of young volunteers who assisted and worked in the CIO; for Meany, these are at best misguided youth following a Pied Piper down

the road of appeasement in Vietnam. Meany has seldom lost an opportunity to display his scorn of "peaceniks," whatever brand or policy. Reuther seeks to keep a tie with the peace movements through his associates who are disturbed or opposed by the disastrous war. The AFL-CIO has endorsed Humphrey—long considered a Meany man by the UAW top leaders—and Reuther's neutrality in the primaries had been leaning toward Senator Kennedy.

People wonder what is Reuther's program, where he is going. Will he head a new union movement as John L. Lewis did when he formed the CIO in the 1930s? There are no conclusive answers; indeed, until this break there was no evidence that Reuther had answered these questions to himself or to his colleagues. But he has developed a sense of direction, of movement which must increasingly clash with the *status quo* policies of the AFL-CIO.

Just being outside the AFL-CIO hierarchy gives Reuther a sense of independence which was beyond his grasp when he faced Meany's mechanical majority in the AFL-CIO council. Perhaps 500,000 workers in three unions, rubber, chemical and federal government, will join in a loose coalition with the UAW, or make some other arrangement outside the AFL-CIO. This is no inconsiderable social base for Reuther. Much depends on what happens in the war and its aftermath, what happens this summer in the ghettos, what happens in the November election. Reuther's next step must depend largely on the outcome of these events—in none of which is labor playing the kind of role Reuther thinks it should take. What he does have is a flexibility of operation he desires and needs. Now, by separating the UAW from the AFL-CIO, Reuther automatically becomes the voice of challenge and disagreement, and gains a solid power base in the country.

Abroad, the AFL-CIO is in the process of watching,

and in some respects pushing, the disintegration of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. This organization has refused to accept the dictates of the AFL-CIO in many areas, including the activities of those of its secretariats which seek a *détente* with unionists behind the iron curtain. It is plagued, thus, with an internal crisis. By contrast, the UAW has been increasing its independent work throughout the world, and its teams are establishing a dialogue with unionists everywhere. The UAW policy aim is to cool off the cold war and promote efforts for freedom and peace; the AFL-CIO still stands firmly to the cold-war hard line. So Reuther's break with Meany enables him to stay in close touch with the tumultuous changes affecting most of Europe.

American trade unions represent almost 18 million members, and their conflicts and goals cannot fail to help shape the domestic welfare of the country. As for the world overseas, recent French events suggest that it would be rashly premature to write off the "working class" in any country.



HUBERT HUMPHREY

THE ILLUSION OF CHANGE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

This article is adapted from a chapter in Mr. Sherrill's The Drugstore Liberal: Hubert H. Humphrey in Politics, which will be published by Grossman on July 15.

When word got back to Hubert Humphrey, earlier this year, that some of his old buddies were calling his patter "slavish" and reminiscent of Richard Nixon, he grew red, started to say one thing, stopped, and finally dismissed their protest as "the knee-jerk liberal line." He sat for a few moments staring at his desk, then swiveled slowly to look at the seal of the Vice President on his wall, the eagle's wings down, its claws holding only one arrow. "Some say I have changed." He paused. "I have."

And he has, but not in the way most of his unhappy liberal friends think. They think he has drowned his true

feelings out of loyalty to the office. "Hubert faces the realities of power which are quite different from what he faced when he was not in power," says former Sen. Paul Douglas, thinking of economic affairs, not the war, for he is a hawk himself. "Hubert's heart is still good." There are countless Humphreyites like that all over Washington, all over the country. For an even better illustration, a conversation with Senator Joseph Clark:

Q. Have you talked to him since he's become Vice President? On what issues does he sound like the old Hubert?

CLARK: Yes, I've talked with him quite a bit. He gives me the impression that he's in there slugging just as hard as he can for sweetness and light, "all those things we've always longed for . . . gee, it's nice to see you lookin' swell, baby." And that he's the *one* force that holds off much worse in foreign affairs.

Q. The *one* force?

CLARK: He and Goldberg.

Q. But he is happy about our being there, isn't he?

CLARK: He says he is. Doesn't he have to say so? Isn't he a trained seal?

Q. You're the one to say. You're his friend.

CLARK: Well, I know I'm a friend. I wouldn't have done it—I would have quit. Wouldn't have run.

Q. But the point is, if he's a fellow who can adapt, and he obviously can, is he incapable of playing honest with you, of saying, "Joe, you know I don't like to be over there but what the hell, I'm a Vice President now and I've got to be an alter ego. I can't speak what is in my heart until I'm President or out of this office"?

CLARK: He can imply it and he *has*. But it would be disloyal for him to say that to me when he knows how I feel about Johnson.

Q. But he has implied it?

CLARK: Yes. [*Goes into an imitation.*] "Jesus, Joe, if you knew what I had to put up with. I'm in there every day. . . ."

Q. Meaning, pitching for your side?

CLARK: Yeah.

Q. So you have given your argument to him, time and again?

CLARK: Yes. "Goddammit, Hubert, why do you do this? You don't have to do this. You know it's not right." . . . [*Switches again to an imitation of Humphrey.*] "I just think I have to fight from inside. I can't come out in the newspapers. I'm representing your point of view in there every day and getting my head just as bloody as it can be. Don't think I'm not in there slugging, because I am."

Q. Well, if he has a bloody head, is that why he cries so much?

CLARK: He is being torn up. In pieces. God, he's Hamlet. Stevenson was very much the same. Except Adlai was more remote. I think Hubert is being torn to pieces.

The conclusions drawn by these close friends are, so far as one can discover by combing Humphrey's career for tell-tale tendencies, pure wishing. They are a pathetic "Say it ain't so, Hubie." But it is so. When Humphrey says he has changed, he means, surely, that he no longer *has* to disguise his true feelings. He has changed to a new honesty: he no longer must pretend to be the smashing young liberal who will give the Minneapolis Red-infiltrated unions a fair shake; no longer must he pretend to be the liberal who will purify the Democratic Farm Labor Party for the all-American leftists; no longer pretend to be the leader of the liberal bloc who can deal with the national leadership successfully. Now he *is* in the leadership, and he can say straight out, as he did a few months ago, "I suppose I'm left of Center. I wouldn't deny that. But very moderately left of Center." Now he openly jeers at the "tired radicals, the militants of the 1930s who are the absentees of the 1960s"—the absentees he helped destroy. Quite accurately *Fortune* appraised him in 1965: "After allowance for differences between Minnesota and Texas, there is not much gap between his liberalism and Johnson's."

There is every reason to take Humphrey's word when

he says: "Nor should some of my old friends imagine that I support some basic Administration policies merely because of constricting official involvement. I am supporting them out of clear intellectual commitment."

This commitment is firm, not only in regard to Johnson's war policy but also in regard to Johnson's favoritism for big business.

To maintain his credentials as the "prairie Populist" in the 1950s, Humphrey frequently berated the Eisenhower administration for knuckling under to big business. In 1950, speaking in Richmond, Va., he said "growing monopoly" was the greatest danger facing America. In 1952, he called the Tidelands oil bill "the greatest steal in the history of this generation." In 1953 he said big business is "calling the tune" for the Eisenhower administration on labor, as well as "every other issue," and he was still on that theme on a May morning in 1956 when, flailing his arms and shouting, the Young Democratic Club cheering him on, Humphrey made Washington's old Willard Hotel shiver to its conservative foundation. "Eisenhower's administration is not motivated by the crusading spirit," he cried. "It is for big business and of big business. Last year was the billion-dollar year—General Motors made a billion dollars and the farmers lost a billion dollars."

This kind of talk, spread over the years, gave many businessmen around the country the wrong idea. They did not have the advantage of their moneyed colleagues in Minneapolis who had quietly eased Humphrey to the top. The big boys of Minneapolis are still chuckling about the trick they pulled in 1945 when the Minneapolis Junior Chamber of Commerce voted Humphrey the city's "outstanding young man" of the year. It was part of big business' big build-up. The decision had been secretly arranged by what Bradley L. Morison, editorial writer for the *Minneapolis Times*, later called "a prime array of bank presidents, industrial leaders, and senior executives of almost unimpeachable Republican standing."

But the wealthy Old Guard of Minneapolis had been so stealthy about their part in the Humphrey build-up and he had been so successful in hamming himself up as a liberal that in 1964, when Johnson decided to make Humphrey his running mate, some re-imaging was needed. Johnson's long-time intimate friend, the oil-rich Texas Republican Robert B. Anderson, who had been Ike's Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of the Navy, introduced Humphrey into the right circles. Humphrey took it from there, speaking to groups of elite businessmen at every opportunity, presenting his "new" self. Suddenly the word was out, and it was understandably received as rather startling news. Austin C. Wehrwein, writing in *The New York Times*, saw, with surprise, Humphrey "emerging as an advocate of a new kind of 'tactical moderation' as a substitute for 'fiery debate by professional liberals.' The Democrat whom liberals have always regarded as 'reliable, available Hubert,' as he has put it, has become a champion of business-government partnership, even a defender of bigness in business."

But back home in Minneapolis it was a joke. Frank Premack, *Minneapolis Tribune* writer, observed: "The story of the Great Change tickles the business and labor

leaders of this state who knew Hubert Humphrey back when. The story, they say, is myth."

And to prove his point, Premack threw in a quote from Mayor Naftalin: "He never assailed the economic royalist. His reputation as a flaming liberal was based on civil rights and labor legislation—he was never a doctrinaire liberal. . . ."

Far from being offended by Premack's disclosures, Humphrey went out of his way to call the *Tribune's* piece to the attention of *U.S. News & World Report* in an open letter. ("I think it helps give some balance and perspective on my more recent utterances and actions relating to the American economy.") And in the same letter to *U.S. News & World Report*, which would of course go into the hands of the more conservative people around the country, Humphrey ticked off other signs of his high regard for big business: "I strongly supported the investment tax credit when many others were opposed to it. . . . I strongly supported the proposal to establish a Communications Satellite Corporation. I did this in the face of bitter opposition from some of my friends in ADA and the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. . . . I was an early advocate of a reduction in both corporate and personal income taxes. . . . I led the fight in my own state to amend the state constitution to provide a more favorable tax climate for the iron-ore and steel industry."

In measuring the tip of the Humphrey scales between labor and management, one cannot go by what he says; he has said so many flattering and so few critical things about both sides. The best measure is: which side has he struck at when it displeased him? And the answer is labor. One does not have to go back to his betrayal of local labor in the choice of a police chief for Minneapolis.

One can come up to the late 1950s when Humphrey voted for the Landrum-Griffin labor reform bill, an act of heresy in the eyes of most liberals and all laborites, and one which he hardly succeeded in excusing with his statement: "You don't legislate in a vacuum. I was convinced that if we did not pass that labor bill we would have got a worse one next year."

The vote itself, however, is not so illuminating as his reaction to labor's criticism of it. Humphrey can be spiteful, and this was one of the occasions. When he heard the criticism that was being leveled at him by officials of the Central Labor Union in Minneapolis, he got George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, to investigate the CLU to see if it was conducting its affairs properly. Apparently Humphrey had been tipped off that the CLU's operational funds were low, and that it had borrowed some cash from the pension fund. This was irregular, perhaps, but it was exactly what the national AFL-CIO was doing with its pension fund. Meany, at Humphrey's behest, put the CLU under a trusteeship, sent out a strong man who antagonized half the union officials in Minneapolis, and succeeded in splitting the CLU. It is still split, and the laboring movement in the state is to that extent much weaker. Humphrey has never pulled that kind of thing on management.

Some have suggested that Humphrey could at least show the good taste of keeping his mouth shut when confronting the imponderables of the war. On a February 11, 1968, *Meet the Press* show, Charles Murphy of N.B.C. asked Sen. Eugene McCarthy: "Let's say your roles were reversed. Suppose you were chosen Vice President. What would you be doing; would you be defending the President's war policies as Mr. Humphrey is?" McCarthy answered: "I don't think I would be. I have said this before. . . . I don't think there is any way in which a Vice Presi-



Guindon

"Not Only Were We Wrong About Johnson, We Were Wrong About Humphrey Too."

dent can be compelled to support publicly a position taken by a President with which he disagrees. And I anticipate that if I were the Vice President now, I think I would be quiet."

(McCarthy and Humphrey have been close acquaintances, but not bosom buddies. McCarthy has never forgiven Humphrey for standing aloof when he, McCarthy, was fighting for the DFL convention nomination to the Senate in 1958. Furthermore, while Humphrey was acting neutral, his people openly worked for McCarthy's rival.)

Such comments as that by McCarthy, a political colleague, are obviously intended to put Humphrey on the spot by suggesting that if he doesn't believe what he says about the war, he needn't say it. But there is nothing wrong with Humphrey's talking in defense of the war since he does believe in it.

Humphrey is grateful to Johnson for making him what he is today. Back in the early 1950s, Johnson said of Humphrey, "I wish I could be that boy's trainer." In the last three years he has had the opportunity as never before, and Humphrey has responded in a way that must give Johnson satisfaction. "I am Vice President because he made me Vice President." And on another occasion: "Every word we utter, everything we do, reflects directly on the President and on the White House. We must dress, act, and speak with dignity, wisely and prudently—and with that in mind. The first duty of the Vice President is loyalty. I must be his devoted and loyal friend and support." He *likes* Johnson; he *likes* the Johnson style, once comparing it with deep satisfaction to the Kennedy administration in this way: "It's like the difference between the court of Louis XIV and the early American Republic under Andrew Jackson." He left no doubt as to which he preferred.

As for Johnson's basic conservatism, Humphrey has never seen it that way, or at least he has never seen Johnson as basically more conservative than he himself is. When he and Johnson first went to the Senate in 1949, Humphrey introduced him to his wife as "that new liberal Democratic Senator from Texas." Others in those days—an era when Johnson sneered at "all those bleeding-heart liberals, those red-hots, red-eyes, and pinkos"—would have considered this to be a social *gaffe*, but Humphrey has always felt that Johnson was more liberal than generally rated, just as he has felt himself to be more conservative than generally rated.

The loyalty is not entirely one-sided. True, Johnson once shipped Humphrey off to Asia with so little pre-junket tutoring that he made a fool of himself at several stops. John Randolph of the *Los Angeles Times* reported this Humphrey happening at a 1967 diplomatic gathering in Saigon: "Going up to the Laotian delegate, Prince Outhong Souvannavong, chairman of the Laotian Royal Council, Humphrey inquired enthusiastically: 'And how is your wonderful President?' The Prince was momentarily taken aback, hesitated, and then replied: 'But Mr. Humphrey, we still have our king, you know.' A moment later Humphrey said almost the same thing to the Thai delegate—who similarly was compelled to point out that Thailand, too, was still a monarchy. Unabashed, Humphrey tried it

again with Foreign Minister Narcisco Ramos of the Republic of the Philippines—and finally hit the jackpot."

On occasion Johnson has made sport of Humphrey's dignity by hoisting him onto a horse and equipping him with a totally unsuitable cowboy hat, down on the ranch. He has treated him to the indelicacies that any servant of Johnson must contend with. But on the other hand, the rushed assignment to Asia was itself an attempt on Johnson's part to bolster the sagging public popularity of Humphrey, as shown by opinion polls. "Operation Help Hubert," Barry Goldwater called it, "the most valiant rescue effort since the evacuation of Dunkirk." Since then Humphrey has been sent back to the Far East to keep his image fresh. And while Johnson subjects Humphrey to indecencies, he will not allow others to do so. "The next time you keep Hubert waiting," he told a White House aide, "I'll kick your ass down the hall."

Humphrey even dissented on one rare occasion, though he had to do it slyly. In 1966 he quietly sided with critics of the Administration's high-interest-rate policy. When Sen. Albert Gore was attacking the rates in a Senate speech, he noticed that Humphrey was listening closely and said: "I am so pleased and complimented with the attention of the distinguished presiding officer. I hope he will take this message to the right place." Humphrey sent a response to Gore by page. It read: "The Vice President doesn't set the interest rate. You are making a good fight." Humphrey's hardly concealed unhappiness with the Administration's money policies that year was counted as his first major dissent, and his last.

"The liberal approach must be experimental, the solutions tentative, the test pragmatic," Humphrey wrote in *The American Scholar* in 1955. That *might* be a good description of the liberal approach; but it is one of those all-purpose descriptions that will apply as well to the conservative approach. His statement is, in fact, a perfect specimen of the philosophical profundities found in corporations' annual reports. It points in no particular direction; it would as well apply to the problems of an expanding tractor dealership as to the problems of birth control.

Humphrey's liberal standards are such as to make him an authentic American, of a tragic type. Of those who exerted "hero" influences on his early life, William Jennings Bryan (who converted Humphrey's father to the Democratic Party) rated very high, not far behind Woodrow Wilson. Humphrey learned some of Bryan's windy speeches by heart when he was young. It will not do to draw too tightly the comparison, but just as the Wilsonian view of the world seems unusually similar to Humphrey's, so does the feeble, wavering decency of Bryan seem strikingly to have its echo in Humphrey's life. Around the turn of the century, R. F. Pettigrew, the great radical U.S. Senator from Humphrey's home state, South Dakota, described Bryan as "weak, not corrupt. He is a type of the 'good man' that so often fools the American people. He is vacillating, uncertain, overlooking the fundamental things, ignorant of the forces that are shaping American public life, incapable of thinking in terms of reality, but making phrases as a substitute for thought. He has traveled around the world, yet he knows little of international



Mol-San, Carrefour (France)

affairs. He has been from one end of the United States to another, yet he is ignorant of America. This is Bryanism—a fluent tongue, a resonant voice, the plausible statement of half-truths, an appeal to the passions and prejudices of the moment, a mediocre mind, and a verbal fealty to 'right,' 'justice,' 'liberty' and 'brotherhood.' Humphrey has a first-class mind, but in other ways the hero and the hero worshiper have a remarkable number of characteristics in common.

Happy to be free of some of his old liberal pretensions, Humphrey has not, however, always had the courage to celebrate his freedom in an open way. His manner of departure from Americans for Democratic Action was symptomatic. When the ADA executive committee in February voted to support Eugene McCarthy for the Presidency, everyone wondered what Humphrey would do about his membership in that organization, which he had served as an officer for years and in which many of his oldest friendships were planted. Could he, as Johnson's number-one apologist—"our own Vietnam hog-caller," to use Hans Koningsberger's evocative phrase—keep his membership in a group supporting a politician whose main objective was to oppose LBJ's war policies? After the committee meeting, several ADA leaders held a press conference at which economist J. Kenneth Galbraith was asked if he thought Humphrey would resign. "I hope he won't," said Galbraith. "We have a great deal of affection for him." To the same question Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said: "I don't know. I haven't talked to him about it. But this does put him in a tight spot." As these statements show, the top men in the ADA considered Humphrey to be still a member.

But the next day Humphrey's office announced that, in fact, Humphrey had quit the ADA three years earlier, when he became Vice President. "We've not said much about it," commented Norman Sherman, Humphrey's press

secretary. Indeed they hadn't. In fact, they hadn't said anything about it. Joseph Rauh, who has always enjoyed serving as Humphrey's Sancho Panza, insisted that Humphrey had sent a letter of resignation to ADA headquarters, that the letter was supposed to sever all ties with the organization, and that he, Rauh, had in fact helped draft the letter. All of which was camouflage for a timorous, if not sleazily disloyal, performance by Humphrey. The letter he sent to the ADA on September 2, 1964, did not sever all ties to the organization. It assures ADA officials that "I shall retain my membership in the organization at least through the election. . . ." Until they heard from him to the contrary, the letter clearly implied, he would remain a member. But the ADA never heard from him again. He simply ceased paying his dues, tiptoed out the back door, and waited for circumstances to force him into announcing that he was gone.

But all such things are beside the point at which Humphrey's whole life and career are now focused. He is no longer interested much in organizational fealties, in issues, in ideologies, in programs, in personal independence, in private judgments, in the tensions of morality, except as these have a bearing on his aim to become President. And until recently that has been altogether a waiting game; to some degree, it still is. His immediate task, as he sees it, is to stay safe, not to think up new ideas. Despite Johnson's promise to leave the White House, the body Humphrey serves is still warm and still inhibiting; so he must wait for the national convention to free him, one way or the other.

He once described his office disparagingly as a place in which "you stand around waiting for somebody else to catch cold"—and then, perhaps, double pneumonia. Kings of old, in a usually futile effort to maintain humility, would often keep near at hand a sign reminding them of their mortality. Vice Presidents are the modern equivalent of that sign. Lyndon Johnson might have died; the job of President is very taxing and his heart had almost stopped forever in the mid-fifties. Or he might have been killed; no politician can make as many enemies as a President and no President has made more than Lyndon Johnson; he made so many, in fact, that the Secret Service quit announcing his travel schedule for fear of an assassin.

The awareness of these possibilities was always there to lift Hubert's spirits if they should sag, which was not likely. And so—when nothing so dramatic as sudden death but merely an ingrained distrust and dislike (quite measurable by polls) forced Lyndon Johnson to throw in his hand—the nation discovered, with no surprise at all, that the "girl next door," Hubert the Exuberant, had his enthusiasms all packed and ready. Gee whiz, *certainly* he would run in place of his Chief! Golly yes, he was eager to round up the stragglers and lead the nation on down that long, long trail toward what Hubert ecstatically described, in his announcement speech, as "the politics of Happiness . . . the politics of Joy!" The cities might be ablaze, unemployment in some ghetto retreats might be as much as 40 per cent, thousands of Negroes and whites might be literally starving because of an inadequate federal food program, the gold standard might be in precari-

ous condition, the dollar might be anemic—but never mind that right now, because the thing that counted was that he was *running* again, and gosh it felt good. “It’s just like a resurrection,” he said, adding his only modest statement on his record this year, “but much less spectacular.”

Already he has gathered around him an imposing force: most of the big-city bosses are with him; the more reactionary wings of the labor hierarchy have announced for him; Southern Democratic leaders such as Texas Gov. John Connally like him, and say so publicly; and such saints of capitalism as Henry Ford II, Jacob Blaustein of the American Oil Co., and financier Sidney Weinberg are not only for him but are helping him to raise a bountiful war chest. On May 1 he spent three hours in New York and came away with promises for \$750,000. His role in the fund-raising operation was a twenty-minute speech.

HARRY GOLDEN

DR. Reginald Hawkins is a middle-aged dentist in Charlotte, N.C. He has just proved that a Negro may indeed become the governor of the Tar Heel state in the near future. In the Democratic primary held several weeks ago, Dr. Hawkins, the only colored candidate, polled 125,000 out of 400,000 Negro votes in the state. Four hundred thousand Negro votes, plus 10 per cent whites, would easily nominate.

There are probably two reasons why Dr. Hawkins did not get this plurality. The first is his unpopularity. Dr. Hawkins is involved in a serious charge, which his dental board is investigating. It is alleged he overcharged poor people who were seeking dental work under the poverty program. Mecklenburg County registrars have also indicted him for abuse of election laws. Dr. Hawkins is supposed to have sworn Negroes as voters against the rules. The second reason, of course, is Negro apathy. Negroes are poor people and, as experienced politicians will testify, the poor are slow to learn that they can advance their interests at the polls. It is a sad fact, but a fact.

What Dr. Hawkins did do, however, was conduct an intelligent campaign, the kind which will eventually succeed if it unites Negroes and poor whites. The dentist proved that the poor will advance their interests only by forming a coalition with unionists and Negroes. This combination would carry any North Carolina election.

Poor whites would tend, one would think, to favor the progressive element in politics. But because of racism, poor whites enlist in the cause of the reactionaries. This is an outrageous tragedy and it is not enough to denounce it, we must abolish it.

To believe this will happen is not chimerical. Indeed, poor whites and Negroes united in the Populist movement which swept over the South in the 1890s. Negroes and whites shared the same platform and called one another

That’s quite a political honorarium: \$37,500 per minute.

Big labor, big-city bosses, big business, and big boondoggle, too. As Alan Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* put it: “There’s the widespread though unproved belief that the Administration’s muscle—everything from defense contracts and Model City grants to patronage and public works projects—is ready to be applied in the Vice President’s behalf.”

So if some of the livelier liberals have no heart to follow this bubbling politician, he will not try to hold them. They were useful once, but not so useful as others now. He will see them off amicably, though, for he is that kind of man. “I’m sure you’ll find some of our old friends on the other side of the fence,” he says, waving in a cheerful way at some imaginary boundary. “They don’t have to take orders from me. I don’t take orders from them. Let them make their choice. I’ve made mine.”

“brethren.” One of the reasons for the introduction of Jim Crow laws and disenfranchisement was the desire of the city politicians to break up this rural organization.

Along the Lower East Side of New York little sympathy was shared among Jews, Italians and Irish. They neither married one another nor did they for that matter say hello. But Tammany Hall taught them that if they voted together they could achieve equity, which is precisely what they did achieve.

The next step in the civil rights movement should proceed from protest to politics. If the coalition of unionists, Negroes and poor whites could include the liberal and radical element of the middle class, as well as youth, it could not resolve all the problems of the South, but the South would be a lot nearer to solution than it is now.

The hurdle is to get the Negroes to the election place. Fred Alexander, a Charlotte real estate man, a graduate of Howard University, did succeed in this when he ran for the city council. Alexander was the first Negro to take a seat on the council. His election, in fact, caused an uproar in the state legislature whose die-hard members wanted to pass a law legislating against the “bullet vote.” For the Negroes in Charlotte voted only for Alexander on the long slate of councilman—a tactic which insured his election.

Some of the more astute legislators reminded the hot-heads that many an elected Representative and Senator takes his seat because his organization is instructed in the delights of the bullet vote.

Alexander has proved himself a more than competent member of the city council. For one thing, he took his seat promising a concern for all of Charlotte instead of a narrow concern for his colored constituency. This strategy has taught the councilmen they can work with him. Because they can, the Negro constituency has benefited.

THE MASK OF OBJECTIVITY

LESLIE R. COLITT

Mr. Colitt has recently left the foreign desk of The New York Times to join the Reuters News Service. He has lived for five years in Germany, and while there wrote a book, The Other Germany, which covered East Germany and was published in West Germany.

"American newspaper publishers can be grateful that their readers are not more cynical about newspapers than they already are," the Washington correspondent of a large European newspaper said to me. "The reader, for example, has little idea why Robert Kennedy got the kind of coverage he did in your best newspapers. It seems very objective on the surface—all the facts are there and the quotes are in context. Of course, you couldn't blame the Senator. What I do question is whether every utterance by him on whatever subject was fit to print day after day in the leading newspapers."

Some thoughtful American journalists, moreover, doubt that the American journalistic tradition of separating news from editorial opinion guarantees objective news presentation. James Reston, in *Artillery of the Press*, notes that for American news agencies and newspapers, objective reporting "came to mean that 'news' was anything any big-shot said."

Criticism on this score has become so frequent that editors say they no longer adhere to the concept of objective reporting. They now prefer "balanced reporting," a new label as misleading as the old.

I intend in a moment to compare the quality of what appears in some of the leading American papers with the standards of the best European journalism. But first consider how objectivity has distorted our best-informed, best-written and best-intentioned newspapers. How, for example, did Senator Kennedy's coverage reach such proportions? Cynics say it reflected a pact between the Senator and the newspapers sharing his aims. Other found it a natural expression of interest in the man who was attempting to carry on his brother's legacy. The case is far more subtle than either of these explanations would suggest.

Shortly after Kennedy's election to office, and in spite of a decidedly unenthusiastic press, he met individually with executives of the most important American newspapers. They were impressed by the zeal and sincerity with which he presented his ideas. Now, they would demonstrate their objectivity with a vengeance. There was no need to tell editors that Kennedy was to be given a fair hearing during his first months in office. Such policy is neither spoken nor written at a newspaper. It is sensed.

The best political reporters were assigned to the Senator and story suggestions from his aides were gratefully received. In their eagerness to please, editors overreacted. "The whole thing snowballed and nobody has the guts to stop it," said a reporter at one of the newspapers.

When publishers and editors are not mesmerized by

personalities, they vaguely sense that something is lacking in the distribution of information. Thus they increasingly favor the in-depth, interpretative article. This tightrope walk on the hallowed line dividing news from comment only underscores the contradiction inherent in trying to give meaning to the news without expressing an opinion. The reporter-analyst, forced to mask his own views, falls back on that time-honored American journalistic practice, the balanced scale. Various views on an issue are presented, point-counterpoint, and the only opinion omitted is the one that would mean most to the reader—the reporter's own.

The country's best newspapers are a daily showcase for objective reporting that has no meaning or, worse yet, that is misleading. It has become accepted that any statement of a government official is news, but when an official deliberately peddles falsehoods as an exclusive story, a reporter must balk. If the temptation is too great and the information is published as given, the newspaper has compromised itself.

The New York Times, on November 10, 1967, ran the following front-page story under a Washington dateline:

The defection of Lieut. Col. Yevgeny Y. Runge, a 39-year-old Soviet intelligence officer, is regarded as a windfall by United States intelligence officials. . . .

They are utilizing the case to pursue what they consider a new emphasis on the uses of "illegal" agents in Soviet espionage, to promote closer cooperation among Western security services and to counteract what they consider the tendency of some American officials, intent on "building bridges" to the Soviet Union to minimize Soviet espionage practices. . . .

The techniques of objective reporting are adhered to—on the surface. The reporter is careful not to present the views of CIA officials as his own. He objectivizes by using the well-worn phrases "is regarded" and "what they consider." But this veneer of objectivity is suddenly discarded further on in the piece, when the reporter hammers home the message for those who didn't get it earlier:

Elements in the intelligence community have long believed that some American political officials in their desire to "build bridges" have underestimated hostile aspects of Soviet policy including espionage.

This violates a ground rule of balanced reporting; no attempt is made to give the views of the State Department bridge builders, who are the subject of some very serious accusations. And instead of enabling readers to put the accusations in some perspective by reminding them of the bitter feud between CIA and State Department officials, the reporter allows the CIA virtually to dictate the rest of his story.

In publicizing the Runge case, intelligence officials here disavow any desire of reviving the "cold war" mentality. But they are evidently concerned about some State Department officials who are so intent on steps to

improve relations with the Soviet Union by stressing such "positive" steps as increased trade . . . that they advocate minimizing news of such "negative" factors as espionage and defections.

This is an insult to the intelligence of the informed reader who knows from other *Times* news articles that the improvement in relations has proceeded quite apart from the espionage war that continues on by both sides.

Even this story would have been much more honest if it had been presented as the opinion of the reporter, as would happen in a European newspaper. The reader would immediately know the reporter's position and could draw his own conclusion. He cannot do so when the newspaper claims objectivity, for he must assume the impartiality of every reporter in every instance.

Readers of *Die Welt*, the "independent newspaper for Germany" (a misnomer, but there is otherwise no mistaking *Die Welt's* conservatism), were long inundated by articles describing the depressed economic conditions under which their countrymen lived in East Germany. The reporters made no secret of their intent: East Germany could never be recognized by Bonn as a second German state because it could not satisfy even the basic needs of its people.

Only after a series of public opinion polls disclosed that a great number of West Germans (including readers of *Die Welt*) favored such recognition did the paper change its tack. Conditions in the East were thereupon described as vastly improved—as they were—but this was said to be a result of the energy of the people and not of East German socialism. *Die Welt's* readers continued to seek between the lines for their own opinions. It was easy, because reporters never concealed their biases.

Le Monde is the most brilliant example of the postwar European newspapers that blend information and opinion. Harrison Salisbury of the *Times*, who himself has often ventured across the arbitrary border between fact and opinion, has said that he is continually fascinated by *Le Monde's* insights.

An American reading this French paper for the first time is struck by the logical organization of the news by geographical area and by the well-informed commentary. Area experts in the Paris office, who closely follow developments in their region, often add background material to dispatches from correspondents. This practice is followed also at *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, but with an important difference. Here, the sidebar piece or shirttail material is usually written by a rewrite man or reporter who would be the first to admit he has little more knowledge of the particular subject than can be gleaned quickly from morgue clippings. It is in this way, also, that misinformation from previous articles is perpetuated.

Foreign correspondents of *Le Monde*, as of most European and British newspapers, are usually men with a deep interest in the area they cover. They are posted for years in one country and the feeling they develop for it is reflected in their articles. American newspaper executives believe, on the other hand, that a correspondent becomes stale after two or three years in one place, and since a

theory prevails that all the world speaks English, he is not often required to have any competence in the language of the country he is to cover. In practice, that makes correspondents dependent on USIA digests of the local press. Foreign employees of their bureaus are usually the only link these correspondents have with the people of the country. A dedicated correspondent will eventually learn the language, but a year elapses before he can understand what officials are saying when they are not condescending to him in English.

"The American reporter is often unsuited by his education and experience for a post abroad," observed Philip Ben, New York correspondent of *Le Monde*. "We would not think of sending a man to Moscow who does not speak fluent Russian and have a solid background in Soviet affairs. American newspaper editors somehow believe that a good police reporter will make an equally good foreign reporter. No, the world is far too complex for this."

With some outstanding exceptions, past experience supports Mr. Ben's opinion. American correspondents are at their best in times of war or other crisis, when their competitive spirit is aroused. Vietnam, the Middle East War, Greece and Cyprus are made to order for them. Conversely, the worst coverage is in those areas where confusing political and social currents lie below the surface and the reporter must dig.

Thus, Europe, with the exception of *Times* coverage of Spain and of West Germany since 1966, has been badly reported in the United States. It is paradoxical that while editors complain of lack of space for foreign news, they continue to fill their columns with repetitive light features on the crowded highways of Western Europe (they clog a little more each year) or the used car market in Warsaw. This latter item is discovered by every new *Times* correspondent in Poland.

To the credit of its present foreign editor, the *Times* is now attempting to banish the junk feature and to improve coverage in the noncrisis areas. But the unwieldy structure of the newspaper, the lack of expert knowledge among intermediate news managers and processors, and the complacency of many correspondents make real progress questionable.

The rigid division and rivalries among foreign, national and city desks on leading American newspapers prevents them from ever relating stories on domestic problems—in housing, deteriorating city centers, welfare, etc.—with the experiences of other countries in these areas. European



papers often enlighten their readers with international comparisons of this sort. Europe's revitalized cities may not answer all our questions, but editors are not even interested in asking them.

The reader who accumulates all his knowledge of Europe from the best American newspapers and who then visits Europe for the first time, or after a long absence, is dismayed that what he read conveyed so little of the immediate reality of these countries—how the people live. Louis Heren, Washington correspondent of *The Times* of London, quoted a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* on the attitude of American officials toward Europe. It could equally be said of too many newspaper editors:

Their idea of Europe is a place of ruins, perhaps picturesque, quaint and civilized, but lacking in the prime reality conferred by the American present. One must also add lacking in power, hence the increasing preoccupation with the Soviet Union.

American editors who have long looked to British quality newspapers for inspiration in foreign coverage would be better advised to read *Le Monde*, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and *Die Zeit*. A recent issue of *The Times* of London told the story: Not one foreign news item was considered important enough for the front page, while a dozen important European newspapers, *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* thought otherwise.

Yet British quality newspapers remain more literate, lively and direct than their American counterparts. One often encounters the reporter's provocative, unanswered question, which may cause a reader to think more than a whole array of facts.

One British and Continental practice that helps penetrate the often narrow outlook of editors is the publishing of views by knowledgeable outsiders on current political, social and cultural topics. A recent *Times* of London piece by Prof. Fred Hoyle placed the raging debate on British productivity in perspective:

In fairness it must be said that Americans do not achieve high productivity without social disadvantages. The pressure of American life is a form of communal urgency which prevents worthwhile relaxation. . . . I would have sympathy with a critic who argued that we do not want this sort of thing here, and that Britain, in spite of all its faults, is still a more pleasant place in which to live than the United States. My answer is that a margin of 200 per cent between the two ways of life leaves ample scope for a compromise that could be better than either.

In cultural writing the European press is consistently superior to the best American newspapers. Significantly, the Americans assign such material to the cultural news or entertainment department, which is usually subordinate to the city desk. It is not surprising, thus, that there must always be a news peg for a story on the arts and sciences, and most often a contrived one. Here again, there is little American quality newspapers can learn from their British counterparts, except to place emphasis on criticism rather than on mere reviewing of the arts. On the Continent, where newspapers maintain independent culture departments, staffed by writers educated in the arts, freedom from the arbitrarily tight deadline results in coverage

which is useful to the expert and stimulates the proverbial tired businessman.

Perhaps the greatest and least excusable failing of American newspapers has been their indifference toward the quality of their environment. Apart from excellent but infrequent articles on city planning and architecture by Ada Louise Huxtable in the *Times* and Wolf von Eckardt in *The Washington Post*, newspapers have refused to deal with the very factors in the cities which have been producing the "urban crisis," a phrase they never tire of repeating.

American newspaper editors, like the public in general, are not seriously determined to achieve livable cities, although they occasionally pay lip service to the goal in editorials. The problems of the cities are treated in pot-shot fashion. *The New York Times* runs a slew of news stories on vest pocket parks after Mayor Lindsay appears at one prospective site in Harlem; or it devotes a front-page article to route and schedule changes in the subway system, with great detail on the expected improvements in service (none of which have come about). The article never touches on the question of whether the city has any long-range plan to modernize decrepit subway stations and install effective directional signs. It may be that Transit Authority spokesmen are not eager to discuss such matters, but that hardly excuses the reporter for having become a transmitter of news releases.

British and Continental newspapers show far more concern for the quality of city life. A typical article in *The Observer* earlier this year criticized London's beautification program for city squares. The reporter noted the ubiquitous flower beds: "No attempt at all to plant with wit and elegance." He cited the beautifully polished drinking fountain which doesn't work, the standard-issue park seats, the litter bin and five instant trees. Granted that American reporters might have some trouble finding flower beds to criticize, there is enough else. This kind of reporting, with suggestions for improvement, causes European city officials to listen and eventually act.

When American newspapers do touch on such questions, the precepts of balanced news reporting prevent them from advocating change. It is as if there were an unwritten rule that city officials are not to be unduly antagonized, lest the flow of handouts and exclusive leaks be jeopardized. The unwitting reporter who does suggest a story on, let us say, the miserable state of New York City's sidewalks, is asked by his editors, "What's the news peg?" That the city's sidewalks are creviced and potholed and in worse condition than in any major Western city is a condition they accept as too normal for comment. And comment in any case is what they seek to avoid. If the reporter persists, he is told to see the responsible city officials—the traditional source for an optimistic report on what is being planned for the next five years "to continue the newly expanded repair program."

The reporter resigns himself to setting down the facts. But he has been so indoctrinated with the notion that it would be highly unprofessional of him to have an opinion—and close to immoral to express it—that the facts themselves often escape his grasp.

THE NEW MEXICAN LAND WAR

CLARK KNOWLTON

Mr. Knowlton heads the Department of Sociology at the University of Texas, El Paso. For the past eight years, he has been working intensively and writing widely about the plight of Mexican Americans, and in general about the problem of poverty in the Southwest.

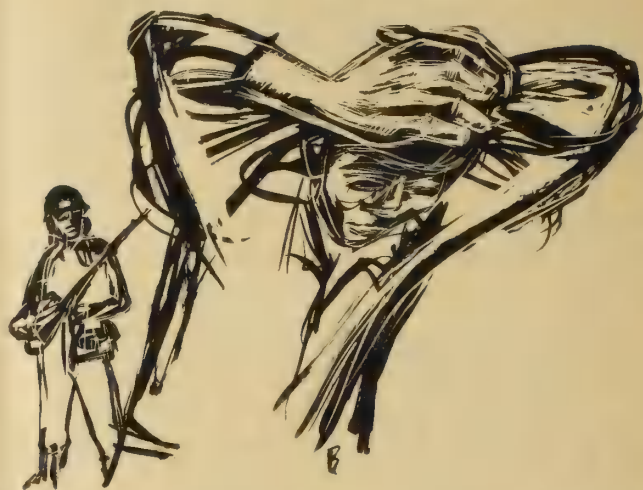
El Paso

Fear hangs low over the green mountains of impoverished R'io Arriba County in northern New Mexico. Its tendrils swirl down the mountain sides into the irregular streets of the half-abandoned Spanish-American adobe villages. Local inhabitants tend strictly to their own affairs. Strangers are carefully observed and avoided. Guns and dogs are kept at the bedside. Fear penetrates the isolated ranch houses of the intruding Anglo-American ranchers who hire gunmen to protect their families and property. Fear chills the atmosphere around the ranger stations. Rangers avoid the isolated sections of the national forests. It is Alianza country. Fear glints from the badges of heavily armed state troopers and deputy sheriffs patrolling the roads and watching activities in the villages. The picturesque mountains are empty of hikers and campers.

Fear, although thicker today, has always haunted the hills and valleys of northern New Mexico. For almost 250 years, Spanish-American villagers and ranchers slowly moved northward against firm Indian resistance and without much government support. Unable to secure guns and ammunition until the coming of the Americans, Spanish-American frontiersmen adopted the lances, bows and arrows of their Indian opponents. The situation in many respects came to resemble that of the Scottish-English border of the 17th century. Apache, Navajo, Comanche and Spanish-American war parties regularly tithed one another's herds, crops and children. At the same time, an intensive trade in horses, slaves, hides, furs and other products was carried on.

Each village, socially and physically isolated by mountainous topography, heavy winter snows, lack of roads, chronic Indian attacks and poverty, became a small, self-contained and slowly changing peasant world. The villagers, without schools or priests, had little contact for almost 300 years with other European groups. The distinctive peasant culture that evolved is somewhat different from the culture of other Spanish-speaking groups in the Southwest, and the reluctance of the village people to leave their villages except for short visits has always been recognized in New Mexico. The world outside was strange, alien and dangerous. Little sense of identity with any social unit larger than the village community has existed among these Spanish Americans until very recently. The concepts of ethnic solidarity, regionalism, or nationalism have had little meaning for them.

In 1847, the Spanish Americans were absorbed into the United States by military conquest and against



their will. Although their property and civil rights were presumably protected by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that ended the Mexican War, the Spanish Americans were treated as a conquered people by the incoming Anglos. Abandoned by both the American and Mexican Governments, the rural, illiterate, Spanish-speaking village people, with little knowledge of American laws and customs, were left to the contemptuous mercy of the ruthless, dynamic, materialistic, individualistic frontier culture.

Ranchers with six-shooters drove them from their grazing lands. Businessmen entrapped them with credit and foreclosures. Anglo-American-controlled sheriffs seized their small farms and ranches for nonpayment of the hated land tax. State and federal agencies confiscated large areas of their lands without compensation. The Spanish Americans were caught in the web of unfamiliar political, economic and judicial systems. Stripped of their lands, they were reduced to the position of a rural proletariat. One authority estimates that the Spanish Americans from the 1880s to the 1930s lost more than 2 million acres of private lands and 1.7 million acres of communal lands to private holders, 1.8 million acres to the state government, and an even vaster but uncounted acreage to the federal government. The destruction of the Spanish-American rural village economy created a large depressed region marked by rates of disease, malnutrition, hunger, infant mortality, unemployment and welfare at least as high as similar rates among the Negroes of Mississippi.

Molded by their past experiences, the Spanish Americans are fearful and profoundly skeptical of the moral structure of the American political system. It is doubtful that many of them have ever understood its values or processes. And that is not surprising, since it is equally doubtful that these values or processes have ever been applied to northern New Mexico. To the local people, organized government is a conspiracy against the common welfare. Those individuals of Spanish-American origin who enter politics are dismissed as having sold out to the

Anglo-Americans. Quite often the Spanish Americans are right.

Few state or federal political candidates ever visit the roadless Spanish-American settlements in the mountain canyons and valleys. Once every two years, political caravans tour the larger and more accessible villages. Alcohol, promises, money and oratory flow freely. Political manifestoes in debased Spanish (it is the one time that the Spanish language is even recognized in New Mexico) are widely distributed. Votes are bought and sold. The caravan departs in the morning, promises forgotten. For more than fifty years, Republican programs and Democratic programs have come in fanfare and departed in stealth, while social and economic conditions in northern New Mexico have continued to deteriorate.

The fires of discontent have always burned in the northern mountains. The anger flares up in an epidemic of fence cutting, barn and ranch-house burnings, and warnings to the Anglo-American ranchers and politicians to vacate Spanish-American lands. Cries for law and order bring out the troops and the National Guard. Numerous Spanish Americans are jailed, their protest organizations are repressed, their leaders are exiled, assassinated or imprisoned. The flames die down and the Anglo-Americans forget. However, the names and exploits of past Spanish-American leaders are kept alive in the stories and chronicles told and sung in the village bars. A new Spanish-American generation appears; new causes of protest arise; new protest organizations develop. The cycle starts all over again.

Anger, bitterness and resentment are blazing hot today. State officials armed with writs are traveling from village to village requiring that villagers prove their title to the irrigation water they use. Centuries-old Spanish-American customs of water use and ownership are being disregarded. The villagers are convinced that they are to lose their water as they lost their land. Spanish-American grazing rights in the national forests have been sharply reduced in the past two or three years. The small herds of beef cattle and sheep are thus forcibly reduced, since the village people have no other source of range. Anglo-American horses still graze freely in the forests. Hundreds of small farming and ranching families are faced with either emigrating to the urban slums or going on welfare.

The breaking point came suddenly in 1967. Thirteen fires were deliberately set that summer in the national forests. Anglo-American ranchers, schoolteachers, social workers and government employees reported growing hostility in the rural areas. Armed Spanish Americans were observed in the high mountains. Cars and pick-up trucks avoiding the police, whose presence is as heavy in northern New Mexico as is that of the civil guards in rural Spain, scurried from one village to another. Meetings took place in most of the villages. The local people bitterly denounced the closing of village schools, the lack of roads, malnutrition, loss of land and water, discrimination, erosion of grazing rights, and the failure of state or federal government agencies to pay attention to Spanish-American needs and aspirations. The Alianza Federal de Mercedes—the Federal Alliance of Land Grantees, now

known as the Alliance of Free City States—is the largest, the fastest growing, the most vigorous, and the most important of a number of Spanish-American protest organizations. Formed around 1963, it was largely ignored by the Anglo-American community, and noticed only with ridicule by the press, which defined it as but one more of the many absurd organizations the Spanish Americans were always forming. Its meetings from 1963 to 1965 were attended largely by the rural poor, elderly Spanish Americans who still had hopes of recovering the lands taken from them.

In 1966, its membership began to spurt. Alianza organizers became active in most of the villages. Young people and veterans began to attend its meetings. Rural poor and urban poor flocked into its ranks. The message of the Alianza was simple and to the point: "You have been robbed of your lands, your water rights, your grazing rights, your language and your culture by the Anglo-Americans. No one is interested in helping you. Join us. Together, we will get the land back—preferably through the courts or Congress, but one way or another we will get it back." More and more Spanish Americans began to believe.

Reies Lopez Tijerina, the tall, thin, nervous president of the Alianza, casts a growing shadow across New Mexico. A walking encyclopedia of land-grant history, he has traveled to Spain and to Mexico in search of data on the question. Constantly on the move from one village to another, he tirelessly repeats to receptive audiences the old stories of Spanish-American wrongs. Compelling and dynamic, he uses the common Spanish better than any other Spanish-American leader in New Mexico. To the despair of reporters and newcasters, he is capable of speaking for five or six hours at a time. He is now in jail, but he still dominates the scene.

The intensity of Tijerina's bitterness stems from his own history. He was born on September 21, 1923, into a poor rural migrant family in Falls City, Tex. His father, thrice widowed, raised ten children. The family moved in the migrant stream from the Lower Rio Grande Valley up to the Midwest and back through the Panhandle of Texas. Tijerina relates that he attended twenty different schools for a total of six months' education. He says that as a child he saw his family driven away from three farms at the point of an owner's gun, to avoid the payment of wages. His father had the tendons of one leg cut during a fight with Texas Rangers. Ranchers and rangers twice almost lynched his paternal grandfather in land conflicts around Laredo.

The New Testament changed the course of Tijerina's life. A Baptist minister left a copy with the family during a visit to a migrant labor camp in the Midwest. Tijerina read it through before falling asleep that night. In his sleep, he dreamed that he had been called to be a spiritual leader of his people. Leaving the harvest fields, he enrolled at an Assembly of God seminary in Ysleta, Tex. He was licensed as a minister and became an itinerant minister and missionary, working as a migrant and preaching in the fields and camps. To the despair of his wife, he thrice gave away everything he owned to needy

migrants. He finally lost his license to preach when he told his audience that they had no right to give money to the church when their families were in need.

Leading a small congregation, he moved to Pima County, Ariz. The group worked together and managed to accumulate enough money to buy a piece of land. They built houses for their families and, by farming a little themselves and working for neighboring ranchers and farmers and in nearby towns, the small group eked out a living. At first, they got along well with their Anglo-American neighbors; then, it was announced that the site containing their land had been selected for the development of a retirement colony, and land values began to rise. Tijerina and his group refused to sell. Their refusal incensed the other owners and neighbors. Accusations of burglary, immorality, trespass and Communist activities circulated in the county Houses and other buildings were burned, and there were several violent encounters between Tijerina and the Anglo-Americans. In the end, Tijerina and a small group of families moved to Tierra Amarilla, N.M.

Tierra Amarilla, founded by Spanish-American pioneers who often rose against Spanish and Mexican governors, has always been a center of anti-American sentiment. The land grant on which the town and its neighbors stood was appropriated by prominent Anglo-American politicians in the last half of the 19th century. Their descendants sold the acreage to land and cattle companies. The directors of these companies have long been campaigning to clear the land of its Spanish-American inhabitants, many of whose ancestors were among the original settlers. The Spanish Americans organized small secret societies to cut the fences, burn the houses and barns, and snipe at the incoming ranchers. In typical Spanish-American manner, few lives were taken. The Spanish Americans abhor killing in cold blood.

Reies Tijerina and his little group of followers became embroiled in the land conflicts. It is rumored that he was active with one or more secret Spanish-American societies of night riders. In any case, enraged ranchers believed that he was and threatened to kill him. As a result, he moved to Albuquerque and there worked as a janitor in a Protestant church while organizing the Alianza Federal de Mercedes.

Like wrestlers in a game of catch as catch can, the Alianza and the Forest Service circled each other cautiously through 1966 and the early spring of 1967, with state and federal law-enforcement agencies acting as interested referees. The Alianza searched for a hold that would flip the Forest Service into a federal court suit to determine the validity of forest land titles. The Forest Service, aware of growing Spanish-American hostility toward its grazing policies and knowing that its titles were flawed, called for assistance from the referees.

Alianza leaders soon found a weak point in Forest Service defenses. A section of the Kit Carson National Forest containing the Echo Amphitheatre public camp ground near Chama, N.M., was once part of a Spanish-American land grant. The titles of the villagers who had owned the land had never quite been quashed. The Alianza quietly

called a series of meetings and told the local people that if they cooperated they might get some of their land back. A village organization was constituted with mayor, judge, council and sheriff.

Publicly advertised camp-ins were held at the camp ground. Reporters were in attendance. Forest signs were replaced with notices that the land once again belonged to the community of San Joaquin de Rio Chama. Trespassers, including forest personnel, were warned to keep out. Several trees were cut to symbolize the change of ownership. Although a group of rangers and forest investigators watched the scene from a nearby ridge line, they did not come near the meetings. State police cars cruised in front of the camp ground, but did not enter. It looked as though the Alianza had won.

Then on the morning of October 22, 1966, when another camp-in was scheduled, the Forest Service acted. Two forest rangers and one forest investigator stationed themselves at the camp-ground entrance to require that all entering cars buy camping permits. A cluster of state police watched from the highway. A caravan of cars driven by Alianza members and sympathizers pulled up to the entrance. Asked to buy camping permits by the rangers, although no attempt had been made to sell them to people already on the ground, the drivers refused. The caravan started up again, and the rangers had to jump aside to avoid being run over. Hot words were exchanged. People left their cars and, joined by some already there, grabbed the rangers. There were cries in Spanish of "Lynch them," "Kill them" and "Now it is our turn." Reies Tijerina, his brother, and other Alianza leaders pushed their way into the crowd and took charge of the rangers. They led them to a table behind which sat the judge of the presumed village. The judge, a bizarre Anglo-American pretender to the Spanish throne, found them guilty of trespass and ordered them to leave the area. The rangers did so. The state police, in their role of referees, studied faces and noted license numbers.

After many months, federal attorneys in Albuquerque pressed charges. Further months of legal haggling ensued during which the original charges were found defective, withdrawn, and replaced by new charges. The federal jury list for Albuquerque was challenged because it lacked Spanish Americans. The case was finally transferred from the friendly climate of northern New Mexico to the frosty atmosphere of Anglo-American southern New Mexico. Although the Alianza leaders claimed that they had rescued the rangers from bodily harm, a jury found them guilty in a Las Cruces courtroom of conspiracy to interfere with federal officials in the performance of their duty and of assault upon two forest rangers. A federal judge who permitted considerable bullying of defense witnesses sentenced the defendants to jail terms starting at six months and going up to two years for Reies Tijerina. The defendants were allowed bail. Round one, a very ambivalent victory, had gone to the Forest Service and the law enforcement agencies.

Tensions over land, water, and grazing rights accelerated during 1966 and the early spring of 1967. The Alianza sponsored in Albuquerque a series of heavily at



tended meetings, where Anglo-American culture, the federal and state governments and the more conformist Spanish-American politicians were violently attacked. Representatives of militant Negro and Indian civil rights groups pledged support to the Alianza. Fraternal delegations attended from Spanish-speaking organizations throughout the Southwest. The meetings were widely reported, and New Mexico became charged with fear, excitement and unrest. Ranchers, newspapers and businessmen began to demand that the Alianza be stopped. A federal judge ordered the Alianza to turn over its membership lists. The demand was refused.

David Cargo, the Governor of New Mexico, is a maverick Republican who won his office in part because the Spanish Americans had become disenchanted with the indifference of the Democratic Party to their demands and aspirations. He is married to a Spanish-American woman who had been a member of the Alianza. Cargo now began to visit many Spanish-American villages, accompanied by reporters. After listening quietly to the often bitterly stated problems and needs of the village populations, the Governor brought these matters to the attention of the state. The first governor in more than twenty years to take the Spanish Americans seriously, he made systematic inroads into the weakening position of the Democratic Party in northern New Mexico.

To the great disgust of the state police and many Anglo-Americans, Cargo started to negotiate quietly with the Alianza. An agreement was worked out. An Alianza camp-ground meeting scheduled for June 5, 1967, could take place. There would be no police interference as long as there was no violence, destruction of property or violation of the laws of the state. The Alianza went ahead with plans for the meeting, the inflammatory language of its advance proclamations cooling perceptibly.

The day before the meeting, Governor Cargo flew to Michigan to meet with Governor Romney and to attend a Republican fund-raising dinner. A few hours after his departure, two Democrats—Alfonso Sanchez, state dis-

trict attorney, former Alianza lawyer, but long-time Alianza opponent, and Captain Joseph Black, state police chief—went on the air to announce that the meeting was banned. They denounced the leaders as radical agitators and con artists, the members as dupes; they threatened to arrest any member of the Alianza who came near the camp ground. Orders of arrest were issued for Reies Tijerina and other Alianza officials. Road blocks went up. The Alianza membership list was found in a car stopped on the road to the meeting. Shortly thereafter many people lost their jobs.

Reies Lopez Tijerina and most of the important leaders of the Alianza eluded the police blockade. Furious and feeling that their agreement with the Governor had been broken by the state, they decided to resort to violence. A raiding party was formed to attack the county courthouse at Tierra Amarilla, seize Alfonso Sanchez, and free arrested Alianza members.

District Judge Paul Scarborough was sitting on the morning of the raid; Sanchez sent an assistant to present the state's case. The judge dismissed the charges against the Alianza members on the ground that the evidence against them was inadequate; the defendants left the courtroom. A few minutes later, the armed raiding party entered the courthouse and forced everyone present to lie down on the floor. The Alianzistas searched for Alfonso Sanchez and for their missing members. Finding neither, they were at a loss. Two deputy sheriffs and a janitor were wounded; one of the deputies subsequently died. The raiders finally seized two hostages and fled toward the mountains, dodging their way through police blockades.

At the news of the raid, panic and confusion swept the state offices in Santa Fe. The northern mountains, so close to the state capital, suddenly became ominous. A mass Spanish-American uprising was rumored to be slaughtering the Anglo-American population in the north. Guerrilla bands, secretly trained and led by Cuban army officers, were said to be marching on Santa Fe. Other guerrilla

forces were believed, in the hysteria, to be establishing bases in the remote mountain areas, and revolutionary urban cells of the Alianza to be planning to set fire to Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

The Lieutenant Governor called out the National Guard. Units equipped with artillery and tanks, and accompanied by heavily armed state police, sheriff posses and Apache tribal police, swept through the Spanish-American villages and manned road blocks on all approaches to the area. Though martial law had not been declared, they broke into homes without warrants, detained men, women and children in a sheep corral for many hours with no food and no water except that contained in a polluted sheep tank. Private property was confiscated and suspects were held. Every Spanish American was suspect. A large part of northern New Mexico was treated as though it were an enemy country in the process of occupation.

Early on the morning of January 3, the body of Eulogio Salazar, a resident of Tierra Amarilla and a major state witness to the Alianza raid on the courthouse there, was found on the road near his house. He had been beaten to death. The bail bonds for Reies Tijerina and the Alianza members accused of taking part in the court raid were immediately revoked, and the men were rounded up during the day. Their jailing sent another violent controversy swirling through the state. Police officers and a good part of the press believed automatically that the Alianza was guilty of Salazar's murder, while Alianza sympathizers claimed that the men were being tried without evidence in the court of public opinion. Throughout the week, the police searched for evidence to convict the Alianza, while the press, television and radio discussed the implications of the case. Finally District Judge Joe Angel, appalled by the publicity, signed a gag rule prohibiting any discussion of the murder by public officials.

The Alianza members jailed for the crime were brought before the state supreme court. Their lawyers argued that the bail revocation was "arbitrary, capricious, a naked exercise of judicial power without any rational basis in fact." Under questioning, District Attorney Sanchez said that the state had no direct proof that any Alianza member was involved in Salazar's murder. He therefore was unable to file charges against any of them, although he seemed convinced of their guilt. Captain Black stated: "Tijerina is bound to be tied into it somewhere." The supreme court on January 17 ordered that bond be reinstated for all the arrested Alianza members except Reies Tijerina and three others, holding that they, through their participation in the raid on the courthouse, had been involved in a capital crime.

The death of the deputy sheriff wounded in the court-

house raid remains unresolved. The district attorney and the head of the state police maintain that Reies Tijerina and the Alianza are responsible. Persistent rumors from the Spanish-American population of Tierra Amarilla blame a small group of Anglo-American militants, ranchers and small businessmen, who are believed to have done it to incriminate the Alianza. Other rumors spreading widely have it that the police also killed Salazar to remove a witness on the verge of changing his testimony.

Judge Angel on February 8, at the close of extensive hearings on the courthouse raid, ordered Reies Tijerina and ten Alianza members bound over for trial. Charges against them were reduced from first-degree kidnaping to false imprisonment. The judge ordered that all defendants be freed when bonds were made. Charges against nine defendants, including Tijerina's beautiful 19-year-old daughter Rose, were dismissed.

On April 28, Reies Tijerina spoke to the Mexican-American student convention sponsored by No Más, a student organization on the campus of the University of Texas at El Paso. The administration had barred Tijerina from speaking on campus, so the meeting was transferred to a local motel. Back in Albuquerque, Tijerina, along with twelve other Alianza members, was arrested once again by Alfonso Sanchez and Captain Black. Twenty-five counts of second-degree kidnaping and two counts of robbery and the carrying of concealed weapons were placed against the defendants by a hand-picked grand jury in Rio Arriba County. It should be noted that these charges of kidnaping had been thrown out by Judge Angel. Bail was set at \$20,500 for each defendant.

These latest charges are but further steps in a long series of arrests and releases on bail designed to bankrupt the Alianza and its supporters and to keep Reies Tijerina and other Alianza leaders behind bars. Although the Governor, the state legislature and the federal agencies have done nothing to diminish the tragic social-economic conditions in northern New Mexico that give rise to movements such as the Alianza, the state and federal law-enforcement agencies have adopted a repressive policy that will inevitably spark violence throughout the Southwest. Apparently, New Mexico must experience a serious outbreak of rural and urban terror before the authorities learn that repression and jailing are not the answer to Spanish-American problems. Reies Tijerina has become a martyr, a hero and the very symbol of the hopes and aspirations of militant young Mexican-American and Spanish-American groups from Los Angeles to San Antonio.

The massive violation of human and civil rights, the mistreatment of large numbers of rural Spanish Americans, many of whom had nothing to do with the Alianza, and the absolute refusal, thus far, of the Department of Justice and the Commission on Civil Rights to take any stand, have driven a wedge between the Spanish Americans of the north and the state and federal governments that will require years to overcome. Guerrilla warfare remains a distinct possibility. Groups more militant and deeper underground than the Alianza are being formed. The situation is not unlike that of Ireland just before the "Risings." A brooding calm now lies over the northern hills.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Good-by, Corbusier

THE RADIANT CITY. By Le Corbusier. Orion Press. Distributed by Grossman Publishers. 348 pp. \$22.50.

LA TOURETTE. By Anton Henze. George Wittenborn & Co. 72 pp. \$4.50.

DESIGN OF CITIES. By Edmund N. Bacon. The Viking Press. 296 pp. \$15.

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect who is a member of Churchill College, Cambridge University, where he teaches at the School of Architecture. He is architecture critic of the New Statesman and author of *Lost New York* (Houghton Mifflin).

Besides being the subject of countless books, Le Corbusier wrote some thirty himself. Of these the most important are undoubtedly his first, *Vers une Architecture* (1923—called *Towards a New Architecture* in its English translation) and *The Radiant City* (1935). The first, in sum, was a lecture on the relation between architecture and technology: the necessity of finding an art to match our technology before we could have an architecture to call our own. Though the message wasn't by any means original, upon reading it young architects through half the world were influenced to believe not only in the possibility of *une Architecture*, as fit as any of the past but in practice a New Architecture. *Towards a New Architecture* was published in English four years after its appearance in French. The English edition of *The Radiant City* took an unaccountable thirty-two years to be published, but now at last we also have this second conspicuous work by Le Corbusier, in approximately the same format as its French edition, with a few 1964 notes by the master. And about time too. Though the words are new to us, the book has probably been the most important single influence on the modern shape of American cities.

It is clear to me now that the words were the least of it. Le Corbusier's literary style is in the evangelical mode familiar to readers on architecture who are acquainted with the writings of Frank Lloyd Wright, Buckminster Fuller or Louis Kahn. The mode goes back at least to Ruskin: Louis Sullivan had the best architectural-evangelical (or "poetic") style. Le Corbusier's text is a repetitious lot of statements, letters, doctrines, refutations; at the beginning of one section he even apologizes because he didn't catch on until too late that the chapter appeared in an earlier work. But this book some-

times also provides germane explanations, and many revealing pictures, of Corbu's town planning theories as applied—but never carried out—in Paris, Geneva, Rio, São Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Algiers, Moscow, Antwerp, Barcelona, Stockholm, Nemours and Piace. These vain studies were mostly undertaken at the encouragement of local officials, which explains why Le Corbusier's ironic dedication (and his polemical tone) is directed to "AUTHORITY."

Paris got the most exhaustive treatment. Corbu's position was that, by historical demonstration, an old city must always be replaced by a new one. He therefore produced a series of schemes for the center of Paris which simply assumed the demolition of what was there, and the creation instead of gleaming high buildings set far apart, on columns (*pilotis*) with a landscape running through. First there was his City of Three Million Inhabitants (1922). Then his Voisin Plan, named in tribute to an enlightened motor-car manufacturer (the scheme dates from about 1925): the main housing towers seen from above are like four *croix de Lorraine* arranged into a larger cross. Then came the Radiant City itself, shown in the book by means of plates prepared for a CIAM conference (the *Congrès Internationale d'Architecture Moderne*, which Corbu helped to found).

The Radiant City is a scheme for a rigorously zoned urban anthropos, all head (administration), torso (housing), and hands (manufacture). Crisscrossing it are superimposed circulation grids, rectilinear and diagonal, for cars and subways—the grid lines far apart. Housing here takes the form of endless slabs, widening and narrowing to form courtyard spaces on both sides of the slabs (called *redents*). These courtyards were all to be over 1,000 feet wide, the buildings all the same height and on *pilotis* so that, as in his earlier plans, the landscape could run through with community services and sports facilities.

There are no strictly functional bugs in the scheme if you accept Le Corbusier's Spartan apartment layouts and the general principle of separated city elements. He works out the kind of *redents* that are geometrically best; he carefully turns his plan so apartments get maximum sunlight. His highway network is designed complete with road inter-sections, and the car parking is related to building entrances. He lays out nur-

series, schools and sports grounds. Cross sections show how the roads are high above the ground. Interior "streets" in the *redents* contain local shopping and other neighborhood facilities. A typical office building is designed. Le Corbusier even prepares drawings and gets testimonials to show that the Radiant City would be effective against aerial bombardment, with roofs specially reinforced, ground coverage at minimum—and poison gas would be blown away by the wind through the *pilotis*. Best of all, he argues, the Radiant City would hold over 1,000 people per hectare, a suitably high density for those who mean cities to survive. Yet it would lack dark corridor streets and gloomy light wells.

There are two other schemes presented in the book which I ought to mention, though hundreds of illustrations explain a score or more urban design projects. One is Le Corbusier's remarkable plan for Algiers, begun in 1931 and modified many times before it was finally rejected in 1934. Here a highway through the hills facing the sea makes a continuous undulating building, housing beneath it 180,000 people. The drawings of this scheme—particularly the one at the top of page 247—are great iconographic revelations, like many of those of the Radiant City also: they are imaginary pictures of a new urban life to be lived in direct confrontation with nature.

The second scheme is one for Antwerp, the Radiant City *redents* this time adapted to fit a meander of the Schelde River. About a portion of the site plan Le Corbusier says:

We worked on this study for months. It is the strict representation of all the solutions found for countless individual problems, dealt with according to a systematic doctrine of city planning. It "works" everywhere! High buildings perform general functions but man—the city dweller—is taken into consideration. Try it, let him walk around in every part of this plan: he is at ease here and finds stimulation and joy. The stroller finds pleasure; and the citizen, a source of pride.

The plan is a detailed layout showing the variety of events at ground level in among the Antwerp *redents*, and I tried "walking through it." It really is fine.

I want to be clear about my attitude toward Le Corbusier. I believe he was indeed (as he saw himself) the Michelangelo of our own time, the greatest artist of architectural form since Pal-

radio. Turning pages in the seven-volume *Oeuvre Complète* compiled by Boesiger (let alone visiting one of his buildings), one is amazed and moved. In building something one always seeks ingenuity. But beyond that, as Le Corbusier says in *Towards a New Architecture*, "suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good, I am happy and I say: 'This is beautiful.'" Le Corbusier's buildings always do that to me. The small picture book by Henze about Corbu's Dominican monastery of La Tourette (1960) demonstrates well some of the reasons why: it describes the studies he made, his care, his consideration for the objectives of the inhabitants (Corbu was a Swiss-born Protestant), the revisions and reconsiderations—and most of all, of course, the plastic reality of what he did. The form of La Tourette is the work of a man who understood his own culture from modern monasticism to technology, with piercing insight also toward both art and nature. With all this, I ought to give his work nothing but the highest praise. What stops me?

The certain feeling that something is missing, which becomes embarrassing for him now and then. In some very few of Le Corbusier's architectural works, and in his book *The Radiant City* most clearly, he shows that his identification with people is (to make a careful distinction) almost exclusively cultural and hardly at all social. What I mean is this. Le Corbusier has the most profound understanding of objects, whether buildings or systems or techniques—or trees or mountains, for that matter. He not only knows how to use formwork to mold concrete, he realizes the *precise impact* the finished form will have on a sensitive soul who has had a lifetime of cultural orientation toward Roman aqueducts, Euclidean geometry, Cubist painting, sunlight and city dust. Le Corbusier has an acute sense of history (the proposed demolition of Paris notwithstanding); he knows what "style" means in its most secret depths. In short, he is a cultural genius. He is one of the handful of men in a given time who can shape the world of objects because they truly understand them. And Le Corbusier plots this world with Cartesian logic.

But strictly speaking, culture and society are different matters. Le Corbusier can locate man without any trouble in his culture, but, a few vague egalitarian notions aside, he has shallow ideas about people's behavior; he shuns politics, he cares nothing for human differences. He knows more than enough to be able to make buildings work, of course. But he reveals his bafflement with people, the cranky wretches, in most of his writing—the politicians (sordid compromisers by definition), the opponents to his schemes (petty-minded busybodies), the conservationists (blinded against the new

THE SEDENTARIES

*most of the time we sit down
to write 'sitting down' down*

*Mark Twain made a contraption
enabled him to be funny in bed in writing*

*Goethe and Hemingway
risked varicose veins at the highdesk*

*sitting down we get
fat round the ass*

*short poems
not too frequent
are the least fattening*

*if you're sitting down while reading this
now is the time to get up*

ANSELM HOLLO

age). His anecdotes constantly reveal it; he is a true ivory-tower inhabitant, indifferent to mundane society and social norms; a Wagner, a Sherlock Holmes. He is amazed to learn (in one anecdote) that his secretary of *ten years' employment* lives in a dreary suburb, hasn't enough money, is bored! And on the very first page of text of *The Radiant City*, Le Corbusier says: "I don't like parties and it is years since I set foot in one What would we learn at a party? The closing prices? Gossip? And what would we do there? Engage in a useless exchange of uncertain remarks."

Obvious inferences could be drawn from insight into a character such as Le Corbusier's; whether truly radical originals like him could function at all if enmeshed in a social tangle, for instance (though one remembers Tolstoy and Marx and wonders). Certainly Frank Lloyd Wright was a social dropout along similar lines. There are plenty of pat explanations about artistic temperament to account for it all, if not to make us also puzzle whether a "great" architect, as we have now come to think of one, must abstain from petty social concerns to get on with his work. But remember that I am not talking about utopian planners like Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier or Godin, who ignored social norms to achieve basic new social objectives. I believe Le Corbusier really had only cultural objectives.

The great evidence of this is the obvious failure of the Radiant City (though not the plans for Algiers or details for Antwerp) as a city for people. It fails because of its lack of places allowing urban interaction, for all its high density; because of the Cartesian fragmentation of things needing to coexist in daily life; because the equality for all is sought merely through uniformity rather than a better individual normality. Le Cor-

busier's plan for the destruction of familiar places and his apartments so stiflingly small are only symptomatic of the rest. Jane Jacobs has given Le Corbusier no less than he deserves in holding his influence responsible for much of American postwar planning; I have elsewhere disparaged his ideas about a Radiant City for New York (as described in Le Corbusier's *When the Cathedrals Were White*). It is only necessary to add that the American planning Mrs. Jacobs criticizes wasn't unsuccessful because it was merely half-hearted Le Corbusier—the Radiant City itself would have been worse, however sublime in form.

There is now a sort of watershed in the architectural profession that separates older architects, for whom Le Corbusier was the inspired master in everything, from mostly younger architects (younger than about 35) who have some reservation in their acclaim of him. Perhaps because these younger architects didn't live through the heroic days when Corbu was forming the CIAM, or when he was losing important commissions to academic architects, or when he was standing almost alone as propagandist and prime mover of the modern movement, they think of him with less reverence than do their elders.

At any rate I'm sure it is well that this is so, because Le Corbusier, the modern movement and all that may really belong on the other side of a greater watershed in architecture itself. That divide is the new one that separates architecture as a principally artistic-culture phenomenon from architecture as a social instrument (which is not to say that culture doesn't remain part of it). Really significant architectural contributions to social advance are possible now, and maybe actually essential. If younger architects can bring off this kind of new New Architecture, against all the inertia the architectural profession alone has

allowed through past indifference, it will be worth saying good-by to Le Corbusier.

Saying that will still leave him with the honors he deserves: with Palladio, he has been the most imitated of architects; with Michelangelo, the most inventive of new form; with Bernini, the most acclaimed in his own lifetime. It's enough. His designs for cities must be kept aside. Perhaps it is too much really to expect one man to master both great assignments and also vast ones. Imitators of his *panache* in presenting city plans

—like Edmund N. Bacon with his book *Design of Cities*—merely copy the form but lack all the formal genius. *Design of Cities* is a flashy book that exploits the good will we still give to virtuoso creators, without however deserving any of it. It deliberately muddles tactics with strategy, presents merely pretty buildings as good ones, and puts about the impression that great cities must be made by strong men. Le Corbusier would have smiled ruefully because, the strongest of all, he learned otherwise.

Passengers Will Please Refrain

TO HELL IN A DAY COACH: An Exasperated Look at American Railroads. By Peter Lyon. J. B. Lippincott Co. 324 pp. \$5.95.

GEORGE ZABRISKIE

Mr. Zabriskie is a long-distance commuter (Washington to Harpers Ferry, W. Va., via B&O). He is a member of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society and the Canadian Railroad Historical Association, and has written "The Cylinder Cars" and "A Century of Steam Locomotives," among other articles on railroads and railroad history.

Peter Lyon's major interest emerges as the present sad state of the passenger business, but he gets to it after much excoriation of 19th-century financiers and investment bankers. This kind of biological economic determinism, too common among railroad historians, overlooks the technological and social forces which also operated during the period of growth. The stereotyped villains exposed by Mr. Lyon were operating within the framework of 19th-century capitalism; the railroad industry was typical, not exceptional. Chaotic economic exploitation and misapplication of technology became commonplace in a country with a political and economic organization based on enlightened 18th-century agrarianism. Society had no adequate means for coping with the sudden explosive developments of 19th-century technology, industrialization and commercialization.

But the railroads differed from other enterprises in being public utilities, vital to most of the others. With a single notable exception in America they were and are public utilities in private ownership and were never operated solely for public benefit. Furthermore, the American public has never been fully aware of what ought to be required of a public utility: so the regulation of the railroads, and later of their competitors, has been confused and confusing, with "public interest" as a nominal goal and appeasement of the carriers as pragmatic policy.

Unfortunately, America's first experiment in public ownership and management of rail transportation facilities was short-lived and, through both managerial and technological shortcomings, disastrous to the ideas it represented. The State Works of Pennsylvania, described by Charles Dickens in his *American Notes* and ignored by Lyon, were a coordinated line of canals, inclined planes and railroads, from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh. Built by the state in the 1830s, it was then the most technologically advanced transportation system in

the world. By the 1850s, when the paralleling Pennsylvania Railroad purchased it from the state, it was already obsolete. In the interim, its management, beset by problems of maintenance and improvement and harassed by the political vagaries of the state legislature, furnished the proponents of private operation their classic dreadful example.

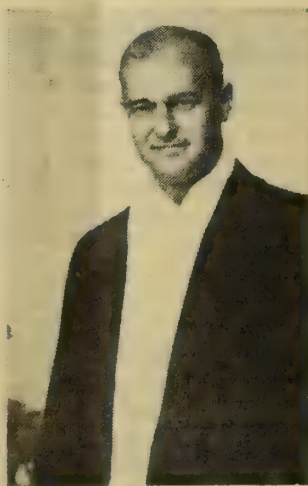
The effects of the panic of 1857 are also omitted from the book. By that year, after a decade of astounding technological growth, the locomotive had evolved into the prototypes for later machines: except for application of the injector, which had already been invented, no significant design changes were to appear until the beginning of the 20th century. Metal passenger cars, enclosed passageways between cars, air conditioning, metal freight cars, modern car truck designs, rail improvements, use of the telegraph in train dispatching, experimental automatic couplers, and mechanical forms of continuous brakes had all been tried or were in actual daily use.

Together with these practical improvements, innumerable fantastic devices were proposed and tested. Yet by the 1880s they were generally forgotten. The panic which closed many locomotive and car builders also ended some paper and real railroads and brought about a failure

George F. Kennan From Prague After Munich

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of nerve on the part of management. Zerah Colburn, a railroad journalist (not to be confused with the mathematical prodigy of the same name), left for England; his partner, Alexander Holley, turned his energies to the iron industry. The advent of the Civil War confirmed the regressive tendencies of management. The wooden car, the open platform, the link and pin and the hand brake were to last until the close of the century.

Lyon does not mention that the Erie provided a broad gauge route (6 feet, instead of the standard 4 feet 8½ inches) from Jersey City to Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Had the 6-foot gauge been made standard in this country we would in fact have the superrailroads which exist today in the copywriter's fancy.

The more effective part of Lyon's book begins when he leaves the 19th century. The period from 1900 to the present offers an opportunity to study the 19th-century mentality in management moving serenely and blindly through the 20th century much as if nothing had really happened since the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

The railroads became unconscionable; common carriers, aided and abetted by compliant regulatory agencies, would

decide whom and what they would carry where, and for how much. If, in recent years, competition has made them more amenable to some shippers of freight, they have hardened in their intransigence against the passenger. Needless to say, their competitors, as they have become more powerful, have sought to emulate the example set them. Rather generally, the competition has been somewhat more circumspect; but it is still possible for the attorney of a bus company to argue that commuters really do not know where they want to go, and that if they did know, it would make little difference since they are not substantive experts but prejudiced witnesses. Lyon injures his argument by presenting the railroads as standing alone in the arrogance which others have learned from them.

In the field of mergers, the author seems to feel that they ought to be good in theory if not in practice. Certainly no force since the Diesel locomotive (which requires expensive auxiliary equipment for passenger trains) has been so effective in wiping out passenger service. Generally, one of the merged roads treats the other as a captive kingdom suitable for exploitation, rather than as an equal partner. Particularly in the railroad industry, size does not make for efficiency: many an "unprofitable" branch line and small railroad lopped off during the depression is still making money under local management.

Lyon has weakened his book and some of his arguments by a number of avoidable errors in technological, labor and special history. Chronologically they range from events of the 19th century to the misadventures of the late Robert R. Young, who did not replace the C&O's entire passenger car fleet with new equipment. He bought enough equipment for two trains (four sets and spares), some of which has since been sold. The C&O is still doing business with cars over forty years old, and from time to time fobbing some of them off on the unfortunate B&O, its merged underling.

Most regrettably, Lyon does not discuss the peculiar relationship of General Motors to the railroads. America's largest corporation is America's largest shipper, and since the end of World War II, through its Electro-Motive Division, it has enjoyed a virtual monopoly of locomotive building. In the late 1940s there were five suppliers of road and heavy switching locomotives, including EMD, which eliminated its competitors during the next decade. Today, EMD has a minimum of competition from General Electric and Alco, both of which reentered the field after Robert Kennedy's threatened antitrust suit. Since General Motors, in the automotive field, has been trying to demonstrate that it has more power than the federal government,

what about the railroad field? What pressures did it exert to accelerate Dieselization? To insure that electrification would not even be considered as an alternate? To limit the purchase of locomotives made by other manufacturers? Because nearly all railroad equipment is purchased through leasing agreements (banks and insurance companies generally finance the transactions) General Motors has certainly had more financial leverage than any of its competitors.

A footnote to the book's account of the fast-fading passenger business is that in the last few years the best cars of the postwar and even prewar American passenger fleet are today doing service in Canada, Mexico and other countries, including Saudi Arabia. Much of the railroad equipment which American travelers praise when they ride Canadian trains came from the B&O, C&O, Reading, Milwaukee, Wabash, New York Central and other railroads in the States.

It's possible to argue in defense of railroad management that it is no worse than the military-industrial complex which enabled it to show a profit in 1967. Lyon has been stumbling in the kingdom of the blind without finding a single one-eyed man.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

LA VIE PASSIONNEE OF RODNEY BUCKTHORNE. By R. V. Cassill. *Bernard Geis Associates*. 243 pp. \$5.95.

If this novel about an aging college professor who yearns for his Bohemian past and sets out to recapture life by leaving his family and fleeing to New York were by another author, it would hardly be worth notice. But R. V. Cassill is such a good writer that it's hard to imagine why he should have devoted his efforts to this book. It reads discouragingly like an assigned plot staked out along a series of commercially zany events about bridging the generation gap in the East Village. Writers shouldn't have to teach in universities unless they really want to, and it is a major sadness of our time that even if they don't want to they're lucky if they can. Mr. Cassill fell into the bag that this situation so often produces; it is to be hoped that the fall is a temporary one.

THE ICE-CREAM HEADACHE: And Other Stories. By James Jones. *Delacorte Press*. 238 pp. \$5.

The majority of the thirteen stories in this collection by a highly successful novelist, were written in the late forties and throughout the fifties; they are any-

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ONWARDS: By Nat Hentoff. Simon & Schuster. 141 pp. \$3.95.

Nat Hentoff's novel is so obviously deeply felt and well intentioned that the reader finds himself struggling, often successfully, not to be disappointed. Aaron Philips is a likable, over-30 New York intellectual who's stuck between his associations with the compromised politics of the old Left and the comparatively far-out activism of the New. His real struggle is to find a position in which he can become relevant, not only as political activist but—the foundation of any real politics—as a man. His peppery wife offers no solace, but a good deal of impetus to the latter quest. Mr. Hentoff has accomplished a series of touching and lifelike portraits of old and new radicals. His nice-guy main character fades away in the glare of their reality, but because Hentoff is no Beckett, their on-stage monologues lack the tension which might have made his novel a success. Flaws and all, this is a good book to read, especially for troubled, over-30 intellectuals.

LOVE TO VIETNAM. By Edita Morris. Monthly Review Press. 92 pp. \$5.

What could seem soupier and more dully propagandistic than a novel about a napa-palmed Vietnamese girl and an atom-bomb-burned (Nagasaki) Japanese boy? Mrs. Morris makes it work because she has had the good sense to keep it short, and the talent to make her Japanese protagonist both tragic and funny, a really memorable character. The bond her people share is based not so much on their terrible wounds as on the common source of these wounds: their hatred of the United States is so acutely described that it is almost physically shocking. Although her novel isn't entirely free of sentimentality, the striking appeal of its hero and the success with which it makes its points are admirable. Its real irony, as Mrs. Morris surely knows, is that it is guaranteed to make Vice President Humphrey cry.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Richard Bradford. J. B. Lippincott Co. 256 pp. \$4.95.

Mr. Bradford's novel is this year's *To Kill a Mockingbird*, but the Southerners

(they are from Mobile) have been transplanted to a small village in New Mexico, where the Negroes have been replaced by noble, witty Mexicans. The time is World War II, and the narrator is a high school boy who describes his life and times with ironic humor. The book is always diverting, but it is the kind of superficial brotherhood script which one closes with relief at the fact that it has no role for Sidney Poitier.

THEATRE

NICHOLAS BIEL

Mr. Biel is an American playwright and poet now living in Paris. Harold Clurman is en route to Japan, where he will direct O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh for a Japanese repertory company.

Paris

When one considers the shelves of literature inspired by Sacco and Vanzetti, it is not a little surprising that the Rosenberg case, a story fully as dramatic and containing even more of the elements of tragic pathos, should be so neglected as source material for either fiction or drama. It is probably inconceivable to the young militants of 1968 that as recently as 1953 most American liberals and even outright progressives wanted nothing more than to attract as little attention to themselves as possible, and those few who did take a stand felt obliged first to cover themselves by uttering the standard incantation of the times: "While no one could be more opposed to communism than myself, I nevertheless feel etc., etc."

If it can be argued that the American Establishment felt itself more threatened by two Jews alleged to be Communists than by two Italians who were self-proclaimed anarchists, the continuing dearth of Rosenberg literature can perhaps be explained—or, since they are dead fifteen years now, it could be explained until the Unintimidated Generation arose first on behalf of civil rights and then against the war in Vietnam and poverty in general.

In any case, the conditions operating in the United States in 1953 did not exist in Europe from where the greatest number of protests against the execution came, including a plea from the anti-Communist Pope, Pius XII. Today, more than one European working-class district contains a Via or a Rue Julius et Ethel Rosenberg.

Perhaps it is in this context that one can understand why Les Trétaux de France, a government-subsidized touring theatre that plays in a 1,200-seat tent, is performing to highly enthusiastic audiences a living-newspaper play by Alain

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by Oliver P. Williams, et al. \$6.00

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Decaux called *The Rosenbergs Must Not Die*.

Decaux retells the story accurately and forthrightly, breaking no new ground either as historian or dramatist but simply holding his audience by the enormity of the narrative. Though the words of Joe McCarthy form a frame of reference for the dramatic action, there is no overt anti-Americanism in evidence. The facts are potent enough and Decaux does not overstress any of them: that the Rosenbergs were offered their lives if they would confess to the alleged crime; that they were leaving behind two young children whom they loved above life itself; that Ethel's brother testified against them under the most unsavory and questionable of circumstances; that scientists such as Harold Urey found the testimony of this brother, the government's chief witness, pure nonsense; that an implicit anti-Semitism marked much of the carnival side-show atmosphere surrounding the trial. These points and others are explicitly noted and the entire effect of the play is one of unhappy verisimilitude.

Decaux is a well-known French historian who for ten years was co-producer and writer of a highly popular television series, *Le Camera Explore Le Temps*, that has recently been suppressed by the Gaullist government for political reasons. In writing his play Decaux's chief references were the Rosenbergs' own letters from the Sing Sing death house, and a French anthology of articles concerning the case published in 1955, *Le Chant Interrompu*.

Although Les Tréaux de France has been in existence for a number of

RUMOR

*I have heard
from an aeronautical
engineer
that this
round of rock
this egg of earth,
if speeded up just three miles per hour,
would smoke on its axis
like a dry drill in steel
and all the farms, fowl,
feathers, fields and
fresh young things
from cities and shores
would be flung free
of the planet and float
like a snow of strangers down
through thinning air
to the sparest gas
where a walrus will
freeze in a wink.*

LAWRENCE LOCKE

years, Jean Danet, the producer, has until now done mostly standard French and European classics, modern as well as ancient—Sophocles through Claudel, Sartre and Audiberti. *The Rosenbergs* is the first new play he has put on. He usually travels ahead of his tent to stir up interest in schools, unions and other organizations (the best seats cost 12 francs, about \$2.40), and has found no resistance to this play and much more knowledge of its contents than he supposed his audience would possess.

Jean Jacques Gauthier of the conservative *Le Figaro* and the most powerful single critic in the French theatre was as enthusiastic about the play as was the critic of the Communist *L'Humanité*. *The Rosenbergs* is perhaps not great art, but it works well under Jean-Marie Serreau's telling direction and the performance of an excellent cast headed by Silvia Monfort as a deeply moving Ethel (she makes no attempt to give the physical impression of the Ethel Rosenberg those who knew or remembered could recognize).

Most important of all, however, it may be the forerunner of a body of literature devoted to a story that cannot fail to take its place in the folklore of absolute courage—courage that puts to shame the tawdry accusations of a nation gone hysterical with fear of Plato's flickering shadows in the cave. For, as the French point out, even if the Rosenbergs were guilty as charged, the fact remains that they gave information to America's ally, not to its enemy, and their punishment thus far exceeded anything a civilized court could have been expected to mete out.

MUSIC

BENJAMIN BORETZ

For the past five or so years, I have been taking note in this column of the development in New York of a remarkable activity in the virtuoso performance of contemporary music that has emerged from a unique collaboration between serious composers and performers, and has seemed to prefigure a significantly new and viable way of musical life. Now it appears that this activity is under threat of imminent disintegration, largely because its own vitality within a highly concentrated context—a community of interested musicians, students and academic and artistic intellectuals—had an immediate and striking impact on a far wider musical circle and thus suggested, to some people with quite different musical commitments, the possibility of imitation and transference onto a far larger numerical and financial stage. Thus, some strong efforts have recently been made whose force has been to weaken the internal development of new-music activity as a significant musical force by diluting its energies in the direction of popularization, on the one hand, and diffusion—in terms of indiscriminate proliferation of activity and consequent dilution of resources—on the other.

I discussed the characteristics and difficulties of the Populistic approach in my last column, with specific reference to the new Hunter College series, The New Image of Sound. But the history of the tendency to proliferate dates most significantly to the moment, about three years ago, when the interest of the Rockefeller Foundation was attracted on precisely such terms. For, peculiarly, their concept of the means to broaden and deepen the base of support and the range of dissemination of this activity did not include the strengthening of groups that had already demonstrated strong internal motivation, support and continuity independent of any outside interest, and at the cost of great personal dedication. Rather, such groups (specifically, the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University and the Twentieth Century Innovations group under Gunther Schuller) were largely by-passed in favor of establishing new groups in contexts where no previous activity of this kind had developed indigenously and under directors who, for the most part, were "career" performers not notably involved in this domain before (with the obvious exception of Ralph Shapey in Chicago).

As I noted in a *Nation* column at the time, not only did the influx of huge amounts of endowment money pose a drastic survival problem for the original, unsubsidized groups in terms of com-

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petition for staff from the highly restricted pool of qualified players (which had been developed through their efforts in the first place) but it also inflated the "normal" financial scale of such enterprises to a point that could never be maintained independently should foundation support be withdrawn. In short, the approach seemed about to fatten rather than strengthen new-music performing activity, and to diffuse to an alarming thinness the components of a bright new interaction whose intensity seemed at least partly to derive from the very pressure of the hermetically concentrated conditions under which it had formed.

Some of the fears expressed at that time were almost immediately realized: the Twentieth Century Innovations series, which had established Carnegie Recital Hall as a focal point for new-music activity, and had been given support to do so by the Carnegie Hall Corporation, now found itself competing with three Rockefeller-supported groups at State University of New York, Buffalo; University of Chicago and Rutgers, who were able to book their own series into Carnegie Recital Hall and, of course, pay their own expenses. Carnegie Hall naturally lost interest in Schuller's series, private support could no longer be found, and—since no Rockefeller Foundation help could be attracted either—the series, with its highly individual musical profile and pioneering enthusiasm, never reappeared. The Columbia group was spared a similar demise by strong university support, and, ultimately, by a small "emergency" Rockefeller grant (about one-eighth the yearly size of the other Rockefeller subsidies) which enabled it to meet the huge pay-scale increases resulting from the unlimited-money competition of the neighboring Rockefeller group at Rutgers. On a slightly more subtle level, one has observed the increasing frustrations involved in the attempt to develop adequately prepared programs, given the multiple demands on the schedules, loyalties and enthusiasm of the almost completely overlapping personnel among groups in the New York area. The result is that the most

player-time is available to the highest bidder willing to settle for the least preparation. And any attempt by the Columbia group to expand its program into larger-ensemble domains, or to increase activity, has been as defeated by this attrition of simple player availability as by any financial limitations.

Assessing the impact of the Rockefeller program over its first three years, one ought also to consider the degree to which some of its own stated aims have been realized. To begin with, there was much talk of "encouraging the development of other sources of support" for such activity, but in fact the only major change in the support available for new-music performance appears to have been negative. Schuller's experience bears this out, as does the collapse of Max Pollikoff's Music In Our Time series (held first at the 92nd Street YMHA and then at Town Hall), and the highly puzzling recent behavior of the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund, once among the most active of institutional new-music patrons, which appears to have withdrawn completely from such support after sponsoring a single (and, in fact, rather superior) concert in Charles Schwartz's Composers' Showcase series at Cooper Union last fall. Otherwise, there have mostly been such traditionally reliable resources as the Fromm Foundation (which sponsored the all-Wolpe program given by the Rockefeller-supported Chicago group at Town Hall this year!), the Koussevitzky Foundation (which is backing a new-music series at Lincoln Center this summer), the venerable Ditson Fund at Columbia (which has enabled the group to survive and has initiated small projects in publication and recording that may have far more effect than all the institutional millions), and the cluster of small foundations that has enabled such enterprises as the brave little series at the Greenwich House Music School (directed by the composers Joan Tower and Raoul Pleskow) to introduce new works by young and otherwise neglected composers. But there is no evidence that any sources of support—these or others—have been "encouraged" by the Rockefeller example.

It is still more significant to consider the degree to which the new groups have succeeded in establishing distinguished performers of new music previously unexposed, and in developing new groups of accomplished young players in this field. But—for whatever it does signify—the most distinguished active new-music players, whatever their present affiliations, all seem to have originated with either the original Schuller or Columbia groups. Thus, among group-affiliated pianists, both Robert Miller (who, in the possible company of Robert Helps, is surely the most accomplished ensemble and chamber-music pianist ac-

tive) and Charles Wuorinen (who, along with Easley Blackwood, has virtually developed a new set of pianistic modes of articulation) are both associated with the Columbia group—Wuorinen as co-director. Harvey Sollberger, the other Columbia director, is still the incomparably superior flutist of the time. Among violinists, Paul Zukofsky (who is also a real solo virtuoso in all the rarest musical senses), now with the Rutgers group, was virtually discovered by Schuller and the Columbia group in his musical infancy; and the clarinetist Arthur Bloom, the percussionists Raymond Des Roches and Richard Fitz, the violist Jacob Glick, and the bassoonist Donald MacCourt, all with Rutgers, and the percussionist John Bergamo, at Buffalo, were all (and largely still are) members of the original New York complex. And the remarkable and still unsubsidized Composers' String Quartet (see *The Nation*, April 15), whose superiority in its domain is almost overwhelming, is perhaps the most interesting offshoot of the Schuller group. Then, it seems remarkable that the players who have most recently emerged are all associated with the activities at Columbia, in spite of the extreme financial disadvantage that prevails there: the flutist Sophie Sollberger (whose recital at Carnegie Recital Hall with Robert Miller was especially memorable), the violinist Jeanne Benjamin, the cellist Frederick Sherry, the brass players Ronald Anderson and James Biddlecome, and the bass players Kenneth Fricker and Jesse Miller have all made notably impressive contributions to recent performances. (On the other hand, the almost maniacally dexterous young Japanese pianist Yuji Takahashi began his American career in Buffalo.)

As far as individual programs and performances are concerned, however, the Rockefeller program has produced some notable results (although its explicit intention was to de-emphasize concerts as being merely the outgrowth of the activities). In this respect, the exceptional work of the Chicago group was discussed in my last column, and that of the Buffalo players has tended to be so marginal and capricious in programming and so erratic in preparation that, in spite of an occasional worth-while event, their New York concerts have seemed mostly vacuous. But the Rutgers group, under the direction of Arthur Weisberg, has consistently offered programs that substantially enlarged the scope of available new-musical experience, often in performances of superior ensemble accuracy. In particular, the Rutgers concerts have included works from the large-ensemble literature (almost never feasible for new-music groups) such as the Stravinsky Concerto for Piano and Winds, the Elliott Carter Double Concerto, the Chamber Symphony of Ralph Shapey, and Milton Babbitt's *All Ser*, as well as important

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works by composers not frequently represented on the other New York series, such as Seymour Shifrin, Jacob Druckman, Robert Moevs and Donald Martino.

But it is precisely in the case of the Rutgers group, where the accomplishment has been so considerable, and the intrinsic interest of the programming so high, that the real defects of the premises on which the Rockefeller program was founded become evident. For in establishing an activity of this nature where no previous impetus toward it had been internally generated, the foundation expected to provide such an impetus, to stimulate involvement in the students, and in the academic and civic communities, conceiving this as its main function, and thus justifying its neglect of places "where such things would go on anyway." Yet, every concert I witnessed at Rutgers (each was later repeated in New York) was pitifully unattended—even by some of the members of the university's own musical community—and it was evident that the essential "support" that is required for such projects, aside from simple imposition from without, can arise only from the kind of crucial professional necessity that had engendered such activity, without foundation help, in the first place. And now, finally, at the point where the original Rockefeller grant has run out, and the various universities involved are supposed to assert their commitment, both Rutgers and Buffalo apparently intend to discontinue the programs summarily—even in spite of the willingness of the foundation to continue support on a reduced scale.

This, then, is the moment of extreme danger for the entire new-music performance complex that seemed so baleful three years ago; for should the Rockefeller Foundation now decide that the failures at Rutgers and Buffalo constitute a demonstration of the unsoundness of the entire university-based approach to the performance of new music, and thus a reason for them to abandon it, the decision would probably be entirely self-fulfilling in the destruction of all such activity that would probably ensue. If, on the other hand, the foundation would recognize that those of its ensembles that have been successful—notably at Chicago and Iowa—were established on precisely the conditions of internal need and relevance that characterized the Schuller series and the Columbia group, then perhaps it might also recognize its culpability in contributing to the serious fragmentation of New York musical activity, and the serious disruption that the discontinuance of its Rutgers and Buffalo projects now threatens. One might hope in that case for it to assume its appropriate responsibility for the essential reconsolidation and restoration of a major cultural resource that its miscalculated generosity is threatening to destroy.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Ever since the wolf packs and flying circuses of World War I (with flashbacks, of course, to Antietam and the exploits of Joshua), the movies have found their most congenial subject in battle. War is photogenic, its values and virtues are graphically simple, and the audience identifies with the flag and the uniform. A disconcerting experience is to attend a routine Nazi war film, in which all the characters and episodes are utterly familiar, but the wardrobe department seems to have mixed the costumes.

Wild in the Streets is a war picture of a very peculiar sort, and when I went to see it at a Broadway house in the middle of a weekday afternoon, a line was forming at the box office. The film obviously hits a nerve and I am a little worried. It is an account of a civil war set in our immediate future (LBJ is still President at the start of it) and the enemy, very easily distinguished from the good guys by his uniform, is the turned-on youth of the country. What the purpose of the movie may be—other than to cash in on a current anxiety—I cannot say, but the effect is unambiguous: it is to make anyone over 30 hate and fear the rising generation. There is in the film no boy or girl who is not pure poison. The leader of the successful

junta and first boy President is a rock-and-roll singer who has amassed \$2.5 million in as many years, gathered about him an entourage of pot-smoking child geniuses of public relations and finance (they sleep all together, like hibernating snakes, on one large circular divan), and who seizes the country by the device of getting the voting age lowered to 15. His accomplice in this coup is an opportunistic California Congressman who gives the impression of having recently worked in Hollywood.

The uprising is marked by no ideology, indeed by no ideas; it is simple seizure of power by a group whose cynicism and cruelty outrun their years. They turn the United States into a dictatorship overnight and then confront the fact that youth is a resource they cannot hoard. Maturity is represented principally by Shelley Winters and Ed Begley, who have the melancholy task of validating the frightfulness by suggesting that grown-ups are idiotic and obscene.

Is this plausible? Factually, not very; emotionally somewhat. Our nation grows younger and we have italicized the statistical shift by making a religion of youth. The generation gap does seem wider today than in other times one can remember. (On the afternoon when I saw *Wild in the Streets* the papers carried the



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story of a 17-year-old girl "who didn't trust adults" and whose body was found floating in a trunk in New York harbor. It turned out that she had died of an overdose of barbiturates and had been disposed of by her panicky friends. What makes the incident so horrible is that it no longer seems bizarre.)

And the young today seem peculiarly assertive, not only because of their numbers but because they have adopted a remarkably visible style of dress and behavior—which they have the money to maintain. It is easy enough to blow up Haight-Ashbury or MacDougal Street or any of the summer jazz-folk-rock festivals into the nightmare of a crusade of vicious children.

Wild in the Streets does it pretty well. The music blares, the colors are day-glo, the insurrection is circumstantial, the clothing and some of the dialogue are witty, and the young company has a distinct if rotten charm. Omitted entirely is a recognition that, from approximately the time of the first freedom marches, the moral sensitivity of the country has been conspicuously in the hands of the generation under 30. The sermon preached by *Wild in the Streets* is that we Americans have gotten the youth we deserve: the fact is that, miraculously, we have done a great deal better than that.

But the irresponsibility of the picture consists in the fact that it associates certain blatant fads and habits with an epidemic of social rabies. Long hair bothers some adults, beads trouble others, and almost everyone is alarmed by LSD and the other novel (non-alcoholic) drugs. If now we get it into our heads that every long-haired, beaded, embellished grass smoker in the land is intent on locking us up in concentration camps, the atmosphere will become even less promising.

This country has had so many enemies in its short life—Indians, British, Mexicans, rebels, Germans, Japanese, Communists of all flavors—that the movies have grown fat on the glamour of American victory. But not even Hollywood or the FBI can seriously suggest that we go hunting our own children. I suppose I take *Wild in the Streets* too seriously, but of course there is some truth in it: our society is infected and an alarming percentage of youth has caught the sickness. There was a smell of hysteria in the theatre and that eager line outside. The United States is running a little low on scapegoats just at present (the Negro no longer volunteers). Would an epidemic of hippie lynching be that impossible?

The director Marco Bellocchio was introduced to American audiences a few months ago with *China Is Near*; an earlier film, *Fist in His Pocket*, is cur-

rently showing. Two characteristics of his work are now evident. The first of these is that he lays open the surroundings and conventions of Italian middle-class life—what cinéasts call the *mise en scène*—with an intimacy not hitherto available to our tourist eyes. Bellocchio is a lyric melodramatist and I would not suppose that there was anything essentially Italian about his situations; but the households in which they unfold are almost aromatic with what seems authentic atmosphere.

His other characteristic is a taste for ellipsis, whereby the viewer stumbles into his films like any outsider, and must puzzle his way to a grasp of relationships and events. This could easily become a mannerism—in fiction, it is more self-conscious to withhold information than to supply it—but as of now it has given his stories an immediacy, and his audience a sense of participation, that are altogether unusual.

Fist in His Pocket is much more extreme than *China Is Near*—indeed, it approaches Grand Guignol. A blind old mother of intense religious preoccupations presides over a family beset by incest and stricken with epilepsy. The oldest son, who is normal, manages this household and faces the loss of all his ambitions from the weight of his load. Of his two brothers, one is afflicted almost to idiocy; the other dangerously aspires to normalcy. The daughter, who seems not physically impaired, experiments with crises and is oblivious to consequences in a degree that will not pass as sane.

The tension of the film pulls between the oldest brother and the one less afflicted. The latter is powerfully moved to be "someone," to play a part in the family fortunes, to be a hero, indeed, by freeing his impatiently dutiful brother. But in fact he is still—and will forever be—a nestling, and his only thought is to eliminate the defectives in the nest. Does the older man see what is in store? Bellocchio doesn't quite say so, but I think it is what he means. The oldest brother's tacit complicity in a course of events that will end a situation which is exhausting him to no purpose gives the film moral relevance and makes tragedy of what otherwise would be mere horror.

Fist in His Pocket is a savage film, told with unwinking compassion. It is not easy to watch and sometimes hard to understand, but it is first-class work by the most exciting and individualistic director to emerge in a number of years.

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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Not quite lucid translation of the main French relative of the guitar. (8)
- 5 A weapon in the hands of Ruth is a military obstacle. (6)
- 10 Comments of the retrospective nature writer. (5)
- 11 An early drink, for a starter. (3-6)
- 12 Archibald MacLeish said this was promises. (7)
- 13 Issue with retrospective title put away. (7)
- 14 Doesn't make port? (6)
- 15 In general, might one expect to find Mr. Shean? (7)
- 16 Attempts to keep little amphibians around for this? (7)
- 17 Company advocate, reputedly. (6)
- 18 Miracle-maker, in what they sometimes do to desert. (7)
- 19 The fruit of Fortunella japonica. (7)
- 20 Don't say so much about how to typify E. E. Hale's character! (9)
- 21 Sprung up like a petal. (5)
- 22 Are old streets associated with it in song? (6)
- 23 A lisp or a diction difficulty might show it happening at intervals. (8)

DOWN:

- Proving the color barrier can't keep a good poet down! (6)

- 2, 16 and 17 down Pindar's queer alarm? (Taking licence, possibly.) (7,2,6,3,8)
- 3 Breathe influence? (7)
- 4 Green type, next to non-pareil. (7)
- 6 Travelers often go this way, as it sounds, but it's less common now. (7)
- 7 Vehicle of the islands. (5)
- 8 It might prove material to a worker in the army, perhaps. (8)
- 9 They might measure such things as gas distances. (6)
- 16 and 17 See 2 down.
- 19 Concerning a separate location for some motors. (4,3)
- 20 Expression affected by primes. (6)
- 21 Manufactures paints and powders. (5,2)
- 22 Around 50, 20 would be less complicated. (7)
- 23 Disturbance in the stable? (6)
- 25 Possibly a rich person addressed at a public meeting frequently. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1253

ACROSS: 1 Fringe area; 6 Sigh; 10 Riddles; 11 Caribou; 12 Inch; 13 Personable; 15 Ninnies; 16 Salerno; 17 Xanthin; 20 Menaced; 22 and 24 Housemaids knee; 23 Emir; 25 Neocene; 26 Centavo; 27 East; 28 Stammerers. DOWN: 1 Foreign exchange; 2 Indican; 3 Golf; 4 Answers; 5 Excises; 7 Imbiber; 8 Household troops; 9 Trunk line; 14 Lightened; 18 Neurons; 19 Nearest; 20 Modicum; 21 Compare.

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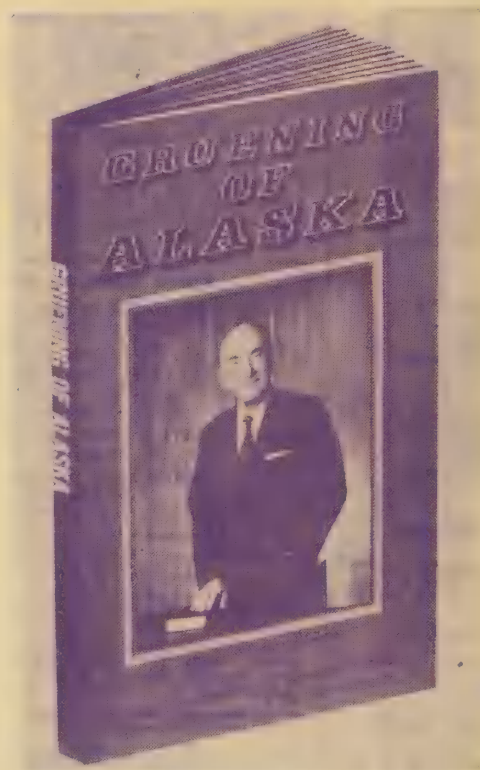
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LETTERS

thinking the future

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: Michael Crozier ["The Lonely Frontier of Reason," *The Nation*, May 27] is highly impressed with our country's think tanks. He forgets that the success of scientific decision making rests in large part on the power of special interests to cause their prophecies to be self-fulfilling. Perhaps realization of this power, not hyperrationality, is what is bugging so many people.

Paul J. Mackin

■ question of inference

New York City

DEAR SIR: In an otherwise appreciative review of *The Autobiography of W. E. B. DuBois* (*The Nation*, Apr. 29), Truman Nelson questions the "billing" of Herbert Aptheker as editor and manages, by a series of inferences, to question the full authenticity of the book.

With respect to the first objection, the facts are these: Herbert Aptheker was asked by the author's widow, Mrs. Shirley Graham DuBois, with the agreement of the publishers, to edit the book, in view of his scholarly knowledge of the life and work of Dr. DuBois and his long years of personal association. Besides making the necessary corrections in the text, the editor supplied useful explanatory notes about people and events little known to the contemporary reader. He also prepared the selected bibliography of Dr. DuBois' published writings and a calendar of his life, besides supplying a number of historical photographs for the book. Although the appended material takes 14 pages of the book, and is mentioned in the preface, Mr. Nelson seems to have overlooked it.

Perhaps the reason for this objection becomes more apparent when we consider the implication of the reviewer that publishers and editor are dishonest in presenting the *Autobiography* as published for the first time in full, and as Dr. DuBois wrote it. Mr. Nelson is careful to qualify his implication by saying "technically," the book "is not as DuBois wrote it, or left it, at his death in Ghana in 1963." Of course, "technically" it is not the same, since, as stated in the editor's preface, certain technical-editorial corrections proved necessary. In effect, citing as evidence a carbon copy of the manuscript given him in Accra by Mrs. DuBois in 1965, he infers that the entire Part I and Interlude (which do not appear, it seems, in his carbon copy) were added to the original manuscript.

Mr. Nelson neglects to inform the reader that in Part I, Dr. DuBois deals with his latest journeys abroad, particularly to the Soviet Union and China, and the Interlude, between this part and the beginning of the chronological autobiography, is a concise exposition of his belief in communism. This is as it appeared in the complete manuscript sent the publishers by Mrs. DuBois after its recovery from Accra, along with her persistent instructions that it was to be published as is, for this was how Dr. DuBois left it and wanted it to appear.

This is the complete DuBois who, as is well known, became a Communist and openly proclaimed his views. Mr. Nelson may not like them, in which case it is his privilege and duty as a reviewer to say so, instead of evading this confrontation by impugning the honesty of the publishers or the editor.

With respect to the missing dedication (which is quoted inaccurately by Mr. Nelson), Mrs. DuBois called my attention to this unfortunate omission when the book was published. On investigation, it was found that the dedication page was, indeed, in the manuscript, but due to a

(Continued on page 834)

EDITORIALS

Putting Back the Genie

By approving on June 10 the treaty for a nonproliferation of nuclear weapons, and expressing hope for the widest possible adherence to the treaty by both nuclear and non-nuclear states, the UN General Assembly forged a new link in the slowly forming chain of Soviet-American *détente*. President Johnson sought to give this event the appropriate aura by making one of his rare appearances before the General Assembly, where he commended the treaty in such hyperbolic terms as "the most important international agreement in the field of disarmament since the nuclear age began" and "the most important step toward peace since the founding of the United Nations."

The treaty will undoubtedly make more remote the awesome possibility that the dozen or so countries with a nuclear capability will join the five-power nuclear club in the near future, thus bringing to the world additional pressures and dangers which could make local conflicts infinitely more complex and possibly uncontrollable. In fact, few countries had intended to take on the burden of nuclear armaments, and those which do not wish to renounce atomic weapons formally or which object to certain provisions of the treaty can still refuse to sign or ratify it. But the moral imperative to become a party to the treaty (not to mention the distinct economic advantages to be derived from its nonmilitary provisions) will be strong. Failure to do so will be pointed out as a stigma, or at best an evasion of peaceful commitments.

This is especially the case for West Germany. In this context the treaty represents a great success for the Soviet Union, which from the start of these negotiations has used it as a bogey against German "revanchists," to obtain guarantees from the United States that it would not allow a German finger on the nuclear trigger. If Bonn signs and ratifies the treaty, which is likely (although possibly not before taking another look at European security arrangements), the main Russian objective will have been reached. If, on the other hand, West Germany delays ratification, the Soviet Union will have a ready-made excuse for continuing to resist any change in the European *status quo*.

The immediate political advantage for the United States is less clear—aside from achieving still another agreement with the Soviet Union, in addition to the 1963 test-ban treaty and the 1967 treaty banning bombs in outer space, despite the continuation of the war in Vietnam. Washington will at least be in a better position to resist extreme demands from eager allies. Another, more sweeping motive could be that the United States, wiser from its present experience as a world policeman, is anxious to prevent the compounding of problems which the spread of nuclear weapons would bring to international relations.

Be that as it may, the two superpowers have in recent months promoted the treaty with an intensity that was resented in many UN quarters as an expression of arro-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 8, July 22, August 5, August 19 and August 26.

gance on the part of countries which urged upon others what they were not willing to do themselves. Some accommodation with the non-nuclear powers—especially those industrial countries that feared paralyzing controls on their atomic technology—had been sought in the long negotiations which took place among seventeen countries in Geneva prior to the submission of the draft treaty to the General Assembly in April. Although this U.S.-USSR draft was presented by its authors on a take it or leave it basis, the combined pressure of political, regional and economic groups in the UN forced last-minute changes in order to deliver the massive vote—95 to 4, with 21 abstentions—necessary to the treaty's prestige.

The most important change promises non-nuclear countries, and especially the developing ones of Latin America, considerable assistance and leeway in the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and the assistance will not be available to states that do not become parties to the treaty. Another improvement (that falls short, however—of requests formulated by many non-nuclear states, especially India, which probably will not sign) deals with the security guarantees that the superpowers are willing to provide countries threatened or struck by nuclear aggression. This question is pending before the Security Council, where the unnamed potential villain will obviously be Peking, which has denounced the treaty in advance as a "Soviet-American plot" to strengthen the world hegemony of the two countries.

Last but not least, the nuclear superpowers had to proceed a little further than they had anticipated on the path of nuclear disarmament for themselves. Throughout the six-week debate in the UN Political Committee, the argument was made that while the treaty assured "horizontal nonproliferation," it did not touch upon the "vertical proliferation" of the ever more sophisticated arsenals of the nuclear powers. These, it was claimed, were the greatest threat to world peace, in spite of the so-called "balance of terror."

The superpowers have not agreed on a single measure of nuclear disarmament as such—a fact which causes France to hold aloof from the treaty, although its policy of not sharing its nuclear weaponry with anyone coincides with the aims of the treaty. Nevertheless, in these circumstances, President Johnson felt it necessary to make a declaration of intention before the General Assembly, in order to assure the non-nuclear nations that the United States would try urgently to negotiate with the Soviet Union a limitation of strategic nuclear weapons systems, as a beginning of nuclear de-escalation. Vice Foreign Minister Kuznetsov of the Soviet Union also pledged efforts toward nuclear disarmament. It remains to be seen whether their signatures on the treaty will be followed by a break in the arms race.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

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NATION

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The 'Sick Society'

For a few days more the United States will remain in a fearful and self-flagellating mood. Ordinary people, relying on the information they get from the mass media, and professors who have given much study to our national characteristics, are alike profoundly worried. Even before Senator Kennedy died, a *Wall Street Journal* news roundup quoted a statistical clerk in Chicago: "Society is coming apart at the seams." "Public morality has gone to hell," said a retired Atlanta attorney. And of course as long ago as the thirties the image of America as a "sick giant" was a commonplace of political discussion.

The difference is that during the Great Depression the sick giant was a concept of the intellectuals, shared vaguely, if at all, by the millions of unemployed. Now the fixed idea of national sickness has percolated down to the masses, at a time when everybody is affluent—except, of course, the poor. Since the common people, for the most part, have neither explanation nor plausible remedy to offer, perhaps the politicians can help us? Ever since New Hampshire, Senator McCarthy has given himself to this task. President Johnson has also tried to help—with his usual amalgam of cant and platitude. He has now done the obvious, appointing another committee, the Presidential Commission on Violence, headed by Milton S. Eisenhower who, while collecting yet another honorary degree, gave us an inkling of what to expect.

"As never before in our history," said Mr. Eisenhower, "we now need citizens who can reason objectively, critically and creatively within a moral framework; we need in other words a new breed of Americans who will devote as much time and energy to being wise, democratic citizens as they do to being good physicians, engineers or businessmen." He coupled this familiar appeal with an equally familiar warning against "the coercive spread of communism." As a former educator, Mr. Eisenhower might be expected to know that the moral framework is coupled to the political framework, through the ideas of right and wrong in government inculcated by the Establishment. As for his new breed of Americans, the rebellious university students might aspire to that status, but theirs is hardly a breed of which Mr. Eisenhower would approve. And if this latest commission should come up with an original, potentially effective set of ideas, the chances are that its prescriptions would be ignored, like those of the Kerner Commission on the race question.

Can the professors perhaps contribute from their learning and prestige? One of the most prominent, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., also speaking at a commencement exercise, came closer to reality than the former President's brother when he declared that we are today "the most frightening people on this planet" and ascribed our reputation to the assassinations of the Kennedys, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the war in Vietnam, and "because the atrocities we commit trouble so little our official self-righteousness, our invincible conviction of our moral infallibility."

Shortly after making this pronouncement, however, Professor Schlesinger declared his neutrality as between Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy, on the ground that Mr.

Humphrey was amiss on the Vietnamese War, but good on the race question, while precisely the opposite was true of Mr. McCarthy. Aside from the question of accuracy in regard to Mr. McCarthy's views on domestic issues, Mr. Schlesinger gave little comfort to those who see significant differences in character between the two men, and whose nightmare is to be faced with an absence of choice between Hubert Humphrey and Richard M. Nixon next November.

In *The Nation's* view, the great danger in the mood of despair that follows the assassination of Robert Kennedy is that it will give place to the apathy which, together with hypocrisy, is our worst collective fault. Otherwise, there is no justification for despair. No one statement can be made truthfully about the United States without taking into account its opposite. Ours is a sick society and in parts it is *not* sick—didn't it trigger a world-wide student protest movement? It is a racist society in that most of its people would rather not live among Negroes, and it is *not* a racist society in that a great many blacks and whites continue to strive together for integration and complete equality of the races. And so in other matters. The truth is that the United States is an arena of social conflict and though the worst may come, it is not written in the stars that it must come. We have enough to plead guilty to without succumbing to self-abjection and in that humiliation finding excuse for inaction.

The crucial manifestation of American violence is the Vietnamese War, which breeds domestic violence as car-rion breeds maggots. It is a crowning irony that the arch-exponent of violence, the President of the United States, should deplore violence, seemingly without being aware of the contradiction between his words and his actions. Vice President Humphrey has supported the war without the slightest scruple and, by his own reiterated assurance, would involve us in foreign wars wherever there appeared to be danger of a take-over by Communists, or any government of the Left. And now we are told by political commentators that he has the Democratic nomination sewed up. This is nonsense on its face: the events of the past six months show how unpredictable the outcome of a political campaign is in these turbulent times. The accession of either Humphrey or Nixon to the Presidency could plunge the country into disorder incalculably greater than anything we have experienced so far in this century. The election of Senator McCarthy—or Governor Rockefeller—might at least give us a chance to straighten ourselves out. If the people submit to being led by politicians who have shown themselves so incapable of responding to the national interest, then indeed our society is much sicker than any responsible person has yet dared to suggest.

Rockefeller Awakes

Nelson A. Rockefeller has emerged from the strange apathy which, more than any other factor, has made Richard M. Nixon look like a sure winner in the race (if one can call it that) for the Republican nomination. This is good news for those millions of Americans who hold the balance of power and who, if the machine politicians insist on inviting them to a contest be-

tween Nixon and Humphrey, will enjoy the comforts of home on Election Day.

Some of these millions are followers of McCarthy, some were followers of Robert F. Kennedy. These are the dissatisfied, the activists who are tired of choosing between two evils—in this case between a lifelong opportunist and a reputed liberal who eagerly followed Lyndon B. Johnson into the Vietnamese hell.

Others are the inert, who require some dramatic shock before they can put the fate of the country before their daily concerns. These latter are the ones James Reston had in mind when he said that all politics "are based on the indifference of the majority . . ." The way Rockefeller was campaigning, he could only antagonize the concerned (as when he said he could discern no ideological difference between Ronald Reagan and himself), and confirm the apolitical in their apathy.

But when he goes forth to battle, even the unconcerned are stirred, and the spirits of the concerned are uplifted. McCarthy is the man the concerned want and should get. As James P. Warburg says in a brilliantly reasoned letter in the June 12 *New York Times*, there were two forward-looking opponents of the Administration in the Democratic Party, and why should the tragic death of one deny the nomination to the other? But if it should turn out that the machine politicians can force Humphrey upon those Democrats who after the past three and a half years can no longer stomach him, the concerned middle will turn to Rockefeller. He has Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin advising him on Vietnam, and he is no longer wasting energy trying to compose his differences with right-wing Republicans, who have no more use for him now than when they howled him down at the Cow Palace in 1964.

It is fairly late for Rockefeller, but not too late. The Republican convention begins on August 5, still some weeks away. Once he started running, Rockefeller came out of the backstretch at high speed. In his June 11 speech at the National Press Club, he identified himself with the goals of Robert F. Kennedy and riddled the claims of Richard Nixon. He extolled Senator Kennedy as "a man who cared," and said he felt a personal responsibility to make Senator Kennedy's "unfulfilled dreams" of peace and social justice come true. Taking a hint from McCarthy's discussion of constituency, he contrasted the "old politics" with the "new leadership" which he said he is offering—a claim on which he must make good from now on. "The men of the old politics do not understand change," he said. "They do not comprehend the new realities of American life." He could have added that they failed, and still fail, to understand the realities of brainless anti-communism and the morass into which it has led us in Asia, that they still refuse to recognize the connection between a fruitless policy abroad and a growing crisis at home.

No Republican can be elected by Republican votes alone. The new Rockefeller is aware of that old fact, and in the advertising campaign he launched on June 12 he said: "I do not take my case to Republicans alone. It is a nation and not just a party which needs leading, healing, uniting."

Guns on Capitol Hill

A grim benefit of Senator Kennedy's assassination is the probability that a certain amount of impetus will be imparted to regulation, both federal and state, of firearm ownership. On the day that he was shot, a special nationwide Gallup survey showed the public calling for registration of all firearms as the best way to curb violence in our society. The Gallup staff interviewed by telephone a "national sample" of 442 persons. The questions asked were (1) "What do you think are the causes of violent behavior in this nation?" (2) "What steps do you think should be taken to prevent such violence in the future?"

The causes, as seen by those interviewed, were in the main quite sophisticated: the nature of our complex society, the fact that the country "has waited too long to tackle the basic causes of racial, ethnic and religious prejudice," poor discipline in the home, etc., ranging down to the traditional complaint of disrespect for God and religion. But while the proposed remedies included the other old standby—stricter law enforcement (more police, less leniency on the part of the courts)—those interrogated were also in favor of stricter gun laws. Gun owners and nonowners alike favored a law requiring registration of *all* guns, banning the sale of *all* guns through the mails, and strict restrictions on the use of guns by minors under 18.

The inclusion of long guns is vital. A revolver or pistol is a short-range weapon, inaccurate except in the hands of an expert, and then only under favorable conditions. With a moderate amount of practice, however, almost anyone can learn to kill at ranges of hundreds of yards with a rifle. But kill what? *The Nation* has not the slightest objection to hunting (when game restrictions are adequate) or to target practice. What it objects to is the misleading propaganda that persuades the ill-informed that the right of qualified persons to own firearms, whether long or short, is in any way threatened.

An interesting anomaly is that the purported public support of laissez faire in gun ownership is a myth. The National Rifle Association may have the support of a majority of its members but not of the public. "For three decades," the June 9 *New York Times* report reads, "the voice of the majority of the people in this country regarding the gun laws has gone unheeded by Congress. On May 1, 1938 . . . the Gallup Poll reported that 84 per cent of all adults favored a law requiring all owners of pistols and revolvers to register with the Government. In the latest survey (1967) 85 per cent would still back such a law."

Before the Kennedy assassination, the Congress had just got around to imposing certain narrow restrictions on commerce in hand guns, but registration was not required and long guns were not restricted at all. What the Congress was prepared to pass was a patsy bill, far less restrictive than some state laws, as in upstate New York. There it has long been the practice to require that an applicant furnish five impeccable references, and be fingerprinted, before a pistol permit may be issued—even with the restriction that the weapon is to be kept on the applicant's premises. And when the permit allows the licensee to carry the weapon in the county of issue, he is subject to arrest

if he brings it to New York City, where a more stringent local law applies.

One of the new commendations Sen. Thomas Dodd has earned is by virtue of his long-continued efforts to regulate possession of firearms. Taking advantage of the national horror at Senator Kennedy's assassination, President Johnson has pressed his efforts—also meritorious—in the same direction. To what extent Congress will go along with the President and Senator Dodd, even in the present extremity, remains to be seen. Presumably the members of Congress are hesitant not only out of fear of the NRA's powerful lobby but because they feel that veterans' organizations and right-wing groups generally share the NRA view. It is time to end Congressional subservience to such narrow-minded—and narrow-based—pressure groups.

Truth In Moderation

Just a few days before John Daly took office as Director of the Voice of America, he was warned of the difficulties that would face him. In an open memorandum published in *The Nation* (August 28, 1967), Richard J. Walton, then recently resigned as VOA's principal United Nations correspondent, told Daly: "No matter how much authority President Johnson or USIA director Leonard Marks said you will have, you will find it precious little." On June 6, after just nine months in office, Daly angrily resigned, charging Marks with "maladministration" and "executive undercutting."

Walton had warned Daly that "... however much they think of you personally, the foreign service officers, both within USIA proper and VOA, almost certainly regard you as an outsider who will be gone in a year or two. They naturally assume that an outsider, however intelligent, doesn't really get the picture. They will not fight you; they will just pleasantly, smilingly, affably hem you in and among themselves, the club members, make many of the decisions that should be yours."

Daly quit because he learned upon returning from a business trip abroad that one of his senior aides, Leonard Reed, chief of the World-Wide English Division—the largest and most important division—had been transferred to the press service of the parent USIA without Daly's knowledge and over Reed's protests. Daly also learned that while he was away, USIA had been circulating questionnaires through VOA to determine its effectiveness.

Daly denied that USIA had made any effort to censor or control VOA broadcasts. But it can hardly be a coincidence that USIA chose to transfer Reed—long one of VOA's most intelligent, imaginative and effective executives, one who believed that VOA should tell the truth, and one who made no secret of his conviction that VOA should be an independent agency, free to practice objective journalism separate from USIA, the government's propaganda agency. Reed had carried on loyally in VOA's equivocal role as part great broadcasting organization and part propaganda machine.

What happened was that the ranking foreign-service officers in USIA, long hostile to the conviction held by most of the best VOA people that they were obligated to

broadcast the truth—the whole truth, and not just the bare minimum necessary to maintain credibility—decided to end VOA's semi-autonomous state by transferring its most effective career executives and replacing them with foreign-service officers who know that their careers (next assignment Rome or Ouagadougou?) depend on not rocking the boat. What better place to start than with Reed? But USIA attempted its coup so clumsily that Daly, his authority undercut, had no choice but to resign.

His resignation made front pages and radio-TV broadcasts all over the nation, the last thing the USIA executives wanted. They don't like public discussion of their maneuvers; maybe, for a while, they'll go slow. But they are determined to muzzle the Voice of America and they'll keep trying.

Juries and the Death Penalty

The Supreme Court has recently declared unconstitutional the practice of excusing prospective jurors in capital cases on the ground that they are conscientiously opposed to the death penalty. The logic of this ruling is unassailable. Justice Potter Stewart said for the majority: "A state may not entrust the determination of whether a man should live or die to a tribunal organized to return a verdict of guilty." It seems hard to believe that it took so long for this principle to be recognized by the courts. Part of the explanation is to be found in the history of "death-qualifying juries" which was discussed in these pages some years ago by Walter E. Oberer (then at the Law School, University of Texas, now at Cornell), whose studies in this field have had a wide influence. [See "The Death Penalty and Fair Trial," April 6, 1964.] In brief, the earliest statutes assessing the death penalty left only one question for the jury—that of guilt or innocence. Most judges at this early period were so enamored of the death penalty that they did not want to share with juries the pleasure of imposing it. Only later, after juries were given some discretion about imposing the death penalty, did the practice arise of excusing jurors who had scruples about it.

The recent decision, while clearly sound, has a narrow focus. The court decided only that the death penalty could not stand when it was imposed in a jurisdiction in which the practice prevails of excusing all prospective jurors who have scruples against the penalty. In a word, the decision strikes at the penalty, not the conviction. It should put the prosecution to no disadvantage in capital cases. Cross-examination may well establish that a juror who has scruples about the penalty is quite capable of returning a fair verdict on the question of guilt or innocence. And peremptory challenges can still be used. But narrow as the decision is it may be of some assistance to 435 defendants now in death rows. If convicted by juries from which all prospective jurors acknowledging scruples against the death penalty were excluded, the penalty may be set aside in their cases, though the convictions, of course, will stand. If, at some later date, it can be established that jurors favoring the death penalty are inherently "prosecution prone," then the principle of the Supreme Court's decision may be extended.

Students, Workers and the General

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

This can, obviously, be only a preliminary report on those three—or rather, four—weeks that shook not only France but the whole of Europe, and after which nothing will ever be the same again. The financial and economic consequences are at the moment totally unpredictable, except for the now general conviction that, after the steep rise in wages following the *de facto* general strike, which at the peak involved as many as 10 million wage earners, France's competitive power within the European Common Market has been thrown out of gear. It is hard to find anybody in Paris today who does not speak of the coming vicious circle of devaluation, rise in living costs, more strikes, and so on. Only a few weeks ago, the prestige of the French franc was such that unlimited sums could be taken out of the country, and when a panic seized the bourgeoisie, hundreds dashed in their cars to Switzerland, with trunks filled with 500-franc banknotes.

It was all the easier because the French customs officials, too, were on strike, and there was no check on anybody entering or leaving the country. Several days passed before the French Government clamped a 1,000-franc limit on departing travelers—which is still twice as much as the British Government allows British tourists. But then Britain has for years been described as the Sick Man of Europe; will France now become sicker still?

Exchange control is only one minor symptom of France's sickness. According to the history books, nobody in France expected the French Revolution of 1789. Yet, in retrospect, historians have been explaining *ad infinitum* why it was inevitable. What has been happening in May-June, 1968, has been so extraordinarily complex that for dozens or even hundreds of years historians will no doubt be kept busy trying to explain just how and why this, too, was inevitable. Did nobody foresee it? Foresee what? More or less important strikes—yes; anyone could have foreseen them, as well as a growing ferment among the students, a world-wide phenomenon stretching from Berkeley to Prague, from Madrid to Belgrade, from Paris to Warsaw and even to Moscow—for in Russia, too, there is an overproduction of graduates. But no one in his wildest dreams could have foreseen that the Sorbonne and the Odéon Theatre would be occupied by students for weeks on end (this occupation is still continuing), or that there would be, on three or four nights, barricades in the Latin Quarter, and that the CRS (the riot police) would be called out to beat up hundreds of students with the utmost savagery—broken skulls, broken limbs, not to mention the still unconfirmed reports of young girl students being raped by the CRS in the police vans, and of about a dozen students having “disappeared”—possibly murdered by the police, who then disposed of

the bodies to avoid awkward questions. Still less was a strike of 10 million workers expected. How did it all start? Historians will probably trace back the beginning of it all to Nanterre, that strange new section of Paris University recently built in a Paris suburb notorious above all for the appalling shanty towns in which thousands of Spanish, Portuguese and Arab sub-proletarians live in unspeakable conditions of filth and squalor—a constant reminder to the students that there is something seriously wrong in the “affluent society” in which they are supposed to be living.

“Student Power”—the phrase was almost unknown in France three months ago. Today it is on everybody's lips, and Herbert Marcuse, a name scarcely known to the general public, is now described as “the idol of the students.” It was at Nanterre—from the students of sociology, a segment of students whose prospects for adequate employment after graduation are even poorer than for the other students, and who object to being dumb instruments in the hands of capitalism even if they *do* get jobs—that the first rumblings of the approaching storm came. M. Missoffe, a member of de Gaulle's government, and following him a French Communist deputy, who had both been invited to speak at Nanterre, were shouted down and virtually thrown out of the university.

The “Movement of March 22” was constituted long before Rudolf Dutschke was shot and dangerously wounded in Berlin. Dutschke, the revolutionary rebel against the West German “affluent society,” had his counterpart in France: a group of five or six student leaders at Nanterre, the most dynamic and violent of whom is the now famous ginger-haired, 23-year-old Daniel Cohn-Bendit, here on a grant from the West German Government. Though not a person of any particular significance, he somehow became a symbol of the Students' Revolt—a German Jew, whose parents had fled from Nazi persecution to France, who was born here in 1945, but who chose German, not French, nationality. Symbolizing, as it were, persecution in his own country, he was also a heaven-sent candidate for persecution by the French Government. In one of the street demonstrations I heard hundreds of French students shouting, “We are all German Jews!” And what characterized not only the Nanterre group but the student rebellion as a whole is its internationalism, with its different Maoist, Trotskyist and anarchist slogans. At the Sorbonne today the portraits most often displayed are of Trotsky, Che Guevara and Mao Tse-tung. When, with great difficulty, I penetrated the other day into the Odéon Theatre, I heard a Yugoslav student haranguing a group of young people to the effect that, in the coming general election, they must vote for *any* candidate of the Left but *on no account* for a member of the regular French Communist Party, which suffered from the nationalism and mental sclerosis of the USSR.

In this, he was following the “Nanterre” line of Cohn-



Abu, The Guardian (London)

Bendit and the rest. To these revolutionaries, the French Communists, with their "reformism" and "revisionism," are part of the French Establishment, only too willing themselves to play loyally the parliamentary party game, and quite content, indefinitely, to get 20 or 25 per cent of the parliamentary votes and seats—in fact, "the most valuable and faithful allies of General de Gaulle." Cohn-Bendit branded the French Communists as both de Gaulle's allies and as *crapules stalinienne*s, "Stalinite jerks." And, to the Communists, Cohn-Bendit is just as much an "adventurer" and probably a foreign agent (a CIA agent, for all one knows!) as he is to de Gaulle himself and to a reactionary and anti-Semitic rag like *Minute*, only too delighted to make the greatest xenophobic and anti-Semitic song and dance over Cohn-Bendit's origins.

In a way, one may say that there are two sides to the Student Problem; on the one hand, there is the violent revolutionary minority, loathing both the established order, with its "affluent society," and the "regular" Communist Party, now "part of that society!" On the other hand, there is a large majority of students who have felt, for the last few years, that education, and especially higher education in France, is both archaic and inadequate. As M. Marcel Merle, a professor of the Paris Law Faculty, wrote in *Le Monde* of June 7:

No one can tell yet what French higher education will be like in the near future, but one thing is certain: a return to the *status quo* is now out of the question. There are two concepts—autonomy and joint management—which are the only things on which all the parties concerned seem at last to be agreed.

It is still far too early to say what complications of an administrative and financial order may yet arise before anything like a satisfactory solution can be found. In principle, the autonomy of the universities has been agreed to by the government; and for more than a month there has been feverish activity, not only among college students but also among high school pupils, working together with their respective professors, teachers and assistants to elaborate new structural reforms in the whole educational system. It seems certain now that they will all have their say in the elaboration of school plans, curricula, etc., instead of merely meekly submitting to the orders coming from the super-centralized Ministry of Education, i.e., from the government. The universities

and even the *lycées* (high schools) are, indeed, faced with a thousand problems. The "population bulge" of the 1960s has made itself increasingly felt; the *lycées* themselves are overcrowded and, worse still, far more *lycée* graduates qualify for the university than the universities can accommodate. In the *lycées* and, above all, in the universities there is almost unimaginable overcrowding.

There is also the question of curricula, for under the present system students may leave the university with brilliant diplomas—and no training for the jobs available. And then there are the *Grandes Ecoles*—the pride of traditional France—for many of which three years of preparatory studies are required and which are therefore available (with rare exceptions) only to a certain bourgeois elite who can finance an extended education for their children.

On the Left, many voices have been raised for merging the *Grandes Ecoles* with the universities; but this naturally, meets with the strongest objections from many of the teachers in the *Grandes Ecoles*. The government sees in these schools a constant source of competent and reliable members of the Establishment, and it will probably fight tooth and nail to save the *Grandes Ecoles* (Polytechnique, Normale Supérieure, Arts-et-Métiers, etc.) despite the "democratic" complaint that not only there but even in the university itself (and even in the better *lycées*) the enrollment from working-class families is miserably small.

But this problem of the future of French educational reform is so enormously complex that it is still impossible, as Professor Merle points out, to say what shape reform will ultimately take. Nor is it practicable here to examine the extreme complexity of Student Power, which in France has assumed to date the most violent and revolutionary forms. It is, however, a world-wide phenomenon with differences of local emphasis. If in Prague, for example, the students put freedom above socialism, in Paris socialism, and not the "phony freedom of your affluent society," gets priority.

It would be untrue to say that the great majority of students in France are in an explosive and revolutionary mood. Most would no doubt be glad to get back to their studies and their exams; but they will, all the same, welcome any structural and organizational improvements brought about by the dynamic minority—those whom M. Christian Fouchet described as *la pègre*, "the scum," only a few weeks ago. "The scum" is what the Polish Government and even the Yugoslav Government called "the hooligans," not to mention the epithets bestowed on the unruly German students by the Springer Press. Now de Gaulle has fired Fouchet, the Minister of the Interior, who unleashed the riot squads against the students, along with M. Peyrefitte, the Minister of Education, though both had originally acted on de Gaulle's orders.

There can be no doubt that the students started the French Revolution of 1968. De Gaulle at first took no notice of it. Although there had already been some murderous clashes in the Latin Quarter, he cheerfully went off to Romania to preach the "abolition of the iron curtain" to the students of Bucharest University. They gave

him all those enthusiastic cheers he could not have got from the French students. He was living in a different world from that of "his" people, still trying to represent the French intellectual and political leadership of the Europe of his imagination.

By the time de Gaulle returned to Paris (even he found it necessary to cut his visit short by twelve hours), France was in near chaos. Millions of workers in every branch of the economy and transport were on strike. The strikes had started from "the base," i.e., spontaneously, and without the O.K. of the labor unions. Within a few days, they had snowballed all over France. The workers reasoned: "The students got their university autonomy—why should not we get something, since the government seems in a difficult position and will have to yield?"

A few days after de Gaulle's return, it looked as though the strike was going to be settled. For two days and nights Prime Minister Pompidou and the trade union leaders negotiated in the Ministry of Social Affairs in the Rue de Grenelle. A "protocol of agreement" was signed, greatly increasing the minimum monthly wage from 400 to 600 francs, and granting an average rise of some 10 per cent on all wages.

But then something highly significant happened. *La base*—the rank and file—turned down the agreement, much to the consternation of the trade union leaders, not least Benoit Frachon and Georges Séguy of the CGT (Communist) labor federation with its 2 million members. The opposition appears to have come chiefly from the younger workers—i.e., from the bachelors, not from those burdened with TV and washing-machine hire-purchase installments. The CFDT (the former Catholic) trade union federation took the refusal of *la base* in fairly good humor, and the caution and conservatism of the Communist trade union leaders became, in the next days, the principal target of the "revolutionaries' " scorn and ridicule. These now openly treated Frachon and Séguy as the secret accomplices of the established order and of the Gaullist regime—for whose foreign policy the Communists had always had a weak spot.

Meantime, de Gaulle had made one of his most serious miscalculations. He could think of nothing better than to propose to the country a referendum to be held on June 16, which in effect amounted to asking the country for a vote of confidence in the government's plans for reorganizing both the economic and educational system. The reaction to this paternalist move among both students and workers, as well as among all the left-wing (and even Center parties), was a defiant No.

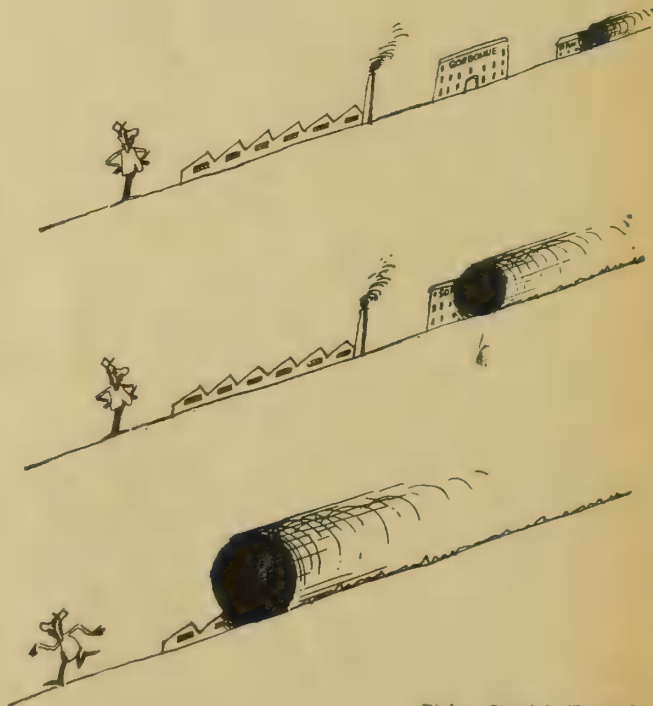
It seemed the end of the Gaullist regime. Then, on May 29, it was learned that the cabinet meeting had been canceled and that de Gaulle had left for his country house at Colombey. The reaction in Paris was extraordinary. People remembered how, in January, 1946, de Gaulle, ostensibly disgusted with parliament, had thrown in the sponge. Successors were now ready to step in. A few days before, left-wing leader François Mitterand had held a press conference announcing his intention to stand for President if (as now seemed certain) the referendum were rejected. Mendès-France was spoken of as Prime

Minister. *Le Monde*, usually so well informed, claimed that de Gaulle had retired to his village, and that it was the best thing that could happen. Even the ultra-Gaullist *France-Soir* published a melancholy editorial called "De Gaulle Alone."

The foreign press screamed in its headlines of "Civil War in France." French travelers in Germany, Switzerland and England could no longer sell their francs. The strikes, which the trade unions had tried to keep within "economic" limits, were becoming increasingly "politicized," now often directed openly at the overthrow of the Gaullist regime. People in street demonstrations were singing "Adieu, de Gaulle, adieu de Gaulle, adieu!" Despite the anger of the CGT leaders, younger workers were fraternizing more and more with the students, thus by-passing the Communist Party "on the left." By their rejection of the Grenelle Protocols, they were going a step further along the path of some ill-defined revolution.

I need not repeat here the detailed reports of de Gaulle's dramatic return to Paris and the extremely tough statement he made on May 30. He was not giving up, he said. He had been elected by the people. Cleverly, in a threatening tone, he announced what, in fact, everybody had been asking for: No referendum, but dissolution of the National Assembly and new elections. So far so good. But what followed was more ominous. If the election could not take place normally, then "other means" would be used to "save the Republic." Then he announced that France was threatened by a "totalitarian Communist dictatorship"—even though the Communists had, in fact, been his least troublesome opponent. And he called for the constitution of "civil action" committees—something ominously savoring of the RPF, that near-Fascist movement de Gaulle had headed in 1947-53.

Hubert Beuve-Méry, writing in *Le Monde*, remarked



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next day that *civisme* rhymed with *fascisme*; he regretted that de Gaulle had tried to revive the Red bogey—though observing that he did it perhaps chiefly with an eye on provincial opinion in a general election. He also regretted that de Gaulle should have spoken with such disdain of Mitterand and especially Mendès-France as helpless prisoners of the Communists!

Although Mitterand, perhaps angered at the thought that the Presidency had so suddenly slipped out of his reach, announced that de Gaulle's speech was "a declaration of civil war" (Mendès-France was careful to make *no* comment), its psychological effect was, on balance, good. Ordinary living conditions, especially in Paris, were becoming difficult, and there was a prevailing mood of anxiety and tension. The feeling was also growing that Communist leader Maurice Thorez was right in 1963, at the height of the great sit-down strikes of Popular Front days, when he said that "one ought to know when to end a strike." In the next few days the men began to return to work. The Communist reaction to de Gaulle's virulent attack was typical: "He forgets that we are a party with a sense of the state." The strikers had, after all, gained enormous concessions during the days when the de Gaulle government had very nearly lost its head and been prepared to pay almost any price for a "return to normal." What the economic consequences of these concessions will be is, of course, another matter.

And, in the Champs Elysées I witnessed a spectacle which gave me very uncomfortable feelings. Here several hundred thousands gathered to acclaim de Gaulle. These were the "party of the scared ones"—the middle classes who dreaded for a few days that they were being financially ruined—and, along with them, all the old RPF and Vichyite and *Algérie Française* riffraff. And some were carrying—American flags. A few days before, receiving the new U.S. Ambassador, de Gaulle said in effect that France and the United States were on the same side, on the side of freedom, and that Vietnam was only "episodical." That was something new from the General.

And now for the election. In the National Assembly elected in 1967, the Fifth Republic and its allies had only a small and precarious majority. Playing now on the uneasiness and the fear of civil war produced in the country by the greatest strike in its history, and by several cases of street violence, de Gaulle (in the good old French Bonapartist tradition) is the man of law and order. There is serious danger that the liberal autocracy of the Gaullist regime will be replaced by a tough autocracy savoring of a camouflaged kind of fascism.

De Gaulle had already reduced the role of parliament to little more than a rubber stamp. But now, with what will probably be a substantial Gaullist majority, he will use parliament with all the motions of being a democratic and parliamentary leader. As Mitterand, the leader of the Left opposition, said: "It will not be easy: we have two weeks left to overcome fear." In opening the election campaign on June 7 with a fifty-minute "dialogue" with a well-trained questioner, a Gaullist member of the conservative *Figaro*, Mitterand spoke chiefly of "participation" as the main cure for all of France's ills. Demagogically, he con-

demned both communism and capitalism, and spoke of the students who would "participate" in the running of the industries. But he made sure not to mention the labor unions.

It was all disastrously reminiscent of the slogans of the RPF, the French People's Rally, one of whose greatest ambitions was to form the Labor-Capital Association—and thus abolish the labor unions. The immediate reaction of the union leaders was: "Participation, O.K., but where do the labor unions come in?" And they added that all this was very old hat, and that de Gaulle had not invented anything; the kind of "participation" he had in mind had been invented long ago, much to the joy of the capitalists, by none other than Mussolini. When pressed by his questioner on TV why de Gaulle had not brought up this question of "participation" before, Mitterand said in effect that there had been too much opposition to it (i.e., from the labor unions and from the Left generally), but that now, with the country scared and weakened, "conditions had changed."

If de Gaulle really goes to the lengths of trying to abolish the labor unions, there will be serious trouble. In any case, there is sure to be a lot of trouble and a lot of complications; but an all-out attack on the labor unions can only produce chaos.

As the days go by, more and more is being learned about one of the most dramatic and far-reaching episodes of all—de Gaulle's "flight" to Colombey, and his return twenty-four hours later when he declared that he was staying on. Having lost his head over the strikes, Prime Minister Pompidou, it is now learned, urged de Gaulle, before his departure for Colombey, to resign. He himself was proposing to set up a "Government of National Safety," with all the more thuggish Gaullist leaders taking control of such key posts as the Ministries of Defense and Interior. In fact, de Gaulle was being deserted—by the Gaullists. That would explain the startling "De Gaulle Alone" article in *France-Soir*. It was learned, soon after his departure for Colombey, that he arrived there at least six hours later than expected. Where had he been meantime? He had decided to play what seemed at the time his last remaining card: he visited the French army headquarters in Germany, and appealed to Massu and other "Algerian" anti-de Gaulle rebels to support him, to "save France from civil war." They agreed to support him—at what price we may some day discover. He is said to have remarked after meeting the generals: "If I have failed to make peace with the French people, I have at least the consolation, in my old age, of having made peace with the army."

He had, in fact, turned the army into a political party—which is precisely what, much to their anger, he had stopped them from being in the days of the Algerian War. Then, confident in the army's support, he returned to Paris a changed man. The "Liberal Dictatorship" of the Gaullist regime now seemed at an end. Pompidou was ordered to remain at the head of the government, and there were to be new elections in which, de Gaulle was confident, a frightened France would give the Gaullists—a very motley crowd, comprising both "liberals" and Fascists—a huge majority. Will things now settle down, or will France become a bigger "pro-American" Greece?

WHAT VIOLENCE IS

NEWTON GARVER

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Most people deplore violence, some people embrace violence (perhaps reluctantly), and a few people renounce violence. But through all these postures there runs a certain obscurity: it is never entirely clear just what violence is. Those who deplore violence loudest and most publicly are usually pillars of the *status quo*—school principals, businessmen, politicians, ministers. What they inveigh against most often is overt attack on property or against the “good order of society.” They rarely see violence in defense of the *status quo* in the same light as violence directed against it. At the time of the Watts riots in 1965 Mr. Johnson urged Negroes to realize that nothing of value can be won through violent means—a proposition which may be true but which the President did not apply to the escalation in Vietnam he was just then embarked upon, and which it would never have occurred to him to apply to the actions of the Los Angeles Police Department. Since the President is not the only leader who deplores violence while at the same time perpetrating it, a little more clarity about what exactly we deplore might help all around.

Violence often involves physical force, and the association of force with violence is very close: in many contexts the words become synonyms. An obvious instance is the reference to a violent storm, a storm of great force. But in human affairs violence and force cannot be equated. Force without violence is often used on a person's body. If a man is in the throes of drowning, the standard Red Cross life-saving techniques specify force which is certainly not violence. To equate an act of rescue with an act of violence would be to lose sight entirely of the significance of the concept. Similarly, surgeons and dentists use force without doing violence.

Violence in human affairs is much more closely connected with the idea of violation than with the idea of force. What is fundamental about violence is that a person is violated. And if one immediately senses the truth of that statement, it must be because a person has certain rights which are undeniably, indissolubly, connected with his being a person. One of these is a right to his body, to determine what his body does and what is done to his body—inalienable because without his body he would cease to be a person. Apart from a body, what is essential to one's being a person is dignity. The dignity of a person does not consist in his remaining dignified, but rather in his ability to make his own decisions. In this respect what is fundamental about a person is radically different from what is fundamental about a dog. The way I treat my dog, which seems to be a good way to treat a dog, is to train him to respond in a more or less mechanical way to certain commands. However, to treat a human being in that

way is an affront to his dignity, because a minimum of autonomy is essential to a human being.

The right to one's body and the right to autonomy are undoubtedly the most fundamental natural rights of persons. A subsidiary one stems from the right to autonomy. It is characteristic of human action to be purposive and to have results and consequences; freedom therefore is normally conceived as involving not only the right to decide what to do but also the right to dispose of or cope with the consequences of one's action. One aspect of this is the right to the product of one's labor, which has played an important role in the theory of both capitalism and communism. If this line of thought is extended to the point of considering one's property an extension of his person, the scope of the concept of violence becomes greatly enlarged—perhaps in harmony with popular thought on the subject, at least on the part of propertied persons (however, one should always bear in mind that even a propertied person can reconcile himself much more readily to loss of possessions than he can to loss of life). The right to cope with one's own problems and to face the consequences of one's acts (which I do not accord my dog) is typically abrogated by paternalism.

So violence in human affairs amounts to violating persons. It occurs in several markedly different forms, and can usefully be classified into four different kinds based on two criteria, whether the violence is personal or institutionalized, and whether the violence is overt or covert and quiet.

Overt physical assault of one person on the body of another is the most obvious form of violence. Mugging, rape and murder are the flagrant “crimes of violence,” and when people speak of violence in the streets it is usually those acts that cross their minds. I share the general concern over the rising rate of these crimes, but deplore the tendency to limit the image of violence to just these three assaults. These are cases where an attack on a human body is also both clearly an attack on a person and clearly illegal. But even here we must not tie these characteristics in too tight a package, for some acts of violence are intended as a defense of law or a benefit to the person whose body is beaten—e.g., ordinary police activity (not “police brutality”) and the corporal punishment of children by parents and teachers. The fact that policemen, parents and teachers invoke socially defined roles when they resort to violence indicates that these cases have institutional aspects that overshadow the purely personal ones; but that fact cannot erase the violence done. Of course not all cases are so clear (I leave to the reader to ponder just how, in sex acts, we distinguish on practical grounds between those that are violent and those that are not). But whenever you employ force on another person's body without his consent you are attacking not just a physical entity but a person—and that is personal overt violence.

In war, what one army tries to inflict on another is what happens to individuals in cases of mugging and mur-

der. The soldiers are responsible for acts of violence against "the enemy," at least in the logical sense that the violence would not have occurred if the soldiers had refused to act. The Nuremberg trials attempted to establish that individual soldiers are responsible morally and legally too, but this overlooked the extent to which the institutionalization of violence makes ambiguous its moral dimension. On the one hand an individual soldier is not acting on his own initiative and responsibility; on the other, a group does not have a soul and cannot act except through the agency of individual men. Thus there is a real difficulty in assigning responsibility for such institutional



violence. The other side of the violence, its object, is equally ambiguous for "the enemy" is being attacked as an organized political force, and yet the bodies of individual men (and women and children) receive the blows. Warfare, therefore, because it is an institutionalized form of violence, differs from murder in certain fundamental respects.

Riots are another form of institutionalized violence, although their warlike character was not widely recognized until the publication of the report of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. Some persons maintain that a riot is basically a massive crime wave, but it also can take on a warlike character. One of the characteristics of the Watts riot, as readers of Robert Conot's *Rivers of Blood, Years of Darkness* know, was that the people who were supposed to be controlling the situation, the Los Angeles police and their various reinforcements, simply did not possess basic facts about the community. In particular, they did not know what persons could exercise a sort of leadership if the group were left alone.

So the Los Angeles police force and its various allies conducted what amounted to a war campaign. They acted like an army that seizes foreign territory, and their actions had the effect of breaking down whatever social structure there might have been—which in turn had the effect of releasing more overt violence. The military flavor of urban disturbances has increased over the years, and in 1967

the authorities of Newark and Detroit employed not only machine guns and automatic rifles but also tanks and armored personnel carriers, in what the Kerner Commission characterized as "indiscriminate and excessive use of force." For that reason the urban disorders of recent summers are quite different from criminal situations in which police act against individual miscreants.

The overt forms of violence are, on the whole, easier to recognize than quiet or covert violence, which does not necessarily involve direct physical assault on anybody's person or property. There are both personal and institutional forms of quiet violence. Consider first a case of what we might call psychological violence, involving individuals. The following item appeared in *The New York Times*:

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 6 (AP)—Linda Marie Ault killed herself, policemen said today, rather than make her dog Beauty pay for her night with a married man.

The police quoted her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ault, as giving this account:

Linda failed to return home from a dance in Tempe Friday night. On Saturday she admitted she had spent the night with an Air Force lieutenant.

The Aults decided on a punishment that would "wake Linda up." They ordered her to shoot the dog she had owned about two years.

On Sunday, the Aults and Linda took the dog into the desert near their home. They had the girl dig a shallow grave. Then Mrs. Ault grasped the dog between her hands, and Mr. Ault gave his daughter a .22-caliber pistol and told her to shoot the dog.

Instead, the girl put the pistol to her right temple and shot herself.

The police said there were no charges that could be filed against the parents except possible cruelty to animals.

The reason there can be no charges is that the parents did no physical damage to Linda. But that they did terrible violence to the girl the father himself recognized when he said to a detective, "I killed her; I killed her. It's just like I killed her myself." If we fail to recognize that a real psychological violence can be perpetrated on people, a violation of their autonomy, their dignity, their right to determine things for themselves, to be men rather than dogs, then we fail to realize the full dimension of what it is to do violence.

One of the obvious transition cases between overt personal violence and quiet personal violence is the threat. A person who does something under threat of being shot is degraded by losing his autonomy. We recognize that in law and morals: if a person so threatened takes money out of a safe and hands it to a robber, we say that that person acted under compulsion, and the responsibility for what is done lies only with the robber.

Of course, the person coerced with the threat of injury or death needn't surrender his autonomy; he *could* just refuse to hand over the loot. There can be a great deal of dignity in such a refusal, and one of the messages of Sartre's moral philosophy is that whenever one acts other than with full responsibility for his own actions, he is acting in bad faith. That very demanding philosophy puts great emphasis upon autonomy and dignity, and is not to

be lightly dismissed. Nevertheless one cannot expect that people will act with such uncompromising strength and dignity. To recognize that they can be broken down by threats and other psychological pressures as well as by physical attack, and that to have acted under threat or duress is as good an excuse before the law as physical restraint, establishes for the community the concept of psychological violence.

Another insidious form of psychological violence is what might be called the "Freudian rebuff." It works like this: A person makes a comment on the Vietnamese War or on civil rights or on some other current topic. The person he is talking to then says: "Well, you're just saying that because of your relations with your father." The original speaker naturally objects: "Of course I had a father, but look at the facts." And he starts bringing out the journals and newspapers and presents facts and statistics from them. "You must have a terrible Oedipus complex; you're getting so excited about this." And the person then says: "Look, I've had some fights with my father, but I've read the paper and I have an independent interest in the civil rights question. It has nothing to do with my father." To which the response is, "Well, your denial just proves how deep your Oedipus complex is."

This type of Freudian rebuff has the effect of what John Henry Newman called "poisoning the wells." It gives its victim no ground to stand on. If he tries to advance facts and statistics, they are discounted and his involvement is attributed to Freudian factors. If he attempts to prove himself free of the aberration in question, his very protest is used as evidence against him. To structure a situation against a person in such a manner does violence to him by depriving him of his dignity: no matter what he does there is no way at all, so long as he accepts the problem in the terms in which it is presented, for him to make a response that will allow him to emerge with honor.

Although this sort of cocktail-party Freudianism is not very serious in casual conversations, there are many forms of this ploy where the whole life and character of a person may be involved. A classic literary and religious version is the dispute between Charles Kingsley and John Henry Newman in the 19th century, in which Kingsley challenged Newman's integrity and ended up losing his stature as a Protestant spokesman, and which is written up in fascinating detail in Newman's *Apologia*. A political variation is the Marxian rebuff where, of course, it is because of your class standing that you have such and such a view, and if you deny that the class standing is influencing you in that way, your very denial shows how deeply you are imbued with the obfuscating ideology. Between parent and child, as between husband and wife, there are variations which turn upon the identification (by one insistent party) of love with some particular action, so that the other party must either surrender his autonomy or acknowledge his faithlessness.

This sort of psychological violence is most damaging when the person structuring the situation is in some position of special authority, e.g., in schools. An imaginative child does something out of the ordinary, and the teacher's response is that he is a discipline problem. It now becomes

impossible for the child to get out of being a problem. If he tries to do something creative he will be stepping out of line again and thereby "confirming" that he is a discipline problem. If he stays in line he will become a scholastic problem, thereby "confirming" that he did not have potential for anything but mischief. The result is a kind of stunted person typical of schools operating in large urban areas.

This last variation of the psychological rebuff leads to the fourth general category of violence, institutionalized quiet violence. The schools are an institution, and teachers are hired not so much to act on their own as to fulfill a predetermined classroom role. Violence done by the teacher may therefore not be personal but institutional: perpetrated while acting as a faithful agent of the educational system.

The idea of such institutional violence is very important. A clearer example may be a well-established system of slavery or colonial oppression, or the life in contemporary American ghettos. Once established, such a system may require relatively little overt violence to maintain it. It is legendary that Southerners used to boast, "We understand our nigras; they are happy here and wouldn't want any other kind of life"—and there is no reason to doubt that many a Southerner, raised in the system and sheltered from the recurrent lynchings, believed it. In that setup it is possible for an institution to go along placidly, with no overt disturbances, and yet to be terribly brutal.

There is more violence in the black ghettos than anywhere else in America—even when the ghettos are quiet. At the time of the Harlem riots in 1964 the Negro psychologist Kenneth Clark said that there was more day-to-day



violence in the life of the ghettos than there was in any day of those disturbances. I'm not sure exactly what he meant. There is a good deal of overt personal violence in the black ghettos, for reasons Fanon has explained in *The Wretched of the Earth*. But we must also recognize the quiet violence in the very operation of the system. Bernard Lafayette of SCLC speaks angrily of the violence of the *status quo*: "The real issue is that part of the 'good order of society' is the routine oppression and racism committed against millions of Americans every day. That is where the

real violence is." A black ghetto in most American cities operates very like any system of slavery. Relatively little overt violence is needed to keep the institution going, and yet the institution violates the human beings involved because they are systematically denied the options which are open to the vast majority in the society. A systematic denial of options is one way to deprive men of autonomy.

Perhaps denying options would not do violence to people if each individual person were an island unto himself and individuality were the full truth about human life. But it is not. We are social beings; our whole sense of what we are is dependent on the fact that we live in society, and have open to us socially determined options. What access we have to the socially defined options is much more important than what language or what system of property rights we inherit at birth. The institutional form of quiet violence operates when people are deprived of choices in a systematic way by the very manner in which transactions normally take place. It is as real, and as wicked, as the thief with a knife.

'Legitimate Violence'

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Is American society naturally violent? Yes, it is; but to say so may still be misleading. For to most citizens, I believe, an affirmative answer implies that we need more law enforcement, more respect for property, more self-control, more emphasis on getting ahead and not goofing off, and the like. But these, I believe, are the major causes of the prevalence of violence in America today, and I should hate to see any one of them increased. Taking law enforcement first, it is clear that the police themselves are the major source of civil violence in the United States. It is routine in most cities of this country—the better-to-do-suburbs are still a little more genteel—for poor, black or political (i.e., hippie or "peacenik") prisoners to find themselves booked for resisting arrest after having been beaten up in the process of being arrested and booked. In Watts, San Francisco and Memphis, the spark that set off rioting was in each case the killing of a Negro youth by police. The recent report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders emphasized the abrasive relations between police and residents of the inner city; several studies have indicated that the prevalence of racist and authoritarian attitudes is significantly higher among police than among the total population. Yet, in anticipation of expected summer rioting, police are being armed with Mace and drilling themselves in paramilitary counterinsurgency tactics. This is the second most effective way of insuring that any disturbances which occur will really be violent. The most effective way, also to be employed, is to call in the National Guard, a body which makes up in enthusiasm for its lack of professional skill.

If we were really concerned with averting violence we would not, as a matter of public policy, maintain and use such instruments. But, in fact, what we are really most concerned about is the protection of property and the restoration and maintenance of business as usual. Most of what we call violence turns out to have been looting—i.e., violence against property. Violence against persons—i.e., bloodshed—results

almost solely from the attempts of the authorities to stop the looting and restore order; and nearly all of the blood is shed by poor Negroes. The newspapers were especially imprecise in distinguishing between property damage and personal injury when reporting the "violence" aroused by the murder of Dr. King. That, I believe, was largely because they wanted these eruptions to be regarded as a kind of social pathology, for which only history can be blamed, rather than as evidence of a genuine conflict of interest between owners whose property was being violated and angry Negroes who were getting beaten and shot for, breaking, entering and stealing—a rather more severe penalty than the formal processes of law provide even for such offenses.

But busting looters is legitimate; and American society has always endorsed legitimate violence. In fact, most of us do not consider it violence at all. Respect for law has become one of the nastiest features of the American character. Anything we can get legitimated passes without question. We feel free to destroy Vietnam as long as we enjoy the complicity of its officially recognized government—even though we know that government to be a fictional piece of apparatus we ourselves helped install. And any disruptive social group to which lawlessness can be imputed is a fair target for violent suppression. Student demonstrators are commonly called "rioters," and are often violently suppressed on the ground of alleged violation of local ordinances. The American ideological insistence that we live in a classless society has obscured for us the fact that law is an instrument of social policy which functions by providing access to *force majeure*—in the nature of things, usually on the side of the most powerful. Law is, among other things, instant violence; and worshipers of law and order are worshipers of violence (as the doctrine of the far Right illustrates), so long as that violence is used to defend existing social arrangements. To the far Right, champions of the poor, and especially of poor Negroes, must seem illegitimate *per se* and the most tempting of targets.

After Watts, and the mayhem committed on the people who attempted to protest President Johnson's appearance at the Century Plaza Hotel last year, to find oneself dependent for protection on the Los Angeles Police Department should seem a final irony. But our belief that *legitimated* violence is morally acceptable is very deeply rooted, and stems, I believe, from our opportunism—for this is ever the land of opportunity where failure, not murder, is the unforgivable sin. The commitment to empirical success leads us quite willingly to treat people like things, once the legal arrangements have been made; so that the Army saw no incongruity in setting up an exhibit in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry in which children blasted away at a simulated Vietnamese village while a taped voice congratulated them on their effectiveness as destroyers. Opportunism as a positive faith underlies our legalism; for the only moral offense we really recognize is the rule breaking that gives competitors an unfair advantage. At the same time, victory may fairly be sought by imposing rules that favor your kind of team; and the loser is supposed to grin and try by the rules to get them changed—which is usually impossible.

Even this narrowest of moral creeds condemns the denial of economic opportunity to Negroes, and I believe that most Americans have come to disapprove the practice. But God help the Negro—or the young militant—who rejects the game itself; or who does not see people as expendable counters in a game, even if all have an equal chance to compete. It is these who constitute America's favorite victims of violence, for they undercut the very basis of society's legitimacy and threaten to halt the game. White America's fear of looters, intense as it is, is far less, I believe, than would be its fear of Negroes who did not want whiskey or TV, or who joined white leaders in a promising effort to improve not only the distribution of rewards in our society but the common view of what is rewarding.

VIETNAM: THE DOCTORS' DILEMMA

MARTIN L. ALBERT

Dr. Albert, a physician, was discharged from active duty in the Army as a conscientious objector. Since returning to civilian life, he has been a consultant for Resist, the New England Resistance, the Boston Draft Resisters' Group, the American Friends Service Committee and like-minded groups.

War is a health hazard with which doctors may properly concern themselves. In the correspondence section of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, several medical students signed their names to a pledge of nonparticipation in the armed forces if they must serve in Vietnam. They made this pledge "in the name of freedom, conscience and dignity." One month later this same correspondence section exploded with replies, all hostile, to the medical students' pledge. One physician was "appalled," another "disgusted"; the medical students were considered "naive," perhaps "lax in their pursuit of facts pertaining to medical science," and exponents of "the Communists' propaganda line."

Do physicians have some special, or different, obligation with reference to supporting the armed forces? As I speak with groups of physicians, medical students, para-medical and non-medical personnel, certain questions are consistently raised. As citizens, don't physicians have a peculiar obligation to serve in the armed forces? Is it right for a physician, who is supposed to prevent and relieve human suffering, to be selective in his choice of patients, refusing to treat wounded military personnel? How can a physician be a conscientious objector? He will not be asked to kill, only to heal the sick and wounded. Is it true that the role of a physician as a member of the armed forces is different from that of a civilian physician? Do physicians have the right to withhold their professional skills as a means of effecting political change?

All citizens have an equal obligation to their country. If non-physicians must accept induction, so should physicians. It is possible, however, to consider that there are other ways in which one may best serve his country, for example by working for a general improvement of medical care, an end to the arms race, an end to chemical-biological-radiological warfare. This is true for physicians and non-physicians alike. However, physicians in particular have selected a vocation dedicated to the maintenance and preservation of life. Both the Director of Selective Service and the Secretary of the Army have told me privately that they agree with the statement, "A good modern army is organized primarily to kill." It is reasonable to question whether anyone could or should support such an organization.

Physicians have always been selective in choosing their patients. They select a particular location in which to practice, limiting themselves geographically. Many physicians specialize, thereby limiting themselves to specific diseases. This traditional selectivity of the physician has left major segments of the population with inadequate medical care. Physicians may feel that by electing to

serve nonmilitary individuals who need them they are accomplishing two purposes: aiding the sick and diminishing the effectiveness of an organization designed primarily to kill.

There are several reasons why a physician can be a conscientious objector: He has the legal right as an American citizen to have his basic religious and moral convictions recognized. A physician has no inherent responsibility to select as his patients only members of the armed forces. It is incorrect to assume that by not serving in the Army he is refusing to treat wounded American soldiers. Would one charge that a doctor who practices in New York is refusing to serve critically ill Bostonians? A physician may be a conscientious objector because he believes his actions in support of the armed forces would in the long run be destructive of health and life. Without his services the Army would be less efficient. Being a conscientious objector is like practicing preventive medicine.

The primary function of a military physician is to maintain the members of the armed forces at peak fighting capability. His main obligation is to the institution, rather than to the patient. This means that the military physician does not always attempt to cure or completely treat every soldier's disability. Newly inducted army medical officers have been instructed that psychiatric disability need not always be treated. They have been told, in fact, that psychotics sometimes make good soldiers. A career Army psychiatrist stated that a sergeant leading a group of men up a hill that had no protective foliage and was held by the enemy would *have* to be crazy. It also means that the confidentiality of the doctor-patient relationship, which many civilian physicians and their patients consider sacrosanct, is officially disregarded. It means that a physician who would make one medical decision as a civilian might have to make another as a military officer. A Navy surgeon recently returned from Vietnam said that he had seen Vietcong prisoners who were not being given proper medical attention.

For years many physicians in this country have been organized for the purpose, among others, of affecting America's political life. This organized political activity has been concerned with economics, education, health and other problems. It is not unreasonable, therefore, for physicians as a group to become involved with matters of international life and death.

In recent years more physicians, individually and in groups, have publicly opposed the war. David McLanahan in "Diary of an American Medical Intern in Vietnam" (*Saturday Review*, March 25, 1967) discusses the ghastly effects of the war on the Vietnamese population. Dr. Howard Levy spoke out against the war and refused to train special forces for duty in Vietnam. He did not believe that medicine was being used ethically in the war. His forthright stand has stimulated many others in the medical field to become more politically active. The

National Medical Resistance Union is a loosely organized group of medical students in many states who are actively resisting the draft. In addition to personal resistance, they disseminate information and promote discussions on resistance activities. A growing organization of medical students, younger physicians and others in health-related fields, called the Medical Committee for Human Rights, has become concerned with the war. Originally a group organized to improve the health of individuals who have been excluded from the mainstream of good health care, they have become "enraged" with the war and its direct damage to international health. They have passed a formal resolution deploring the war, and are publicly working to end it.

The Physicians for Social Responsibility, a Boston-based group of doctors concerned with the social aspects of medicine, has issued a statement in opposition to the war. They have spoken out against chemical-biological-radiological warfare, and are currently preparing a booklet for physicians on alternatives to military service. When Dr. Benjamin Spock was indicted on charges of having violated the Selective Service Act by counseling young men to refuse to serve in the armed forces in the Vietnamese War, a Doctors to Support Spock Committee was started. Medical students, traditionally conservative, are being roused from their torpor. Many are seeking advice on the draft from the draft counseling and draft resistance groups that have sprung up across the country. Lectures, teach-ins and panel discussions on physicians

and their relationship to the armed forces are being held in medical schools.

The physicians who stated in their letters to the *New England Journal of Medicine* that "the war in Vietnam is a horrible thing but is much to be desired rather than allowing the ungodly tentacles of communism slowly to strangle the world," and that "the only way to end the slavery imposed by the Communists is to beat the bloody pulp out of them and leave the people truly free" are now facing a new confrontation—that with physicians who feel that the way to end the war is to stop waging it.



Rosenhouse

BROADCAST ORATORY

FALLACIES OF EQUAL TIME

SALLY FLY

Miss Fly, writer and publicist, is currently at work on a biography, The Most Dangerous Man, about the career of her father, James Lawrence Fly, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 through 1944.

"Section 315 is like the weather—everyone talks about it. Nobody does anything." That is what E. William Henry, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, said recently. Section 315 is the passage in the Federal Communications Act that regulates political broadcasting. Called the "equal-time" provision, it requires that each licensed station treat all candidates seeking nomination or election for a particular office in the same manner: sell time, but have available an equal amount of time at the same price; give time, but give the same quality time—in equal amounts—to all.

That sounds reasonable, but it is dangerously deceptive. A candidate is not really guaranteed equal access to the electronic forum. To guarantee rich and poor candidates the same opportunity to purchase radio or TV time is a slippery sophistry. The Waldorf-Astoria is also open to rich and poor alike.

Free time is an even greater hoax. Networks cannot afford to give air time to the major party candidates for debates or straight talks if they must be equally obliging to all the minor party candidates. The result is that Section 315 reduces the opportunity of all candidates to be heard and is a disservice to the public.

In 1959, the Congress exempted newscasts, interviews, documentaries and on-the-spot coverage of legally qualified candidates from the rigors of Section 315. This makes it possible for the networks to present major party candidates who are newsworthy without being forced to present every hopeful. But imaginative broadcast journalists should not be confined to a designated type of program for presenting candidates.

After the Presidential candidates had been nominated in 1960, the Congress temporarily suspended the equal-time restriction for appearances by Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates during that campaign. This allowed the networks to present the "Great Debates" between John Kennedy and Richard Nixon. The TV networks gave more than thirty-nine hours and the radio networks forty-three hours. In the 1964 elections, however, Section 315 remained in effect. The TV networks gave only one and

one-quarter hours to the candidates themselves and on the radio networks the candidates were heard for only seven and one-half hours. Almost all of these appearances were on exempt news programs. The TV networks gave no time to minority party candidates, and the radio networks gave only thirty minutes.

Jack Gould, the *New York Times* television critic, suggests why the provision was not lifted in 1964: "President Johnson quietly put the damper on suspension of Section 315 lest his own prominence be compromised by exposure for Senator Barry Goldwater."

On May 29 this year the Senate passed, and sent to the House, a resolution to shelve Section 315 temporarily, as in 1960. Sen. John Pastore, Democrat of Rhode Island and chairman of the subcommittee on communications of the Senate Commerce Committee, sponsored this resolution. But it would not become effective until September 1, after the nominations.

In the House, Rep. Lionel Van Deerlin, California Democrat, co-authored a similar bill with James Broyhill, Republican from North Carolina. Their bill is being held in abeyance, with no hearings scheduled. Many Congressmen are leery of Section 315 suspension. As incumbents, they're reluctant to give exposure to a relatively unknown adversary, and though at present only the two top offices are in question, the principle makes them nervous.

All Democratic and Republican Presidential candidates this year favor suspension of Section 315, except New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller who has remained mute on the issue. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S.; Julian Goodman, president of N.B.C.; and Leonard Goldenson, president of A.B.C., all endorse immediate suspension of 315, at least as it relates to the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates. James Hagerty, vice president of A.B.C., said: "No free time will be given to any candidate, except on the exempt programs—newscasts, interviews and the like—until or unless Section 315 is suspended."

Perhaps Stanton, Goldenson and Goodman should test the constitutionality of Section 315, as John Desmond, a *New York Times* Sunday editor, has suggested. It just might be declared a violation of the First Amendment. But perhaps the three network presidents enjoy the issue more than they would the victory; this way they can appear to be on the side of the angels without contributing time to the cause.

The networks assume that free time is a generous gift from them to the candidates and the public, but the gift is the other way around. The public has given the networks the privilege of using a rare public resource, the air waves. In exchange, the networks must perform some public service. James Lawrence Fly, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 through 1944, wrote in 1953 to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.: "The airways belong to the public, and should not be given out solely for private exploitation. The force of broadcasting in the field of public opinion is awe-inspiring. There is a very strong public interest in having the important public issues aired by this most effective means. And that interest rises higher than the private claims of candidates. The obvious danger

(with startling costs) is that campaigns will be won by the richer." Fly forecast fifteen years ago what is coming to pass in the pre-nomination time of 1968.

Rose Kennedy told reporters: "It's our money and we're free to spend it any way we please. It's part of this campaign business. If you have money, you spend it to win. And the more you can afford, the more you'll spend. It's something that is not regulated. Therefore, it's not unethical." That statement is for the moment tragically irrelevant, but the situation remains. As was said about John D. Rockefeller, he never broke a law, but because of him a lot of new laws were enacted.

Even before the nominations in 1964, the GOP spent \$1.2 million to turn the political broadcasting stiles for its candidates. In that same period the Democratic Presidential candidates spent \$355,000, on radio and television. Robert Kennedy lavished \$600,000, perhaps \$750,000, on his Indiana primary campaign this spring. Nebraska cost him about \$500,000, Oregon more than \$400,000. More than one-third of these expenditures went for broadcasting and related costs such as broadcasting production and newspaper ads telling of the programs.

Political broadcasting began to be expensive almost four decades ago. In 1932 the Democrats ran up such a big radio bill that their creditors were not paid until 1936. Broadcasters now demand cash in advance from a politician.

There is no federal law limiting the amount of money a Presidential candidate may spend for his campaign. Nor is there a law that requires him to tell how much money he is spending. Who wins the nominations under such conditions? Millionaires? Or poor candidates pressured into Faustian bargains with campaign contributors?

It would be false to generalize that money wins. In 1964 Barry Goldwater spent the most money ever (almost \$14.5 million) and lost by the biggest margin ever. Lyndon Johnson's tab for his campaign in 1964 was about \$10 million. But the man with the money has an edge. Does this mean political leadership is replaced by wealth, that Croesus replaces Pericles? Not necessarily, but we teeter on that abyss. And ideas stagnate; the dialogue narrows.

And if Section 315 is to be suspended it should be for nomination as well as election. The networks should be required to give a certain amount of free time to the major party candidates, as they have pledged themselves to do. The time given to minor party candidates should be in proportion to the number of votes the party commanded in the preceding election: no votes, no time—except upon presentation of petitions bearing enough signatures to prove that some support exists for the party.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., extends the notion of free television time. In a letter to me he said: "It seems to me reasonable that the federal government should make available free television time to the major political parties for, say, the last eight weeks of every Presidential campaign."

Mr. Schlesinger, I assume, means that the federal government should subsidize the networks. But he neglects the pre-nomination period. If Section 315 is to be suspended, it should be done early enough to allow public

opinion to express itself before the professional politicians shape the conventions results to their special requirements.

In 1964 the candidates used TV spots similar to the old Burma Shave highway signs—catchy word rhythms and name repetition. They spent 60 per cent of their television campaign dollars for these ten-to-sixty-second announcements. These spots are indeed a way to stretch the money as far as it will go, but they are mere electronic billboards. They do not edify and they often degrade. For example, a TV spot was prepared by the Democrats during the 1964 campaign which showed a fetching little girl plucking flowers. Suddenly the bucolic scene was obliterated by an atomic bomb blast. This could happen to your young if Goldwater were elected and allowed to escalate the Vietnamese War and use nuclear weapons. Complex issues cannot be thus reduced to brief

slogans or simple themes. The listening or viewing voter is a captive of a spot, which is over before he can reach the set. Free time should not include them.

It has also been suggested that candidates be forbidden to buy any air time. But if such legislation were to have meaning, expenditure would have to be limited also in other media—newspapers, magazines, billboards, direct mailing, taped telephone messages, public opinion polls, etc. Today's laws on campaign finance are a mockery; they're not realistic therefore they're evaded or avoided. So-called equality of the air waves now deprives the electorate of essential information. The fight for the voter's choice should begin at the first inning—in the dialogue over the nominees. Charles Siepmann, professor emeritus of Communications in Education at New York University and now on New York Channel 13 with his own program, said of the microphone and the voter: "We can't hope for heaven in this naughty world." But we can try.

HOW SUBURBIA VOTES

JOSEPH ZIKMUND II

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What kinds of people live in suburbia and how do they vote? The stereotyped answers to these questions are that they are white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, upper- or middle-class, college-educated people who came to the suburbs from the central city. The husband commutes daily into the city to reach his managerial or professional job. The family has two cars and, perhaps, a boat. Politically, it is alleged, suburbanites call themselves independents, but they think and vote straight Republican.

This bland indictment is true enough to be accepted by those satisfied with superficial images and first impressions. However, it is false in many ways or has been outdated by developments of the 1960s. The suburban phenomenon was always more complex than the stereotype implied; in recent years it has become a society as complex and diverse as the general urban society upon which it culturally and economically depends.

Almost every kind of person lives in suburbia. Most suburbanites are white, but Negro families and even some Negro communities are to be found in many metropolitan areas—Mount Pleasant on the Philadelphia Main Line; Rankin outside of Pittsburgh; River Rouge, Royal Oak Township and Inkster around the periphery of Detroit, and Robbins southwest of Chicago are examples. At one recent civic gathering of Philadelphia suburbanites the only native-born Main Liner was a Negro woman whose family had come north after the Civil War. Similar diversity exists with respect to ethnic groups, education levels, religious affiliations and occupational classifications. One recent study of six major metropolitan areas disclosed that in 1960 *less than half* of the adults in 270 suburbs had any

college education, *less than half* of the jobs held by suburban breadwinners fell in the managerial or professional categories, and *less than half* of these workers commuted to jobs in the central city. Although Protestants are probably still the largest religious group in suburbia, they too make up less than half of the population. Jewish suburbs, like Negro suburbs, are not uncommon (Upper Merion Township west of Philadelphia, Oak Park and Huntington Woods north of Detroit, Skokie north of Chicago, and Great Neck on Long Island, for example). Suburban residents vary from one metropolitan area to another, from suburb to suburb in the same metropolitan area, and quite literally, from block to block within the same suburb.

How did this social mixture come to the suburbs? Clearly, these regions have always been more diversified than was commonly thought, but that does not really answer the question. No matter what social patterns prevailed before, the tremendous postwar suburban explosion would have overrun any previous diversity or homogeneity. Most suburbs underwent extremely large population increases after 1945. Some, of course, were still farm land when the suburban migration of the fifties began. In addition, most suburbs experienced a good deal of turnover—families were moved to the metropolitan area by a national corporation and then moved some place else in a year or two. Authorities at one time believed that suburban population change followed one readily predictable course: prospering and ambitious lower-middle-class families move from the central cities to the inner ring of suburban communities; then, having acquired still more financial resources and hungering for even greater social prestige, such families move from the inner ring of suburbs to more distant areas—to the suburban fringe.

It is now evident that this impression, like other parts of the suburban stereotype, is only partially correct. Migration designs from 1955 to 1960, for example, show

four distinct patterns, rather than just one. In addition to the city-to-suburb movement, there are some areas (Boston, Pittsburgh) where the suburban population has long outnumbered that of the central city and migration was almost entirely from one suburb to another. In smaller, yet established areas (Indianapolis, Minneapolis-St. Paul) the movement was about equally from the city, from other suburbs and from places beyond the metropolitan area. Finally, in areas where both the cities and the suburbs grew substantially (Atlanta, Houston, Los Angeles, Seattle), almost all the movement into the suburbs came from places outside the metropolitan area. Thus, at least some social diversity was injected into the suburban explosion by the variety of migration patterns in the 1950s and early 1960s.

Despite this complexity of population movement, the social composition of most individual suburban communities has remained very nearly constant since the end of World War II. This suggests that suburban communities develop, and at times consciously foster, their own social images, thus attracting new home owners similar to the people already living there. Property values and realtors' business practices also help to maintain stable social patterns. Richer people with executive jobs and higher social standing move into costlier, more reputable suburbs such as Villanova, Lake Forest and Grosse Pointe; at the same time families with more modest incomes and less social rank or social concern concentrate in equally "suburban" but less prestigious places like Levittown, Pa., Des Plaines, Ill., or Glenwillow, Ohio. Thus, the initial diversity in suburbia at the end of World War II was perpetuated, in individual suburbs, because complex migrations brought many different kinds of people to suburbia and settled them in suburbs composed of people very much like themselves.

Suburbs are as mixed politically as they are socially, and this too goes back at least twenty years. One recent study of four major metropolitan areas found that roughly 20 per cent of 198 suburbs investigated voted Democratic in 1948. This dropped to 15 per cent and 8 per cent in 1952 and 1956. However, more than 40 per cent of these same communities supported Kennedy in 1960, and in 1964 President Johnson won more than 75 per cent of these suburbs! More than two-thirds of the communities voted for Eisenhower in 1956 and also for Johnson in 1964. No matter what the stereotype may say, there are Democratic suburbs.

For the most part, the people who have migrated to suburbia in the last twenty years have kept the political habits or inclinations they brought with them. Many were Republicans; some were Democrats. The once popular theory that all new suburbanites are Democrats who then "convert" to the GOP after reaching the "clean fresh air" of suburbia cannot be substantiated. Most of the Democrats who came to suburbia during the fifties moved into already Democratic suburbs; they felt no social push to vote Republican. The result of the tremendous influx of people into the several varieties of suburbs, therefore, has been to make Democratic suburbs still more Democratic and to make Republican suburbs—if any change occurred

—slightly less Republican. Today, the balance between Republican "identifiers" and Democratic "identifiers" is much closer than is often suspected. One recent study suggests that Democrats may constitute as high as 40 per cent of the total suburban citizenry.

However, it is hard to say whether any long-term party changes have taken place in suburban voting since World War II. In these communities 1948 was a particularly good year for Republicans, despite the fact that the Democrats won the Presidency; therefore, any comparison between the 1948 results and more recent Presidential elections will be somewhat askew. In addition, we lack any good *nation-wide* studies of suburban voting. The study from which the following conclusions are drawn included 270 separate suburbs in six Eastern and Midwestern metropolitan areas. Thus, it is possible that the findings may not reflect the patterns in other metropolitan areas. If this were true, it would merely point up the inter-metropolitan differences noted above.

In 1948, President Truman's plain, "common-man" style did not appeal to the better-educated, sophisticated suburban voter. Dewey did not evoke much enthusiasm either, but at least he was from the metropolitan East Coast and from the moderate wing of the Republican Party. Yet even in 1948 there were Democratic suburbs, ones that had been Democratic during the Roosevelt years and would continue so through the Eisenhower years and on into the sixties.

General Eisenhower, the national military hero who stood above partisan politics, was elected in 1952 on his public image rather than because he happened to run as a Republican. While issues such as the Korean War were important, the crucial factor in the election was Eisenhower himself. The Democrats lost heavily in the national popular vote (dropping from 49.5 to 44.4 per cent), and many Democratic Party leaders blamed the suburbs. However, this accusation seems unjustified, for in a number of metropolitan areas the central cities contributed heavily to the Eisenhower victory.

Many observers attributed the result to an increase in suburban Republicanism because, for the first time since the New Deal, suburban pluralities for the Republicans were greater than central-city pluralities for the Democrats. If you did not look closely at the returns, it was easy to assume that the increased Republican pluralities in suburbia had raised the Republican percentage of the total vote. However, many suburbs did not move in a pro-Republican direction to any great extent from 1948 to 1952. Overlooked were the increase in the number of suburban voters and the general decrease in urban Democratic pluralities in 1952.

The Cleveland metropolitan area was typical. In 1948 the Cleveland suburbs voted 37.6 per cent Democratic and produced a Republican plurality of 54,000 votes. The city of Cleveland went Democratic by 64.4 per cent and produced a Democratic plurality of 87,000 votes. Thus, the entire metropolitan area went Democratic by a 33,000 plurality. In 1952 the Cleveland suburbs were 35.9 per cent Democratic (down only 1.7 percentage points), while the city of Cleveland was 59.9 per cent Democratic (down 4.5 percentage points from 1948). The urban and subur-

ban pluralities in 1952 were 72,000 votes for the Democrats and 79,000 votes for the Republicans, respectively. The overall result was a 7,000-vote metropolitan plurality for the Republicans. Thus, the impression of a major pro-Republican shift among suburban voters was conveyed because the Republican plurality from the suburbs increased by 25,000 votes at the same time that the Democratic plurality from the central city decreased by 15,000 votes. Virtually all of the change in the suburban plurality, however, is attributable to the increase in the total number of suburban voters, not to the slight decrease in the Democratic portion of the suburban vote.

The 1956 Presidential election confirmed and reaffirmed the voters' loyalty to President Eisenhower. Both central cities and suburbs moved even further toward the GOP; however, this shift was considerably greater in central cities than in the suburbs. Although 1956 produced a postwar low in suburban support for the Democrats, a number of individual suburban communities—generally those that had gone heaviest for Dewey in 1948—actually voted more Democratic (usually from 1 to 5 percentage points) than they had in the first Eisenhower victory. In sum, while Eisenhower had great appeal across the nation and in suburbs generally, those suburbs with the longest and strongest tradition of Republican voting seemed to be the least attracted by his Presidency and his second-term candidacy.

Kennedy's Roman Catholicism made little or no difference. In 1960 the suburbs, like the nation, shifted strongly Democratic. The lower- and lower-middle-class suburbs—and those suburbs which had voted Democratic in 1948 and before—led the way. This may reflect Catholic concentrations in lower-middle-class suburbs, or it may indicate nothing more than a return of the lower-middle-class voter to the Democratic fold after eight years of supporting President Eisenhower. In any case Kennedy did better in the suburbs than any Democrat since FDR.

President Johnson's landslide victory in 1964 did not produce the sharp black-or-white choice between ideologies and policies that Senator Goldwater had sought. Many voters felt themselves forced to choose between less than perfect alternatives. Cities, suburbs and rural areas all moved heavily Democratic, but for the first time in recent Presidential elections suburban shifts were generally greater than those of the central cities. In addition, those suburbs at the higher end of the social-economic scale had greater pro-Democratic shifts than did the more modest communities. There are two possible explanations.

First, this might reflect a hidden "white backlash" against the party most concerned with the Negro and civil rights, since the reaction is sharpest among whites eco-

nomically and socially closest to vertically mobile Negroes. Second, the radical Right in this country usually has its greatest following in the working class and in the lower-middle class. If Goldwater appealed more strongly to traditional sympathizers of the radical Right than to Republicans generally, suburbs with working-class residents might be expected to resist the nation-wide swing to President Johnson.

The patterns in suburbs since the end of the Second World War do seem to indicate that most suburban areas have become more Democratic. This conclusion must be tentative, however, because 1948 was a strong Republican year in most suburbs and 1964 was a strong Democratic year.

Anyone attempting to forecast suburban voting behavior next November must keep a number of considerations in mind. First, Richard Nixon did not run well in the suburbs in 1960 (he won in only 60 per cent of the 198 places studied) when he faced a dynamic, glamorous opponent and when he represented, and to some extent defended, the old, incumbent Eisenhower administration. It remains to be seen whether he can succeed better against either of the Democratic alternatives. Second, the Republicans who have fared best in suburbia were Eastern moderates such as Dewey and Eisenhower. Third, radical-Right candidates are not likely to succeed in the suburbs, despite the economic conservatism of many suburban Republicans. Goldwater was considerably more to the suburban taste as an honest, forthright, moral, sincere man than Reagan or Wallace will ever be, and Goldwater was overwhelmed in the suburbs. Assuming that the elections will not produce a landslide victory for the Democrats, it is quite likely that a majority of the suburbs will return to the Republican column in 1968. However, the extent to which suburbs move to the GOP will depend in large measure on which candidate they nominate, what position the party takes on crucial issues, and what the Democrats do in response. Of the three Republican candidates Reagan's chances are probably the weakest because the most extreme right wingers will bolt to Wallace no matter whom the Republicans nominate. Nixon's chances and those of Governor Rockefeller are harder to predict. Rockefeller is more likely to cut into traditional Democratic support; however, he is also more likely to drive conservative Republicans into the Wallace camp or into nonvoting.

Among the Democrats, Humphrey is probably the front-running national candidate. Unfortunately, his glamor is tarnished by age and his liberalism by the Vietnamese War. Humphrey's performance in the suburbs would probably parallel that of Stevenson in 1952. Kennedy's magnetic name and personality would have made the liveliest campaign, but that same personality would have polarized the electorate (even more sharply than Nixon) and alienated the large number of intensely anti-Kennedy Democrats. Senator McCarthy's quixotic crusade has great appeal and a long way to go. If nominated, he would face a severe campaign challenge. Yet, of the two frontrunning Democrats McCarthy has the greater chance to carry the suburbs. McCarthy has a decency and righteousness which appeal to the politically "independent" suburban voter.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Unamuno: A Sense of Isolation

OUR LORD DON QUIXOTE: The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, with Related Essays. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan. Princeton University Press. 553 pp. \$6.50.

ALLEN LACY

Mr. Lacy teaches at Michigan State University, but will soon become a member of the faculty at Kirkland College. He is the author of Miguel de Unamuno: The Rhetoric of Existence (Mouton & Co., The Hague).

"No one," Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936) often said, "will ever classify me. I am *especie unica*." And clearly, his place in recent European intellectual history is important, but difficult to specify. The difficulty starts with the sheer immensity and variety of his authorship, much of which has remained untranslated into English. His *Obras completas*—which are far from being truly complete, both because they leave out a good many of his writings and because in one instance at least (*Cómo se hace una novela*) the hand of the Spanish censor is evident—run to some fourteen volumes of more than 1,000 pages each, containing novels, short stories, plays, reviews, memoirs, poems and essays, both literary and philosophical. And no one of these forms seems to be primary. Unamuno was neither a philosopher who also wrote novels, like Jean-Paul Sartre, nor a novelist who also wrote philosophical essays, like Albert Camus, and it is thus perplexing to decide by what standards he should primarily be judged.

As a novelist, Unamuno was often ahead of his time, especially in his denial of the usual boundaries between life and art. Well before Pirandello, he explored the possibilities of the autonomous character: in *Niebla*, Augusto Pérez appears in the author's study to insist that he has greater reality than Unamuno himself. As Julián Mariás has pointed out, Unamuno was writing "existential" novels as early as *Paz en la guerra* (1897), long before Simone de Beauvoir or Sartre. And much of his fiction is very fresh even in the 1960s, especially for its improvisatory technique. His sense of the novel as a vehicle of serious play, as a comic metaphysic, has strong affinities to the best work of Jorge Luis Borges and John Barth; and *Amor y pedagogía* (1902) is an astounding forerunner of black comedy.

Certainly, his major themes (passion

and choice, the opacity and contingency of human existence, anguish and finitude, dread and hope, doubt and faith), and his deep distrust of systematic philosophy, his fondness for paradox, all place him at least within the vestibule of existentialism. But one of the reasons Unamuno is so hard to label philosophically—and so interesting—is that he is not only a proto-existentialist but also a kind of independent forerunner of British and American linguistic analysis. If Unamuno is a Spanish Kierkegaard, he is also a Spanish Wittgenstein, for whom a proper philosophical method generally involves scrutiny of language: Unamuno's "man of flesh and bone" is always *hombre hablante*, and the misuse of language often creates genuine human mischief, as well as interesting philosophical puzzles.

As philosopher, Unamuno stands alone; there is the same solitude at the center of his work that one finds in Kierkegaard or Nietzsche. He has no ancestors and no real descendants. Raised in the third-rate scholasticism of Zeferino Gonzáles and Jaime Balmes, he rejected what he called their "bloodless offal of orthodoxy" during his freshman year at Madrid. For over a decade afterward, he claimed to be a positivist, reading Comte avidly and even translating for publication several essays by Herbert Spencer. His positivism, however, did not survive his devastating religious crisis of 1897, a crisis which left him unable either to return to the Roman Catholic faith of his youth or to remain content with the philosophical categories at his disposal. Increasingly, Unamuno complained of his sense of isolation: he saw Spain dominated by dogmatism and ideocracy to the point that a man could not speak the deepest issues of his existence without being misunderstood:

It is a hard fact that wherever one goes in Spain, giving vent to heartfelt truths, they tell you that they do not understand, or else they understand the opposite. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that people go to hear . . . something specific which they have already heard, and not to listen to what is being said.

So wrote Unamuno in 1905 in *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, and much of his philosophical labor was the attempt to overcome the dogmatism of his society, to define communication

itself as a prime philosophical problem.

As a result of his growing feeling of isolation in Spain and suspecting that he would not in his lifetime make himself understood to his fellow countrymen, Unamuno expressed as early as 1910 his longing to have his works translated into other languages, feeling that he would find his true audience outside his native land. Since 1921, when J. E. Crawford Fitch translated *Tragic Sense of Life*, the work by which Unamuno is chiefly known in the English-speaking world, there have been several translations of his work, sporadic and highly variable in quality. But only now, with the appearance of the first of the Bollingen Series translations of his selected works, is Unamuno genuinely accessible to the general reader in America. Under an editorial board consisting of Anthony Kerrigan, the late Federico de Onís, Martin Nozick, and Sir Herbert Read, the Bollingen Foundation has just published *Our Lord Don Quixote*, containing Kerrigan's translation of *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* and sixteen other essays on the Quixote theme, a theme central to Unamuno's work. *Our Lord Don Quixote* is splendid in every respect—handsomely printed and bound, with an exemplary introduction by Walter Starkie and very full notes of great help to the scholarly reader. Anthony Kerrigan's translation is clean, forceful and direct. Much of the material is translated for the first time, but where this is not the case, Kerrigan's is preferable to any previous efforts: his translation of *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, for example, far surpasses in clarity the H.P. Earle translation published in 1929, now out of print.

Were he alive today, Unamuno would assuredly be delighted with the whole Bollingen venture. He was an interested student of American literature and philosophy, and the notion of a nine-volume American edition of his writings would have pleased him immensely. He would be especially pleased, I believe, that Kerrigan and his fellow editors chose *The Life of Don Quixote* as the first translation to appear in their series. Above all his other writings, his commentary on *Don Quixote* best reveals the essential contemporaneity of his work. Armando Zubizarreta has described Unamuno as "the first contemporary man," and his judgment is apt: Unamuno's individual experience is in

some measure the experience of us all. His life was situated in a national history of prophetic modernity, a history marked by military uprisings and dictatorship, civil war, political assassination, riots in cities and on university campuses, and the final loss of empire: Unamuno's first fame came as spokesman for the "Generation of '98," the group of Spanish writers who attempted to assess the future of Spain following its defeat by the United States, a defeat bitter in its domestic consequences, but only the last stage of declining Spanish prestige as it lost one by one its American possessions in the 19th century. And Unamuno's own intimate history was one of strife and turmoil. He came to consciousness during the bombardment of his native Bilbao during the Second Carlist War. In 1914, he was deposed, for political reasons, from the rectorship of the University of Salamanca. Under Primo de Rivera, he spent six years in exile. His last public act was a denunciation of Franco, a gesture which resulted in his being placed under house arrest until his death—under somewhat cloudy circumstances—the last day of 1936.

How, one may ask, is it possible to do philosophy at all, in such a history? When the nation is a caldron of unrest, when men are engaged in bitter dispute with one another, when there is no public trust, what should the man of intellect do? Unamuno's answer is worked out in *The Life of Don Quixote*: avoiding every form of dogmatism, one must become a man of passionate conflict, recognizing that an imposed peace, in the name of public order only, is a prison for the human spirit. If "we seek a society so policed that no one can harm his neighbor," we will have in the end "a situation where no one acts badly, but where no one feels right." Peace must be sought in the midst of war: men must be united in a common civil war, a war against arrogance and the lie, especially that most convenient of all lies, the lie that men would be placid and cheerfully united, were it not for a few troublemakers.

Here, Unamuno's whole understanding of human existence is involved. Each of us is a vital self, striving to know, to create meaning and order, to give shape to the future, to love, to perpetuate himself, ultimately to "personalize the Universe," to give his own personal meaning to reality itself. Nothing is given in advance except the struggle itself—and the outcome of the struggle is inescapably tragic. To be human, we must try to carry out our projects, but our projects are doomed. To love is to suffer. Our desire and our will are infinite, as is the universe: but we are mortal and finite. The tragic

truth with which we each must wrestle, as Isaac wrestled with his God, is the truth of what Rabbi Richard L. Rubenstein has called our "Holy Nothingness."

But men very often cannot accept tragedy. We cannot bear our humanity, our holy nothingness. We cannot tell the truth, and so we invent the lie. We say that the meaning of life is already given, and the answers are known in advance. The god we worship is the God Smug, the embodiment of consensus. We find human enemies, and we build human solidarity upon the existence of human opponents whom we can safely hate. The philosopher, however, offers us a chance to see and to bear manfully our human condition, by speaking to us as one man of flesh and bone to another, by speaking as a poet

of the life of passionate desire and perpetual conflict. Or, as Unamuno says in *The Life of Don Quixote*:

Reader, listen: though I do not know you, I love you so much that if I could hold you in my hands, I would open up your breast and in your heart's core, I would make a wound and into it I would rub vinegar and salt, so that you might never again know peace, but would live in continual anguish and endless longing. If I have not succeeded in disquieting you with this Quixote of mine, it is because of my heavy-handedness, believe me, and because this dead paper on which I write neither shrieks, nor cries out, nor sighs, nor laments, and because language was not made for you and me to understand each other.

This Year at Marienbad

JOY: Expanding Human Awareness. By William C. Schutz, Grove Press. 223 pp. \$5.50.

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor.

You can diagnose a sick society by its placebos. The spa was invented for the aristocracy and *haute bourgeoisie* of the latter 19th century, whose surfeit of *Sachertorte* and *Goldwasser*, *chemin de fer* and sex, could be temporarily dissipated by a course of the waters at Vichy, Saratoga or Marienbad. The educated American middle class of the latter 20th century, however, is plagued with spiritual starvation. And to dull its hunger pangs we now have the neo-spa, devoted to "expanding human awareness" and "developing human potential."

Most fashionable of these Pepsi-generation Marienbads is Esalen Institute, at Big Sur, Calif., whose scenic acreage, once the site of an unsuccessful old-time spa, has been converted by the brilliant promoter Mike Murphy into a haven for the middle-to-upper-bracket deprived. The Pop-psych monthly *Psychology Today* recently ran Murphy's own report, or blurb, on Esalen, illustrated with a double fold-out of "the swinging, sensuous 'Garden of the Human Potential'" depicted in painted plasticene. The result looked less like a garden than an elaborate smörgåsbord offering psychic goodies for every taste. Now William Schutz, a psychologist on the Esalen staff, has written a home cookbook for those of us who can't afford a gourmet trip to Henry Miller country.

The book is hard to read (Schutz lacks Murphy's PR gift of gab) and

even harder to discuss intelligently. Esalen's approach to joy-making is eclectic; its techniques range from more or less orthodox Freudian free association to what *Psychology Today* called "group grope" (a phrase that vividly, if perhaps unconsciously, portrays the gang-bang-in-Macy's-window aura of some institute proceedings). Schutz describes every damn one of them—faithfully, flatly, and with no trace of critical judgment. He has equally loving feelings toward "encounter groups," the "somatic-psychic" techniques of Rolf and Lowen, Maria Ebner's "connective tissue massage," Perl's *Gestalt* therapy, Moreno's psychodrama and, as the old song goes, lots more. None of them, he concedes, work all the time—and from the sketchy case histories provided it is impossible to decide whether any of them, as used at Esalen or in the privacy of one's own home, work any of the time.

For Schutz employs only the vaguest—and usually subjective—language to tell us what was wrong with his—patients? clients? subjects?—before "therapy" and what happened to them afterward. An individual acquired "that beautiful feeling of being at peace with myself and the rest of the world," or became "more receptive, physically and emotionally," or "feels more able to cope"—and that's about it.

From these encomiums it is clear that the Esalen treatment possesses the essential quality of any placebo: it can make (some) people feel better. But do people not merely feel better, temporarily, but also live better? Schutz gives no convincing evidence. And knowing man's proved capacity for responding positively to sugar pills and kindred therapies, I won-

Four Poets on

Martin Luther King

FOR MARTIN LUTHER KING

The blood will continue:
and words
falling
like dead animals
in the green pastures
of his Lord;
all around his secret
fear, the Book
he carried in his brain,
other men
 dreamed
of corpses
dancing in a strobe-light
of History and skin.

He was not
 romantic
enough: too slow
for running. Someone
could not
forgive him that.
He never
changed his name, or swore
return
to any other land . . .
reason enough
for some Hero of metal
to rip him down like a flag
unmasted
when it was rising
at last
to the sun he praised.

STANLEY COOPERMAN

der if there is any real evidence to give.

The suspicion that Schutz is dispensing sugar pills (unwittingly, of course) is strengthened by the observation that his dubious therapy is based on woefully inadequate diagnosis. People are unhappy, he says, because their birthright of joy "becomes depleted, distorted, contorted" by "guilt and fear," and because they "cannot express their feelings honestly" or "engage in honest interaction." This is equivalent to a doctor's saying that the patient is sick because he has a fever. As the source of suppressed feeling, of dishonesty, of guilt and fear, Schutz can only cite "our culture"—noting its numerous "words for hypocrisy [he means

dishonesty] like tact, diplomacy, discretion."

The disease Schutz and Esalen are purporting to diagnose and treat is the well-known alienation-anomie-loss-of-identity syndrome, now endemic in the Western world. Its fundamental source is those social institutions which, because their activities are essentially anti-human, must for their own preservation control their victims through lies and fear. The victims must either oppose themselves to the institutions or swallow the lies, suppress outraged feelings, and internalize the fear—which thereupon becomes guilt.

AFTER THE KILLING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING

I listened to old music
all day
trying to console myself
— — the New Orleans jazzmen,
Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie
McGhee — things
like
The Southbound Train
My Bucket's Got
a Hole in It and Twelve
Gates to the City

music out of the chain gangs
music out of loneliness, desolation
music of the poor who would not
be humiliated

that shows you how to jump
the truck
out of history
and pick yourself up in the dust
—damn near whole.

LOU LIPSITZ

FOR CORETTA KING

We'd always swum out too far
to hear what he was shouting . . .

When we saw you standing
on the sand without him,

when we saw you raise and cup
your hands around your mouth,

when we heard your first cries
like pebbles rattling in our veins,

our legs and arms stopped.

Already fish have found us;
poke our pale and bloated bellies
as if we were crusts of bread.

DOUGLAS EICHORN

This, not "our culture," is what ails the middle class—along with many other Americans. For them, the dishonesty of "tact, diplomacy and discretion" is a survival technique ("Man lives by his misdeeds alone," said Brecht). Express yourself honestly to a "difficult" boss and you find yourself on unemployment insurance. Engage in "honest interaction" with a cop and you find yourself in jail—or the hospital. The explanation of our shortage of joy parallels the punch line of the old Yiddish joke about the laughing hyena: "Schmuck, what have you got to laugh about?"

The point of all this is not that Schutz should have written a call to social revo-

lution instead of a self-improvement manual. But his manual, by wrenching individual problems out of their oppressive institutional context, prevents his readers from confronting the problems squarely. Significantly, for example, his discussion of "control" as a problem area is cast in purely interpersonal terms. Yet in fact, what makes most of us feel controlled, rather than *in* control, is far less our peers than our institutional superiors in the bureaucracies of government, industry, education and labor.

Even more significant is his section on Organizational (i.e., institutional) Relations—which incidentally occupies only 27 out of some 220 pages. To apply the Esalen technique within an institution, he tells us, it is essential to have "the support of the top man." What happens when the top man (or men) won't play the Esalen game is recounted in one of the book's most unintentionally amusing incidents. Student leaders at "a large Western university" (Berkeley?) asked Schutz to set up a "leadership laboratory" to help them function more effec-

tively and "to communicate better with the school administration. . . . The workshop was held and was very successful—with one reservation. The attendance of the student leaders was remarkable. . . . But of all the administrators invited, none appeared."

Schutz has clearly not learned much from this fiasco, else he could not write such nonsense as "our institutions, our organizations, the 'establishment'—even these we are learning to use for our own joy." I hope I live long enough to derive some joy from our telephone company, our draft boards and our tactical police force—not to speak of our CIA and Strategic Air Command.

To live joyfully, we must indeed learn to relate to our fellows in freedom and honesty. But to suppose we can do this without tangling with the institutions that deal daily in fear and dishonesty is to offer a cataplasm for a social cancer. The kingdom of God may well be within us—but to truly know it, we must also contend against the kingdom of Satan that surrounds us.

mirrors and the Mass are constant images; Moore has used them liberally before. But with them menstruation takes its place as a recurring motif. Mary Dunne's personality is a complex of her sexuality and her rejected Catholic background. The accumulation of allusions to the Virgin—the distasteful drinking of Bloody Marys, the Saviour role Mary gives her author-husband, her being called "Maria" at some stages in her life, even her referring to herself once as the "un-Virgin Mary"—all stress a symbolic psychological and religious complexity. But in making this association while emphasizing the menstruation motif, Moore shocks the reader as no openly salacious writer can. "There are some things," says the hidden Mrs. Grundy in us all, "some combination of things, one just doesn't mention!" (The combining of the incongruous, mentioning the unmentionable is what makes the reading of *An Answer From Limbo* the terrifying experience it is.) Mary Dunne, reviewing her life and questioning her sanity, does mention them candidly and openly.

The style of *Mary Dunne* is at first puzzling and disappointing, for it suggests the slick women's magazines with their chic female protagonist's quest for fulfillment and happiness in the first-person point of view, and even in the precious nicknames of several of the male characters—Bat, Tee, Hat. Moore again makes the risky decision (as in all his novels) to explore that territory dangerously close to melodrama, a decision that has opened his works to the criticism of sentimentality. But it is Moore's conviction that the serious writer must skirt the melodramatic on his way to an honest resolution of events, that he must take chances; and if he fails, his work may lapse into melodrama. Moore has not failed yet; he has succeeded remarkably well in *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* and *An Answer From Limbo*. For the final terrain which Moore reaches with his protagonist Mary Dunne is no country for the young women of the slick magazines.

The shock of the novel has its legitimate basis, I think, in this stylistic and thematic approach: what appears to be superficial and leading to easy answers moves instead into the horror void that underlies the daily activities of the "successful" American. The irony of the search for identity is that it may end successfully. The deception of the style only adds force to that revelation when it comes. Moore has shown before, in *An Answer From Limbo*, that his view of the abyss need not be limited to failures in Ireland; he has demonstrated again in *I Am Mary Dunne* that hell is here as well.

Total Recall

I AM MARY DUNNE. By Brian Moore. The Viking Press. 217 pp. \$4.95.

RICHARD B. SALE

Mr. Sale is in the English Department at North Texas State University. He is at work on a study of Brian Moore's fiction for the Twayne World Authors Series.

If the unexamined life is not worth living, the examined life can be extremely dangerous. *I Am Mary Dunne*, Brian Moore's sixth novel, takes a woman's self-exploration as its theme. (A tentative working title, more descriptive but less dramatic, which Moore rejected, was *A Woman With No Identity*.) The central character, Mary Dunne, age 31, three times married, now (and permanently, likely) to an established playwright, tries to discover the many selves that she has been during her life. She is, in every practical sense, a successful woman, living comfortably in her New York apartment. Hers is not a calm, philosophical journey but an anguished searching of the past to find purpose in the present and some justification for whatever she now is. The events are contained in one day, although there are numerous cutbacks to each of her earlier "lives." She recalls her Canadian Catholic childhood, her previous two marriages (one an adolescent mistake, both to near-impotent men), her friendship with a latent Lesbian, her sexually satisfying present marriage.

Mary is without religious faith, but is permanently affected by its loss. She is forced to entertain two visitors from Canada, one a silly woman from Montreal whom she has outgrown but who serves to bring back much of the past. The other is an obnoxious acquaintance who has built his emotional life around an old infatuation with Mary. Ironically, she has almost entirely forgotten him. Telephone conversations with her mother also bring up bits of the past, including the story of her philandering father's scandalous death. These accumulated memories and experiences, many heavily sexual, bring Mary to the point of crisis.

I Am Mary Dunne displays Moore's ability to put a book together without seams, to present his story so that the candor of the telling hides all trace of the craft that produced it, as well as the amazing empathy that the author can establish with a central character who is a woman.

His earlier works have prepared the reader to expect these merits in a Moore novel. But this new book offers surprises. Moore is working in new country (for him), both technically and thematically: this is his first book written entirely in the first person. He has limited the action to a single day, and he has moved further into taboo areas (relatively speaking; Moore has never attempted to rival the happy pornographers of current fiction).

In *Mary Dunne's* survey of her past,

Compassionate Fun

MY FATHER, SHOLOM ALEICHEM.
By Marie Waife-Goldberg. Simon & Schuster. 333 pp. \$7.50.

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant's new Sholom Aleichem collection, *Some Laughter, Some Tears*, will be published by Putnam in August.

Sholom Aleichem (1859-1916) was the nom de plume of Sholom Rabinowitz, one of the pillars of modern Yiddish literature, a spokesman for his people during his lifetime, and now that ashes and silence cover his world, still an enduring voice. In the half century since his death, his fame as a humorist has spread from Yiddish-speaking areas and from his native Russia—where his stories were successfully translated at the beginning of this century—to the rest of the world. Besides the many hardcover and paperback editions available in English, his works can now be found in all European languages, and even in Chinese and Japanese.

What is remarkable about Sholom Aleichem is that while creating his fictional kingdom, he was also shaping literature. In his own writings and in his brief stint as publisher, during which he urged others to write, Sholom Aleichem raised the literary level of Yiddish, and successfully demonstrated that a rich, supple and nuance-laden language nearly 1,000 years old need not necessarily play second fiddle to the then favored Hebrew. When didactic Hebrew satire was in fashion with intellectuals, romantic Yiddish potboilers were considered women's fare, and crude, unsophisticated comedy was relegated to cheap pamphlets, Sholom Aleichem was the first to utilize humor as a serious literary mode in Yiddish. Employing the entire range of the Jewish folk treasure—lore, literature and language—he developed an inimitable personal style, and by his loving and gently ironic portrayal of a complete civilization, captured the essence of the East European Jewish soul.

In addition to the works of Sholom Aleichem in English, we are now fortunate in having *My Father, Sholom Aleichem*, a memoir-biography by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Marie Waife-Goldberg. Utilizing her father's unfinished autobiography, published and unpublished letters, pertinent quotations from his stories, and her personal memories, Mrs. Goldberg has re-created Sholom Aleichem in all his depth, humor and compassion. She wisely avoids the pitfalls of kinsman-memoirists whose egos usually thrust them to upstage their subjects, but remains discreetly in the background. Quite properly, the hero of her book is Sholom Aleichem.

Sholom Aleichem displayed a gift for writing and humor even as a boy. He composed a little dictionary of his step-mother's lively invective, and wrote a Jewish version of *Robinson Crusoe*. But the spark that lit his desire to be a humorist—the Proustian biscuit in the cup of tea—is traced to the Yiddish story book that his father read to his friends. Sholom Aleichem later confessed in his autobiography that he envied the author who was able to make people roar with laughter, and wished he could "write a book like that, a little book that people would read and laugh at . . ."

Unlike that of other literary figures, Sholom Aleichem's public and private life were one. The unpretentious humorist preferred family to literary life, though he built no partition between himself and his public. One unobtrusive fact points up his family-centered existence. The only nonrelative to whom he used the familiar (*du*) form of address was his writer-friend, Mordecai Spector—the man who at the outset of Sholom Aleichem's career urged him to turn his attention to the then neglected Jewish provincial life.

Readers of Sholom Aleichem who know little about the author will find that the portrait emerging from the memoir may very well fit preconceptions based upon the fiction. For the empathy of the people of Kasrilevke (Sholom Aleichem's mythical Jewish Everytown), their optimism, love of life and abhorrence of violence are shared by Sholom Aleichem himself.

No wonder, then, that he was the most popular Yiddish writer of his time. (The romantic notion of the posthumously discovered genius did not apply to him; though financial rewards came only after his death.) The love showered upon him by a grateful Jewry has no contemporary analogy—for a comparison we must turn to the Pop scene: Sholom Aleichem was adored as movie stars and sports heroes are today. Yet this simile, too, is tricky, since superstars are admired from afar. No intimacy, warmth or personal contact binds fan and idol, who indeed often wears a mask for his public.

Sholom Aleichem wore no mask. Rather than seeking to escape from his people, he sought them out. Wherever he lived he would place ads in the local papers stating his address so that visitors could come to see him. On his reading tours—like Mark Twain and Dickens, Sholom Aleichem had a gift for mimicry, an excellent sense of timing, and was a superb reader of his works—thousands of Jews of varying piety and political persuasions, turned out

to greet him, for they considered him their own, their official biographer.

His arrival in a town for a reading was an occasion of great excitement. A multitude of enthusiasts would come out to welcome him at the railway station. A large crowd would mill around his hotel, waiting to follow him to the lecture hall, and would press around him on his way back. This created two problems: one was that the police saw in any gathering of people a sinister political rally; the other was the physical difficulty of getting him to and from the hall in safety. Mostly the youth of the town—the college students and older high-school boys—saved the day, by forming a human chain around him to keep off the crowd, and cutting a path through the surging mass of fans. . . . After such a triumphant tour my father returned home tired . . . and also sad and depressed. He took the admiration of his audiences modestly—it was their plight that affected him.

Aside from glory and success, Mrs. Goldberg also focuses sharply on the sadder aspects of Sholom Aleichem's life. On the night when communities all over the world were celebrating Sholom Aleichem's 25th literary anniversary (October 25, 1908), the writer, removed from his beloved Jews of Russia, and recovering slowly in Italy from an attack of pulmonary tuberculosis, wrote to his friend, Spector: "You must feel, yourself, what is in my heart. At this time, when . . . Jews rejoice in my jubilee, I am here, lonely, sick, rootless, forlorn, crying bitter tears."

Despite his world-wide popularity, Sholom Aleichem was, ironically, subjected to an unending struggle to earn a living. While unscrupulous book publishers made fortunes via pirated editions and other financial manipulations, Sholom Aleichem himself often had to rely on loans to make ends meet. Concomitantly, especially in his later years, there was homelessness (Russia to Europe to America), illness, separation from his beloved Republic—his pet name for his family—and the loss of his son, who also suffered from tuberculosis.

Mrs. Goldberg's memoir is rich and variegated, spiced with humor and understanding. One incident that she records is paradigmatic of Sholom Aleichem's status as folk and culture hero. While on tour in Warsaw a young Hasidic Jew, with beard and earlocks, shyly approached Sholom Aleichem, took his hand and kissed it. "You are our consolation," he said with tears in his eyes. "You have sweetened for us the bitterness of exile." *My Father, Sholom Aleichem* shows that the love, the strength, that Sholom Aleichem gave to Jewry, Jewry returned tenfold. What writer, what person could ask for more?

An Uneasy Alliance

WRITERS AND PARTISANS: A History of Literary Radicalism in America. By James Burkhardt Gilbert. John Wiley & Sons. 303 pp. \$6.95.

WORLD WAR I AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Stanley Cooperman. The Johns Hopkins Press. 273 pp. \$6.50.

THE LAST GREAT CAUSE: The Intellectuals and the Spanish Civil War. By Stanley Weintraub. Weybright and Talley. 340 pp. \$8.50.

H. R. WOLF

Mr. Wolf teaches at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He has contributed articles to *The Psychoanalytic Review* and *American Imago*.

These three books share a sense of the fifties, a sense of the end of ideology, the end of historical process. For this, they suffer in different ways and should warn against the closing off of eras and epochs.

In what is obviously a last-minute insertion, James Gilbert says in a footnote at the end of *Writers and Partisans*:

The relationship of the Central Intelligence Agency to individuals who wrote for the *Partisan Review* and the sponsorship of the magazine after 1959 by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom raise the possibility that everything I have said in this book is misleading or irrelevant. It might suggest the complicity (as yet undisclosed) of the magazine itself in the thought control exercised by America's supersecret and best publicized spy agency. Concrete evidence of anything of this sort has not appeared.

This courageous admission on Gilbert's part—"the possibility that everything I have said in this book is misleading or irrelevant"—is nothing less than a tragedy of scholarship though it bears the imprint of the author's integrity, the

kind of integrity that marks his careful and impartial history of literary radicalism in America as it unfolds in the "little" magazine over the course of the century. It remains for Professor Gilbert, or those who will follow his exhaustive bibliographic research, to write the re-evaluation of the material he has so arduously culled and simultaneously undermined. Professor Gilbert's self-imposed skepticism reaches beyond his book to the problem of the American writer and intellectual during the cold-war period—to the intellectual and governmental coalition, even collusion, of the postwar period—and affects the focus of his work in a way that he does not recognize: because he chooses to write through the editors and contributors to the magazines—*Seven Arts*, *New Masses*, *The Soil*, *Anvil* and, above all, *Partisan Review*, to name a few; because he chooses to record the shifting attitudes of writers and intellectuals toward political radicalism and radical art (the uneasy alliance that is his theme), he does not put himself outside the material and its immediate historical context. In a word, Professor Gilbert has written a history of the little magazines: a meta-history, taking literature "about" history as his controlling subject. Had he applied himself to the texts as symptoms rather than emblems, he might, among other issues, have addressed himself to the disastrous implications of the Left's anti-Stalinism and contribution to what now seems to be a myth of monolithic world communism. Then the revelation of the CIA issue would have been less devastating. Notwithstanding the awful truths of the Stalinist era, Professor Gilbert might have shown the far-reaching implications (Vietnam, among them) of an entrenched anti-Stalinism that persists even now among segments of the liberal Left.

The history of the Left's implication

in what it now so passionately and justly despises needs still to be written. There are other books that Gilbert didn't write in the tightly organized one that he did. Although he well documents the catholic tastes of pre-World War I socialism, the post-Victorian humanism that opened the way to a union of new art and radical politics, one wants to know the sources in American culture of the experimental aesthetic predilections of the American radical—seen now in the psychedelic, surface-oriented taste of the New Left. Although he traces the hobo and tramp as hero within the I.W.W. and the Socialist movement he does not pursue the anarchic element in earlier American life. The fragile marriage between Bohemianism and socialism in the twenties is charted—touching on the point of revolution, both sexual and political—but the separating issues of Marxism and psychoanalysis are not examined, nor is there any discussion of the deep conflict between Trotsky and Lenin.

Gilbert follows the subtle shifts of the intellectual journalists—Rahv, MacDonald, Phillips—but he does not dig into the great ideological and aesthetic systems that engaged them. If one is in the "family" (to use Podhoretz's cannibalistic word), this book will be a welcome and thorough recollection. If one is not, it will fascinate, tease, and perhaps drive him into the theoretical currents that lie under the attitudes of the "little" magazine as it evolved from the days of the Wobblies to *Commentary* and *The Nation*.

Like Gilbert, Stanley Cooperman assumes a posture of historical closure toward his thoroughly documented history of *World War I and the American Novel*. Cooperman sees literature about the war after the First World War "as blunted by so many years of continuing violence." Both books have been shaped by the Second World War and the stasis of the cold-war years. As a new renaissance of art and politics charac-

LETTERS (Continued from page 810)

printer's error had been omitted inadvertently from the book. Fortunately, it has now been rescued, and it will be restored in the next printing.

James S. Allen, President and Editor
International Publishers

Newburyport, Mass.

DEAR SIR: I have never questioned the "authenticity" of the content of DuBois' *Autobiography*. On the contrary, I said specifically, "These are the unretouched words of a 90-year-old man squaring himself with death." My offending paragraphs dealt precisely with the point that I felt International *themselves* were clouding the "authenticity"

of the work by adding a signed "Editor's Preface" to a perfect and poetic soliloquy; thereby implying that the book needed much more than the usual anonymity of routine editorship. As far as the two versions of the book's beginning are concerned, it is surely the duty of any critic worth his salt to state his literary preference. Mine is that the shape of the book should have followed not only the manuscript in my possession but the shape of DuBois' life which began "by a golden river . . . five years after the Emancipation Proclamation." It is obtuse to accuse me of anti-communism and an unwillingness to "confront" the fact that DuBois became a Communist, since I stated in the final paragraph of my review: "At the end he felt that only a Communist revolution could contain him and use him as the embodiment of black millions fighting to be free."

Truman Nelson

terizes the New Left, so outrage, of ■ primal quality, lies at the heart of the anti-Vietnamese War movement. This rebirth of indignation at the horrors of modern technological warfare qualifies but does not negate the "bold journey" and the "broken world" that Cooperman reconstructs, nor the response of post-World War I writers:

Among these fragments, however, there were possibilities for survival either through mastering the "buzz-saw" or being absorbed within it. And, finally, there was the possibility of achieving a different sort of survival: an assertion of positive values within negation itself.

Cooperman intelligently applies these three possibilities, with variations, to well- and lesser-known writers—a valuable catalogue for students of this period. He is especially intelligent about Hemingway and the relationship of inhibition and style. Cooperman is best at social history and in the first section, "The Bold Journey," he establishes a context that makes the anti-rhetorical posture of the postwar writers clear and meaningful. Cooperman missed ■ chance here to relate the object level of much contemporary art—the texture of projective verse, the retinal films of the underground, the surfaces of Frank Stella—to a subtle kind of humanism: a non-abstraction that rejects the failure of abstraction in this century, even at the costly price of omitting the image of man in direct forms.

All students of American literature will want to read this book, though they will not find in it an explanation of the curious passive-aggressiveness of our culture, of the violence that lies curled in the thicket of public rhetoric, or ■ reflection of the new literature that is probing the origins and nature of aggression.

Stanley Weintraub's *The Last Great Cause* (has he heard of the black revolution, the agony of the Third World?) is a you-were-there approach to the Spanish Civil War, but not nearly so effective as the cinematic elegy, *To Die in Madrid*. In essence, the book is a latent biography. Weintraub finds clues to the work in the experiences of the Civil War: Rubashov of *Darkness at Noon* is Koestler in the Seville prison; *The Fifth Column* takes off from Hemingway's days at the Hotel Florida in Madrid; a Berkeley (where else?) economics instructor, Robert Merriman, is the model of Robert Jordan. But one wants a work of this kind to go beyond the "readable"; one wants to know the convolutions of Moscow's attitudes and actions toward the anarchists, to know the deepest motivations of the American and British "neutrality" while Hitler and Mussolini played with death, to be given some hint of the unrest in contemporary Spain. Will the Spanish Civil War, in the last analysis, have contributed to Spain's progress? Cooperman or Gilbert would have unearthed this and much more.

stations; that radio stations be pried loose from broadcasting networks; that N.B.C. be liberated from RCA; that the chain ownership of radio stations, newspapers and theatres be disallowed; and that FCC control be imposed over the speculative sale of radio stations.

The latest evidence, painstakingly and impressively accumulated by Rucker, demonstrates that the trends uncovered by Ernst have become dominant and seemingly institutionalized national patterns. In a word, the movement to monopolization in the mass media has accelerated. Chains reach across the land. In 1967, newspaper combines "owned 871 of the 1,767 daily newspapers . . . or 49.3 percent of the total." Chains owned the five largest general circulation dailies, and nineteen of the top twenty-five. Chains owned 31.4 per cent of the commercial AM and a similar percentage of FM radio stations. Television, just appearing when Ernst made his pioneer study, but now the most influential of all the mass media, Rucker finds "virtually taken over by enterprising chain broadcasters," who now control 73.6 per cent of all commercial stations.

The process of concentrated control extends in all directions. Newspapers own huge numbers of television stations. In 1967, publishers "held interests in a third of the VHF stations (156) and in

The Image Monopolists

THE FIRST FREEDOM. By Bryce W. Rucker. Southern Illinois University Press. 322 pp. \$12.50.

HERBERT I. SCHILLER

Mr. Schiller is research professor of economics and communications at the University of Illinois.

The original version of *The First Freedom* appeared in 1946, and was dedicated by its author, Morris Ernst, "To the Members of the Congress of the United States on whom we must rely to restore free enterprise in movies, radio, and press." This misplaced trust aside, the book called attention, in documented detail, to widespread monopolistic developments in the American press, radio and motion picture industries. Still, Ernst was not without hope. "I am convinced," he wrote then, that "it is not too late to stem the tide. But we must act fast and with bravery."

More than two decades later, Bryce

Rucker, with Ernst's approval, has published under the same title an updated inventory of the organizational state of American mass communications. Expectations for remedial change, along with confidence in the essential health of the media, are barely visible this second time around. In an introduction to the modernized work, Ernst observes dejectedly: "The most frightening part of Professor Rucker's exploration may well be seen in the simple and dirty fact that the abandonment of the idea of competition of ideas can scarcely be debated in our culture today. It will be of interest to note," Ernst adds, "whether the Rucker facts and thesis are even given public attention in the mass media." He concludes it would be a miracle to expect such an event.

Is this despair justified? In 1946, Ernst had recommended, among other measures, that joint communications ventures be prohibited; that newspapers be divested of the ownership of radio

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22 percent of the UHF stations (28)." Beyond this, "newspaper-television monopolies existed in 27 American cities" and varying degrees of joint media control prevail in scores of other communities. Last year, on the newspaper front alone, there were competing dailies in only sixty-four of America's 1,547 daily newspaper cities. In several states, no competing papers exist in any localities.

In television, chain ownership is but one facet of monopoly control. Three networks (A.B.C., N.B.C., C.B.S.) largely determine what Americans see on the tube, for "only about 13 percent of all broadcast time is devoted to local-live programming." In prime time (7 to 11 P.M.), networks provide 95 per cent of the material. In addition to programing control, the networks own the most profitable stations in the largest markets. In turn, the networks are either part of larger electronics-defense-communications combines (N.B.C. resides in the RCA-corporate-supershester), or are utterly dependent on a few hundred giant advertisers for the bulk of their income. "The five largest advertisers in 1966 contributed 17.8 percent, the 35 top advertisers supplied 50.7 percent of television's total advertising income."

Bryce Rucker systematically examines the entire image-making apparatus (with

the exception of motion pictures) and finds it interconnected at almost every vital point. Two international news services, AP and UPI, themselves the instruments of tightly held interests, provide the world view of most Americans, since these services, with few exceptions, are the main sources of international news for the nation's press and broadcasters.

The communications technostuctures prefer to minimize their economic impulses and to emphasize a posture of public spiritedness, but profit seeking is their driving force. In a thirteen-year period, from 1954 to 1966, "4,369 broadcasting stations as well as 538 television stations, changed hands at a total cost of \$1,536,014,367." This mountain of capital gains, incidentally, derives from the assignment of licenses, granted by the FCC to private broadcasters on a temporary basis, for the use of public property—the radio spectrum.

This should suggest that the mass media are more than the well-paid servants of commerce, though they are certainly that. In structure, operation and motivation, the business of communications is distinguishable from other corporate business only in its claim of special constitutional privilege. It utilizes technology to reinforce market position, and Rucker details any number of anti-competitive practices including price fixing, kickbacks and pools.

Favorite cold-war social science models, predicated pluralism, the end of ideology and the attenuation of profit maximizing are poor guides to the performance of the mass communications industries. What is more, the media's conditions do not reflect malfunctioning in vestigial economic activities. Monopoly, profit maximization and a public-be-damned stance are located in the most dynamic, modernized and "cleanest" industries. These constitute the central nervous system of the social order. They provide the national image of what is normal, what is orderly, what is preferable, and what is just. But these perspectives are the carefully tooled products of business structures heavily concentrated, self-serving, and as indifferent to the public interest as any 19th-century trust. Moreover, the doctored outputs of the American mass media are penetrating international markets and have created a monumental problem for those concerned with safeguarding national cultural sovereignties.

Is the present course reversible? Ernst, nearly a quarter of a century ago, appealed to Congress. Rucker, more realistically, notes that "Approximately twenty-five congressmen or members of their family own interests in radio and television properties. . . . Less well known, but even more serious, probably half of the senators and representatives

through their law firms represent broadcasters . . . (and) what should we call the free radio and television time given to two-thirds of the members of Congress by their local stations?" Not surprisingly, Congress is quick to censure even the mildest efforts of that notorious paper tiger regulator, the FCC, when it moves to remind broadcasters of their public responsibilities.

Obligated to be as constructive as possible in an increasingly desperate situation, Rucker proposes some legislative reforms to stymie further concentration in the mass media. His prescriptions—tax levies that discourage station sales, adjusted postal subsidies that reverse the arrangements that now benefit the large newspapers and magazines, and more prominent ownership disclosure in all media—in the unexpected event that they should be enacted, are unlikely to halt the rush to continental inter-media combination. Fewer and still more omnipotent private conduits of information and entertainment seem to be in the offing. Vast electronic, "knowledge conglomerates" are currently being assembled. This raises a question: "Can the day be far off," Rucker asks, "when criticism of the mass media will be published only by the university presses?" Answer: Southern Illinois University Press published *The First Freedom*.

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

Although Nixon never sincerely became as obsessed about the Red Menace as did the John Birch Society (which could see even in the absence of Communists another proof of Communist deviousness), the anti-Communist thrust as a demagogic device became a conditioned reflex with him that sometimes made him absurd. Thus when the left-wing W. E. B. DuBois (pronounced "du-boyce") Clubs were labeled by the United States Attorney General in 1966 as a Communist-front organization, Nixon, noting the similarity in sound to the Boys' Clubs of America, of which he was a nominal official, solemnly intoned that the leftists "are not unaware of the confusion they are causing among our supporters and among many other good citizens—an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

From *Dancing Bear: An Inside Look at California Politics* by Gladwin Hill (The World Publishing Co., \$6.50). A comprehensive, realistic and witty explanation of the politics of the Golden State, by a *Nation* contributor.

Serious Rock

JOHN GABREE

Mr. Gabree is a free-lance writer whose particular interest is popular music.

The important thing about the current revolution in Pop music is not, as has been suggested, that it is bringing the forms and content of serious music to a wider and thus presumably crasser audience. Pop music has always done that (remember Glenn Miller's special way with the *Anvil Chorus*). What is new is that Pop music is reaching an audience that previously has been interested only in classical music or jazz.

Most talented young people who decide to make a career of music today seriously consider becoming Pop musicians. Many of the most creative do enter the field. On both coasts, Pop has captured large portions of the FM listening market. It has succeeded jazz and folk as the music of the campus, and the serious magazines are tripping over one another to get into the business of Pop criticism.

According to popular mythology, the Beatles are responsible for Pop's newfound respectability. But while it is true that their straightforward behavior and

ood-humored, innocent appeal have had much to do with the attention being paid popular music by the mass media and others over 30, the real innovating has gone on elsewhere. The publicity attendant on *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol), for example, has propagated the idea that the long-playing record can be a medium for serious artistic expression, and not merely a device for reproducing it, but the Beatles' record did not itself explore the possibilities very extensively.

At one time the measure of a successful album was how accurately it captured the sound of a "live" performance. But multi-track recording, which freed the engineer and producer to "mix" the various elements so as to capture the essence of the ensemble sound in its natural state, has now had the fundamental effect of directing Pop musicians away from the re-creation of their stage acts to the discovery of pure "studio" performances. Arrangements are no longer shackled by the internal dynamics of particular instruments, amplified or not. Now a piccolo is the equal of a tuba and either is the peer of an entire orchestra and can be given the same weight in an arrangement, riding together in ways that would be impossible to duplicate in "live" performance. In recent months, albums have become instruments themselves, and the most skillful recording artists are learning to play them with astounding authority.

An example of how much progress has been made already is *Song Cycle* (Warner Brothers) by Van Dyke Parks. Parks is the consummate studio virtuoso and his album is a milestone of American Pop music. He is also an excellent song writer. For the most part, his music suggests Broadway musical scoring, a form that seemed to have exhausted its possibilities long ago, and his verse is folk-influenced in both form and content. To make things more confusing, the final product often echoes the sound of Appalachian Mountain music. Parks's lyrics are highly sophisticated (the album abounds in ambiguities like "Dreams are still born in Hollywood") and he is a descendant of Joyce (possibly through John Lennon's prose) and Bob Dylan. He sets out to chronicle life in Southern California, which like most Angelenos he takes for a microcosm of the universe, but he escapes beyond Southern Cal to comment on the South (where he is from) and world affairs. Parks's verses are both rich and unpretentious.

But Parks's music is still more impressive. Despite the Broadway and country music strains, the composer whom he most closely resembles is Kurt Weill. The shattered images, the eclecticism, the staggered rhythms and irregular phrasing,

the constant emphasis on surprise are like Weill, though of course the two "sounds" are different. The album offers Parks's peculiar, babyish voice, the thinness of which is entirely appropriate to his purposes. Lest all this appear contrived, I add that the music seems to flow entirely naturally and much of the record is quite beautiful.

Artists with visions different from Parks's are using the same techniques to achieve other ends. Frank Zappa, leader of the Mothers of Invention and the only studio musician to have matched Parks's skill, has produced a brilliant series of albums. Among the dedications on *Freak Out* (Verve), the Mothers' first album, are the names of Charles Mingus, Pierre Boulez, Anton Webern, Igor Stravinsky, Willie Dixon, Guitar Slim, Edgard Varèse and Muddy Waters. Elsewhere, in a list of friends and influences, are Lenny Bruce, Phil Spector (a producer of rock records in the late fifties and early sixties, who developed—in the studio—a massive sound that has had a profound influence on later rock), Willie Mae Thornton (who did the original "Hound Dog" that Elvis copied and made a hit), Roger Sessions and Howlin' Wolf. The Mothers aren't kidding; their work is a peculiar and spectacular blend of classical, jazz and rock influences that, when they are at their best, the Mothers mold into a vision all their own.

Zappa, who composes and arranges most of the band's material and is responsible for the final production of their LPs, is a student of Varèse, a follower of jazz guitarist Wes Montgomery, endowed with the same jagged humor as Bruce and, at 27, is the right age to have absorbed at first hand the developing strains of Pop and rock over the past decade and a half. In fact, it is one of the limitations of the Mothers' appeal that almost no one can pursue all the references that flash through their music. They can segue from a sophisticated piece of post-Mingus jazz or their rendition of a swatch of Stravinsky into a hilarious imitation of the Supremes or Shep and the Limelites or the Videos or any one of the myriad other groups that have surfaced and sunk since 1953. Part of Zappa's genius is to make the experience of growing up absurd in America's middle class a metaphor for what he describes as the "lameness" of modern life. He takes every adolescent crisis, from confrontation with society's moral dualism to wrinkled chinos, and invests it with universal significance. It seems to be Zappa's message that America will never grow up.

So far the Mothers have released three albums and a fourth has appeared under Zappa's name. *Freak Out*, a two-record set, is the most easily comprehended, al-

though it is overshadowed in range, venturesomeness and technique by its successors. The highlights include several excellent take-offs on early rock and a couple of Zappa's famous monologues (especially "You Didn't Try to Call Me" and "Go Cry On Somebody Else's Shoulder"), a city blues inspired by the Watts riot ("Trouble Every Day"), and a piece of existential poetry called "Help, I'm A Rock." If you have already arrived at the conclusion that middle-class life is lame, Zappa can seem quite preachy, though he usually saves himself by his sense of timing. *Absolutely Free*, the second release, has some brilliant lyrics (about vegetables) and some very funny moments, but it fails to hold together and is only a disappointing advance over *Freak Out*. Equally disappointing is "Francis Vincent Zappa Conducts *Lumpy Gravy*" featuring "Abnuceals Emuukha Electric Symphony Orchestra & Chorus with maybe even some of the Mothers of Invention," which was recorded right after *Absolutely Free* and only just released. As always, Zappa has some interesting ideas but *Lumpy Gravy* is largely formless and finally pointless. The third Mothers album, *We're Only In It For The Money* (made after but released before *Lumpy Gravy*), the cover of which parodies the already tongue-in-cheek cover of *Sgt. Pepper*, is a singular achievement. The album is a unified, multi-layered "oratorio" that represents a summation of the Mothers' style, a terribly *avant-garde* construction the ele-

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ments of which, however, are accessible to anyone who wishes to take the trouble to listen. The Mothers' usual vocabulary is present; musical references to every trend in modern music; sometimes warm, sometimes savage polemic verse (if Parks's musical vision is Weillian, the Mothers' lyric approach is pure Brecht and their sense of staging is Off-Off-Broadway). As with much current art, the work is sometimes abrasive to the point of being ugly, but it is always challenging and often shockingly funny.

Both Zappa and Parks seem to shun the techniques developed by the electronic composers. Zappa even takes pains on *We're Only In It For The Money* to point out that "none of the sounds are generated electronically . . . they are all the product of electronically altering the sounds of normal instruments."

Another trend among serious curators of Pop music has mixed classical and folk. The first and so far most successful of such amalgams have been the products of one-time folk singer Judy Collins and her arranger and conductor, Joshua Rifkin. The Collins-Rifkin team probably kicked off the whole trend. Two years ago Rifkin, who is a classical composer at Princeton University, arranged *The Baroque Beatles Book* (Elektra) and his arrangements for Miss Collins' *In My Life* (Elektra), released a few months later, gave the first big push to serious rock. Miss Collins is a solidly based folk musician, but she gives the impression of enjoying what she is doing now far more than she ever did when she was number two with folk fans behind Joan Baez. Rifkin approaches the studio facilities with less imagination than other Pop leaders, but his arrangements are notable for the traditional classical effects they introduce to Pop. Until *Wildflowers* (Elektra) was introduced last fall, *In My Life* had seemed an assured and fascinating album, but now it seems tentative by comparison. The newer album is as brilliant an accomplishment as *Song Cycle* or *We're Only In It For The Money*, although it is as different from the latter albums as they are from each other.

One of the strongest elements in the success of the releases by Judy Collins has been the choice of material. Both albums rely heavily on the songs of post-folk composers Joni Mitchell (a near-legendary folk performer from Toronto, Boston and Detroit who has just released her first album) and Leonard Cohen, the Canadian poet and novelist. Miss Collins' own "Aibatross," with accompaniment by the arranger, is the high point of *Wildflowers*. The album's only flaw is the arrangement by Robert Dennis and Robert Sylvester of Cohen's "Priests" which, though not really bad, sounds out

of place in the midst of Rifkin's gems. Also included is "Lasso! di donna" by 14th-century Italian composer Francesco Landini, which is much more appealing in Miss Collins' natural voice than in the brittle singing of the formally trained operatic voices that usually tackle such music. Finally, with "La Chanson des vieux amants" by Jacques Brel, Miss Collins and Rifkin acknowledge their debt to French cabaret music from which they have derived much of the spirit with which they approach album programming.

Many other groups are following the leaders or attempting to find directions of their own. Two of the best rock *qua* rock groups, The Who and the Buffalo Springfield, have made tentative explorations of longer, more complex forms. On *Happy Jack* (Decca) The Who perform "A Quick One While He's Away," a mini-opera by the quartet's leader and guitarist Peter Townshend. It is an extended work encompassing a sequential story line and several distinct musical statements. "Broken Arrow" on *Buffalo Springfield Again* (Atco) attempts to tell the story of an (the) American Indian.

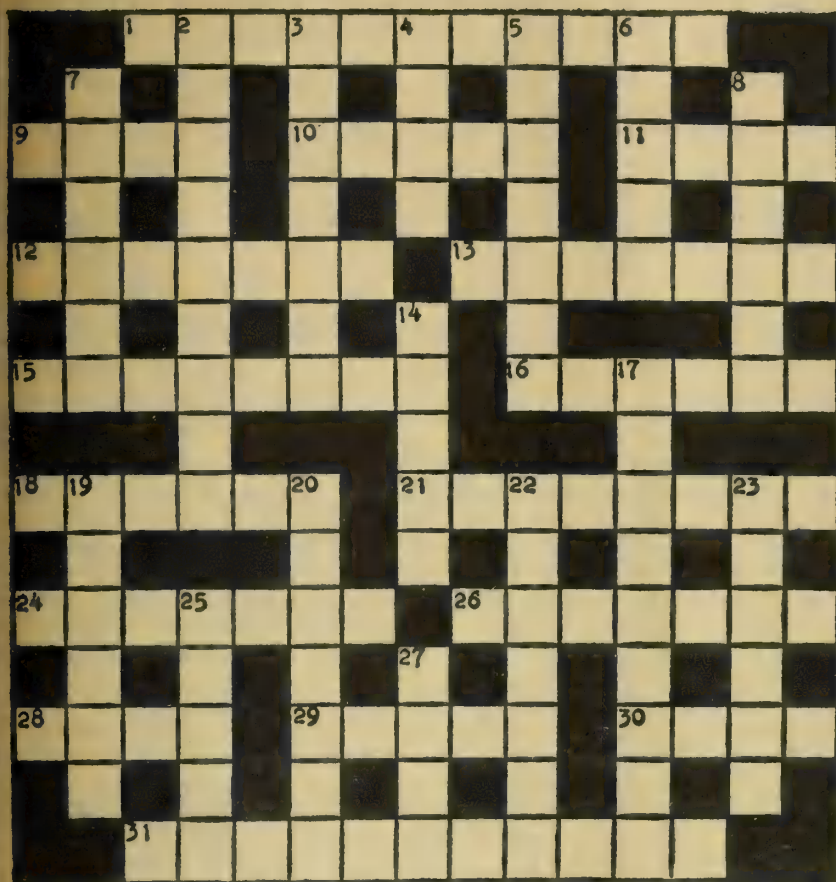
The most extended work in a traditional form by young rock musicians is "The Progress Suite" by Chad Stewart and Jeremy Clyde on *Of Cabbages and Kings* (Columbia). Despite long stretches of what must be labeled "movie music," the five-part suite features sprightly tunes and, in two sections, clever lyrics. In addition, sections of the suite where the authors have spliced in contemporary sounds work as theatre (even an atomic bomb blast manages not to be too maudlin). As a bonus, the other side features a half dozen excellent tunes in the Collins/Rifkin mode.

There has been a certain amount of bandwagon jumping, some of it successful, most of it not. The most successful recently is the first release by The United States of America (Columbia) which is a pastiche of Zappa and (mostly) Parks. It holds together only because USA's leader, Joseph Byrd, is an imaginative arranger and composer (the lyrics are so commonplace as to distract from what is otherwise a carefully conceived and executed album).

From there it is pretty much downhill. The Vanilla Fudge, a New York City quintet with a lot of skill and not much imagination, has released *The Beat Goes On* (Atco), a pretentious LP that features rock interpretations of pieces by Mozart, Beethoven and Cole Porter (remember the *Anvil Chorus*?). And one of the least competent West Coast groups, the Electric Prunes, has produced a lemon in *Mass in F minor* (Reprise) by David Axelrod.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1255

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Look-see? (Give the temporary use of a rumpled bed, and keep all together.) (2, 3,6)
- 9 Might it be furnished in tasteless fashion? (4)
- 0 Gets rid of the undesirable black, traditionally. (5)
- 1 See 7 down
- 2 With candlelight coming to a gradual end? (7)
- 3 See 7 down
- 5 Took exception. (8)
- 6 Material obstruction to question? (6)
- 8 Strengthen the situation before the little dog laughed? (4,2)
- 1 German deflation implied by lowering prices? (4,4)
- 24 Most flowers have to be plugged, perhaps. (7)
- 26 Tells how the tramp is made up. (7)
- 28 You might find a bit with some trouble. (4)
- 29 As this was once a larger country, it's now a republic. (5)
- 30 See 3 down
- 31 A number of currently popular wall-hangings where they used to sleep. (4-7)

DOWN

- 2 Where a link could be charged? (2,3,4)

- 3 and 30 across Way of calling attention to the hands? (3,4,4)
- 4 Steep, possibly. (4)
- 5 How to hang on to one's mate? (7)
- 6 Heavy-sounding deposits. (5)
- 7, 11 across, 19 down and 13 across Tellers are not to be taken in by this! (6,4,3,3,7)
- 8 Inflames a city in West France. (6)
- 14 Most of 16 might be presidential material. (5)
- 17 The character of the rat? (3,6)
- 20 Iron worker? (7)
- 22 Violent enough to make an animal breathe hard! (7)
- 23 Many negative words begin where one may be asked to inquire. (6)
- 25 The literary Mr. Jones rises to coin an appropriate phrase. (5)
- 27 Was the Constellation not an air ship?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1254

ACROSS: 1 Dulcimer; 5 Abatis; 10 Notes; 11 Eye-opener; 12 America; 13 Emanate; 14 Ostend; 15 Sherman; 18 Efforts; 21 Misery; 24 Reclaim; 26 Kumquat; 27 Stateless; 28 Leapt; 29 Laredo; 30 Sporadic. DOWN: 1 Dunbar; 2, 16 and 17 Letters of marque and reprisal; 3 Inspire; 4 Emerald; 6 Biplane; 7 Tonga; 8 Sergeant; 9 Meters; 19 Rear end; 20 Simper; 21 Makes up; 22 Simpler; 23 Static; 25 Chair.

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